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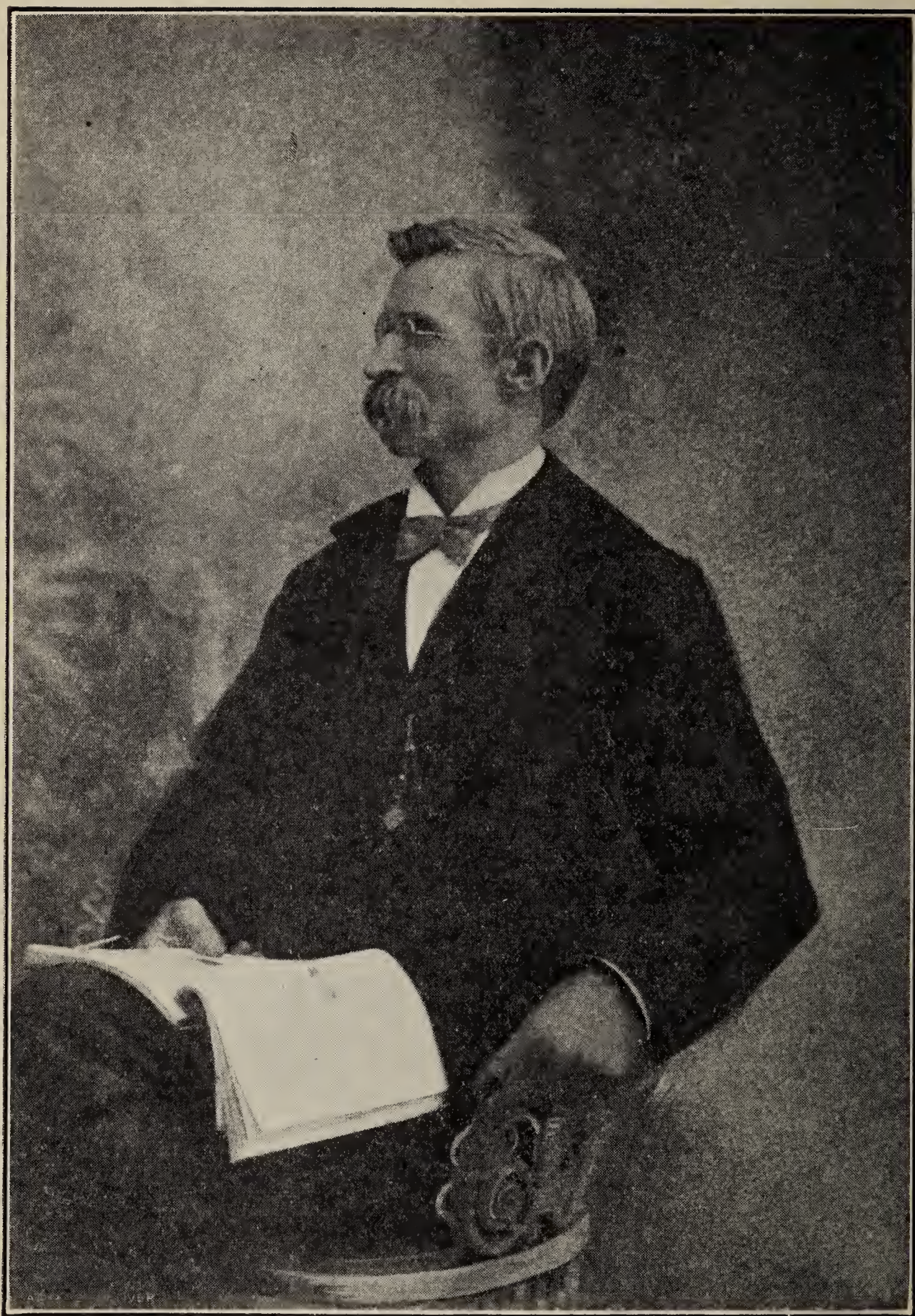
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Andrew Benson

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW JENSON

*Assistant Historian of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*

Author of Church Chronology, Historical
Record, Biographical Encyclopedia, His-
tory of the Scandinavian Mission, Joseph
Smiths Levnetslob, Kirkens Historie,
Jorden Rundt, and other publications,
both in English and Danish.



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GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
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PRINTED BY THE DESERET NEWS PRESS
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

1938



1891694

PREFACE

When I reached the age of three-score and ten, after having written thousands of biographies of other people, I began to think seriously about one of myself. Having kept a daily journal since I was thirteen years old I had plenty of source material from which to cull the necessary data for a history of my own life. About the time I had grown into young manhood I read with deep interest the "Life and Travels of Parley P. Pratt", which made me ambitious to become a missionary and a preacher of the restored gospel myself, and I did not have to wait long before the call came for me to fill my first mission as an Elder from Zion to my native land. Several other missions followed until I found myself doing something for the Church in the historical field which had never been undertaken or even contemplated before. Travels that covered nearly a million miles, including two trips around the world and visits to every Stake of Zion and all the Missions of the Church, have led to the writing and compiling of histories of every settlement and mission founded by the Latter-day Saints in all the world. As a result of all this about 850 manuscript volumes of history have come into existence. These, of course, are altogether too voluminous to put into print at the present time, but suggest an abbreviation of the vast material, reminding one of the large plates of Nephi as compared with their abridgment by Mormon and Moroni, as described in the Book of Mormon.

This, then, is the thought that prompted the publication of the "Autobiography of Andrew Jenson", a work that shows what can be done by one individual through his own diligent labor and the assistance of other faithful workers under the guidance and inspiration of Almighty God.

With this brief explanation I take pleasure in recommending this book as a work of reference, different in many respects from anything ever before published. It will undoubtedly be the last book I shall ever produce and I sincerely hope that besides its value as a work of reference, it may also prove a faith-promoting production, and impress the younger and rising generation with the solemn fact that success in life (be it of a spiritual or temporal nature) can be attained by hard labor and honest endeavor, coupled with wisdom, will-power and determination. And to this end I respectfully dedicate this autobiography, hoping that it may aid and encourage others in their struggles to reach the goal of their life's ambition.

In conclusion I wish to express cordial thanks to A. Wm. Lund, Frank I. Kooyman, my son Harold H. Jenson and others for the valuable help which they have so willingly and graciously given in the preparation of this work.

THE AUTHOR.

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Autobiography of Andrew Jenson

CHAPTER 1

(1850-1865)

Ancestry and Parentage—The Jensens Among the First Danish Converts to Mormonism—Father's Activities in the Church—War in Denmark—My Entry into Business at Fourteen.

Andrew Jenson, the subject and author of these narratives, was born in a country place known as Damgren (sometimes pronounced Damgrøn) in Torslev parish, Hjørring amt, Jutland, Denmark. From the parish records of Flade I have been enabled to trace my ancestry back about two hundred years or to my third great-grandfather, whose name was Jens Nielsen. He and his wife (Sidse Jensdatter) were residents of Flade parish when their son Jens Jensen, my second great grandfather, was born Aug. 8, 1723. These ancestors of mine belonged to the Danish peasantry who were known generally as hard working people—tillers of the soil—with honest and determined traits. They possessed in a great measure the characteristics usually attributed to the descendants of the ancient Vikings of Scandinavia.

Jens Jensen married Kirsten Christensdatter May 22, 1749, and became owner of a farm called Kjæret, in Flade parish, where their children were born as follows: Christen, who afterwards distinguished himself as a "podemes-ter" (chief gardner) on the well-known estate of Knivholt, Flade parish, born Feb. 2, 1749; Jens, born Feb. 2, 1751, and Jakob, born Dec. 4, 1753. Jens died before the close of the Eighteenth Century. His son, Jakob Jensen, my great grandfather, was married twice. His first wife was Kirsten Nielsdatter, whom he married Nov. 24, 1771, and being born at Kjæret he was first known as Jakob Jensen Kjær. Becoming a resident of a farm, Kjøbstrup, in Flade parish, he was also frequently called Jakob Kjøbstrup. The property

known as Kjøbstrup was part of the large estate (herregaard) of Knivholt, which is situated a short distance inland or west of Frederikshavn, an important seaport town on the east coast of Jutland, Denmark.

The marriage of Jakob Jensen Kjøbstrup to Kirsten Nielsdatter was blessed with three children, namely, Kirsten, born Sept. 6, 1778, Maren, born Aug. 5, 1781, and Jens, born in 1785. Jakob Jensen Kjøbstrup died at Dahl, in Gjerum parish, Hjørring amt, Dec. 12, 1829, 76 years old. Through his three children he became the ancestor of a large posterity who now occupy farms in the parish of Flade and surrounding districts, some of them being quite wealthy. Long before his death Jakob Jensen Kjøbstrup left the farm of Kjøbstrup to his son, Jens Jakobsen, my grandfather, who married Johanne Andersen. He was a man of a somewhat shiftless and restless disposition who changed his place of residence a number of times. This reduced him almost to poverty, and thus we find him early in life losing his hold on the farm Kjøbstrup, and finally occupying a small farm at Grønholt on which my father, Christian Jensen, was born. It is undoubtedly due to the restless character of Jens Jakobsen that the family became divided into two somewhat distinctive branches which might be termed the poorer and the well-to-do factions. As my grandfather lost his property by moving about from place to place, he left his children poor and almost penniless, to shift for themselves as best they could, as soon as they were of age. Hence, they became the poorer branch of the family so far as earthly possessions were concerned.

Grandfather's sister Kirsten was more successful in life. She married a man with considerable means which, together with what she herself inher-

ited from her father, made that part of the family comparatively wealthy, and their descendants today own and occupy the rich farms known as "Underbakstederne" (places under the hill). These farms are situated near the beach or shore of the Cattegat, between the seaport towns of Sæby and Frederikshavn, and other places in the Flade and Understed parishes. From grandfather's other sister Maren descended another important branch of the family, of which some of the younger ones embraced the restored gospel and emigrated to Utah, where their descendants now reside. Some of them, at least, are active and faithful members of the Church.

My grandparents had eight children, namely,

1. Jens Christian, born at Kjøbstrup in 1808 and died in 1868.

2. Jakob, born in 1811, died Nov. 9, 1858.

3. Kirsten Marie, born 1814, died March 6, 1869.

4. Anders Peter, born 1816; died 1818.

6. Mariane, born about 1819.

7. Anders Peter (the second) born Feb. 1, 1823.

7. Christian (father), born April 30, 1826, at Grønholt; died at Richfield, Sevier Co., Utah, Aug. 12, 1898.

9. Kirstine, born Oct. 17, 1830.

Grandfather Jens Jakobsen died at Grønholt April 2, 1854, 69 years old; his wife died at the same place Nov. 23, 1856, aged 73 years.

My father, Christian Jensen, owing to the pecuniary condition of his parents, had to labor for his daily bread early in life by hiring out to work for others. Like the rest of continental Europe, Denmark affords but slim opportunities for people who are born poor to accumulate means, or even to become comfortable in life, unless they possess extraordinary talent or business qualifications. When still a boy father commenced to show mechanical skill, especially in repairing and even in manufacturing clocks and other time

pieces. Without serving the usual term of apprenticeship deemed necessary in Denmark, he became a successful watchmaker by trade, and by carrying on his avocation as such he earned a livelihood for his family for many years. In the month of May, 1847, father was employed as a carpenter on a large estate or farm known as Haven, in the parish of Hørby, where he became acquainted with my mother, Miss Kirsten Andersen, who served as a maid at the same place. They soon became engaged and were married Dec. 28, 1847. Mother was a daughter of Anders Christensen and Inger Marie Pedersdatter and was born July 7, 1821. Her parents, like those of her husband, were poor as to this world's goods, and consequently she was raised under straitened financial circumstances. Like father, she had to earn her own living from the time she was quite young, by hiring out to others. Father was 21 years old when he married; mother was nearly five years his senior. In the spring of 1848, a few months after his marriage, father became the occupant of a place known as Damgren, my birthplace. It consisted of a house with two or three rooms, and was surrounded by a few acres of land, upon which a cow and a few sheep could be kept, while some of the land, if cultivated with care, was capable of producing rye, oats and potatoes. The house was situated in a snug little vale running east and west with an average width of about 100 yards, the west end terminating in a mill pond which occupied a portion of another narrow vale running north and south. At the south end of this pond, but not visible from our house owing to intervening hills, was situated, on the public highway, an old water-power flouring mill, called "Ormholts Mølle". This mill belonged to the herregaard Ormholt, which was situated on the hillside in a beautiful grove of beach timber, some distance southwest of the mill. Around the edge of the mill pond were strips of

meadow land which looked green and lovely during the summer months.

The little farm Damgren being inadequate to produce enough of the

ran in the mechanical direction, and hired hands on these farms were put to the hardest kind of manual labor.

The rebellion of the duchies of



DAMGREN—BIRTHPLACE OF ANDREW JENSON

necessaries of life for father's little family, he found himself obliged to hire out to his more wealthy neighbors for daily wages. Thus, in order to earn bread for his family, he became a farm hand on a place called Vestergaard, which formed a part of the village of Trye. This was a hard experience for father whose natural abilities

Schlesvig-Holstein and Lauenburg against the crown of Denmark led to a three years' war in my native land, commencing in 1848 and terminating with victory to the Danish arms in 1850. Every able bodied man of proper age being liable to military service, father also was called out the last year of the war. He left his home



ORMHOLT MILL, WHERE ANDREW JENSON PLAYED AS A BOY

Aug. 5, 1850, his wife being in delicate health, and marched, mostly on foot, 36 Danish miles (about 150 English miles) to Fredericia, near the seat of war. There he remained, working chiefly on the ramparts of the city in the service of his country until December following, when the war was over and the soldiers returned to their homes. Father arrived home on the 23rd of December, 1850, to find an addition to his family—a boy, who was born Dec. 11, 1850, or twelve days be-

fore the return of the father. This boy, when taken to the parish church a few weeks later to be sprinkled or christened, according to the rules of the Lutheran Church, of which my parents were members, was named Andreas, the Danish for Andrew, and he is the same Andrew who is the author of this biography.



EAST DAMGREN, WHERE ANDREW JENSON WAS BAPTIZED

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Of my older brother, Jens Christian, I may say he was born at Renden, the home of our grandmother in the parish of Torslev, Jan. 21, 1849. Hence, I was the second son of my parents and we two were their only children for eleven years after my birth, or until my youngest brother Joseph Julius was born Jan. 9, 1862.

After father's return from the war, he resumed his manual labors on the

farm Vestergaard, and while thus employed in July, 1851, he met with an accident that sprained his ankle severely, and, not receiving proper treatment in time, he was lame for five years afterwards; it finally resulted in the amputation of his foot in 1867, the year after his arrival in Utah. This accident, though considered a great calamity when it happened, opened up a new future for father. Unable to perform hard manual labor as before, he commenced repairing clocks for

neighbors, and being successful in his work, his field of operations was enlarged; and thus for many years afterwards he traveled among the peasantry in the nearby parishes repairing clocks and watches. In this manner he earned a livelihood for his family in a way that was more congenial and natural than the labor on the farm had been.

Some time in the year 1854, the first Latter-day Saint missionaries visited my parents at Damgren. This was four years after the restored gospel was introduced to the inhabitants of Denmark. My parents were won for "Mormonism" after a short investigation of its principles, and on Dec. 8, 1854, father and mother were baptized into the Church by Elder Christen Hansen, who later became a prominent

resident of Gunnison, Sanpete Co., Utah, where he died many years ago.

In the spring of 1856 father gave up his home at Damgren, having some hope of being able to emigrate to Utah with his family that year. Being, however, disappointed in this, he built



CHRISTIAN JENSEN
Father of Andrew Jenson

a new house on a small parcel of leased land, immediately east of our former home, my birth place. Father possessing ability as a mason and carpenter erected this house mostly by his own labor, the man who owned the land furnishing the material. We took possession of our new home, called East Damgren, in the fall of 1856.

Soon after my parents had become converts to the restored gospel, father was ordained to the holy Priesthood and called to labor in a Church capacity as a local missionary. In the spring of 1857 he was called to preside over the Hørmested Branch of the Vendsyssel Conference. Three months later he was made president of the Skjæve Branch, and on Oct. 13, 1857, he was called by Peter A. Fjeldsted, president of the Vendsyssel Confer-

ence, to take a mission to Læsø, an island in the Cattegat, where the restored gospel had not as yet been introduced. Being formally released from his position as president of the Skjæve Branch, he sailed from Sæby, Oct. 31, 1857, on a small open boat and landed on the island the same day. He commenced at once to preach the gospel, but the people generally rejected his message. However, combining his handicraft as a mechanic with his missionary labors, he soon gained the friendship of some of the people who, even if not willing to receive him as a preacher of the gospel, were glad to engage him as a craftsman. In some instances he had to use a little strategy. He would introduce himself as a clock repairer, and if his services were needed he would at once take possession of the clock to be repaired, take it all to pieces, commence his operations of cleaning and repairing; and, as he proceeded with his work, he would introduce religion and commence explaining the principles of the gospel to the household. This action on his



KIRSTEN JENSEN
Wife of Christian Jensen

part would sometimes exasperate the people, but they could not consistently show him the door until he had finished his work, and by the time he had done this and would leave the clock or watch, as the case might be, in good running order, the people, as a rule would become friendly and invite him to call again to talk religion.

After spending a couple of weeks on the island he returned to the main land, but in January, 1858, he again crossed the water to the island of Læsø to resume his dual labors as watchmaker and preacher. On the 13th of January he baptized his first converts on the island, namely, Peder Hansen and wife, this being the first fruits of preaching the restored gospel on the island of Læsø. From this second trip to the island father returned to his home March 13, 1858, but afterwards made several other trips to the island and baptized more people, and finally a branch of the Church, called the Byrum Branch, was organized March 21, 1859, with twelve members "and Christian Jensen as its president." On Sept. 25, 1859, father was released from his Læsø mission, after which he presided successively over the Jerslev Branch, the Gjerum Branch and the Napstjert Branch.

My parents having joined the Church

when I was about four years old, I, as a matter of course, was taught the principles of the gospel in my early youth, and I looked forward with fond anticipation to the time when I should become old enough to be baptized. But when the eighth anniversary of my birthday came around, there was no Elder at hand to baptize me, so I regretfully waited until the 2nd of February, 1859, when Elder Carl W. J. Hecker, one of the local missionaries, who was laboring in the vicinity of our home, visited us, and in the evening of the day mentioned I was duly baptized and confirmed a member of the Church by said Elder Hecker, who later became a well known resident of Pleasant Grove, Utah. My brother, Jens Christian, whom I hereafter will call Jens, had been baptized by father Feb. 10, 1857.

In the year 1860 my parents gave up the home called East Damgren, and father built another house on leased ground belonging to the estate of Galtrup in Torslev parish. This was the family home for the next five years.

In Denmark free schools are provided by law and sustained by taxation, and attendance of children between the ages of 7 to 14 at these schools was compulsory with the proviso, however, that parents had the privilege of teach-



GALTRUP HOUSE, THE NEW HOME OF THE JENSEN FAMILY

ing their children at home, and if such home-taught children, on the appointed days of examination, proved to be as far advanced in their studies as those who attended regular school, the home instruction could be continued. In the village of Trye, near which our family resided, the school master was a bitter anti-Mormon, who, on different occasions, had argued with my parents on points of religion, and being unable to hold his ground against "these Mormon converts," he would denounce Joseph Smith and "Mormonism" in a way that ill befitted a man of education and one who called himself a gentleman. For this reason my parents took advantage of the proviso in the law referred to and kept their boys away from the school teacher who used every opportunity he could to poison their minds against "Mormonism." Thus father, when at home, and the visiting missionaries who frequently stopped at our house for days at a time, would give us boys instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, etc. By this means we kept up with the children of our own ages who went to school, and on examination days we stood the test well. My own aptitude to learn and advance in the common rudiments of education without going to school, somewhat astonished the examiners as I could sometimes answer questions that other and older students attending school regularly, could not comprehend at all. In the meantime father's lameness returned and our financial circumstances became more trying, so that my parents could not afford to keep me at home. Hence, in the summer of 1861 I had my first experience in serving other people, being engaged to herd sheep on the neighboring estate of Riis. For my season's work I received three Danish rigsdaler (less than two dollars American money).

From my earliest recollections I accompanied my parents to the meetings of the Latter-day Saints which at that time were being held at the homes of neighbors and sometimes at our own

home. As I became older I often accompanied father on longer trips to places where district and conference meetings were held, and on one of these trips I first saw and heard Elders from Zion. This happened on Aug. 25, 1861, when I accompanied my parents to Tidemandsholm, Taars parish, where a conference was held attended by a number of Elders from Utah, among whom were two of the Twelve Apostles, namely, Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich, who were on a visit from England to Scandinavia. These were the first Apostles I ever saw or heard. Of course, they spoke in what was then to me an unknown tongue, but I remember distinctly that Bro. Lyman's sermon appealed to me as being very spirited and powerful.

I may say in this connection that since my earliest recollection I have been of a studious disposition. My parents have told me that they experienced considerable trouble in teaching me the letters of the Danish alphabet, but after that they never had to urge me onward in my studies. It was frequently the reverse. Mother sometimes became cross with me because, as she said, I always had a book or a slate or something in that line sticking under my nose. The fact is that I was fond of studying and acquiring knowledge, and when I had learned to read, my greatest desire was to obtain books from which to glean further information. My desire in this respect, however, was not easily satisfied as my parents had only a few books, our neighbors next to none, and there was no public library within many miles of our country home. Even the village school had only a very few books except the regular text books, but, of course, we had a Bible, a Book of Mormon and other Church works in the house which I read with interest. We also received "Skandina viens Stjerne", the Church organ published semi-monthly in the Danish-Norwegian language, which, besides containing sermons of the leaders of the Church, and news from different

parts of the Scandinavian Mission, also contained a translation of the history of Joseph Smith the Prophet, printed in short installments in each number of the periodical. These articles I read with the greatest interest, and it was through reading these that I first acquired a taste for Church history, which ever since has formed the basis of my chief avocation in life. I endeavored to commit to memory as many dates as possible, from which I subsequently derived much satisfaction when matters pertaining to Church history would be discussed in my presence.

mer, but after serving a few weeks I was taken down with the measles and was sent home to recover. After becoming convalescent my parents decided to keep me at home to do chores, and thus I never afterwards hired out to work for others while in my native land.

In September, 1862, I traveled with father on foot six Danish or 25 English miles from where we lived to the city of Aalborg, where an important Latter-day Saint conference was held, attended by Apostle George Q. Cannon (then president of the European Mis-



THE FARM RIIS, WHERE ANDREW JENSON HIRED OUT AS A BOY

Furthermore, when reading the Bible and the standard works of the Church, I was particularly interested in the historical parts. Before I knew that such a thing as a Bible chronology existed, I made one myself to the best of my ability so far as the Bible gave the necessary data. When I finally had opportunities of comparing my miniature chronology with those worked out so ably by Bishop Usher and other prominent Bible students and historians, I was pleased to discover that my feeble effort at chronology making was in the main correct.

In 1862 I was hired out to herd cows and young stock on the Riis farm, where I had worked the previous sum-

sion), Jesse N. Smith, Wm. W. Cluff, John Smith, Samuel H. B. Smith, Joseph F. Smith and Anders Christensen, all Utah Elders. We had a very good time, the preaching by the American Elders being translated into Danish by Elder Christensen. In the fall of 1862 my brother Jens (who had been hired out to work during the summer) and I attended the village school where a Mr. Rasmussen was the teacher. We made good progress during the winter, being permitted to study those branches of education we desired and we were not compelled to study religion as the law did not force the children of non-Lutheran parents to study religion. Mr. Rasmussen was a fair-minded man and

did not—like his predecessor—persecute us because we were “Mormon” boys. Our fellow students, however, would often torment and abuse us because we were “Mormons”, and many a little rumpus did I have with my school mates because I was a Mormon, as I would occasionally defend myself against their attacks, and retaliate.

Having attended school during the winter of 1862-63 and passing the spring examination very successfully, I received a certificate to the effect that I could be excused from further attending the village school, as I had reached the head of my class. But owing to

and I attended regularly four days a week during the winter. We had about three English miles to walk night and morning and often we trudged through rain and blinding snow-storms on our way to and from school.

On November 16, 1863, the King of Denmark, Frederik VII (who had fostered religious liberty in Denmark) died suddenly at Glücksborg Castle in Holstein, and the following day Prince Christian of Glücksborg was crowned King of Denmark under the title of Christian IX. Almost immediately afterwards the rebellion of Schlesvig-Holstein and Lauenburg as-



TRYE SCHOOL, WHERE ANDREW JENSON WAS A STUDENT

the fact that my brother Jens needed to attend school another year, it was decided that I should continue with him another winter, which I did. In the spring of 1863 we both left school for the summer and my brother was hired out to serve on a neighboring farm, while I remained at home to take care of the few animals our parents owned.

I continued to attend meetings of the Latter-day Saints in the neighborhood, and at times we also went considerable distances for that purpose, as there were only a few saints in the parish where we resided.

In the fall of 1863 my brother Jens came home to attend school and he

sumed definite shape and plunged Denmark into a bloody war.

In the early part of 1864 I finished my education so far as the public schools of Denmark were concerned. In the spring examination I passed with honor, and though I was only 13 years old, and the age determined by law for the children of the class I belonged to was 14 years, I was considered ready to leave then, if my parents wanted me to, and they deemed it best for me to do so, as my older brother Jens was leaving, having finished his course. Consequently I took leave of the free school forever, not without regret, as I loved my studies

and had become somewhat attached to the school teacher and my school mates.

About this time, through the influence of some of the L. D. S. missionaries who visited at our house, I commenced to keep a journal by recording some of the more important events which happened to me or took place in my surroundings. While most of these notes were not important, yet they pointed toward the future historian.

On the night between Feb. 13th and 14th, 1864, Denmark was visited by a terrific wind storm which blew down a great number of houses, pulled trees up by the roots and did much damage both in towns and rural districts. Our own house was damaged to a considerable extent.

The year 1864 was a most important one in the history of Denmark. The great powers of Prussia and Austria backed the rebellion in the duchies of Schlesvig-Holstein, and the result was war, into which Denmark entered with the expectation of receiving aid from England, Russia and France. But when the time came for these powers to interfere, they did nothing but exchange diplomatic documents which left Denmark to cope with two mighty nations. This of course, soon met with defeat for the Danish arms, and resulted in the loss to Denmark of one-third of her territory.

Active hostilities in this war commenced Feb. 6, 1864, when the Prussian and Austrian troops crossed the Eider into Sønder-Jylland (South Jutland) or Schlesvig. The following day the Danish forces gained a victory over the Prussians at Mysunde, and on the 3rd fought bravely against the Austrians at Bustrup, Jagel and Reder. On the 5th, Gen. de Meza, commander-in-chief of the Danish forces, evacuated Dannevirke, a line of fortifications which extended all the way across the peninsula. This step was taken by the general without the knowledge of the Danish government or its consent. The

Danish forces retreated northward toward the fortifications of Dybbøl and Fredericia in the darkness of the night, and during a terrible frost. The soldiers suffering with hunger and thirst, were closely followed by the powerful enemy. A part of the Danish army, which had been ordered to cover the retreat of the main army, had a fearful skirmish with the Austrians at Sankelmark on Feb. 6th. In this battle my uncle (mother's brother) Niels Christian Andersen was killed.

The news of the loss of Dannevirke caused the deepest consternation throughout Denmark; the people wept and mourned as they had not done for generations. The government removed Gen. de Meza, whom the common people branded as a traitor, though perhaps unjustly, and the Danish army, though fast losing hope of contending successfully with the powerful foe, took a determined stand in the two remaining fortresses, Dybbøl and Fredericia, while the enemy took possession of both north and south Jutland and oppressed the people by collecting one war tax after another in rapid succession. After a terrific bombardment Dybbøl was taken on April 18, 1864. During the siege and a series of battles Denmark lost 4,800 men in dead, wounded and prisoners. The remainder of the brave defenders retreated to the island of Als, where they took their next stand. Ten days later (on April 28, 1864) Fredericia was vacated by the Danish troops by order of the Danish government, thus leaving all of North Jutland in the hands of the victorious enemy. On the sea the Danish had better success, gaining a number of naval victories. During the night between June 28th and 29th, 1864, the Prussians crossed the narrow fjord to the island of Als, taking possession of the island after a brave defense on the part of the Danish who were utterly unable to stand against their enemies who outnumbered them perhaps ten to one. The repeated reverses at last discouraged the Danish

people. None of the powers of Europe which, at least in part had promised aid, came to the rescue. Negotiations of peace were commenced and the preliminaries of the same agreed upon at Vienna, Austria, on August 1, 1864, by which Denmark was forced to give up to Prussia and Austria the duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg and nearly all of Schlesvig. The terms were ratified at Vienna Oct. 30, 1864. The further stipulations were to the effect that Denmark should deliver back all the war ships which its navy had taken during the war, and the duchies were to assume their share of the Danish National debt, and pay the war expenses of Prussia and Austria. Peace being restored, the hostile armies vacated North Jutland, having nearly ruined the land by heavy taxation and general depression of business which was the unavoidable consequence of the war.

While the Prussians reigned supreme in Jutland and the war taxes already mentioned were being collected by Danish officials in the various districts, I was employed by them in my home district to collect the taxes under a supervisor, although I was only 14 years old. While this tax collecting was an unpleasant task for a boy loyal to his country, I always felt a little proud to think that I was trusted so early in life with considerable sums of money.

Ever since 1860, when father built a house for his family on a parcel of land belonging to the Galtrup farm, he had earned a living for his family as a traveling craftsman, but in the spring of 1864 hired a room in the little city of Sæby, where he established himself as a regular watchmaker, though his family remained in the Galtrup house a year longer. As Sæby was the market town of that part of the country through which father had visited for years as a traveling mechanic, his old patrons could easily reach him, and he soon found himself doing a tolerably good business which

enabled him by strict economy to save money towards emigrating with part of his family to Utah, besides keeping up the general expenses of the household.

On May 1, 1865, after having lived alone in the little city of Sæby a year, father rented a small apartment in the town and moved mother and my younger brother Joseph into it, while I was to plan for myself as best I could. While living in my country home, I was needed in the family to take care of what little stock my parents owned, but when they moved to the city they disposed of their stock, which made my presence in the household superfluous. My brother Jens, 16 years old, worked on a farm (or "gaard") called Gjødeje, in the parish of Torslev, and I had just reached the age of 14 years, which in Denmark is considered the age when peasant boys can take care of themselves and only depend upon their parents for good counsel and encouragement. Having no desire to hire out for a pitiful annual salary to farmers of the neighborhood, I decided to turn my attention to trading. Having also a natural desire to travel, I found the selling of tin wares and other small articles needed by the peasantry more agreeable and withal more profitable, than hiring out as a farm hand. After a while, as I made my way from place to place as a traveling salesman, I secured the address of a firm at Frankfurt am Main, Germany—manufacturers of lithographs and others works of art. From this firm I ordered a stock of a certain class of pictures which would sell quite readily among the peasantry of Denmark. I soon became proficient in that trade, as the wares I handled were light and could be sold with fairly good profit, and so I traveled through different parts of Vendsyssel, made a visit to Thyland, Morsø and Salling, crossed over to the island of Læsø several times and learned to associate freely with the people, while at the same time I earned considerably more means than

I used for my traveling expenses. By and by I began to save money toward my emigration to Utah. I was honest in my dealings with the people, and my friends said that my open and honest face paved the way for me and enabled me to sell goods where others had tried in vain to dispose of similar articles. For I may here state that a number of other young Latter-day Saints were engaged in the same business as myself, but none of them were very successful. I was the youngest of them all, but the only one who earned money enough to emigrate to America by selling German lithographs in Denmark. Aside from the money consideration, my rambles as a salesman of lithographs proved a valuable school of experience to me. From May 1, 1865, when mother with my brother Joseph moved to Sæby to join father, and until the end of the year 1865 I was engaged in my trade most of the time and only paid occasional visits home. As often as I could, and whenever I had an opportunity, I attended meetings of the Latter-day Saints in different localities.

CHAPTER 2

(1866)

Emigrate to America—Across the Atlantic in a Sailing Vessel—Over the Plains with an Ox Train.

I spent New Year's Day (Jan. 1, 1866) quietly in Sæby with my parents, filled with hope for the future, and I fully expected to see the land of America before another New Year's Day. I was now a trifle over fifteen years old. During the months of January, February, March and April I continued my activities as a salesman and at last found myself in possession of nearly enough money to take me to the frontiers in America. And so it was decided that father, mother, my younger brother Joseph and I should emigrate to Utah at once, and that my older brother Jens should remain in Denmark for the time being, as we had not sufficient means to emigrate the whole family. The fare from Copenhagen to Wyoming, Nebraska, the

outfitting place for the saints who crossed the plains was, in 1866, about 82 Danish rigsdaler (\$42.00). Father had saved money enough to take himself, mother and my younger brother to Wyoming. In taking leave of my brother Jens I promised him that my first effort after arriving in America would be to earn means to send for his emigration to Utah, a promise that was kept faithfully. We left him working as a servant on the Gjødeie farm.

When we emigrated to America about twelve years had elapsed since my parents had embraced the restored gospel. During these years we had prayed and hoped for an opportunity to emigrate to Zion, and now when the time had come for us to do so we rejoiced exceedingly, and it seemed no great sacrifice to us to leave our native land, relatives and friends to go to the gathering place of the saints. Others may have had regrets and sorrow on this account, but so far as my parents and I were concerned we only regretted that we had to leave one member of the family behind. As to our near relatives none of them seemed inclined to listen to our testimony of the restored gospel, although there was a host of them, but they rather looked upon us as fools because we had joined so unpopular a sect as the "Mormons." Some of our wealthier relatives rejected the gospel because they had too much of this world's goods; others were not religiously inclined, and still others loved the ways of the world too much to repent of their sins and lead better lives.

In the latter part of April I spent most of the time visiting my relatives and friends to bid them goodbye, and many of them expressed their sorrow for me—that one so young and promising was being deceived by the "wicked Mormons". They hoped that when I had found out my mistake I would return to "dear old Denmark". However, they expressed fear that the "Mormons" would kill me, if I should

attempt to get away from them. In the meantime father had sold the few family effects which we had to dispose of, including his mechanical tools and other articles which we could not take with us. But the little means obtained by these sales were hardly sufficient to take us to Copenhagen and to furnish us with a small amount of money with which to defray incidental expenses.

Tuesday, May 8, 1866, witnessed the only "Mormon" family of Sæby leave that little city forever to seek a home in the Rocky Mountains in far-off America. Bright and early in the morning a one-horse vehicle driven by a good natured old farmer, made its way slowly toward the city of Aalborg, distant about 30 English miles. There were four passengers, namely, father, mother, my younger brother Joseph and myself. Our baggage consisted of the usual emigrant equipment averaging about one hundred pounds to each person. We arrived in Aalborg, after crossing the Limfjord on the pontoon bridge about the middle of the afternoon. Here we met a number of other emigrating saints from the Aalborg and Vendsyssel conferences, Aalborg being the point of rendezvous for both. As the saints' meeting hall in Aalborg was too small to accommodate all the emigrants, a larger hall had been hired on Bispensgade, and there our family and most of the other emigrants from Vendsyssel made our home for about a week while we made final preparations for the long journey before us. During that week emigrants kept arriving until there were nearly two hundred of us. Several meetings were held, in which the necessary instructions were imparted to us by our brethren who had experience in emigration matters.

On Wednesday, May 16th, at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon we were all on board the ship "Dania", and an hour later we left Aalborg for Copenhagen. The day was fine and the sea calm, and we enjoyed sailing over the broad

face of the Cattegat, but as the vessel heaved some of the passengers experienced more or less sea-sickness.

At daybreak, May 17th, we passed the old town of Helsingør (Elsinore) and at 6:00 o'clock a. m. we arrived safely in the city of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. One of the Elders led the way from the landing stage to a hall which had been rented for the purpose, and there most of the emigrants spent several hours. As to myself I was too deeply interested in the grandeur of the city to remain quietly in one place, and so, notwithstanding the protests of my parents, I walked all about the city, promenaded on the ramparts, visited the principal squares and churches and enjoyed myself immensely. Copenhagen, which at that time had about 180,000 inhabitants, was the first large city I had ever seen. Now (1938) that city, with its suburbs, has nearly a million inhabitants, and is considered one of the finest and best governed cities in the world.

At Copenhagen the emigrants from the Aalborg and Vendsyssel conferences were united with emigrating saints from other Danish conferences, especially from the Aarhus conference, and at 1:00 o'clock p. m. we sailed from Copenhagen on board the steamship "Aurora" which was destined to take us to Kiel in Holstein. The voyage along the coast of Zealand (Sjælland) and Møen was very interesting. The most conspicuous landmark which we passed was "Møens Klint", a hill of chalk formation which rises abruptly from the sea to a height of 450 feet. The weather was pleasant and the surface of the sea undisturbed. Joy and happiness reigned supreme on board; all of the saints seemed delighted with the prospects before them.

Having spent the night on the Baltic, we reached the mouth of the "Kieler Fjord" in the morning of May 18th. Proceeding up the fjord, we soon reached the city of Kiel, where we landed, and then tarried several hours

in the fine waiting room at the station. I, however, utilized my time by visiting different parts of the city with its beautiful parks and gardens. Kiel, now an important seaport of Germany, was in 1866 an attractive city with about 30,000 inhabitants. It is situated in a fine and fertile district of country and the harbor, or fjord, on which it is built, is one of the best natural and safest harbors on the Baltic. At 12:00 o'clock noon the emigrants were all seated in the railway cars and left Kiel for Altona, about seventy miles distant, where we arrived after three hours' pleasant journey through the green and beautiful Holstein. This was my first railroad ride, and the same could be said of the majority of those who composed the emigrant company. Railroad-building had been commenced in Denmark only a few years previous to 1866.

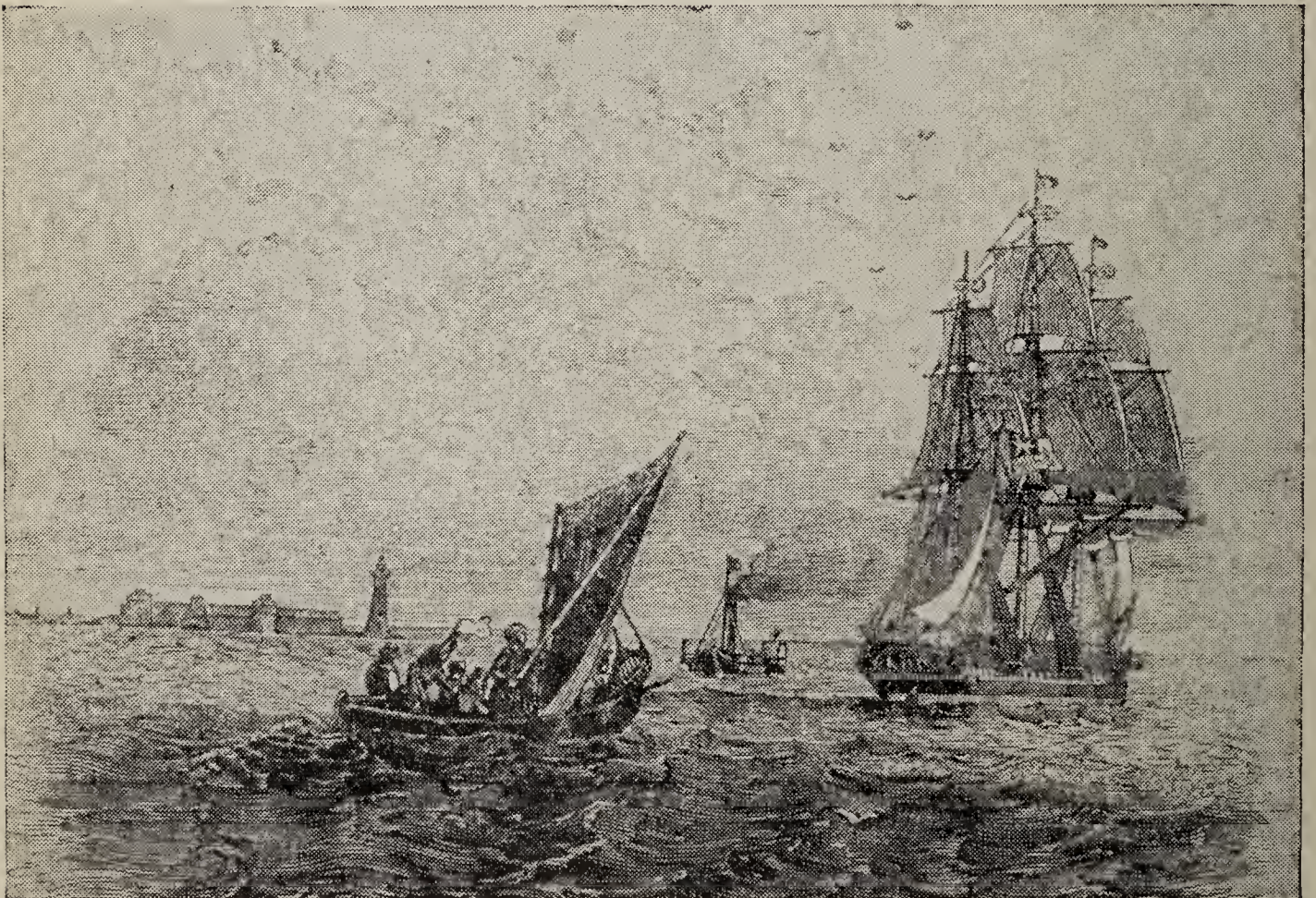
From the railroad station in Altona we all marched down the hill to the banks of the river Elbe, where the women and children boarded a little steamer and went by water, while the

men walked a mile or so through a part of Altona into the city of Hamburg, where we were all lodged in an emigration house, and we enjoyed a comfortable night's rest. Before evening, however, I was out on one of my exploration trips, and after walking long distances I lost my way in the great city of Hamburg, and only after considerable difficulty found my way back to the emigrant house. Everyone in Hamburg spoke German, which I did not understand.

On Saturday, May 19, 1866, in the afternoon, we went on board the double-decked packet ship "Kenilworth" (a sailing vessel, with Capt. Brown in charge). The ship lay at anchor a short distance from the dock in the river Elbe.

The "Kenilworth" was an old English sailing vessel and had been chartered on easy terms. Though not intended for passenger traffic, it had been fitted up on this occasion with bunks and other conveniences on both decks for the comfort of passengers.

The next day, which was Whitsun-



SAMPLE OF THE SAILING VESSELS WHICH CROSSED THE ATLANTIC
WITH LATTER-DAY SAINT EMIGRANTS

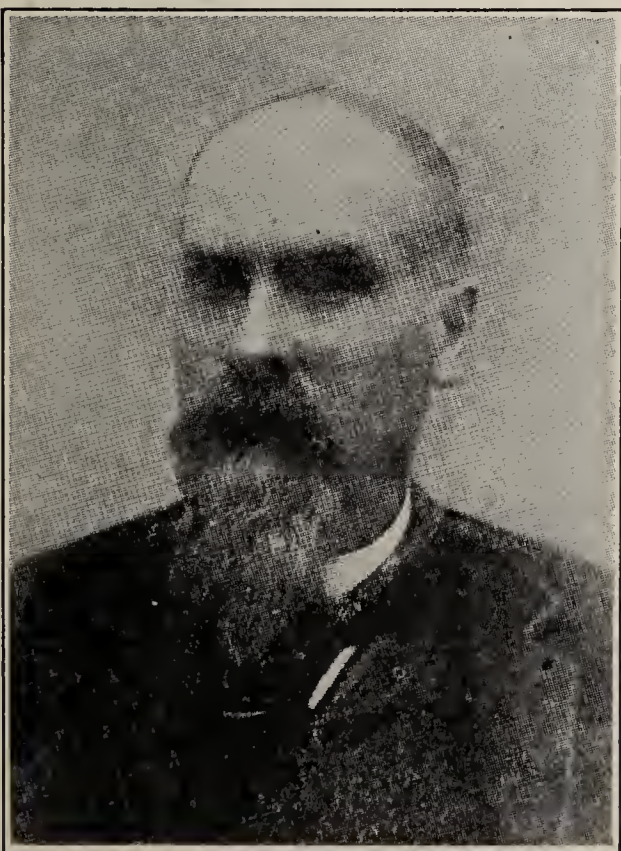
day (May 20th) was spent in locating the emigrants in different parts of the ship and showing each family their bunks. Our family was given a well-lighted place on the middle deck near the bow of the ship, and from our anchorage in the Elbe we had a fine view of the surroundings, the cities of Hamburg and Altona on the north and the low and flat country (Hannover) on the south side of the Elbe. On the 21st a meeting was held on the middle deck of the ship when the Elders in charge gave instruction in regard to cleanliness, order and decorum. On Tuesday, May 22nd, another company of emigrants arrived and was taken on board at once. They were in charge of Pres. Carl Widerborg and Elder Christian Christiansen. This increased our number on board the "Kenilworth" to 684 souls besides the ship's crew.

The next day (May 23rd) the "Kenilworth" left her moorings and was towed by two small tugs a short distance to a point below Altona. On Thursday, May 24th, a meeting was held on board, at which the emigrant company was organized for traveling, with Elder Samuel L. Sprague as president or leader of the company, and Elder Morten Lund as his assist-

ant. Frederik Berthelsen was appointed secretary and Ole H. Berg, captain of the guard. The emigrants were grouped into 42 divisions, or messes, with a president over each, whose business it was to receive provisions for each district and distribute them to the several families; also to preside at prayers in the respective districts morning and night, and to watch over the saints in detail and see that the rules of cleanliness and order were strictly enforced. On the same occasion the ship was dedicated by Elder Carl Widerborg and the prediction uttered that it should carry its precious cargo of souls safe and well to the "land of promise." Much timely and valuable instructions were imparted by the brethren, and it was enjoined upon the emigrants to yield strict obedience to the brethren who had been appointed to preside.

A child, five years old, died on board. Two other companies of saints from the Scandinavian countries sailed from Hamburg a few days later, in the ships "Humboldt" and "Cavour", making the total number of emigrants from the Scandinavian Mission 1,213 in 1866.

On Friday, May 25, 1866, about noon, the anchor was lifted and our long voyage commenced. Old "Kenilworth" was towed down the river Elbe and at 9:00 o'clock p. m. we passed Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the river, and soon we were far out on the broad face of the North Sea. The weather was pleasant, the sea quiet and the commencement of the voyage promising. Most of the saints on board were in high spirits. Usually the ships carrying emigrants from continental Europe passed through the English Channel on their way to America, but in our case it was decided to take the longer route north of Scotland. On the North Sea we were exposed to heavy winds and most of the passengers, owing to the rocking of the vessel, had more or less experience with sea sickness. In the afternoon of June 1st we passed the



ELDER SAMUEL L. SPRAGUE

Shetland Islands lying north of Scotland and before night we were on the somewhat turbulent waters of the Atlantic Ocean. By this time we had got used to the life on the ocean waves. We were well organized and willingly submitted to the discipline and regulations which had been agreed upon. Thus, at 6:00 o'clock in the morning we arose at the signal of the bugle, attended to ablutions and engaged in prayer in the different districts at 8:00 o'clock. Then we ate breakfast which consisted of tea and rye bread in the beginning, but after all the bread had been consumed we feasted on sea biscuits, which were made of rye, wheat and oatmeal. Our food was prepared and cooked in a large kitchen from which it was brought by the several presidents of districts, who distributed it to the respective persons or families in their charge. At 11:30 a. m. we had dinner which generally consisted of good and solid food, and after that we frequently amused ourselves in dancing, or engaged in divers games on deck, in order to keep up good cheer, and counteract the tediousness of the long voyage. Thus the days passed quickly and pleasantly. At 6:00 p. m. we had supper and at 9:00 o'clock we were supposed to retire for the night, after having had prayers at 8:00 o'clock. Cleanliness and good order were strictly observed on board and all who were able to do so were required to spend a good part of their time on deck to enjoy the fresh air and exercise. Guard was kept up all night, and all the brethren, who were able and of a proper age, took turns in standing guard. The captain and the crew were gentlemenly in their deportment towards the passengers, and we had no difficulty with any of them except the cook, a hot-headed and disagreeable person, who quarreled with several of the brethren, and especially on one occasion when a fight was barely averted. For several days after reaching the Atlantic Ocean we had favorable winds, but later owing

to contrary winds we made but slow progress. For several days we were also enveloped in dense fogs, and in order to steer clear of danger from icebergs the captain chose a southerly course. On June 26th we encountered a terrific thunder and rain storm, on which occasion all the sails of the ship were taken down in double quick time, and the good old ship reeled like a drunken man and caused some alarm among the passengers.

During the voyage meetings were usually held on Sundays and on other occasions, at which powerful testimonies were borne and timely instructions given as circumstances demanded. A number of marriages were solemnized on board on which occasions we generally indulged in pleasantries, dancing and speech-making. Even a manuscript paper was issued almost daily, which introduced humorous and spicy articles suitable for the life we led.

The sad part of our voyage centered around a number of deaths which occurred. The following is a list of those of our company who found a watery grave: On May 24th a child; on May 29th Hulda Rosengren, 9½ years old and Wilhelmine Berthelsen, 37 years old; on June 2nd a child from the Aarhus Conference; on June 15th Oliver B. Rosengren, an infant; on June 19th Ole Christensen's child from Vendsyssel Conference; on June 23rd the wife of Chr. Christensen of the Aalborg Conference; on June 25th a young man from the Vendsyssel Conference; on June 27th another child; on July 3rd Christian Beck's child from the Aalborg Conference; on July 6th Inger S. Petersen, 6 years old; on July 12th Sarah Larsen, an infant; on July 13th Dorteia Beck, a child from the Copenhagen Conference and on July 15th a young man who committed suicide by jumping overboard. The death of Sister Christensen called forth much sympathy, as she and her husband had been most liberal with their means in assisting their poor co-religionists to emigrate.

During the voyage two children were born, the first on May 26th, and the second on May 29th when Niels Hansen's wife from the Vendsyssel Conference gave birth to a child which was named Kenilworth Brown, in honor of the vessel and its captain. I also made records of seven marriages which took place on board during the voyage.

On Sunday, July 15th, which was a beautiful sunny day, a number of coast vessels were seen in all directions and joy and animation prevailed among the emigrants. A meeting was held at 8:00 o'clock a. m., at which timely instructions were given the emigrants as to how they should act when they landed in New York. About noon some of the officers, looking through their spy glasses, said that land was visible to the northwest, but it was not until 6:00 o'clock p. m. that one of our brethren, looking through his glass, called out with a loud voice, "Land, Land" and soon the green shores of Long Island were observed on our right by everybody. Perhaps only those who for weeks and months have been tossed about on the stormy face of the ocean can appreciate the pleasure of seeing terra firma again. The emigrants who for about two months had been confined to the decks and berths of old "Kenilworth" appreciated to the fullest extent the change of vision that they enjoyed on this memorable day. The drooping spirits of all were revived and the desire to live in hope of a happy future was manifested universally among the passengers. The men shaved, cut their hair and cleaned up on general principles, while the women began to look for their best dresses in which to attire themselves when the happy privilege of landing should be enjoyed by them. To us, Latter-day Saints, the first sight of America had more than usual significance, as this was the "land of promise," the land of Joseph, about which we had spoken, dreamed, and sung for many years before beholding it.

About the time we began to see land one of the passengers, a young and

foolish man, willfully jumped overboard and was drowned. The ship was hurriedly turned around, a boat lowered, and a number of sailors manning it, endeavored to save the man, but did not succeed; he sank in the billows to rise no more. It was stated by his friends that he had been induced to emigrate contrary to his wishes and had repeatedly declared that he would never see America, so, when the rest of us began to look so eagerly for land, he, consistent with his resolution, committed suicide by jumping overboard. We passed Sandy Hook after dark, and about midnight anchor was cast off Staten Island, at the entrance of the harbor of New York.

The next morning (July 16th) most of the passengers rose early to look at the country. "How beautiful", nearly all exclaimed when we emerged from our quarters on the lower decks and saw the green hills of Staten Island and the tall steeples and magnificent buildings of the cities of New York and Brooklyn in the distance. The pleasant morning breeze wafted the odor of vegetation and flowers from the shore out to us. About 11:00 a. m. the doctor came on board to find that there were no contagious diseases among the emigrants and nothing in the shape of disorder or sickness which would prevent us from landing. Consequently, the anchor was lifted and we sailed into the bay or harbor and anchored a short distance off the city of New York, almost opposite Castle Gardens. As the sun rose higher, the day became very hot and several of the passengers were severely affected by the excessive heat. Elders Thomas Taylor and Wm. H. Folsom (emigration agents for the Church) came on board to arrange for our landing on the morrow.

Shortly before noon on July 17th we took leave of the "Kenilworth" and boarded a small steamer which took us to Castle Gardens. While taking this short trip the heat was very oppressive and one of our number died. Others were so overcome by the heat

that they were carried on shore more dead than alive; but on being placed in cool, airy rooms at Castle Gardens, and receiving some medical treatment, they all recovered. We had spent 58 days on board the "Kenilworth"; 52 days had passed since we sailed from our anchorage at Hamburg and 46 days since we first reached the Atlantic Ocean. No serious accident had happened to us during our long voyage, and we realized that the predictions made by President Widerborg to the effect that we should pass safely over the great deep had been fulfilled. At Castle Gardens we passed through the usual examinations and scrutiny, including the enrollment of names, ages, nationality, etc., after which we enjoyed a few hours rest in the large and airy rooms of the Gardens.

At 9:00 o'clock a. m. we left Castle Gardens and walked through a part of New York City to a point on East River where we boarded a large steamship which had been chartered by the Church emigration agent to take our company to Newhaven, Connecticut, and the night was spent sailing up East river and Long Island sound.

On our arrival in New York we were told that the different railroad companies which had terminals in New York had arbitrarily broken their contract previously made by the Church agent by adding to the price agreed upon for taking the emigrants by rail westward. But as it was known that the emigrants were not able to pay this extra fare, Thomas Taylor, the emigration agent, had entered into a contract with a railroad company whose terminal was New Haven to carry us to the frontiers at the rates previously agreed to by the other railroad companies. This was the cause of us having this extra voyage by steamboat to New Haven.

After a short but very unpleasant voyage of 80 miles, we arrived at New Haven at 5:00 o'clock in the morning of July 18th. From the landing place we walked a short distance to the railroad station, where, two hours

later, we boarded the cars and started northward on our first railroad journey in America. Our route led through the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont, and we enjoyed the beautiful scenery very much. To us, Danes, who had come from a low, flat country, where the highest elevated point was less than 600 feet above the level of the sea, the green mountains of Vermont and other elevations along our route of travel appeared grand and majestic. We traveled in 2nd class cars with comfortable seats, all night and part of the next day. Crossing the St. Lawrence River on the great Victoria Bridge, we arrived in Montreal, Canada, early in the afternoon of July 19th. Montreal in 1866 had about 50,000 inhabitants; at the present time the population of that great city is more than one million. Here we changed cars. The new train placed at our disposal there consisted of a few second-class passenger cars and a number of ordinary baggage cars. Some of the latter cars, when we entered them, were dirty and abominable. But our leaders were informed that we would either have to occupy these cars or wait at least two days for better accommodations, and so it was concluded to submit to the inevitable. The cars were swept and cleaned out as well as possible, so that they could be occupied after a fashion. Seated on our bedding or trunks and boxes, or lying on the floor of the cars, we rolled out of Montreal about 7:00 o'clock in the evening, traveling westward along the St. Lawrence river.

It took us two days to travel through Canada this way, as we met with an accident on the shores of Lake Ontario where, owing to the poor condition of the railroad bed, some of the cars jumped the track and several cars nearly toppled over. Yet none of them left the roadbed. This accident happened during the night, and when we, in the morning, beheld the situation of our train we truly felt thankful for having been saved from a terrible railroad disaster. Our train was broken

into three sections on the banks of the lake. Had any of the cars tipped over, the probability is that they would have rolled down the steep embankment into the water. As it was, the track was torn up for several rods. In the afternoon, the railroad men having repaired the track, we continued our journey, and at 7:00 p. m. we arrived at Toronto.

The next day (July 22nd) in the afternoon, we arrived at the railroad terminus on the St. Clair river, which separates Canada from the United States, or the State of Michigan. A steam ferry boat took us over the river to Fort Huron in Michigan, where we spent the following night in a large freight building at the railroad station.

On Monday (July 23rd) at 1:00 o'clock p. m., seated in good comfortable cars, which we surely appreciated after our experience in the Canada baggage cars, we left Fort Huron and traveled westward through the state of Michigan and arrived in Chicago, Ill., in the evening.

The next day (July 24th) we changed cars and left Chicago at 10:00 o'clock a. m. Traveling all afternoon and the following night through the state of Illinois, we arrived at Quincy on the Mississippi River on the morning of the 26th. There a ferry boat took us over the river to the state of Missouri, where we waited in the forest on the bank of the river until 3:00 o'clock p. m. The weather being very warm, a number of us took advantage of the opportunity to bathe in the river which we thoroughly enjoyed; but a young man of our company who, being a good swimmer, ventured too far out in the swiftly running river was carried away by the current and drowned.

At 4:00 o'clock p. m. we continued our journey through the state of Missouri, the land where the saints in the early days of the Church suffered so much persecution. In several of the larger towns, through which we passed, the inhabitants acted hostile towards us and made several demon-

strations in the shape of insults and threats. The telegraph had, of course, previous to our arrival, brought the news of a company of "Mormons" coming, and thus the rough element had time to gather at the railway stations to give us their attention as we arrived. Some of the worst men in the crowd gave the impression by their movements that they would have taken delight in treating us similar to the treatment that was given our coreligionists years ago. The conductor of our train appeared to be one of our bitter enemies. In starting the train and in quickening or lessening speed he treated us to such jerks and violent shocks as ordinarily are experienced only on freight trains. Fortunately, none of us were seriously hurt, but some of our more delicate women were threatened with nervous breakdowns.

The dawn of Friday, July 27th, found us traveling through the western part of Missouri, and after suffering more jerks and shakings during which the engineer broke parts of his engine, we arrived at St. Joseph, on the banks of the Missouri River, early in the afternoon. This terminated our railroad travel, which had lasted ten days and covered a distance of about 1,700 miles. On our arrival at St. Joseph we were given only one hour in which to procure provisions for a two days trip up the Missouri River to Wyoming, Nebraska. We boarded the steamboat "Denver" and left St. Joseph at 5:00 o'clock p. m. The following night was a sleepless one for most of us. In the first place the weather was too sultry for anybody to rest, but the worst trouble was that no place could be found on board for the passengers to make their beds. In addition to all this, the ship's officers and crew seemed to be regular demons and endeavored to annoy and vex us in every possible way. The next day (July 28th) the steamboat pulled slowly up the Missouri River. The day being extremely hot, we were not able to venture out from the coverings of the boat for fear of being sunstruck.

On Sunday, July 29th, we arrived safe and well at the landing, below the village of Wyoming, Nebraska, which was the outfitting place for the saints crossing the plains that year. At that village we could breathe the fresh air more freely than upon any previous occasion since we commenced our long journey. Both on ship board, and in the railroad cars, we had been confined to narrow quarters, but here on the grassy hill of Wyoming we had plenty of room to spread out and inhale the fresh air and drink the pure water as it gushed forth from the hillside. Here our family also met some acquaintances from Vendsyssel, Denmark, who had spent a year at Wyoming.

On Monday, July 30th, our baggage arrived at the Wyoming landing and was partly carried by hand and partly by teams to the camp ground on the top of the hill, where we were permitted to pitch our tents on any of the unoccupied land lying adjacent to the village. Those of the emigrants who had no tents made themselves temporary shelter of brush and branches cut from trees in the neighboring woods. While enjoying these conveniences we spent several days busily engaged in washing clothes and otherwise preparing for our journey across the plains. Several of the Church trains sent from the "Valley" this year after the poor were encamped near Wyoming, when we arrived, and had waited for us several days.

Between four hundred and five hundred wagons with three or four yoke of oxen to each wagon, were sent this year by the Church, to the Missouri River after emigrants, most of whom, including our own family, came expecting to cross the plains with Church teams. While stopping at Wyoming we could draw provisions from the Church store house, which had been erected on the camp ground.

On receiving our baggage at Wyoming we found that many of the boxes had been opened and robbed of their contents, and thus some of the emi-

grants lost all their clothes and traveling outfits.

While the emigrant companies were encamped near Wyoming, that little village assumed an air of importance. Regular camps of tents and family boweries were erected by the pilgrims. Some of our company were taken sick with fever, a few very seriously. Some of this sickness came upon the sufferers through disobeying the counsel of the brethren in charge, who had advised the emigrants not to drink too freely of the ice cold water issuing from the springs, but rather use the river water after it had been filtered. At least five of our company died before our family left Wyoming, namely, three from the Vendsyssel, one from the Aalborg and an old lady from the Copenhagen Conference.

On Wednesday, Aug. 1st, another company of Scandinavian emigrants, consisting of about three hundred souls, arrived at Wyoming. This company had sailed from Hamburg, June 2nd on the sailing vessel "Humboldt", under the presidency of Elder George M. Brown. Several companies of British saints preceded our company and were already on the plains when we arrived. The total number of emigrating saints from Europe in 1866 was 3,327, of whom 1,213 were from the Scandinavian countries. All the companies came by way of Wyoming and most of them crossed the plains with Church teams.

Some of the emigrants who had crossed the ocean in the ship "Kenilworth" commenced their journey across the plains from Wyoming August 2nd, with Capt. Joseph S. Rawlins' train, and others left with Peter Nebeker's Church train on August 4th. Our family, having decided to go with Capt. Andrew H. Scott's train, moved our effects on August 5th to the place where that train was encamped near the Church store, and the next day we were assigned to our respective wagons, ten or twelve persons to each wagon. Our train consisted of 46 wagons and the company comprised Brit-

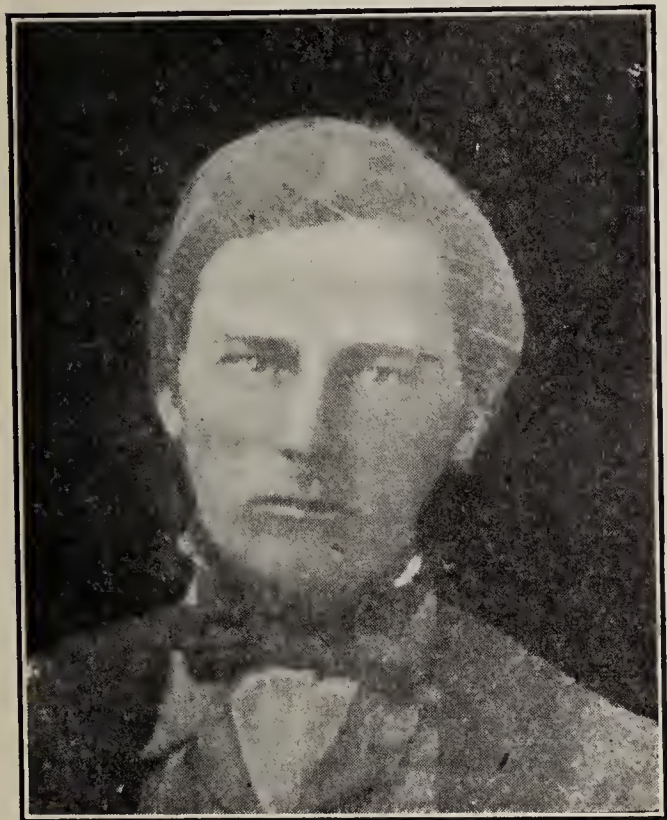
ish, Norwegian and Danish emigrants. George M. Brown, who had led the "Humboldt" company from Hamburg to Wyoming, was appointed our spiritual leader in crossing the plains.

It was the intention that our company should roll out of Wyoming on August 7th, but a terrible rain storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, such as none of us from Scandinavia had ever experienced, visited the camp. The rain poured down in torrents

appointed. George M. Brown, already mentioned, was an American by birth who had performed a mission in Norway, and he as our spiritual leader was also to act as interpreter for the Scandinavians who did not understand the English language.

With our departure from Wyoming, that village was almost reduced to normal conditions, being left with its very limited number of inhabitants, save a few emigrants and Elders who were waiting for the season's last company of emigrants to arrive. Capt. Abner Lowry's train of Church teams was kept back to bring this last company across the plains. This ox company was known as the Sanpete train, as most of the men and teams in it hailed from Sanpete Valley.

On Aug. 9th, Capt. Scott's train broke camp at 8:00 o'clock a. m., and traveled until near noon, when we stopped about four hours, during which provisions were distributed to the passengers for the first time. The rations allowed consisted of 1½ pounds of flour and one pound of bacon each day for each adult besides sugar, molasses, dried fruit, and other eatables, all of which we were to cook and prepare ourselves to suit our respective tastes. Some of us found the baking of bread and the cooking of meals in the open air a somewhat difficult task, as we had never done the like before, but after a few days practice we mastered the situation, and life on the plains soon became quite natural and pleasant to those of us who were young and hearty. To the older members of the company, and to those who had large families of children, the case was quite different. Our daily routine was something like the following: We generally broke camp at 8:00 o'clock in the morning and traveled from 12 to 20 miles a day. As a rule we stopped about two hours at noon to rest and feed ourselves and animals. The task of walking as much as possible was enjoined upon every young and able bodied person, in order to lighten the burden of the animals. Only the old



CAPTAIN ANDREW H. SCOTT

nearly all day and the following night. The ground was thoroughly soaked by the downpour, and while the storm was at its worst the whole village seemed to be a perfect lake. Such storms occurred frequently in this locality in July and August every year. Wednesday, August 8, 1866, will always remain a red-letter day in my recollection. At 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon, as passengers in Capt. Andrew H. Scott's ox train, we left Wyoming to cross the plains. Our teams pulled out slowly, traveled five miles out on the prairie and encamped on the brow of a hill where we remained till the next day. A meeting was held in the camp during the afternoon, at which we were more fully organized for traveling and the necessary officers were

and weak were privileged to ride to any great extent. Of course, I, being a strong, healthy lad, was among those who walked nearly all the way across the plains, and I rather enjoyed it. At noon and at night, when camping, we all had our busiest time. First, we pitched our tents and gathered fuel and fetched water, then we made fires, baked bread, cooked food, and finally ate our meals around the camp fires, sitting on the grass or rocks. For us Europeans it was indeed a new life, but we soon got used to it. At times we found our energies taxed to the uttermost. Wood was sometimes a very scarce article and in such cases we resorted to the use of dry manure, which we called buffalo chips. This served our purpose very well when we got used to it, and we never complained when we could find enough of it. Frequently we had to tramp long distances to get water, and in some instances we had to make dry camp; that is we camped in places where there was no water. Often we had to cook our meals when the rain poured down in torrents and drenched us to the skin and put out our fires. At other times the wind blew so hard that our tents fell, and our food in course of preparation became spiced with sand to a

greater or less extent, as the wind raised the loose soil and enveloped the camp in a cloud of dust. But we soon learned to look upon these things as unavoidable difficulties in crossing the plains with teams and we bore them without murmuring or fault-finding. In making our camp our usual "Mormon" method of forming two half-circles with the wagons was observed, so that a corral was made into which the oxen would be driven to be caught and yoked up anew in the morning. Our tents were pitched outside the enclosure, each tent opposite the wagon to which it belonged. The oxen and such loose stock as we had along were herded during the night by special herdsmen, but the regular night watch in the camp was taken in turn by the emigrating brethren. Public prayer was offered in camp every night in which everybody was expected to participate. After the prayer, the captain, or some other leader, generally made remarks of an encouraging and instructive nature; the essence of such remarks, if important, was translated into Danish for the benefit of those who as yet had not learned the English language. Before we reached our journey's end I had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English language to



CHIMNEY ROCK

be independent of such translation, though I could speak but very little English as yet.

From Wyoming we traveled across the prairies of Nebraska in a north-westerly direction to the Platte River, on which we camped for the first time at noon, Aug. 16th, at a point about thirty miles east of Fort Kearney. Thence we followed the Platte River, by way of Fort Kearney to a point near Fort McPherson, following the so-called Oregon Trail. Thence we crossed the highland from the South Platte to the North Platte, reaching the latter stream at the mouth of Ash Hollow. Thence we traveled along the North Platte by way of Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluff until we reached Fort Laramie. From that fort we crossed hills and streams until we reached the mouth of Deer Creek, a tributary of the Platte, thence we traveled westward to the upper crossing of the Platte, crossing that river on a bridge, where the "Mormon" emigrants of 1847 built a ferry, near the site of the present city of Casper. Continuing the journey in a southwesterly direction we passed Independence Rock and Devil's Gate and thence followed the

Sweetwater about seventy miles to the Continental Divide. Near that point we left the Oregon Trail and followed the Mormon Pioneer Trail, crossing Little Sandy, Big Sandy, Green River, Hams Fork and Black Fork to Fort Bridger. From there we traveled on a well beaten road by way of Bear River, Yellow Creek, and other streams, to the mouth of Echo Canyon and up Weber River ten miles via Coalville and Hoytsville to Wanship; then through Silver Creek Canyon, Parley's Park, over the mountain and through Parley's Canyon, at the mouth of which we entered Salt Lake Valley.

At several points on the journey we came in friendly contact with Indians, but we only saw a few buffaloes, for many of these noble animals had been wantonly destroyed by white hunters, thus wasting the food of the Indians, which made them very angry and while the Sioux Indians and other tribes showed hostilities to travelers generally, they usually distinguished between the "Mormon" caravans and others, and would steal from other travelers when they would leave the "Mormons" alone. Quite a number of the people in our company died on the



FORT LARAMIE .

plains, but I failed to make a record of them, as I as yet was an amateur in record-keeping. During the early part of our journey we had plenty of food and some to spare, but on reaching the mountain country, where the temperature was colder, our appetites increased and yet our daily rations were cut down until we suffered for the lack of food, owing to the fact that the provisions which Capt. Scott's train had cached at different points on the road to be taken up and used when the train returned with emigrants, had been stolen by Indians, or perhaps renegade whites, so we were put on half rations which made us go hungry at times. Before we reached places where our stock of provisions could be replenished, we suffered considerably, and I, who was a robust and growing boy with a good appetite, could at times think of nothing more desirable than to live long enough to enjoy a square meal, or to have my appetite satisfied.

On September 19th we encountered a terrific snowstorm near the South

Pass. During the previous night it had snowed considerably and the weather was very cold. To add to our suffering, we could find no fuel to start our fires, the snow having covered all the brush and scattered wood. The inexperienced emigrants felt themselves helpless to cope with such a situation, but the teamsters soon built a huge camp fire, and in spite of the falling snow, small camp fires were started all around. Snow fell all day and it was truly the coldest and most unpleasant day on the whole journey. Towards noon the teamsters succeeded after much labor to get the hungry and half-frozen cattle hitched up and we traveled a few miles to a more sheltered place where we made a new encampment in a snug little valley, while it was still snowing.

From South Pass on Sept. 21st Captain Scott sent the following telegram to President Brigham Young: "Encountered a very severe snow and wind storm for twelve hours while passing from Sage Creek over the Rocky Ridge. Some cattle were badly frozen, eight

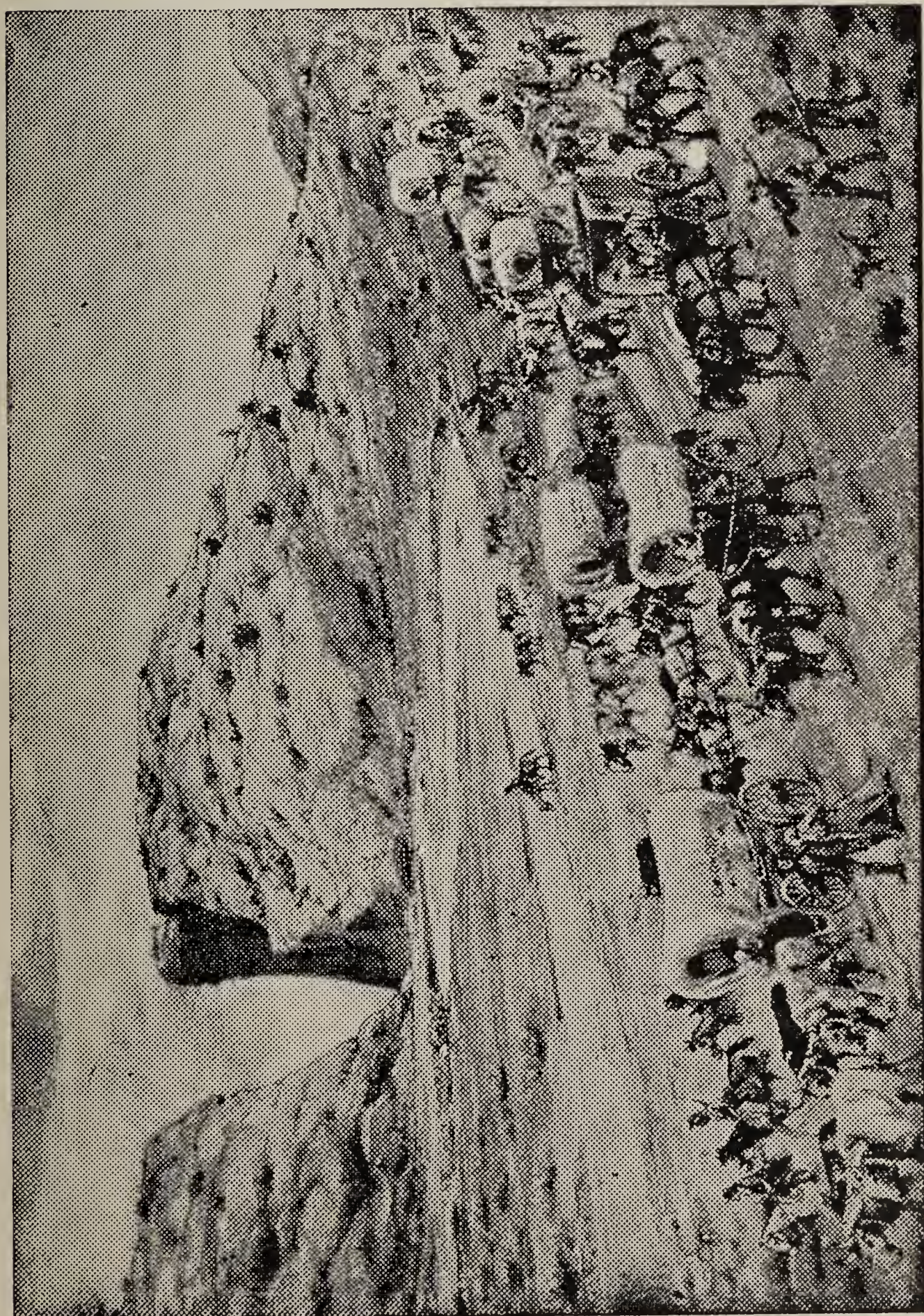


PIONEER ENCAMPMENT AT INDEPENDENCE ROCK

head died and fifty more are disabled. The snow was six inches deep, feed covered up, heavy wind from the northwest, very cold. Today fine weather, cattle looking better. Camp in good condition. Shall move from here tomorrow."

On the 7th of October our train emerged from the mouth of Parley's Canyon. As soon as we entered the Valley I joined some of my young fel-

low travelers in ascending the bluff or bench a short distance above where the Utah Penitentiary is now located. From that point of vantage I enjoyed my first view of Great Salt Lake City. The city appeared grand and beautiful, as it nestled in the full blaze of the afternoon sun. Together with my companions I shouted for joy as we felt that our fondest hopes and anticipations had been realized. As long as



PIONEER TRAIN AT DEVIL'S GATE

I can remember I had prayed and hoped for the opportunity to gather to Zion. Now, at last, the chief city of the saints was in sight and our dreams were about to come true. After getting out of the mountain pass we traveled through the Sugar House Ward, crossed the State Road and encamped for the night on the Church Farm.

On Monday, Oct. 8th, we traveled about four miles northward and arrived in Great Salt Lake City. Our train immediately went into the Tithing Yard where everything was un-

cattle of the company looking well and the passengers, as a general rule, in good health, although a few were sick. This company of people is reported as one of the finest that has got in for a long time. They are mostly from Norway in Europe, from a highly respectable class of society and have a fine choir of twenty-five singers."

The day after our arrival in the city a man by the name of Isaac Hunter came to the Tithing Office yard looking for a boy of my size to work for him. I accepted his proposition and worked for him two weeks, during



FORT BRIDGER IN 1866

loaded, and then the train started off again for the South with those of the emigrants who expected to locate in Utah County, where most of the teams in Capt. Scott's company belonged. Our family, which had not decided where to make our permanent home, remained in the City for the time being. Hence we bade our fellow-travelers an affectionate farewell. They scattered to different parts of the country, where they had friends or relatives, or where more settlers were wanted. The "Deseret News" of Oct. 10, 1866, announced the arrival of our train as follows:

"Capt. A. H. Scott's train of 49 wagons and about three hundred passengers got in on Monday morning, the

which I added to my knowledge of the English language, having already learned considerably from the teamsters in crossing the plains. In the meantime the so-called Sanpete train, in charge of Captain Abner Lowry, arrived in the city. The emigrants in that train had suffered with cholera and many of them had died crossing the plains.

Our family, now having decided to go south in search of a place to make a home, made arrangements to go with Abner Lowry's company to Sanpete Valley, but on the second day out we met a number of old acquaintances from Denmark, at Pleasant Grove, Utah County, and so mother, my

younger brother (Joseph) and I stopped off in that town, while father continued his journey to Ephraim, Sanpete County, but in December following, his family followed him to Ephraim, where we spent the winter of 1866-67. There I was employed by a Bro. Frederik Julius Christiansen (whom we knew in the old country) to take care of his stock during the winter.

CHAPTER 3

(1867-1868)

**My First Year in Utah—Herding Cows—
Railroading in Echo and Weber Canyons—
Advent of the Union Pacific Railroad.**

On New Year's Day, 1867, I have a vivid recollection of how I indulged in deep meditation over the experiences of the past year. One year ago I was busily engaged as a salesman in Denmark, endeavoring to earn money to take me to Zion. My wish had now been realized, and I had traveled about 8,000 miles from my native land and together with my parents I had found a new home in the valleys of the Rocky mountains.

I continued in the employ of Bro. Christiansen, in Ephraim, for about three months, or until March 31, 1867. My parents in the meantime lived in a rented house for the winter. Early in the spring the Indians under the notorious Indian chief Blackhawk renewed hostilities which caused the temporary settlements that had been commenced in Sevier County to be vacated and the people from these settlements flocked for protection and safety into Sanpete Valley, where preparations for defense were made, as it was fully expected that the Indians would commence attacks there as soon as spring opened. Fully armed companies and well-equipped militia were organized and stationed in every settlement, and armed companies were also sent from the north to strengthen the defense in Sanpete County. Steps were also taken to fortify the settlements by building walls. Hence, everything had a warlike appearance in that part of the country early in 1867.

Partly because of the threatened Indian difficulties and partly because of father's physical disability, our family decided to move back to Pleasant Grove, and soon afterwards father sought and obtained medical aid in Salt Lake City, which led to the amputation of one of his feet, from which operation, however, he made a satisfactory recovery and enjoyed good health afterwards.

In journeying from Ephraim to Pleasant Grove, we were compelled, on account of muddy roads, to spend five weeks in Moroni, where our family made a temporary home with a Bro. Christian Peter Nielsen, a blacksmith, who took us into his home and treated us very kindly. During our sojourn with Bro. Nielsen I worked on his farm—my first experience in farming. Here I did my first plowing and harrowing, grubbing willows and sage brush and doing manual labor.

While father was in the city I engaged at different kinds of manual labor in Pleasant Grove and also secured a city lot for our family to build a house upon. Assisted by mother, I commenced to make adobes for the contemplated home, and when father returned from Salt Lake City we commenced to clear the lot of sage brush and made a dug-out which we covered with willows and dirt. This was indeed a humble habitation, but it was our own, our first permanent home in Utah. We moved into our dugout July 15, 1867, after having lived with a Bro. Christen Heiselt since our arrival in Pleasant Grove in March. We now laid the foundation for a small adobe house, 12 x 18 feet, which we erected in front of the primitive dugout. Father, being an all-around mechanic, could do all the mason and carpenter work himself, and I could assist him. Thus our little adobe house was built with very little cost outside of our own labor.

We should have finished the erection of our house in a few weeks, had it not been found necessary for me to seek

other employment during the summer. One of our neighbors having taken a contract to herd the milch cows of Pleasant Grove during the summer he engaged me to assist him, and so I commenced my labors as a herder July 19, 1867, and continued until the end of the summer. We had about 300 cows in our care and our herd ground covered the north half of what is still known as the Provo Bench, extending east to the mountains and west to the Utah Lake. Herding cows was not to my liking. It was tedious and irksome, yet I stuck to it faithfully till Oct. 13, 1867, when the cows were let loose to roam through the fields at pleasure. As payment for my summer's work I obtained a cow which I gave to my parents, and collected sixty dollars worth of produce. These I sold for greenbacks which at that time were worth fifty cents on the dollar in gold, and by exchanging greenbacks for gold I had only \$26, which amount I sent to Denmark to assist my brother to come to Utah. But as he could not raise the balance needed for emigrating he was obliged to remain in Denmark for another year.

After finishing my herding I assisted father to finish our little adobe house, into which we moved in the latter part of November, 1867. It was a primitive residence indeed, divided into three small rooms, but it was better than the dugout which, then, however, became our family cellar. We found the house warm and comfortable as winter approached. This house and the dugout were in existence until a few years ago when it was pulled down as an old ruin. The remainder of the year 1867 I spent chiefly in Pleasant Grove engaged in manual labor of different kinds and also secured some wood for the winter. And thus I had my first experience in getting timber from the mountains which was always a difficult task for emigrants who came from countries where there are no mountains.

In the early part of 1868 I worked

on the so-called Provo Bench Canal which was being made to bring water for irrigation purposes onto the Provo Bench lying between Pleasant Grove on the north and Provo on the south. The entire bench or highland was cov-



RUINS OF OUR PIONEER HOME

ered with a dense growth of sage brush and there was not a human habitation between the two towns. Now this bench is covered with splendid farms of which an important part is included in the Sharon Stake of Zion.

Like other boys I engaged occasionally in sports. In one of my attempts at wrestling I sprained my ankle severely which laid me up for some time, being unable to walk. During the spring I planted trees on our lot, mostly peach, apple and plum. These trees during the following years, as they grew tall, turned our one acre lot into a neat little orchard from which we ate delicious fruit. Some of these trees are still alive, although most of them have been replaced by others, but this first home in Utah continued as the domicile for mother until she died, Dec. 16, 1917, nearly 97 years old.

Frequently at this time of my life I felt depressed in spirit as the life I led did not weigh up to my aspirations and expectations as a youth. I would have preferred study to hard manual labor, but being compelled through circum-

stances to assist in earning a living for the family, I had but little time to attend school. I was also different in this regard to most of the other boys with whom I associated who sometimes participated in sports of a questionable character, so I withdrew from their company to a certain extent and endeavored to live more with my books and seek after knowledge. I am happy to say that while I was mingling with the youths of the community I took a decided stand not to smoke or drink intoxicants or use profane language, and in looking back on those days I feel thankful that I was able to live up pretty well to my ideals.

In April, 1868, I attended a general conference of the Church for the first time, on which occasion I listened to speeches delivered by Pres. Brigham Young and other leaders of the Church. I remember distinctly how the president advocated home industries, telling the saints how to produce all they needed at home and thereby decrease the importations from the states. About this time I could understand the English language and thereby was enabled to enjoy thoroughly the instructions given by these modern Prophets and Apostles.

At this time quite a number of the brethren from Pleasant Grove left for the East, to work on the Union Pacific Railroad which was being built across the continent. I was inclined to go with them, but was advised by my friends to remain at home, so again I engaged in herding cows, but found that kind of employment unbearable. So, when Pres. Brigham Young took a contract to grade ninety miles of the Union Pacific Railroad from the head of Echo Canyon to Ogden and a multitude of laborers were needed, I could content myself at home no longer. Hence, in June, 1868, I quit herding cows and in company with seven other men, traveling with two wagons, I left Pleasant Grove for Echo Canyon, where we took a small grading contract.

Those who had been acquainted with the solitude of Echo Canyon in past years and now visited the romantic ravine in 1868, could not help being impressed with the change which had taken place. The cliffs which bordered the canyon had previously echoed only to the occasional passing of ox, horse or mule trains in which the cracking of whips wielded by the teamsters would call forth echo from the majestic cliffs, but now (in 1868) these same cliffs resounded unceasingly to hammering and blasting. The yells and noises of the workers, including the thousands of teamsters who manipulated carts, scrapers and horses, added to the uncanny music. From the head to the mouth of Echo Canyon there was one continuous line of grading camps occupied by men who were building the great highway of nations. All cosy corners and level spots on both sides of Echo Creek had been chosen for camping grounds and everything represented business, work, activity and thrift. Surely the local poet who wrote, "At the head of great Echo the railroad began, the Mormons were working and grading like fun," grasped the situation well. The "Mormon" boys were showing the world that they could work, and I think no one could consistently accuse them of laziness.

At the camps in Echo Canyon there were men from nearly every "Mormon" settlement in the whole intermountain region. When a number of men from the same locality came out together as a body and took a subcontract under Pres. Brigham Young, they usually named their camp after the towns from which they came, and sometimes after their subcontractor or principal men. Thus we had in Echo Canyon the Springville Camp, the Ephraim Camp, Cook's Camp, Smoot's Camp, and Sheet's Camp. When Pres. Young first took the contract, he intended to hire men direct to make the grade, but he soon changed his plan and sublet the jobs to responsible parties who then hired men to work for them

usually by the job, yet men were also frequently hired by the day. A subcontractor was responsible for the finishing of the contract within a specified time, and a set price was paid for each cubic yard of earth, gravel and rock that was moved.

Our little company worked as a united body and divided the profits equally. We chose one of our number as foreman and our contract was taken in his name. At the close of my first day's work with spade, shovel and wheelbarrow, I was quite tired, being only 17 years old and not used to manual labor. I had all I could do to hold my own with older and stronger men. Hence, after finishing our first contract, I left the company with which I had labored and on the 6th of June traveled nine miles to a point in Weber Canyon three miles below Echo City, where I hired out to work for a Brother Niswander for \$1.50 a day and board. A week later I settled up with Mr. Niswander and walked 11 miles to a camp above Hanging Rock Station in Echo Canyon where I found employment with Ezekiel Holman who had taken a grading contract at that place. He worked his contract with mules and scrapers and my work was to drive a pair of mules and my wages was fixed at \$1.50 a day and board. Thus employed, I spent a month. On August 17th the Holman outfit, having finished their first contract, broke up their camp in Echo Canyon and traveled with their entire outfit 24 miles down Echo and Weber Canyons to make a new camp a short distance below the point where Lost Creek enters into the Weber River. There Mr. Holman had taken another grading contract. I continued to work in that camp, and for herding mules during the night I received 75 cents extra. This job proved to be quite a task as we worked on the grade ten hours a day. The herding, however, only consisted of driving the mules into the mountains at night and sleeping as near them as possible, and in the morning gather

the animals and drive them back to the camp. While in this camp I first discovered that I was near-sighted, in consequence of which I was handicapped when rounding up the animals in the morning, as they frequently climbed to dizzy heights and wandered off so that it sometimes took several hours to gather them and drive them into camp. Every night the hideous barking of wolves annoyed us, and I have since wondered if we were not frequently in danger, as wolves and coyotes were very numerous at this time in that locality.

The Holman camp contained about twenty men, most of them being "Mormons." On September 21st we finished our work in the Weber Narrows, and as most of the men were from Pleasant Grove and were going home, I decided to go with them, although there was still plenty of work to do on the grading along the Weber, and men were wanted everywhere. As we passed through Salt Lake City I received a part of my money for work done on the railroad. During my absence from home on this occasion I had earned \$140 in cash.

In December, 1868, after spending two months in Pleasant Grove and making a visit to Sanpete County, I left home on a second trip to work on the railroad and reached the Weber River a short distance below Weber Canyon, where I hired out to a Mr. Edward Samuels, the foreman for John W. Young, who had taken a contract in that particular section of country. We were to receive \$2.50 per day and board. On Christmas day my fellow-laborers and I built a bowery which we covered with earth, after digging some distance into the hillside, thus making our temporary dwelling both a dugout and bowery. This miniature home was just large enough for four men. We built a sort of a chimney at the end so that we could kindle a fire and thus protect ourselves from the cold.

CHAPTER 4

(1869-1870)

Completion of the Union Pacific Railroad—Unpleasant Experiences in Echo Canyon and Elsewhere—A Serious Accident—Working in a Utah Central Railroad Camp—Arrival of My Brother Jens—Purchase a Farm—Unsuccessful Attempt at Farming—Work on the American Canyon Railroad—Experience as a Grocery Clerk.

I continued my labors in the camp of Edward Samuels near the mouth of Weber Canyon in the early part of 1869. The weather during that winter was quite mild and pleasant and we were only hampered in our work two days on account of stormy weather. Only a little snow fell, but the frost during the nights was often severe. Our camp, perched on the south or sunny side of the hill, was sheltered from the wind blowing from the mouth of Weber Canyon, and we had all the benefits that could be obtained from the sunshine and a south outlook. Our camp was much warmer than any other railroad camp in the neighborhood. There was a scarcity of fuel, but a sufficient quantity of dry willows could be secured to make immense fires when needed. Our camp house consisted of a lumber shed covered with earth and tightened with willows. This structure served as kitchen and dining hall for all. For personal use about a dozen dugouts had been made on the hillsides, each large enough to accommodate from one to four men. In these little huts each group of men usually spent the evenings hugging their respective campfires, and amusing themselves by telling stories, conversing, singing, playing games and reading. Our most unpleasant experience was in the mornings when we had to rise in the cold to make fires and a man's fingers at times were almost frozen stiff before the fire could give relief. Often we ate our breakfast while shivering with cold and frequently the drinking water placed on the table for our use changed into ice while we were eating, and our knives and forks, if they happened to be wet, would immediately freeze fast to our fingers. All these inconveniences were

common to camp life in the winter and we submitted to it without murmuring. We spent our Sundays as best we could reading or conversing as we, as "Mormon" boys, did not work on the Sabbath. I made several Sabbath journeys to Ogden, which was only about five miles distant across the bench. Our letters were sent and received through the Ogden postoffice. Our work in building the railroad grade was done by picks, shovels and wheelbarrows mostly, as teams could not be used to do grading on the steep hillside. The number of working men in our camp varied from 30 to 40, nearly all "Mormons". In the beginning of March, 1869, the work was finished on the contract on which we had been working, and the same was the case on nearly the whole of President Young's contract. And this was none too soon, as the rail laying crews were right on our heels, and on the 2nd of March, 1869, the whistling of the locomotive was heard for the first time at the mouth of Weber Canyon. We welcomed that whistling. It was like the ushering in of a new dispensation, for the dreaded wilderness which we who had crossed the plains with ox teams knew so well, had been relegated to the past, and the great East brought to our very doors. Surely the advent of the Union Pacific Railroad into our isolated and peaceful valleys of the mountains brought radical changes to our people for both good and evil.

On March 3, 1869, I settled up with Edward Samuels, but received no money. Together with four other men I left the Samuels camp in the forenoon and started for home. We forded the Weber river at the East Weber settlement and traveled on foot 23 miles, having loaded our baggage in a wagon that traveled with us. After stopping over night at Centerville, we continued our journey the next day to Salt Lake City, whence I, together with two other men, continued the journey on foot to Pleasant Grove, where we arrived after traveling dur-

ing the day about fifty miles, mostly on foot.

Soon after my return home to Pleasant Grove our family moved to Ephraim, Sanpete Co., where father had built a small house on the bank of a creek, near the center of the town; but as that home was not as attractive as our Pleasant Grove home, and could not in comfort be compared with it, mother preferred to continue her residence in Pleasant Grove.

On April 15, 1869, I left Ephraim for Salt Lake City, intending to continue my labors on the railroad, for although the grade for the overland railroad was nearly completed there was still work to do connected with the roadbed, and after traveling by way of Salt Lake City and Farmington to the mouth of Weber Canyon and a few miles up the canyon, I hired out to a Bro. Tolman of Davis County who had taken a contract to get out timber for the railroad company. His camp was immediately below the Devil's Gate Bridge in Weber Canyon. I only worked for him three days. My task was to cut timber high up in the mountains where the snow was deep everywhere, and as I only wore ordinary shoes, when I should have used high boots and leggings, I was obliged to give up the job, hoping to get something to do more suited to my condition. I therefore left Tolman's camp April 24th, and walked along the railroad track eight miles up the Weber Valley where I hired out to work on a section gang whose camp was in the Peterson settlement, or a short distance below what was then called Weber City (now Morgan). Our section extended up and down the valley for several miles either way, and in going longer distances to work we had a handcar at our service. The railroad was now so far completed that daily trains were running to and from Ogden. The rail or track layers had already reached Corinne, a Gentile town on Bear River, about 20 miles northwest of Ogden. The graders from the East were working as far west as

the Promontory north of the Great Salt Lake, where they met the laborers grading the Central Pacific Railroad from the West, or California.

As a section hand I was not to have any lengthy experience. I commenced work on a Saturday afternoon and the next day, which was Sunday, April 25th, we were ordered by higher officials to work on a gravel train, and were taken to Taylor's Switch, three miles above Ogden. We worked on the gravel train that afternoon, and we were to camp in a section house which had been built at Taylor's Switch. By this time I was able to hold my own at manual labor with older men pretty well. The next day, April 26th, owing to poor food, a number of the men refused to work and were discharged. Being with the same crowd I also had to quit, but the company gave us transportation to Echo City where I went together with others, but could find no work there. My traveling companions who lived in Sanpete County became discouraged and went home, but when the east bound train came along in the evening I boarded it and rode to Wasatch, 25 miles from Echo. Leaving the train there I spent the night in an engine house. I was financially broke and had not partaken of food all day. After suffering with cold during the night I tried to get work at Wasatch, but there was none to be had. I was given breakfast at the station house where the foreman said that he knew from experience what tramping along a railroad track meant and he could tell by looking at me that I was suffering from the want of food. After eating a hearty meal I felt much better, but good judgment told me that it would be unwise for me to venture further out into the wilderness. Hence I left Wasatch intending to return home. But after walking along the railroad track eight miles I came to a large railroad camp (Hill and Green's Camp) where I was offered work. About 300 men were employed there making a new or permanent railroad bed along one of the

and Green's Camp) where I was offered work. About 300 men were employed there making a new or permanent railroad bed along one of the forks of Echo Canyon, and I commenced to work there at once driving a pair of mules and was promised two dollars a day and board. I worked my mules part of the time on a scraper and part of the time on a cart and also occasionally on a plow. I was the only "Mormon" in the motley crowd of men, in which quite a number of nationalities were represented, but I was well treated by all and none attempted to do me harm, though there were rough men in camp, and often I had to listen to profanity and also to hair-raising tales about Brigham Young and the "Mormons". Drinking and fighting were matters of daily occurrence, but so far as I know no one was killed in our camp, which was more than could be said of many other camps of Union Pacific Railroad workers at that time. The Irish element which had a reputation for fighting and rough behavior was not so numerous as represented in other camps, but those we had were very fond of telling yarns about fighting, drinking, immorality, etc., although they were devout Catholics who considered themselves nearer heaven than the rest of us. What kind of a place would the kingdom of God be if such characters should rule it, or wicked men should hold sway there.

While sojourning in this camp I remembered the "Mormon" doctrine to "mind my own business". I took care not to be led into quarrels with anyone, or to give cause of offense. Had I not been careful on that score, I might have fared badly. I was looked upon by some of the camp rowdies as an innocent "Mormon" youth who knew not the ways of the world, but they respected me for it, and would consider it wrong for any one to do me harm. Thus I gained the friendship of a number of the men who said they would defend me in case of necessity. In this mixed company there were, however, a number of good and re-

spectable men. The food which we had to eat in this camp was of a very poor quality—the poorest I had known in any railroad camp. It consisted of spoiled meat and ill-smelling bacon, and often we did not even get enough of that. When meals were served it was first come, first served, and therefore there was a regular race for the tables at every meal, as it was a decided advantage to be there first; the last ones at the table generally had to scrape bones, or eat crusts or go without food.

While I worked at Hill and Green's camp the great event of laying the last rail and driving the last spike on the great transcontinental railroad took place May 10, 1869, at Promontory. The day was celebrated throughout the nation. The spanning of the continent with an iron belt was indeed an event which affected the entire world. The distance from New York to San Francisco by rail (shortest route) was now 3344 miles, of which the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads from Omaha to Sacramento represented 1776 miles. The distance from Omaha to Ogden was 1032 miles, and from Ogden to Sacramento 744 miles.

On the 14th of May we finished the work with Hill and Green, and the next day most of the men received their money, and a railroad pass was given to everyone who desired to go East. I went to Wasatch in the evening with a wagon-load of these men who were leaving for the States and returned to the camp the same evening. After that I continued to work for Hill and Green several days, driving a team and hauling camp material such as tents, stoves and kitchen utensils, from our camp to Castle Rock station, about one mile below. We finished this labor on the 16th. On the 18th of May the track-laying gang arrived from Promontory, having finished their work there and they now proceeded to lay the track on the new roadbed which had been built by Hill and Green and other contractors up a ravine that opened into Echo Canyon.

A temporary track had previously been built up the main branch of this canyon to a point just below Wasatch, in order to compete with the Central Pacific Railroad, as there was a monetary consideration connected with the competition as to which company should finish their contract first. I hired out to this track-laying company, of which Mr. Casement was the contractor, and my job was to drive two span of mules hauling ties. This was a new experience to me but I soon found myself capable of doing it as the other teamsters, although I often had to drive over bad and dangerous roads up and down slanting hillsides. Once while driving down a steep hill, I fell off a heavy load of ties and the mules ran at full speed quite a distance to the bottom of the hill and then stopped. Fortunately neither I nor the team were seriously hurt. During a couple of nights I stood guard over the wagons and other property belonging to the company which was left overnight far up in the canyon, while all the rest of the men went to Castle Rock station (where the dining cars stood) to spend the night. It was a dangerous experience for me. To spend the long dreary night alone (not another human being within a radius of several miles) was trying to the nerves. The howling of wild animals and the hooting of the wolves which was kept up almost incessantly during the night added more unpleasantness to the strange situation. I scarcely dared make a fire big enough to keep me warm, for only a few days before a large body of Indians had been seen who appeared none too friendly; and when I kindled a fire in the dark night it would, of course, reveal my whereabouts to the Indians as well as to whites. Thus, after wandering about in the darkness of the night, I certainly greeted the dawn of day with special delight. We finished our tie-hauling on May 23rd.

The next day we drove our teams to Echo City at the mouth of Echo Canyon and camped on the Weber River, immediately below the town. After

making camp and eating supper, I was assigned to take the mules and horses to herd them in the mountains all night. On that occasion I had the privilege of using the best riding horse I ever mounted. It was a large well-kept animal which belonged to one of the head bosses connected with the railroad company. I could not withstand the temptation to gallop that fine steed beyond necessity during the night. Yet I did not abuse the animal.

A day not to forget was Tuesday, May 25th, early in the morning, I brought the animals into camp, and I was just making my way to the place where breakfast was being served, when my attention was drawn to a number of horses surrounding a wagon which contained grain, and the animals had just begun to tear the sacks and eat the contents. I hastened to drive the horses away from the wagon and just as I approached the animals I gave a yell in order to scare them off. In an instant, one of the horses, which was no doubt scared at my howling, struck out with his hind feet and hit me squarely in the chin, breaking my jaw. I was knocked into unconsciousness and did not come to for an hour or more. The first I knew after that was my awakening with great pain, while a number of men were surrounding me and one of them busy bathing my face with cold water. A bed was provided for me in one of the tents and after a while a doctor, who happened to be near, and for whom a messenger had been dispatched, appeared on the scene and sewed up the wound with several stitches and bandaged my head with considerable care. This treatment caused me intense pain. I was told that my lower jaw was broken and that my whole face was a terrible sight. During the two following days I lay in the camp at Echo suffering great pain and at times I was in a semi-conscious condition. Frequently I heard the people surrounding me say that my recovery was very doubtful. On the 27th I was sent in a wagon to Salt Lake City, where I arrived in the evening of the following day (May

28th). Here I was placed in the hands of Dr. Wm. F. Anderson who set my jaw and bandaged my head properly. After taking medicine of a soothing nature I was relieved of pain and began to feel more comfortable. My employers took me to the Eureka Hotel, where I stayed until I was somewhat convalescent. From the moment I was kicked by the horse I lost all use of my teeth, my lower jaw being broken. The least attempt at chewing gave me intense pain, and as a matter of course I could not partake of solid food, but had to subsist on milk and other liquid nourishment. In this condition I remained about two weeks at the Eureka Hotel at the expense of my former employers who I suppose also paid Dr. Anderson for his services. But I never received the pay due me for my services on the railroad; by the time I was convalescent and tried to collect my hard earned wages the company had closed up its books and departed for the East.

On June 11th I felt strong enough to travel, and, as I would not go home under the circumstances, I made my way to Ogden, where I reached the railroad camp of Mark Hall, who had taken a grading contract on the Utah Central Railroad immediately west of Ogden, his camp being located on elevated ground on the west side of the Weber River.

As soon as the Union Pacific Railroad was completed to Ogden, and it was decided that the main line would miss Salt Lake City, the "Mormon" people under the direction of Pres. Brigham Young organized a company to build a branch line 40 miles long from Ogden to Salt Lake City, and as soon as that road was surveyed people turned out in great numbers to do the grading. Consequently in a little while grading camps were established at different points between the two cities, though the small pay offered to the men was not very tempting. Work on the Utah Central (which was the name of the new road) had already been commenced when I arrived at Mark Hall's camp. His contract con-

sisted of making a cut through the bluff on the west bank of the Weber river to the flat country above; most of his men were, like himself, residents of Ogden. I hired out to Mark Hall for two dollars a day and board and commenced work June 12th, but after struggling half a day with pick and shovel, I nearly fainted from exhaustion. Having lived on liquid food so long, I found I had lost my physical strength, and was not in a fit condition for hard manual labor. My lower jaw did not get its former strength for several months afterwards, and I shall retain the scar of this wound until the day of my death. Mark Hall, although a hard-hearted man generally, understood my condition, and, instead of discharging me, he gave me a job in the kitchen of the camp, as he was running a boarding house for the accommodation of his men. The lighter labor that thus fell to my lot was suitable for my strength and circumstances, and in the course of a few days I became quite an expert at washing dishes, cooking potatoes, boiling meat and even in baking bread. My work proved satisfactory to my immediate boss, the chief cook. Both of us had all we could do to cook, carry water from the river, wash dishes and keep the dining hall clean and tidy. Most of the time we served about sixty men, but at one time we had as many as 75 in the camp. After spending about six weeks in the kitchen, I worked about two weeks on the grade, according to my own choice, as I had grown stronger physically. On Sundays some of us "Mormon" boys made trips to Ogden, or spent the time in camp reading or writing. We also took frequent baths in the river and during my sojourn in this camp I learned to swim.

In the beginning of August, Mark Hall's grading contract was finished and everything was ready for the track-layers on the evening of the 6th. On that day about 600 emigrants, mostly Scandinavian Saints, arrived at Taylor's Switch, near Ogden, and among them was my brother Jens, for whose emigration I had sent

money to Denmark. Having learned of the arrival of the emigrants, I left Mark Hall's camp on August 7th, walked to Taylor's Switch to meet my brother and accompany him to our home in Pleasant Grove. But on my arrival at the emigrant camp I was told that my brother had already left for Pleasant Grove, which, however, was not the case, but with this understanding I set out on foot to overtake him and traveled that day to Kaysville. The next day (Sunday 8th) I continued my journey to Salt Lake City. Here I expected to receive the money I had coming to me from Hill and Green, but was disappointed. I also had money coming to me for my work on Mark Hall's camp, but arrangements had not yet been made for payment and so, here I was, on my way home without a single dollar in my pocket, with my clothes nearly in rags, my toes sticking out of my shoes and a bandage around my face and head, to protect my jaw, as the wounds had not yet entirely healed. Is it any wonder that I felt discouraged, humiliated and ashamed of my plight? I walked that day twelve miles to Union Inn, where I spent the night in a hay stack suffering from the cold. Shivering and aching in every limb I arose from my uncomfortable lodging and continued my journey, arriving in Pleasant Grove in the afternoon of August 9th. I found mother and my brother Joseph well, they having returned to Pleasant Grove after spending two months in Ephraim. At that time father intended to locate his family at Pleasant Grove.

On my arrival home I was disappointed at not finding my brother Jens, but four days later, on August 13th, he arrived safe and well to our great joy and satisfaction. It certainly was a happy meeting. We had been separated for three years and three months. When we parted in Denmark in May, 1866, we were both boys, now he was a grown man in his 21st year and I would soon be 19. Both of us had passed through trying ordeals. I had grown

tall and strong for my age and it was a satisfaction to think that I had been able to send my brother means for his emigration to Utah. My adventures on the railroad, my association with men of the world and my disappointment in regard to money matters had not changed my confidence in "Mormonism" nor my trust in God. On the contrary, after watching the actions of wicked men, I felt more happy than ever that I had been raised a "Mormon" boy and had been taught to lead a virtuous life. My brother Jens had also done right and had not participated in sinful pleasures. Hence, to meet in Zion under these circumstances, sent a thrill of joy to our hearts. Mother was overjoyed to see her oldest son once more, and my brother Joseph was also old enough then to rejoice with the rest of us.

My brother Jens had left Copenhagen July 10, 1869, and sailing from Liverpool, England, he crossed the Atlantic in the steamship "Minnesota", spending 13 days on the ocean before reaching New York. Thence he traveled with the other emigrants by rail to Taylor's Switch, near Ogden, where he arrived, as stated, August 6th. From Taylor's Switch he traveled on foot to Pleasant Grove.

With the exception of a trip to Echo and another trip to Sanpete County, I spent the remainder of the year, 1869, in Pleasant Grove, engaged in manual labor of different kinds. When the weather was unsuitable for outdoor work, I spent the time studying or reading, and in the evenings visited with the youths of the town and attended meetings on Sundays, as a rule. Thus the time passed quietly without any stirring event and withal somewhat monotonous. I was then, as later in life, active and somewhat restless, and the quiet country life did not suit my taste. I aspired to do something worth while and I could not derive much pleasure in associating with the boys of my own age as many of them seemed to have no aim in life, but were satisfied to spend much of their time

in idleness and inactivity, and for the lack of something better to do would spin yarns and occasionally do mischief in various ways to the annoyance of older people.

This country life on my part was continued during most of the year 1870. In January, 1870, I made another trip to Salt Lake City, where I exhibited my receipts for labor done on the Utah Central Railroad showing that I had \$83.50 coming to me for work on that road. I presented my claim at President Young's office and applied nearly the whole amount on my debt to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, thus paying for my emigration across the plains in 1866. The original debt was \$60, but, with interest added, it now amounted to \$77. This amount was payment in full, and I was given an order for the balance (\$6.60) on Z. C. M. I. At this time work on the Utah Central Railroad was completed from Ogden to Salt Lake City, and the road opened Jan. 10, 1870.

Early in the year I purchased sixteen acres of land in the Pleasant Grove North Field for \$75. I paid \$50 in railroad orders and worked for the remaining \$25.00. The next step after securing the land was a first attempt on my part to farm on my own responsibility. I sowed wheat, watered it as well as I could, and hoped for a bounteous harvest, but the grasshoppers which infested Utah that year, as they also had done during a few past years, devoured my crop, and consequently I missed the pleasure of harvesting. Nearly all the farmers in Pleasant Grove that year lost their crops either altogether, or in part from the ravages of grasshoppers. During the summer I also worked on the so-called Provo Canal, through which, soon afterwards, water for irrigation purposes was brought up onto the Provo Bench.

While attempting to farm during the summer of 1870 my brother Jens and I determined to assist our parents in building a better house than the one we occupied, and as father could do the mason and carpenter work and we

boys could make adobes and haul rock for the foundation, we only had to secure timber material, lath, nails, and a few other things and in order to obtain these articles we took jobs to dig ditches for which we were paid in lumber and shingles. By this means we succeeded in erecting an adobe house 16 x 24 feet, containing three rooms, and during the first week in October we shingled the roof and then went to work with the interior. Our farming during the year resulted in raising 85 bushels of potatoes, which was all the grasshoppers had left us to harvest. Thus my experience as a farmer was not a success and yet we, as a family, secured bread stuff from other sources to bridge over until another harvest.

At that time Scandinavian meetings were held in Pleasant Grove besides the usual ward meetings, Sunday schools and sacrament meetings. At one of these, on Sunday, Oct. 9th, I



OUR NEW AND IMPROVED HOME IN PLEASANT GROVE

made my first attempt at public speaking, which task I approached with considerable timidity. I expressed my feelings briefly and my little audience seemed to be pleased with my effort. On Saturday, Oct. 22nd, we completed the outside work on our house by building two chimneys, one on each end of the building.

In October, 1870, I had my first experience in military training, a county

military drill being held at Camp Burton, located on the so-called Dry Creek, on the Provo Bench, about four miles southeast of Pleasant Grove. About 4,000 men were gathered from different parts of Utah county, and the drill was carried out with strict discipline and order. This was a part of the annual drilling of the Utah Militia, known as the Nauvoo Legion. I rather enjoyed the exercises and at once felt a desire to train as a soldier and aspire to become an officer in that military organization. That, however, was not to be in my case, for after two more annual drills, which I attended and enjoyed, orders were given by Acting Governor Shaffer of Utah for the "Mormons" to cease their military evolutions.

As the year 1870 was drawing to a close, I decided to leave home again for the purpose of earning money. After spending the summer the way I had I was almost entirely without funds. Of course, I could have existed without ready cash, for when a person has sufficient to eat and drink, and clothes to wear, money can be dispensed with. This we had learned from experience in earlier pioneer days when real money in Utah was almost unknown, that is before the railroad was built through Utah. Had I possessed the understanding which I afterwards gained, I would perhaps not on this occasion have left home just to earn money. But being an inexperienced boy I was determined to leave home once more in search of work, thinking that perchance I might be more successful than I had been on former occasions. But to carry out my plan in the face of approaching winter, when weather conditions might make camp life unpleasant, was quite an undertaking. However, I dismissed all possibilities of hardship and decided to go away at least for a short time and return home when the severe weather set in. My presence at home was not needed, as my brother Jens, who expected to remain at home, could easily attend to home chores in fa-

ther's absence. But my trip turned out to be longer and different to what I had planned which shows that a man cannot divine his future. If he could, he would most likely lose courage. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof", is a true scriptural saying, and I have often remarked that if people who pretend to foretell a person's future, could in reality do so, they would be the class of people from which I would steer clear. I never had my fortune told by that class, but I have had many promises given me by my brethren in the Priesthood that have been fulfilled to the letter. As a determined youth possessed of more will power than wisdom, I left my home in Pleasant Grove Nov. 8, 1870, and traveled with a team to Salt Lake City, accompanied by mother, who had business to attend to in the City. We camped during our second night from home on the haymarket opposite the street south from the Salt Lake Theatre.

Early in the morning of Nov. 10th I left mother and the team, although she tried her best to get me to go back home with her. Telling her that I would soon return, we parted with eyes filled with tears, and I wended my way to the railroad station. The day was cold and the sky overhead filled with dark clouds which evidenced an approaching storm. For years afterwards I remembered that sad and dismal morning and with what emotions and heaviness of heart I walked the streets of Salt Lake City with a small bundle over my shoulder containing a couple of shirts, a blanket, provisions for a few days and with fifty cents in my pocket. I ascribed all wavering in carrying out my plans to childishness and cowardice, and started out prepared to make the best of whatever might be in store for me. I traveled by rail twenty miles to Kaysville and thence walked over the sand ridge to Uintah Station on the Union Pacific Railroad immediately below Weber Canyon. Here I bought a ticket which entitled me to ride four miles to Devil's

Gate, the next station. There I left the train against my will, as I intended to continue further, but the train man, wishing to help me off while the train slowed up, I landed on the side of an embankment while the train was still in motion. I walked back to the Devil's Gate station which we had passed, a short distance, and there tried to find a place to stop over night. The weather was so extremely cold that I dared not lie down in the open air with only a thin blanket to cover me. Deep snow covered the ground. Devil's Gate is so completely hemmed in with mountains that the sun only shines there about four hours daily in the winter. Searching for a place to sleep, I tried to get into the station building, but could not awake anyone there. Next I tried to get into the telegraph station, but was refused for lack of room. At length I started up the railroad track with my bundle on my back intending to walk up into Weber Valley to the nearest "Mormon" settlement. After walking a short distance I discovered a light on the hillside, and in approaching the same I saw a dugout in the mountain. I knocked at the door, but received at first no answer. Repeating my knock, I at last heard a gruff voice calling out in an angry tone, "Who is there?" I explained that I was a man traveling on foot and would like permission to lie down with my blanket inside the hut to keep from freezing to death. Suddenly the door was thrown open and I was confronted with a tall tough-looking man with a gun which he pointed at my breast. As soon as he had eyed me up and down, he lowered his six-shooter and invited me in. He then explained that he was a railroad employee who had dug himself a hut in the hillside, but that he had been threatened with violence by certain parties, and he thought, when he heard me speak, that it might be these men who had come to beat him up. That explained why he had pulled the gun on me. After conversing with the man for a few min-

utes, he became my friend and made me comfortable for the night.

The next morning (Nov. 11th) the agent at the station gave me breakfast, after which I walked 12 miles up Weber Valley to Weber Station, opposite the river from the original Morgan City which was situated on the south side of the Weber river. There I stopped until late in the evening with a Scandinavian who, years before, had filled a mission in Sweden, but had apostatized and was now a pronounced infidel. He endeavored to poison my mind against all religion. At 10:00 o'clock in the night the train came thundering up the valley from Ogden, and I was given a free ride, fifty miles, to Evanston on Bear River, where I left the train about midnight. I spent the remainder of the night in an empty freight wagon which stood beside the track and suffered severely from cold.

On the morning of Nov. 12th I left the freight car, nearly stiff with cold and discovered a camp fire a short distance away. I made a bee line to it and found a large crowd of "Mormon" boys working for the railroad company building a round house to contain twenty locomotives. James Moyle from Salt Lake City was foreman of the works, and when I applied to him for a job, I was at once employed to tend mason for \$1.40 a day and board. I called it good luck to find work and good company at this place, for I had neither money nor food, and had I not found work to do I might have fared badly in this wilderness in the dead of winter.

Evanston was a new town brought into existence about a year before by the building of the railroad, and it had been chosen as a site for a round house and machine shops. This place is 76 miles from Ogden and its elevation 6,747 feet above sea level. Consequently it is a cold place and the snow fall is deep every winter. The town at the time of which I write consisted of a railroad station and about 40 other small buildings, mostly used as saloons, gambling houses and stores,

not to speak of a saw mill on Bear River. The inhabitants did not exceed 500, of which the majority were railroad men, traders, gamblers, saloon keepers and some lawless element. It was a sample western railroad town, the opposite to a Christian and moral community. Consequently, our ears were constantly saluted with oaths, blasphemy and noisy demonstrations. Quarreling and fighting were of nearly every day occurrence, and among the men there were no doubt several criminals who had sought safety in the western wilds after committing crimes in the East. The camp of which I became an inmate consisted of about a dozen baggage cars which had been turned into a dining room, kitchen and sleeping apartments for the men, and stood on a side track or spur which had been built from the main line to the round house, then in course of erection. I judge that we numbered about 50 men in the camp, including foreman, masons, tenders and others engaged at sundry other labors for the railroad company.

I commenced work at Evanston on Monday, Nov. 14th, and continued for five weeks; most of the time I labored as a tender on the masons. The weather was favorable most of the time considering the lateness of the season, yet cold and frost prevailed, especially in the morning when our feet and hands were frequently frost-bitten. We often had to keep big fires burning until late in the day, and when we got cold beyond endurance we would leave our work for a few minutes and thaw out by the fire. The building on which we were working was being erected of hard granite laid in mortar which had to be mixed with salt to keep it from freezing. We worked ten hours a day. Our food was fair, but could not be called good. We were shivering with cold, as a rule, when eating, as there was no provision made for warming the dining car. When the weather permitted, we spent the evenings around the camp fires, where the men told yarns and exchanged jokes and

sang and indulged in divers conversations. But when it was very cold we grouped ourselves in smaller circles in the cars where we slept and spent the time reading and writing. Most of the men were "Mormons," but only a few of them were practical Latter-day Saints. A number of the men who avowed belief in "Mormonism," did not much better than the Gentiles which constituted the bulk of the inhabitants of Evanston.

Toward the middle of December the weather got colder, winter storms set in with all their fury and the frost was almost unbearable. Work on the round house was therefore temporarily suspended on the 16th of December, and the following day the men were paid off. I received in money \$38.60 for my work. Besides our wages, each man who desired it could get free transportation to Ogden west or to Bryan east, and, as a matter of course, the Utah men took transportation to Ogden. But I and a young man named Smith, from the Sugar House ward, who wanted to be my close companion, decided to go further east. Some of the brethren in whose company I had worked on the round house, advised me to return to my home in Utah, but as the chief engineer, a Mr. Clayburn, who had taken a liking to me, offered me free transportation to Omaha, I could not withstand the temptation to go to the States, though, in reality, I had no actual purpose in mind for so doing. Yet my desire for adventure and travel got the best of me. I reasoned with myself that if I went home now in the dead of winter, there would be nothing for me to do, and if I went to Omaha, I neglected no home duties, but I might see and learn things which would benefit me in the future, and also learn of conditions in other parts of my adopted country, as compared with Utah. In taking this stand I realized that I acted contrary to the best judgment of my friends, and I also knew that if I had sought counsel of those of my brethren who had a right to counsel me as officers of the Church,

they would have advised me not to go. But relying on my will power and my ability to take care of myself, I fared much better on my sojourn in the East than my brethren in Evanston predicted, for I finally returned home, the following year, tried and satisfied and as good and innocent as when I went away. On the trip I learned many things in my associations with other people not Latter-day Saints, which established character and determination which stood me well in hand later in life.

I remained in Evanston until Wednesday, Dec. 21st, when I left on a regular passenger train together with my companion Mr. Smith. Mr. Clayburn secured us seats in a first-class car and thus traveling comfortably, I had occasion to compare my mode of travel with that of my journey with ox train four years before. About sundown we arrived at Bryan, 90 miles from Evanston, and after traveling 16 miles further we reached Green River. In crossing that stream I thought of that cold September morning in 1866, when, together with other emigrants, I broke the icy water here with my bare feet. At that time my longing was toward Zion in the west and I rejoiced in the thought that we would soon reach it. How different now when I was leaving the land of the saints temporarily to seek adventure in regions far away from parents, brothers and co-religionists. On Thursday morning, Dec. 22nd, we reached Cheyenne. Here I was made aware of the fact that my traveling companion was without means. He was not so successful as I had been in obtaining transportation, as Mr. Clayburn gave me a complimentary pass to Omaha, and as a special favor to me he gave my companion a free ticket as far as Laramie. Paying his fare from Laramie to Cheyenne took all the money he had, and now he begged me so pitifully to stay with him that at last I gave in, sold my ticket that would take me to Omaha and left the train in Cheyenne. In doing this I made a mis-

take, for I soon discovered that Mr. Smith was no fit companion for me as his ways were ungodly. He kept company with a low grade of people, and did all he could to persuade me to participate with him. This, however, I did not do, but I afterwards regretted sincerely that I had stopped off in the midst of the wilderness to please such a companion.

With my money I secured board and lodging for both of us at the Eagle House in Cheyenne at the rate of one dollar a day for each. Cheyenne at that time was a growing town, the largest on the Union Pacific between Omaha and Ogden, and half way between these two cities. It was founded when the railroad was built through that part of the country three years before, and from its incipency it became a favorite resort for gamblers, saloon keepers, fallen women, etc., with a few respectable residents and hotel keepers thrown in. With such a population fighting became an everyday occurrence. Many a man was made to bite the dust by his opponent often for the most trifling causes, and again numbers were hanged as criminals when perhaps they had been falsely accused. The police officers being unable to keep order, vigilant committees at last came into existence, and these acting without trial often suspected the wrong persons and made away with them. Indeed it is not unreasonable to suppose that certain members of these vigilant committees were greater criminals than those they hanged. However, Cheyenne had become a somewhat better town in 1870. The Christian aspects of the town at that time consisted chiefly of half a dozen Church buildings owned by that many different religious organizations. By making inquiries in the town on the morning of Dec. 24th, I found a man who was going to put up ice, and he engaged me, together with others, to work for him for \$2.00 per day and board. I commenced laboring at once on a pond fed by Crow Creek sawing ice into square blocks, which

then, by aid of an apparatus constructed for the purpose, were slid up to an ice house and stored away carefully in sawdust for future use. It was new work to me, but I bowed to the inevitable, glad to get work at all. I spent Christmas Day at the hotel, but felt lonesome. There were not many with whom I could exchange greetings for a merry Christmas and none that I cared to keep company with. Later in the evening the town was very noisy, the drunks making the night hideous with their oaths and profanity. This was their method of enjoying the holiday and they seemingly took delight in disturbing the peace of the town. The two following days I worked on the ice and contracted quite a severe cold. A thaw had set in which caused water to stand on top of the ice. Wading in this water all day with shoes on instead of water-tight boots, my feet soaking wet, was a dangerous experience in the dead of winter, in cold weather and in a very cold country. The elevation of Cheyenne is about 6060 feet above sea level.

On the last day of the year 1870 I secured another job as a tender to masons employed in the erection of a brick building.

CHAPTER 5

(1871)

Experience in Cheyenne, Wyoming—Arrival in Omaha—Engaged in a Picture and Map Trade—Three Months in Fort Leavenworth—Railroading in Kansas—Hiking Across the Prairie—Abilene, Kansas.

On New Year's Day, Jan. 1, 1871, I walked from the town of Cheyenne out upon the open prairie and bent the knee before God, and in humble prayer petitioned Him who guides the destinies of mankind for His protection, for I realized I needed it. On the morning of Jan. 2nd I moved my lodging from the Eagle House to the Cheyenne House. As a mason tender my particular work consisted in carrying mortar in a hod up to the second story; this was hard work, especially for me who had never done anything like it before. It was in reality beyond my

strength, but I stood it until the evening of the 6th. By this time I had grown exceedingly tired of Cheyenne and sought a favorable opportunity to get away. I was also anxious to get rid of my companion Mr. Smith, who had been quite an expense to me all along, as he could not get work and I had to pay hotel bills for both of us most of the time. I therefore left him to his fate, in Cheyenne when I on Jan. 9th boarded an east-bound train for Omaha, where I arrived on the 12th on a very cold wintry day when the thermometer registered 12 degrees below zero. I put up at a hotel (The Liberty House) kept by a Scandinavian, paying a dollar a day, or five dollars a week for board and room. The snowstorm continued the next day with unabated fury. It was so cold that one's face, hands and feet were frost-bitten if they were not protected in Russian fashion. I called on Mr. Clayburn who had previously given me a pass to Omaha, and he secured work for me on the railway bridge which was then under construction spanning the Missouri River. I commenced to work at this new job on January 18th, and continued until the 25th. Owing to the hard frost and continual snow storms, I found the work on the bridge most trying. Both my feet were frost-bitten so badly that I could scarcely endure the walking to and from my work. Especially in the morning, when I put on my boots, did I suffer the most agonizing pain. And that which added even more to my distress was my attempt to put on a pair of No. 8 shoes on a No. 10 foot, in order to avoid the tormenting by some of my companions who sneeringly referred to a Danishman's big feet. After standing the torture as long as I could I decided to give up my job on the bridge rather than ruin my health.

On Thursday, Jan. 26th, I left the Liberty House, as usual with the intention of going to work on the bridge, but after walking a short distance towards the river I turned back into the town and commenced to plan for the

future. I entered the store of a Mr. Solomon, who dealt in stationery and articles of art and bought for ten cents apiece a few dollars worth of lithographs which I expected to sell in the country districts for twenty-five cents each. Before making this purchase I had in mind the success I had experienced in Denmark selling German lithographs, and now wondered if I could not be equally successful in America. So, instead of continuing my work at manual labor, I decided to try salesmanship once more. This would also give me a chance to get out among the farmers, whereby I might learn something that could be of benefit to me in the future, and after all I had not come to the States to slave at manual labor, but rather to obtain knowledge of American life outside of the "Mormon" communities and to study the habits and customs of the people. I argued like this: If, by selling lithographs, I could earn my food and clothes, I could by traveling learn much more than I could by doing hard labor at any one particular place. Anyhow, I thought it was a good way to spend a part of the winter. After improvising a certain contrivance in which I could carry my lithographs, I left Omaha for the country to try my luck at selling pictures. I exchanged my small boots for a pair more suitable in size, but my frost-bitten feet still caused me much pain as I walked. After traveling about a mile from the city westward, I commenced my trading, but as the farm houses were few and far between I did not do much business, yet I sold something at almost every house where I called and found the people at home. This encouraged me to continue. I stopped at night at a little town called Irvington, about six miles northwest of Omaha. I found the people in the country kind and hospitable, and although a stranger to them I was treated with respect and courtesy. The next day (Jan. 24th) I had pretty good success at trading. Among others I happened to call on a Dane who had lived sev-

eral years in Utah, but, being displeased with certain things he had experienced there, he had left the Valley and was now the owner of a farm a short distance west of Florence, where I found him. He was a kind and good-hearted man, who advised me to return to my friends and relatives in Utah. He said he had nothing against the doctrines of "Mormonism", but some Church members had dealt dishonestly with him. I spent a part of the day conversing with this man to whom I became quite attached, and I am now sorry that I did not record his name before I forgot it. I stopped overnight at a section house at Florence through which town a railroad had recently been built. I was pleased with the opportunity I had of visiting Florence which occupies the ground on which the saints who had been driven by mobs from Nauvoo built Winter Quarters in 1846, and where many of them lived until 1848. In later years, after the place became known as Florence, it was the main outfitting place for the emigrating saints in commencing their long and arduous journey across the plains to the gathering place in the Rocky Mountains. Florence, in 1871, was an insignificant town as the business which was once carried on there had long ago been transferred to Omaha. On January 28th I traded in a few houses on the road side as I walked six miles from Florence to Omaha. On my tramp I visited the soldiers' barracks which were situated about half-way between Florence and Omaha. After arriving in Omaha in the afternoon I again found my friends at the Liberty House, who had supposed that I had run away, as I had told no one there that I had gone into business for myself. During the three days that I had been away I had sold nearly all my lithographs and had earned a few dollars besides my traveling expenses. A day or two later I bought some more lithographs of Mr. Solomon and started out again on business on January 31st, not intending this time to return to Omaha,

but to make my way southward toward Missouri.

After the snowstorms, a regular thaw had now commenced, in consequence of which the roads were in a terrible condition—muddy in the extreme. Thus, using no rubbers, I found it a most unpleasant task to clean my shoes at every house I entered to display my wares. I had certainly entered into the great school of experience. On my arrival at a house, I generally spent about five minutes outside the door cleaning my boots, as most of the farmers in that part of the country had fine residences, which they kept neat and clean, and it would of course annoy them very much if a stranger like me should attempt to plant his muddy feet on their clean floors. When at last I entered the house and humbly asked if they wished to buy lithographs their answer was generally, "No sir"; and if they meant it, my cleaning of boots was all in vain. I did not effect many sales, but rather enjoyed the experience the trip gave me to travel among American farmers and study their ways and manners. I stopped all night with a farmer. The next day (Feb. 1st) I was not at all successful, I wandered over hills and valleys lengthways and crossways, from house to house, but sold only a few pictures. I crossed several small creeks where the mud was nearly knee deep, and at last I lost my way in a small forest and spent an hour or two not knowing in which direction I was going. At length I met a man hauling wood who showed me the way out, and then I soon reached Bellevue, about six miles south of Omaha on the Missouri River. At that little town I visited about every house and stopped overnight with a sociable and respectable family where a pretty little American girl seemed to take a liking to me; this caused me to forget the difficulties of the day. The next morning (Feb. 2nd) I left Bellevue, traveling southward, calling at the farm houses along the road to trade. Six miles south of Bellevue I came to a little vil-

lage called Laramie where I did pretty good business. From this place I crossed the Platte River on the ice, near a point where the mile-wide shallow stream empties into the Missouri River. Owing to the thaw during the past few days the ice was not very strong and at several points I came near breaking through. After crossing I walked four miles and stopped over night with a farmer. I was now in Johnson County, Nebraska, which is considered one of the richest counties in that state as regards the quality of soil. On the 3rd I continued my trading in the vicinity of Plattsmouth and on the 4th I traveled southward, doing business on the way.

On Sunday, Feb. 5th, I walked 16 miles south to Wyoming, the little village which was the outfitting place for the "Mormon" emigration crossing the plains in 1864-1866, and where I myself, as an emigrant boy, commenced the journey to the Rocky Mountains in 1866. With peculiar feelings I visited the place and remembered with sadness that several of my traveling companions had died there. I visited the old camp ground where I, myself, lay sick with climate fever while making preparations for crossing the plains. When I left Wyoming on a memorable hot August summer day in 1866, I had no expectation of seeing the place again so soon.

After having enjoyed my visit to Wyoming I descended the hill and crossed the Missouri River on the ice into Fremont County, Iowa. This was a dangerous adventure, as the ice in many places had become so weakened by the thaw that it could scarcely bear me up. Once it broke with me, letting me clear through, but as the water at this particular point happened to be shallow I escaped with a scare. The river at this point was not very wide, but quite deep, and the current naturally swift. During hard winter frosts the river frequently freezes over, but it is always dangerous to cross as the current underneath making eddies leaves holes or very thin or weak

places in the ice. Many people and animals have been drowned in trying to cross the Missouri River on the ice at this crossing. Having reached the opposite bank of the river in safety I walked a short distance through the timber and reached a small village where I stopped over night with a Mr. Blair, who, with his family, treated me kindly. On the 6th I continued my tramp southward seven miles to East Nebraska doing business on the way until I reached a village situated on the Missouri River on the east or Iowa side, opposite Nebraska City on the west side. Here I boarded the south-going railroad train and traveled 25 miles to Phelps Station, in Atchison County, Mo., when I continued the journey on foot four miles and stopped over night with a family occupying a humble dwelling near the track. Having now sold my stock of lithographs, I boarded the train for St. Joseph, Missouri, where I stopped at a hotel over night. I spent one day in St. Joseph and supplied myself with a few lithographs from a book-seller. I then left that city on Feb. 9th to continue my little business and make observations of the country. But on that day I had no luck with my sales, the roads being so muddy that I could scarcely make headway. As evening approached I found myself out in the country about nine miles from St. Joseph and fell in conversation with a Mr. Clark Dippins, a farmer who wanted to hire me to work for him. I accepted his offer agreeing to work for him one month for \$14 and board. I remained with Mr. Dippins over a month, and his family treated me with kindness. My manual labor, while in Mr. Dippins' employ, was mostly cutting down timber and splitting rails for making fencing material. This again was new work to me, but after a few days practice I became used to it and thought I could swing an ax as well as anybody. At the end of the month my employer complimented me by saying that with a little more practice I could become a very good forest hand.

In the beginning of March the weather modified and became more pleasant and the roads were again passable, so I decided once more to try salesmanship as soon as my term with Mr. Dippins had expired. On a trip to St. Joseph I had ordered a supply of United States maps and also maps of Missouri which I thought would sell better than lithographs. Among the acquaintances which I made while working for Mr. Dippins was the only Dane living in that part of Missouri, but there were many Germans. On Sundays I attended services several times in the Congregational Church situated in the neighborhood, but the mode of worship there made no particular impression on me. While working in Missouri I was well aware of the fact that I was near the places where in the early days of the Church the saints suffered much persecution. On March 14th I received at St. Joseph the maps I had ordered from St. Louis. They were beautiful large maps, well varnished and fastened on rollers. Each map of the United States cost me a dollar and the Missouri maps fifty cents apiece and I sold them for two dollars and one dollar respectively. Having canvassed all of Mr. Dippins' neighbors, I finally took leave of the Dippins family March 21st, and started for Leavenworth. Journeying along I continued my trading and by night had nearly sold out. After that I continued my journey for several days, during which I lost my way repeatedly while passing through Platte County, Missouri, one of the heaviest timbered counties in that state; it lies immediately north of Jackson County, Missouri. I had contemplated visiting Jackson County to see the old home of the Latter-day Saints, but this was not to be my privilege until many years afterwards. I arrived at Weston, 30 miles south of St. Joseph, on March 23rd. Here I crossed the Missouri River on a ferry into the state of Kansas and then walked seven miles to Leavenworth, where I put up at a hotel. After a good night's rest I

walked three miles to Fort Leavenworth where I hired out for \$24 a month and board to work in what was known as a chain gang, a corps of workmen who do different kinds of manual labor in United States forts. I commenced work on the same day and with the exception of Sundays and a couple of days when I was sick, I worked ten weeks at Fort Leavenworth. The hard manual labor which fell to my lot to do during that time frequently made me very tired, but I chose this variation of employment realizing that selling maps and pictures in the summer would not be profitable.

While working at Fort Leavenworth I decided not to go any further east, but that when I quit my job at the Fort I would turn my face westward once more. I had only worked in the Fort two days, when I was assigned to labor in the government store house, where I would have been quite satisfied had not the foreman been a tyrant and a regular devil incarnate. He swore, profaned and scolded his men from morning till night, and as I did not fancy being treated like a dog I had several quarrels with him, which made him so angry that more than once he threatened my life, but never attempted to lay hands on me.

Fort Leavenworth is beautifully situated on an elevated area which rises about 300 feet above the Missouri River and where the slopes are covered with timber and brush. Fort Leavenworth will always be remembered by the saints as the point where the famous Mormon Battalion was mustered into United States service in 1846. While employed at the fort I made several trips to Leavenworth City which at that time contained about 2,000 inhabitants. It is situated three miles south of Fort Leavenworth on a level stretch of country extending from the Missouri river westward. Nearly half of the inhabitants in 1870 were negroes.

While employed at Fort Leavenworth I worked ten hours a day and

there were about fifty men in the gang to which I belonged. I was one of four men who worked in the government warehouse. Our quarters when I first went to the Fort consisted of a frame building in which each man had his own berth, but later we were ordered to live in tents.

On my return to the Fort from a visit to Leavenworth one night I espied a dark object before me and discovered that it was a horse feeding on the rich grass on the reservation. It happened to be a gentle animal which permitted me to mount him and guide him without halter or bridle until I reached a strip of timber where there was water. Here the animal, refusing to be guided by me any longer, ran into the timber at a lively gait, and as he passed under a tree a limb struck me squarely in front and sent me sprawling to the ground behind the horse, which passed on, leaving me to my fate. I was not hurt very much in the fall, but found it nevertheless quite a task to get up and make my way to an old deserted stable where I crawled into a manger oblivious of the fact that the old deserted building was full of rats and mice. This I learned when I awoke the next morning. Yet neither the rats nor mice had done me any harm. As the rising sun made the day warm and pleasant I walked to the camp at the Fort.

The morning of the 1st of May was a most pleasant one. Glorious sunshine made everything in nature lovely and enjoyable, the trees were in full bloom, the extensive reservation was covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, and there was no end to nature's display of flowers of every kind and color. Surely this beautiful country appeared like a Paradise, and, looking across the river into Platte County, Missouri, the scenery was truly enchanting and lovely beyond description. What a change in nature during two short months. One of the resolutions which I made that day in Fort Leavenworth was that I would return to my parents and friends in Utah, yet, I was

not in a hurry to do so. I desired to learn more about conditions in the East before returning home.

On June 6th I received my pay for work done at Fort Leavenworth and took final leave of the Fort. During the ten weeks I had spent there I had earned about sixty dollars. After spending a night in Leavenworth City, I started in the morning of Wednesday, June 7th, on foot traveling westward, but rode with some railroad workers in a handcart and later traveled on the railroad 16 miles to Lawrence which in 1871 was a pretty little town containing about 10,000 inhabitants, situated about 32 miles southwest of Leavenworth in a rich agricultural district, of which it was the market center. The next day (June 8th) I walked out into the country four miles in a northwesterly direction to the farm of a Mr. George Hate, where I hired out as a farm hand, commencing to work the same afternoon. After working two days in the harvest field I became a victim of chills and fever, which is very prevalent in that part of the country. This caused me much distress, and so I left George Hate's early in the morning of the 10th unable to stand the heat, neither did I fancy working, as I had done together with negroes. After being paid for my work I set out once more on my march westward. I reached Topeka, the capital of Kansas on June 12th at sunrise. Topeka which in 1871 had 18,000 inhabitants is situated in a beautiful, fertile country on Kaw river.

At the station of the Topeka, Atchison and Santa Fe Railroad, I learned that this railroad was being extended westward and that grading on that extension was carried on about one hundred miles out on the prairie, where laborers were wanted. I reached the station in time to secure free transportation to the terminus, on condition that I would work on the road when I arrived there. Consequently, I left Topeka on the passenger train and traveled to Florence, which was the terminus of the railroad so far as

passengers were concerned. But we, who intended to work on the road, traveled 11 miles further on a construction train to Conesburgh, a town just commenced, to which the rails had recently been laid. This place was about 110 miles southwest of Topeka. After eating supper in the little town, I walked a mile to the camp of Mr. James Clark who had a grading contract, and with him I engaged to work. Thus again I was far out in the wilderness to try camp life once more. On June 13th I commenced work for my new employer, who happened to be a kind and sociable Missourian. He finished his grading contract in the evening. The next day (Wed. 14th) we moved Mr. Clark's camp about ten miles further west to a place where he had taken another grading contract. We made our little camp in a pleasant vale with one tent and two wagons. Our entire company and outfit consisted of eight men and five span of mules which were worked on scrapers. I had charge of a span of mules until Mr. Clark's contract at that place was finished.

In the evening of the 16th a terrible storm burst upon us. The sky had been clear all day, but all at once it was covered with black clouds from which the rain commenced to descend in torrents. After a few minutes the downpour became so violent that we thought another deluge had suddenly come upon the earth. In a remarkably short time the little creek near our camp, which before the storm was scarcely ankle deep, became a mighty river, deep enough to float a steam boat. The rushing water hit our camp and threatened to wash away all our effects, and to prevent our tent from blowing down we had to stand in water almost knee deep holding on to the tent pole with all our strength. Of course our bedding, and ourselves included, were thoroughly drenched, and some of our smaller articles went down the stream. While the rain descended in torrents the thunder and lightning was most terrific. I have

never before or since witnessed so fierce an electric storm which in its worst features lasted fully two hours. But an hour later the sky was as clear as before. After the storm had abated we endeavored to wring the water out of our bed clothes, but we had to sleep in them wet as they were, during the remainder of the night. When daylight dawned upon us and the sun came out in its full glory, the day was as clear and beautiful as any summer day possibly could be in this latitude.

I worked for James Clark until noon on the 23rd when I received the money due me for work and left the camp in the afternoon and walked eight miles west to Newton, a little town which had just been founded and was destined to become the terminus of the railroad for that season. I slept during the night with a farmer in his covered wagon.

On Saturday, June 24th, when I arose in the morning, I was undecided as to what I had better do, or where I should go next. As there was no work to be had in Newton, I thought of going south into Texas, but being informed by people who had recently arrived from that state, that times were dull there, I decided to go north with Abilene, a town on the so-called Smoky Hill Route, as my objective point. That town, however, was 60 miles away and the only way to reach it would be to follow a cattle trail through the lonely wilderness. I was told that there would be no danger of Indians and that the track was quite plain and well worn all the way. Relying upon this information I supplied myself at Newton with provisions, mostly cheese and crackers, and left Newton at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon. I walked twenty miles that day, passing several herds of Texan cattle which were being driven by their owners toward Abilene. Toward evening I chanced to find a couple of traders who lived in a tent near by the trail, and they allowed me to sleep in their tent during the night. These men's business was to supply the cattle men,

who were driving their stock north on the trail, with provisions and other necessities. On the 25th I made my breakfast on sweet crackers which I bought from the traders and then continued my tramp northward. I traveled that day 15 miles and stopped over night with some herders encamped a short distance from the trail. These men treated me in true cowboy style with hospitality and kindness.

On the 26th I continued my journey, and as I traveled on, passing one herd after another, I tried to hire out as a cowboy, but as I was unaccustomed to handling Texas cattle, no one wanted me, which was no wonder; a man who had never been with Texas cattle, and had only limited experience in riding horses, would not answer the purpose of a cowboy in that particular part of the country. As I traveled on that day I found the heat so intense that I came as near being sunstruck as I have ever been in my life. I was walking on an open prairie in the middle of the day, when I felt the heat taking effect upon me so severely that I made a bee line for the nearest trees I could see, in order to get in the shade, and there I remained until the weather moderated toward evening. Then, after taking a bath in the creek, I continued the journey and traveled until late in the night, when I rolled myself into my blanket which I, in regular tramp style, carried with me, and laid down to sleep in the grass. I would have slept comfortably until morning had it not been for the heavy dew which fell during the night, and which moistened my blanket clear through, so that I was cold before morning.

On the 27th, at the break of day, I resumed my lonely journey, and after traveling seven miles I arrived in Abilene, when I immediately applied for work, but did so in vain. I therefore went northward to a place known as Mud Creek to seek employment with the cowboys, and I stopped overnight with some men from Utah; they were not "Mormons", but received me kindly. They were in the States to buy

cattle and their camp was on Mud Creek. The following day (June 28th) I found some stock traders from Corinne, Utah, who in a few days expected to start for the west with a herd of Texan cattle which they were buying. I applied for a job, which they promised me, if I thought I could stand the rough life of a cowboy. This seemed to be an excellent opportunity for me to get home again, and so I decided at once to take advantage of it.

Abilene was, in 1871, a small business town, the county seat of Dickenson County, Kansas, 160 miles west of the Missouri River. It was also the principal trading point where Texan cattle changed hands. The Texans drove their cattle a thousand miles to this point, where they would trade their stock to other traders, who would ship them by rail to other points, or drive them to other states or territories in the west. During my short sojourn at Abilene, I saw thousands of cattle for sale near the town, and many stockmen were there from the West to make purchases of cattle to be driven to Utah, Montana, Oregon and other parts of the western country. This was, if the stockmen were lucky, a most profitable business, as the cattle could be purchased at Abilene for one-third the amount which their sale would bring after being driven to the states and territories mentioned. Abilene was a rough border town in 1871, consisting chiefly of saloons, gambling houses, houses of ill fame and some stores and shops. The saloons and gambling houses seemed to be crowded from morning till night, and hundreds of foolish men were seen spending their money, or rather allowing themselves to be swindled by professional gamblers. I watched several unsuccessful seekers of fortune or good luck trusting themselves to play with gamblers, who, of course, in nearly all instances, got the best of their victims. Every day drunken men by the score moved about in the saloons and elsewhere, and from morning till

night the air resounded with oaths and blasphemies of the vilest kinds. Fighting was so common that only little attention was paid to it, except when it resulted in straight killing. Nor was the town disturbed by the news that someone had been robbed and plundered of all he owned.

In order to be more safe I posed as a man who was broke, although I carried with me about forty dollars most of the time, in spending which I lived as economically as possible, not knowing what straits I might be put to before reaching home. I subsisted chiefly on cake, crackers and cheese, which I could buy at the bakery and grocery stores. I lodged quite comfortably, together with others, in empty railroad cars standing on the track. Under the canvas with which these cars were generally covered I could wrap myself in my blanket and sleep the sleep of youth. Thus several days passed by, and it was not until the 6th of July that I commenced work for Mr. Rondo, one of the men who hailed from Corrine, Utah. He and his partners had already purchased some cattle, and on the 6th they purchased two pair of oxen, a wagon and some riding horses, to be used on the journey across the plains. With this outfit we left Abilene, traveled half a mile and made a camp on Mud Creek where we remained for several days with nothing to do except taking turns in tending the horses. I entered into an agreement to work for \$25 per month and board.

CHAPTER 6

(1871)

*Crossing the Plains and Mountains as a Cowboy
—Back to Home Life.*

On Wednesday, July 12th, we broke up our encampment on Mud Creek and commenced our journey, though as yet we had no cattle. Those which had already been purchased were later delivered at a point further north of the town.

When we left Mud Creek our company consisted of nine men with one wagon and two yoke of oxen to carry

our food, bedding, kitchen utensils, and other necessities. We also had 21 riding horses, to which number two more were subsequently added. It was the intention that each man in the outfit would have three horses to ride in turn, but some of us only received two, I being among that number. One of my horses, a fine young animal which I called "Frank", was an attractive horse in appearance, sure-footed and willing to run at his best when necessary. I became very much attached to that animal, and I believe



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he saved my life a number of times during the stampedes which we later experienced on the journey. He was also an easy riding animal and I soon learned to conform to his movements, so that it was a real pleasure for me to ride him. My other horse, which I named "Moses", was a different creature, slow and heavily built; he often stumbled and could not be used with safety around the cattle at night. The owners of the outfit were four of the men in camp. One of them, named Thomas Rondo, a Canadian Frenchman, was chosen as boss because he was an experienced herder and cattle man. He was a very quick-tempered, excitable fellow who swore and cursed whenever he got angry, which was

very often. The names of the three other owners were George Lyons, Mr. Thompson and Thomas Sullivan. Of hired men there were John and Al Hatch, two experienced cowboys from Texas, Edwin, a young man from Kentucky, Ben, of more advanced years, who was somewhat hard of hearing, and myself, a "Mormon" boy from Utah, who had no experience whatsoever in handling wild Texas cattle. Another man, whose first name was Louis was added to our company later as the tenth man. He had formerly been an editor of an eastern paper and upon joining us he became cook for the company. At first I did not tell my comrades that I was a "Mormon", not that I was ashamed of it, but I wanted to avoid any misunderstandings which might arise on account of it until we became better acquainted. I had learned long before coming to the East that the general tendency on the part of most people was to pick on and ridicule the "Mormons." On the day of leaving the encampment on Mud Creek an accident happened after we had traveled seven miles. The man who drove the ox team allowed the cattle to turn aside from the road into a water hole whereby the front axle of the wagon broke. This forced us to camp on the spot and send back to Abilene for a new axle.

On the 13th, after repairing our broken wagon, we left our encampment, traveled six miles and camped on the prairie where for the first time on the journey I did service as night watchman. On the 14th we resumed our journey, traveled four miles and camped on Badger Creek in the shade of a clump of trees. Here we stayed several days until we received our cattle. The weather was exceedingly hot by this time, and in order to cool off we frequently went swimming, in the creek. On the 18th we received 400 head of cattle and the following day 860 more. They were mostly two year olds and yearlings from Texas and the Cherokee nation. Among them

were a few large oxen and cows.

On the 20th we broke up our encampment on Badger Creek and had our first experience in driving these half-wild cattle; we traveled six miles and camped on a branch of Chapman's Creek. On the next day we traveled 15 miles over a broken, undulating prairie country and camped on Pipe Creek. On the 22nd we drove about 15 miles and camped on the open prairie. On Sunday, the 23rd, we encountered a rain storm and for the first time during the journey we were drenched to the skin. We traveled 12 miles and camped on Wolf Creek. At 11:00 o'clock at night all our cattle stampeded. As the country at this point was broken by deep gulches and ravines the cattle in their madness scattered in all directions, and when, after several days' hard work, most of them were recovered, they were found in small bunches, some of them as far as 40 miles in the direction of Abilene. Our angry foreman insisted that someone with malice aforethought had scared the cattle from sinister motives. As this part of the country was said to be full of cattle thieves, it is quite possible that the boss was right in his surmisings. Thomas Sullivan and John were on guard when the cattle broke loose, but they were unable to stop the animals which from the onset ran at a terrific speed.

On the morning of the 24th not a single hoof of our large herd was in sight from the camp. All hands except the cook mounted their steeds at an early hour and went out hunting for the lost cattle. Toward noon about 75 head were brought in and in the afternoon 400 more were found about ten miles from the camp. On the 26th, 24 head of cattle were recovered and brought in, but many were still missing. On the 27th we moved the cattle already recovered eight miles to the Republican River where we remained several days while some of our men were out hunting for the animals still missing.

On Tuesday, Aug. 1st, in the even-

ing, we were visited by a terrible electric storm during which our cattle stampeded again, but this time they did not run as far as they did before, nor did they get away from us, for we followed them and succeeded in heading them off so that they began to run around in a circle and finally stopped. I was strictly in this second stampede and I believe I acted quite bravely, considering that I had never before been in a stampede. Owing to my lack of experience I was several times during the night exposed to great danger from being surrounded by the cattle which could easily have run over me and my horse and trampled us to death. Many cowboys have lost their lives by being run over by cattle in stampedes, for these wild and furious Texan cattle when rushing on in their madness would run over anything which happened to be in their way. The sound caused by a stampede of a large herd of cattle reminds one of distant thunder. During the night I rode at full speed over gulches, ravines, creeks and whatsoever was in the way until I noticed that my saddle girth gave way and the next moment I was thrown out of the saddle and landed on the ground, immediately ahead of my horse. Clinging to the bridle with a firm grip, I had the saddle girded securely in a few moments and I was again mounted. As good luck would have it, the cattle had stopped in their mad run or turned in another direction when the accident happened. It was certainly a narrow escape and it taught me the lesson always to be careful in fastening the saddle on a horse.

While still in camp on the Republican River we had another stampede on August 3rd. On that occasion the cattle, being very restless the entire night, started to run several times; but we succeeded in heading them off so that none were lost. All the hands, however, were in the saddle all night, and it was the third night in which I had scarcely slept a wink. None of us dared to dismount and lie down for fear of being run over, as we could not

tell which way the excited cattle would run next. On August 4th, at daylight, we found ourselves quite a distance from camp, for in the darkness of night we could not tell where we were going. Our cook Louis left us during the day, and we broke our encampment on the Republican River and drove seven miles to Salt Creek. On the 5th we traveled 12 miles and the same distance on the 6th, on which day we crossed the boundary line between Kansas and Nebraska and camped for the night on Spring Creek. Our general direction of travel was north until we reached the Platte River; after that we traveled west.

On August 9th we remained in camp on Spring Creek where the water was very bad, and a couple of our men were taken sick by drinking this water. In the afternoon Thomas Sullivan arrived in camp with 20 head of cattle which he had found way back on the road. These were the last of the lost cattle which we recovered from our first stampede. About 40 head were never found. On the 14th we crossed the Little Blue River, and traveled 14 miles. The next day we traveled 10 miles, following the general course of the Little Blue. On the 10th we drove 10 miles, crossed Pawnee Creek and camped on an elevated prairie. On the 11th we drove 12 miles and nooned on Elm Creek. On the 12th we nooned on a small creek near a camp of laborers who were grading on the Lincoln and Fort Kearney Railroad, which in 1871 was being built through that part of the country. We camped for the night in a highland prairie. After traveling 13 miles on Sunday, Aug. 13th, we reached the Platte River Valley. Late in the night a fierce rainstorm broke upon us. At first the night became so fearfully dark that we could scarcely see the animals under us, and afterwards such terrible thunder and lightning occurred that our cattle stampeded, and owing to the intense darkness we were unable to follow them. Hence they scattered and ran in all directions; I endeavored to fol-

low a bunch of them which ran towards the east down the river, but that experience came near costing me my life. The night being exceedingly dark I did not know that I was riding straight towards a deep ravine with high perpendicular banks, rising from the river's edge, but just as I reached the edge a flash of lightning revealed my perilous condition, and my horse seeing it at the same time stopped just at the right moment to save both of us from pitching into the river. After that I rode more carefully during the remainder of the night, and towards morning I found myself near some of the cattle which had quit running. Joining the other men we rode in different directions hunting for the runaway animals. On the 14th we remained in camp while some of the men were still hunting cattle. I remained with those already gathered. With the exception of about 30 head which were lost for good, we recovered all the cattle during the day and they were brought in at night.

On the 15th we drove 12 miles, passed Fort Kearney and camped 4 miles west of the Fort. Toward midnight the cattle again stampeded, but we prevented them from running away this time by heading off the leaders and turning them back towards the rear end of the herd. Thus we made them run in a circle, but in order to do this we had to ride our horses at break-neck speed. After getting the animals started in a circle around the camp-wagon, they kept running about an hour and then settled down and remained quiet until morning. I lost my hat in the fracas and our cook was nearly scared to death as many of the animals in their excited run bumped up against the wagon and came near upsetting the same. Had they tipped the wagon over they would no doubt have killed the cook and destroyed nearly all the camp material. Fort Kearney, which we passed that day had lately been vacated by the soldiers, as the Indians which the soldiers had contended with for years had moved fur-

ther west and the country was now filling up with settlers.

On the 16th we drove ten miles. A young man whom we called Till joined our company at this point, which again increased our number to ten. On the 17th a band of friendly Pawnee Indians who were out on a buffalo hunt passed us. A couple of them came into our camp and asked for food, which we gave them. Our cattle and horses took fright on seeing the Indians and the cattle started running, but we succeeded in stopping them. We drove this day about 11 miles. On the 18th we drove 15 miles and crossed Plum Creek; our camping place that night was 40 miles west of Fort Kearney. On the 19th we drove 15 miles and camped by the river. We met several Texas cowboys returning home. On Sunday, Aug. 20th, we drove 12 miles. We experienced considerable trouble this day in getting the cattle to move, as they would rather stop to feed on the rich prairie grass than travel. In the evening John killed a buffalo, which supplied our camp with plenty of fresh beef for several days.

During the whole journey we traveled from 10 to 18 miles a day and camped as near the creeks and rivers as possible, in order to provide food and water for our animals. After camping for the night we generally allowed the cattle to scatter considerably in order to let them graze, but when darkness commenced we gathered them to a place near our wagon, where they laid down in bunches and generally remained quiet the whole night, unless the weather was bad or something scared them. Two men were then detailed to keep guard by riding slowly around the herd. Guard was changed once during the night, but in case of storm or bad weather all hands, the cook excepted, were on guard all night, for there was always danger of a stampede. During most of the journey the night was divided into four watches. Together with another man I generally had the first watch, which was the longest but the easiest. We had

to get the cattle to lie down and then guard them till 11:00 o'clock. At day light in the morning we allowed the cattle to scatter again, and after grazing them two or three hours, we commenced our day's drive. Usually we stopped a couple of hours to noon, but sometimes we made our whole day's journey in one drive. Often we found it a hard task to make the cattle travel, especially if the grazing the previous night had been poor. This caused the men to swear and scold and to use language which at first made me feel uncomfortable, but after listening to these things a long time I scarcely noticed the taking of the name of the Lord in vain, or the rough and vulgar expressions that were uttered. Unconsciously, at times, I too, used language which I had never before used, but I respected the name of Deity, and I only remember one occasion when, in an angry mood, I profaned, and I afterwards felt so ashamed of this that, in the evening, in a most humble way I asked the Lord for forgiveness. In order to do this I retired to a lonely place to pray. I may here acknowledge that during this cowboy life I did not pray regularly morning and night, as there seldom were opportunities for me to do so, but at times I would get away from the camp to attend to such devotions.

On the 21st we drove 18 miles in one drive past Fort McPherson, where quite a number of soldiers were stationed, and camped for the night about five miles west of the fort.

On the 22nd we drove 14 miles, passing within a short distance of Platte City (now North Platte) situated on the forks of the Platte River on the railroad, and camped for the night on a small creek. Ben and Edwin left our company at noon which reduced our personnel to eight men. On the 23rd we drove 15 miles through a hilly country and camped for the night on an island in the south fork of the Platte; the grass was poor at this place, and we had a hard time taking care of the hungry cattle. All hands

were on duty almost the entire night, yet the cattle, restless as they were, ran away from us once into the river, and it cost us considerable labor to bring them back to the camp ground and keep them till morning. Mr. Thompson who had gone to North Platte in the morning returned with two new men, Matt and Pete, so we again had ten men in the company. On the 24th we drove 16 miles and camped near the South Platte nearly opposite Roscoe Railway station. On the 25th we drove 16 miles and camped opposite Ogallala. We traveled on the south side of the South Platte, the railroad being on the opposite side. We saw trains daily going east and west.

On the 26th we drove 14 miles and camped for the night near some meadows. During the night a violent rain storm visited our camp and the night became exceedingly dark; the cattle stampeded as they usually did in stormy weather. I was on guard together with another man when the storm broke on us, and I headed for the camp in order to give the alarm, but the wind was so fierce that I could not make my horse face it, and so I turned back toward the cattle. They had already run off so I was unable to find them. Soon afterwards, however, I joined the other men from camp who had arisen without being called and had gone out to hunt for the cattle. We then rode out until we lost our way on the plain and we spent the remainder of the night riding aimlessly about until the break of day, when we found most of the cattle. On Sunday, the 27th, we made a late start as we had to count the cattle before commencing the day's journey. We traveled ten miles and camped near the river. About 11:00 o'clock in the night we heard shouting in an unusual voice from the opposite or north side of the river, and we "jumped to the conclusion" that it was Indians on the war path, as they generally make hideous noises when they are angry and are preparing for war or vengeance. As the

water in the river at this point was very shallow, it would have been easy for them to cross over to us. The men in the camp getting scared, arose, brought the horses to the wagons, and grabbed their guns and revolvers, in order to be prepared for any emergency. I was on guard at the time, and as I happened to be on elevated ground, where I could hear more plainly than those in the camp, I noticed distinctly oaths and swearing in western English, and then knew at once that the shouting did not come from the throats of Indians but from drunken white laborers at the railway station. On the 21st we drove ten miles and passed the ruins of old Fort Sedgewick; we also crossed the South Platte River and camped for the night on its north bank. The river at this point was about half a mile wide, but contained so little water that we crossed it without any trouble. In the afternoon we traveled four miles up Pole Creek which we followed for several days afterwards. We passed Julesburg and camped for the night on a creek a short distance above that town. On the 29th we drove 16 miles, passed Chapel Station and on the 30th we drove 15 miles, camping for the night a short distance east of Sidney. Matt shot some antelope, whose meat tasted very good. We had seen antelope herds before, but these were the first we killed. On the 31st we drove ten miles, the next day (Sept. 1st) we drove 13 miles, and on Sept. 2nd, 12 miles. We passed Antelope Station, near which we camped, at a point 455 miles west of Omaha. On Sept. 3rd we crossed Pole Creek seven times and on the 4th we crossed the boundary line between Nebraska and Wyoming. On the 5th we traveled 14 miles, rested on the 6th and traveled 16 miles on the 7th. In the morning of Sept. 8th we could see the tops of the Black Hills in the far west. We drove 9 miles that day, our cattle stampeded in the evening, but only ran a short distance. On the 9th the weather was unusually cold and a strong wind blew from the west, driving dust and

dirt into our faces, as we traveled against it. We drove 12 miles and encamped for the night in a valley at the foot of the Black Hills. While I was on guard in the evening, I forced my horse, Moses, to travel faster than usual to keep him from getting cold, but in doing so he stumbled and fell in a hole, and I was pitched over his head to the ground, turning a somersault or two before I landed, and when I arose I was a dozen yards or more ahead of the animal. By this unusual exercise, I got warm and comfortable, having previously suffered with cold. It was quite lucky that I did not get hurt. On Sunday the 10th the cold spell continued and the chilly wind, blowing very hard at times, made traveling unpleasant. After breaking up camp very early in the morning we soon passed over the top of the mountain at or near the so-called Cheyenne Pass, where the falling of rain and snow alternated and where we were enveloped in the clouds or dense mist which rested on the mountains. We could scarcely control our cattle which seemed to have a regular mania for spreading out in the timber and in the canyons and gulches, and it was a most difficult task to guide them in the right direction. On the 11th we remained in camp at a spring to graze our animals which were hungry from their long and wearisome journey the day before. Some of our men visited Laramie City. On the 12th we drove 12 miles, passed Fort Sanders and Laramie City both located on the railroad. We crossed the railroad track and the Laramie River and made camp on the open country, called Laramie Plains. It rained hard in the evening and, like on many previous occasions, we were drenched to the skin. On the 13th we traveled 14 miles through a very rocky and broken country and camped on an open prairie near Cooper's Lake.

On the 14th we traveled 11 miles, crossed several steep canyons and narrow valleys and nooned on Cooper's Creek. During the past few days our general direction of travel had been

northwest along the base of a lofty mountain chain. From these mountains a number of streams issue forth, which find their way through the country northward becoming a part of the great North Platte River system. By the numerous cloud bursts and the annual melting of snow, these streams are often swollen to mighty rivers which during the generations past have cut deep ravines or canyons through what otherwise might have been quite a level country. As it is now, it is hard work to take cattle through. Any man who could do it without swearing might be called a good Christian. During the day we crossed Wagon Hound Creek and traveled 16 miles. On the 16th we traveled 7 miles, crossed Medicine Bow Creek, passed Fort Hallick and camped for the night a short distance further west. On Sunday, Sept. 17th, the cattle in the morning climbed high up the slope of Elk Mountain which rose quite abruptly from our camping place, and it required much yelling and hard driving to get them down again. John, Al Hatch and Mack left the company. This reduced our personnel from ten to seven. We traveled 11 miles. On the 18th we drove 16 miles over a plain covered with sage brush to the North Platte River which we crossed with considerable difficulty as the cattle at first would not enter the stream, the water being very cold, and the banks rocky and broken. On the 19th we drove 11 miles through a very wild and strange country covered with greasewood of great height and also exceedingly tall sage brush. The cattle were so restless during the night that we could not keep them together but had to let them scatter and go where they pleased. The wolves kept up a constant howling in the vicinity of our camp during the entire night. This frightened the cattle and kept them running to and fro through the greasewood and sage brush. We did not lose any cattle that night, although some were bitten by the wolves. On the 20th we crossed the Continental Divide, the backbone of

the American continent, which divides the headwaters of the Platte on the east from the tributaries of Green River on the west. We camped for the night in a narrow valley, a strong wind blew all day and the dust and sand which peppered our faces made it extremely unpleasant and caused us to look like colored men. On the 22nd we drove through Bridger's Pass where we experienced great difficulty in keeping the cattle from the mountain slopes and from the creek. They would not travel on the road, yet we drove a distance of 9 miles and camped on Mud Creek. At 11:00 o'clock at night the cattle stampeded and ran in all directions and in counting the herd the following morning we were 35 head short. These, however, were brought to us a few days later by some herders who, following in our trail, overtook us as we traveled down Bitter Creek. On the 23rd we drove ten miles down Bitter Creek, and on the 24th we drove 15 miles through a country that reminded one of the Sahara Desert in point of desolation. Tom Sullivan killed an antelope and the cattle traveled easily. On the 25th we started our journey at day light as we found it impossible to hold the cattle together any longer. After traveling 7 miles, we reached a plain where good grass was plentiful and remained at this place the remainder of the day. On the 26th Mr. Rondo and Mr. Lyons rode ahead while four of us drove the cattle 12 miles to Bitter Creek and camped near an old, deserted mail station. Here we received back the cattle we had lost in the stampede on Mud creek. On the 27th our riding animals, which were allowed to run loose at night had strayed away and we did not find them until late in the day. We then traveled 8 miles and tied our horses up for the night. On the 28th we drove in the forenoon 6 miles, leaving Bitter Creek and crossed a mountain of considerable height into a deep valley until we reached a spring where we stopped for noon. When we resumed the journey in the afternoon our camp

wagon, by mistake, took one road, while we, with the cattle, took another. When night came on, we were in a bad predicament as the cattle which had traveled well during the day had strung out for a long distance along the road and when darkness came on they left the road and scattered in the mountains, and here we were without the wagon which we had seen take the other road. The cook, who was also the driver, believed when he started in the morning that the road he took was a cut-off which would eventually turn into the main road further on. When at last he discovered his mistake, after going several miles, he returned to the spring, where we had nooned, and thence followed our tracks. In the meantime, after the cattle had left us, we began to gather sage brush for a camp fire, with the intention of spending the cold and extremely dark night around it. Soon, however, we heard someone yell up in the canyon and by answering we found it was the cook with the wagon, which soon came up. During the afternoon we had traveled about 8 miles with the cattle. It took us all forenoon on the 29th to find and gather the animals which had scattered for several miles between and on the various mountain ridges and intervening valleys—a romantic scope of country with nothing living in it except bears, wolves and birds of prey. In searching for the cattle we obtained extensive views of the country. We had just got the cattle gathered and started with them on the road about noon when we were visited by a terrific hail storm accompanied by a stiff wind blowing into our faces. This prevented us from traveling, and we therefore camped about two miles from the previous night's camping place. On the 30th we drove 8 miles, and camped in a canyon at the foot of a nearly perpendicular rocky mountain. The following night was an unusually cold one, the wind blowing so violently through the canyon that the cattle would not lie down. On this account we were kept in the saddle all night.

On Sunday, Oct. 1st, we drove about 6 miles in the forenoon, but laid by in the afternoon to let the cattle feed on the rich grass which grew near the camp. It required hard work on the morning of Oct. 2nd to get the cattle started on the road. After cold nights they always acted mean and contrary and would not travel. I worked so hard and rode so much that my horse gave out. The horse was so tired he laid down with me. I then stripped off the saddle, let the horse loose and traveled on foot. I, too, was very tired and after all our work we had only traveled two miles. On the 3rd we drove about five miles over a mountain of considerable height. With much labor we succeeded in making the cattle ascend, but it required a redoubled effort to make them descend the deep slope on the other side. It took us five hours to drive them down, though the distance was less than a mile. The darkness of the night came upon us before we had gathered the cattle at the foot of the mountain where we camped near a small stream in a deep valley. On the 4th we traveled through a strange, sandy country covered with cedars, and in passing through the forest of cedars we had great difficulty in keeping track of the animals which had a mania for scattering among the trees. We finally reached Bitter Creek where we camped near the railroad track. This valley was as desolate and unattractive as any place I had ever visited. The hills on both sides of the valley, as well as the valley itself, were almost devoid of grass or any other vegetation, except the bitter sage brush which grew here in a dwarfed form. The water in the creek was sour and bitter, unfit for both men and beasts. Consequently we spent a most unpleasant night in this desolate region. The cattle, which were both hungry and thirsty, would not keep quiet, but drifted to and fro, up and down the slopes, and it again kept all the hands in the saddle during the entire night to keep the animals from getting away. Had

we lost track of them, it would have meant a serious loss to the owners. The morning of Oct. 5th found us tired and weary, but after traveling ten miles we reached Green River which we crossed without much trouble near the ruins of the former Green River City, which at the time the railroad was built was one of the most wicked towns along the line. It was one of those temporary towns which sprang up like mushrooms and disappeared as quickly as they came, when the terminus of the road was pushed further west. In 1871 there was not a single inhabitant left in Green River City, which three years before had contained several thousand inhabitants, many of whom were gamblers, drunkards, cut-throats and "black legs" of the worst kind. It is stated that scores of men were killed in brawls and fights during the existence of Green River City. Many other similar towns sprang up and disappeared again during the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad through this country in 1867 and 1868. Of these mushroom railroad towns there were as a rule in 1871 only the stations and section houses left.

After crossing Green River we camped for the night on the slope of the hills. The cattle stampeded several times during the night, but in every instance we succeeded in stopping them before they got very far away. On the 6th we drove seven miles and camped on Black's Fork. On the 7th we drove about 8 miles up Black's Fork and crossed that river once. We passed Bryan station, 180 miles east of Ogden, Utah, and camped four miles east of the station. Our bosses, the owners of our outfit, having heard that this part of the country was infested with horse and cattle thieves who made it their special business to stampede the cattle so that they might run them off when scattered, we were all kept on guard and on a strenuous outlook the entire night. We were well armed, ready for any emergency. On the 8th we traveled up Black's Fork five miles and camped in a Willow Grove. The

weather in the afternoon was very cold, and when night came on, it became colder still. We were unable to hold the stock together owing to the severe cold, for they stampeded and ran into the willows for shelter. On the 9th we drove 13 miles, passed Granger station and camped on Hams Fork, three miles above the station. On the 10th we were unable to get the cattle on to the road as the grass along Hams Fork was plentiful and the animals were still half starved on account of the lack of feed while traveling through the desolate Bitter Creek country. We therefore made what headway we could by grazing the cattle along the road and in this way traveled five miles and camped in a nice little grove. After this we followed Hams Fork for several days. On the 11th, which was a very cold day, with a strong wind blowing from the northwest, and every indication of a snowstorm approaching, we drove five miles. On the 12th the snowstorm, which had commenced during the night, continued most of the day. The weather was exceedingly cold and the day consequently unpleasant for us. Fortunately there was plenty of greasewood handy which enabled us to make an immense fire to keep us from freezing, but the cattle, which were cold and restless, gave us no chance to spend much time around the comfortable camp fire. During the day we moved the camp about two miles up the creek. On the 13th we drove seven miles up Hams Fork. The evening was very cold, the sky clear and the ground covered with deep snow, King Frost being in supreme command, before whom everybody quaked and trembled. We camped for the night in a cozy little grove where we made our beds in the snow, but as we had plenty of bedding with us we did not freeze during the night. Our cattle were allowed to seek shelter among the willows as best they could. On the 14th we traveled five miles. The snow melted quite fast, and after the storm the weather was quite pleasant considering the

lateness of the season and the altitude. On the 15th we drove five miles, crossing a little mountain instead of following the creek in its winding course. The snow had melted and disappeared except in some places on the higher mountain tops. On the 16th we drove about 6 miles. In the morning we left at our camp place two of our horses which owing to exposure and hard work had given out, and consequently could be of no further service to us. They could not even keep up with the cattle. Hams Fork is here enclosed by high mountains while further up the stream it passes through an open valley. We crossed the creek twice during the day and camped in a snug little grove. On the 17th we drove seven miles and made our last camp on Hams Fork. The weather had again turned cold and the frost at night was quite severe. On the 18th our journey took us over the summit of the lofty mountains which separate the headwaters of Hams Fork from those falling into Bear River. In other words it was at this point that the Rim of the Basin separates the waters falling into the Pacific Ocean and those falling into the Great Salt Lake. From the top of the divide we had a grand view westward into Bear River Valley and further to the peaks of the great Wasatch chain which border on the Great Salt Lake. To see the snow-capped tops of the Wasatch Mountains once more made me feel that I was nearing my beloved mountain home. By this time I was tired of cowboy life, but did not regret my trip to the States. It had somewhat satisfied my wanderlust for the time being.

With much trouble we succeeded in driving the cattle down the west slope and reached Rock Creek where we made our camp in a deep valley or ravine. On the morning of the 19th we found the cattle over which we had kept no guard during the night scattered for several miles, and some of them had, in search of grass, climbed almost to the top of adjacent mountains. It took us much time and labor

to get them down and gather them. However, we succeeded at last and left our encampment on Rock Creek. In the afternoon we drove about ten miles and reached Bear River, where we camped after dark. On the 20th, after traveling three miles, we crossed Smith's Fork, traveled five miles further and made camp in the level, open valley. From there we traveled in a northwesterly direction down Bear River which stream we intended to follow to Malad Valley where the owners of the cattle expected to winter their stock.

After traveling four miles on the 21st we nooned on Thomas' Fork. In the afternoon we crossed another lofty mountain ridge in order to cut off several miles instead of following Bear River which here takes a meandering course toward the west. It was very late in the evening when we reached the foot of the mountain, but the beautiful, starry night made it possible for us to continue the journey. We camped for the night on a level plain covered with sage brush, and did not continue our journey on the 22nd until late in the day as we found the cattle very much scattered in the morning. After driving a few miles, we reached some pioneer homes of the "Mormon" settlers in Bear River Valley. First we passed through the little settlement which subsequently became known as Dingle and soon afterwards reached the larger settlement, Montpelier. Passing through that town we camped a mile or so further on in the meadows; our day's journey was ten miles. On the 23rd we drove ten miles, passed through the little "Mormon" settlement of Bennington and made our next stop at Twin Creek (now Georgetown). On the 24th we drove ten miles and camped on a small creek about half a mile from Bear River; the weather was cold. On the 25th we drove about 11 miles, passed the little settlement at Soda Springs, which was partly composed of Latter-day Saints and partly of apostates or Morrisites. We had no time to linger long by the celebrated Soda

Springs, but tasted the water in several of them. We also saw the renowned Steamboat Springs some distance west of Soda Creek, as we passed through and camped two miles west of Soda Creek. On the 26th we traveled in a southwesterly direction, following the general course of Bear River through a country filled with lava formations. Everything here pointed to a period of earthquakes and upheavals. We made camp on the river late in the evening. The following two days we spent in camp without moving. On Sunday, Oct. 29th, we traveled two miles. Messrs. Lyons and Thomson, who had gone to Soda Springs on the 27th, returned to camp bringing 80 head of stock which, unknown to us, had drifted with the wind during a snowstorm the previous day. The cattle were accidentally found by them. On the 30th we drove three miles and by counting the cattle we found that we still lacked 28 head. Mr. Thompson and I were sent back to hunt for them. We rode 20 miles to Soda Springs where we stopped over night with a Morrisite, who seemed to be very religious. Here I slept under a roof for the first time in four months. Ever since I left Fort Leavenworth I had, almost without exception, slept under the open canopy of heaven. On the morning of the 31st we obtained information of the possible whereabouts of our lost cattle and after traveling 25 miles in a northwesterly direction we overtook a herd in charge of a Mr. Russell who had traveled behind us across the plains and mountains. He had found and picked up our cattle on the road. We stopped over night in Mr. Russell's camp.

On Nov. 1st we found 16 of our cattle in Mr. Russell's outfit which we, with much labor, cut out from his herd and started out towards our camp. Without following any road, we struck across the valley southward shortening the journey about ten miles. After traveling the whole afternoon and the following night (which was a dark and dreary one) we arrived in our camp at

3:00 o'clock in the morning of November 1st, and found that our company had moved further south since we left it. We kindled a big fire and remained where we were until the break of day. As soon as it was light enough for us to see the road, we were again on the move, and after traveling a couple of miles we overtook our company which had traveled five miles since we left, and were now camped in a snug little valley. On our return to the camp after our long ride both Mr. Thompson and I were very tired. The whole camp then traveled about five miles over some hills and camped for the night in a deep valley on Cottonwood Creek. Here a reinforcement of men and horses met us from Corinne, which help was very timely, as our horses were tired and almost given out. On the 3rd we drove ten miles and camped on Battle Creek. Considerable snow fell in the morning accompanied by a heavy wind. We traveled about nine miles, crossed Deep Creek and within a short distance of the "Mormon" settlement of Clifton in Cache Valley. We camped for the night near the mouth of a canyon on a small creek. On Sunday, Nov. 5th, we drove six miles, passed within a short distance of the "Mormon" settlement of Weston, camped a short distance west of the same and slept in a log house near the edge of the meadows. On the 6th I was sent back to hunt for a cow which we had lost; I returned with the animal in the evening. After passing through the little town of Clarkston soon after sundown I found our company encamped about three miles southwest of that village. They had traveled during the day 11 miles, while I had traveled about 24 miles. On Tuesday, Nov. 7th, we crossed the mountain range which separates Cache Valley from Malad Valley. From the top of the ridge we had a fine view of both valleys. After traveling five miles we camped in Malad Valley on Bear River which here cuts through the mountain in a deep canyon from Cache to Malad valley. The cattle which we had brought from

Kansas were now owned by three men, and we had reached the place where each of the owners could sell his stock by himself, or winter them over in one herd and then in the spring drive them further on to Montana. The owners decided to divide the herd at once so that each owner could take care of his own bunch to suit himself. Consequently, we commenced this day to divide the cattle as soon as the bosses had returned from Corinne. This was a lively and interesting work, especially for the horses who frequently had to run at the top of their speed to head off the cattle which showed no disposition to aid us in our work, as they apparently disliked being separated. This was another new experience to me, and it gave me ample opportunity to exhibit my ability or skill as a horseback rider. I soon became convinced that the past four months training had had its effect upon me. I felt at home in the saddle, though I could not consistently be classed with real broncho riders. To "cut out" cattle, as we did that day, required skill and I believe I held my own with the rest of the men. My favorite horse, of which I had taken good care on the journey, was a good runner and was now considered one of the best horses in camp. We continued the work of cutting out cattle during the five following days and finished the work on the 14th, when I decided to leave the company and go home. Mr. Rondo offered me good wages if I would remain with him, but I had had enough of cowboy life for once, and I knew also that my parents were praying and waiting for my return. I had been away from home nearly a year, during which I had associated much with people who had nothing in common with the saints. In almost every letter I had received from home during my absence, my parents pleaded with me to return at the first opportunity. They feared that I would forget the religion of my youth and be led astray by wicked men. But I was perhaps a better boy than some of my friends imagined. On my whole

trip I had not participated in any grievous sin and was not guilty of any crime, morally or otherwise, for which my conscience could upbraid me. Perhaps the worst I ever did on my trip was to use rough language and in some instances forget what Christ said regarding saying "yea, yea" and "nay nay."

While eating breakfast on the morning of Nov. 15th a quarrel took place between Mr. Rondo and Mr. Tillman. Mr. Rondo would not pay Mr. Tillman as much as he had promised, which made Tillman angry. A heated discussion took place which came near terminating in a fight. I, myself, shared the fate of Mr. Tillman in this that I had in the beginning agreed to work for \$25 per month and my board, but was promised a raise if I made good and would remain with the company until it arrived at its destination. Mr. Rondo said that he was well satisfied with my labors but refused to pay more than the \$25 per month. Under these circumstances I also decided to leave the company, which I did, together with Mr. Tillman and two others (Al Hatch and Pete). We four left the camp on Bear River at 11:00 o'clock a. m., with our blankets and other belongings on our backs and started toward Corinne. We reached Bear River City, a small "Mormon" settlement, after dark and spent the night there with a Danish family who treated us kindly. In the evening I played an innocent trick on our kind hosts by not disclosing my nationality and they never surmised when they talked Danish among themselves and made some remarks in regard to their visitors, that I understood every word they said. After associating with Americans so long I could of course speak English fluently and almost without foreign accent so that ordinary people were unable to detect my nationality. This does not mean that I tried to disown my native land, for I never felt ashamed or humiliated because I was born in Demark; I have rather despised those who did, but on that occa-

sion I could not withstand the temptation to take advantage of the situation, and I am sure no harm was done thereby.

On the 16th we continued our journey four miles to Corinne on the Central Pacific Railroad and this ended my long and somewhat tedious and trying journey through the great American Western Wilds. I had traveled about 1,400 miles on horseback, from Abilene, Kansas, to Utah.

Corinne in 1871 was a town of about 1,500 inhabitants, situated on the west bank of Bear River. It owed its existence to the building of the railroad and was in 1871 the Gentile headquarters in Utah, and the population were nearly all merchants, cattlemen, and railroad men. Of public buildings there were two churches, one Catholic and one Methodist, and the non-Mormons pretended that this was the only place in Utah where true Christianity flourished. This statement may be correct, if drunkenness, gambling, theft, robbery, fighting and swindling can be called true Christianity, for Corinne was particularly renowned for these characteristics. If good morals, peace and order are the characteristics of Christianity, then Corinne was not in it. There were perhaps no "Mormons" in Corinne in 1871, but such non-Mormons who desired to make the acquaintance of "Mormons" needed only go to Brigham City, a beautiful "Mormon" town, with about 3,000 inhabitants, which was in plain sight of Corinne, six miles distant, nestling at the foot of the Wasatch mountains.

We four cowboys put up at the Bear River House, one of the many hotels in Corinne. On this occasion I did not feel satisfied to return home on foot as I had done so often before during my railroad experiences, and so I decided to buy a good riding horse to take me home; such an animal might also serve me for pleasure and work afterwards. I was shown an attractive animal in a stable at Corinne but was told, however, that it was wild and had not been broken to ride; but as a

"brave and experienced horseman" I mounted it with a degree of self confidence, but no sooner was I astride it till it began to buck fearfully, and in a few moments I was thrown off and fell on my back on the hard ground. The shock made me speechless for several minutes, and when I regained my speech and equilibrium I had no further desire to own that particular animal. In the afternoon I left Corinne together with my three companions and traveled by train 60 miles to Salt Lake City, where we took lodgings at the Walla-Walla House. The next day (Nov. 18th) I bought a gentle horse for \$40, a saddle for \$10 and a new suit of clothes, with which outfit I started for home, arriving in Pleasant Grove late in the evening.

I found mother and my younger brother Joseph well at home, and also Dortha, wife of my older brother Jens, who had married during my absence. Father and my brother Jens were absent on a visit to Sanpete. I had been absent from home one year and ten days and had traveled by rail, on horseback and on foot about 2,800 miles and had earned about \$300.

Two days after my return home I started on horseback on a trip to Sanpete to visit father who lived at Ephraim by himself. After my return to Pleasant Grove, and after making a trip to the mining town of Lewiston I bought a yoke of oxen for \$120 in exchange for my riding horse and \$80 in cash. Soon afterwards I bought a wagon and thus became the owner of an ox team which I could put to better use than the horse.

My brother Jens and I took turns in driving the oxen and I spent a pleasant Christmas with my friends at Pleasant Grove.

CHAPTER 7

(1872)

Engaged in Hard Manual Labor in Bingham Canyon—Railroading in American Fork Canyon—Employed as a Grocery Clerk.

In January, 1872, I had a little experience in fishing in the Utah Lake and I also made a visit to Sevier Valley to look for the possibilities of making

my future home there. Richfield, which had recently been resettled after the Indian war, appealed to me as a settlement which had a future. On my return home I visited father in Ephraim and bought of him a building lot and twelve and a half acres of farming land and two and a half acres of hay land, situated in Richfield.

On Wednesday, Feb. 28th, my brother Jens and I left Pleasant Grove and traveled 14 miles to a point where grading on the Utah Central Railroad was being done on an extension from Draper to Utah Valley. A heavy cut was being made for the new road at the Point of the Mountain, and as men were needed there to work my brother Jens and I hired out to Thomas Carlisle, a contractor on the railroad, for \$1.50 a day and board. About 40 men were located in the Carlisle camp, living in small huts built of railroad ties by the railroad people. As most, if not all the men, were "Mormons" we rather enjoyed the work and our associates. We generally spent our evenings around the camp fires, singing and telling stories.

On April 1st my brother Jens left Pleasant Grove, together with his wife, taking with them my team (a yoke of oxen and a wagon) and all our horned stock. I made Jens a present of a steer and placed the team at his disposal until I should need it myself. I had already made the discovery that farming was not my calling in life, while my brother, on the other hand, seemed to be a natural farmer, and consequently could put my team to good use. My brother and his wife went to Richfield with the intention of making their home there, and I therefore transferred to him my right to the property I had purchased from father with the exception of the city lot which I kept with the thought in mind that I myself might perhaps at some future day settle down in Richfield.

In April I went to Bingham Canyon in search of work. Bingham was, as it is now, a mining town with the usual

number of stores, hotels, boarding houses, gambling places and saloons, and was a lively though rather a tough place, with a mixed population. Here I had my first experience in working in a mine underground. I worked until the 3rd of May for \$2.00 per day, boarding myself. My fellow-laborers were rough men, used to mining and I did not feel at home with them. I saw some rough life in Bingham. A certain Mr. Bennett, a big and burly fellow, challenged everyone in the camp to fight. He strutted about like a little king with a bell on, and like Goliath of old felt that no one dared to oppose him. Soon after I left the camp, however, he was killed by a man he had insulted.

While in that camp I learned thoroughly to mind my own business and to keep away as far as possible from those who quarreled and fought, and by so doing I did not suffer any abuse or insult worth mentioning. In the boarding house, where I also slept, 30 men or more took their meals. About two hundred men were employed in the mine in the vicinity of the upper smelter at the time I was there. I soon concluded to leave the hunters of precious metals to their choice of occupation, but as for myself I felt that the Lord had something better in life for me to do than hunting for gold. Still I have never regretted my experience in Bingham Canyon. I can always boast that once in my life I was a miner. On the 4th of May work was stopped in the mine where I worked because ventilation underground was poor and the air so foul that no one wished to risk his health by working there.

A few days later I succeeded in getting a job at a smelter, which, by the way, was just as unhealthy and disagreeable as the underground work had been. It was not only unhealthy, but dirty and hard work as well. My working hours were in the night from 6:00 o'clock p. m. till 6:00 o'clock a. m. the next morning; the wages were three dollars per night. After working

a few days, I began to feel ill and lost my appetite, which indicated that I was being poisoned gradually, yet I continued to work until the beginning of June, when the smelters closed up, as the furnaces froze, and work ceased until another oven could be built.

On Friday, June 7th, I left Bingham Canyon on foot to return to Pleasant Grove. By way of Herriman I reached the Jordan River which I forded and near the Point of the Mountain I reached a railroad camp which had been vacated a few days before. Being very tired, I entered one of the empty cabins and there enjoyed a good night's rest. The invigorating air on a pleasant summer night in the valley was very agreeable to me after my sojourn in the mountains where the weather was cold. I also had a most pleasant dream during the night, in which I seemed transferred to a most beautiful country, which was true in reality, for I had just left a corrupt mining camp, and was again about to associate with my own people whom I loved more than the gold and silver in the mountains. I reached Pleasant Grove the following day, June 8th.

On June 18th I again left home in search of work. This time I went up into American Fork Canyon where grading was being done on a narrow guage railroad which was being built to connect the mines and smelters in American Fork Canyon with the Utah Southern Railroad. The new road (20 miles long) was being built by the people who owned the principal mine in said canyon. Several hundred men were already employed as graders on the road, mostly "Mormons," and their camps were strung out all the way from the town of American Fork to a point far up in the canyon. I secured work in one of the grading camps about one mile up the canyon, or six miles from Pleasant Grove. My wages were fixed at \$1.50 a day and board. I continued work on the American Fork Canyon Railroad until July 23rd, when I returned home to harvest the

wheat which I had sown in the spring. I raised about 175 bushels of wheat on eight acres. After that I again went up into American Fork Canyon, but instead of joining the company with which I had formerly been associated I obtained a job with a Mr. Andrew Benson to clerk in a store which he had opened at the mouth of American Fork canyon, for the purpose of supplying the railroad workers with groceries and other provisions. After a few days I was placed in charge of the store. This was another new business for me, but I liked it better than working on the grade, and what little education I had and my knowledge of Danish as well as English, stood me well in hand, as quite a number of the employees on the railroad were newly arrived Scandinavians. I became quite efficient in my new undertaking as a store clerk and gave satisfaction, I believe, to my employer. After two weeks I was moved with the store about ten miles up the canyon to a point a short distance above Deer Creek where I was placed in charge of a new store which was opened in a tent pitched in the midst of a number of camps occupied by men who worked on the grade. The goods were hauled up to me from the store at the mouth of the canyon as well as from another store which Mr. Benson had opened on Deer Creek. I did only a limited amount of business, as I carried only a few of the most necessary articles that the workmen needed for their daily use. On the evening of Aug. 20th (when I was waiting on my customers as usual) I found the tent surrounded by about 40 men, some of whom were intoxicated. These men who were returning from work commenced on the outside to cut the cords for the purpose of tipping over the tent. Becoming aware of their purpose, I closed the store and went out to reason with the man. But in this I was not successful, for while I was engaged with the rabble in front and particularly with one intoxicated fellow whom I tried by main force to get out of the tent, some

of the others behind the tent grabbed hold of the rear upright poles and thus pulled the tent down after stealing about ten dollars worth of goods. This theft I did not discover until later when it was too late to find the perpetrator. After the fall of the tent the mobbers dispersed, and with the assistance of others I raised the tent again and arranged the stock inside as before.

The cause of the attack on the tent seemed to be enmity toward Mr. Benson on the part of some of the men. Mr. Benson, the owner of the store, was also pay master for the company, but had not paid the men according to promise. The rumor had circulated that Mr. Benson who at the time was in Salt Lake City had received the money from the company to pay the men but had absconded with it, and thus the men thought they would be defrauded of their pay. That rumor, however, proved untrue, for a few days later Mr. Benson came out and paid off the laborers. During the attack on the 20th no abuse was inflicted on me personally; the attack was against Mr. Benson whom they threatened to hang, if he did not bring in the money. The next day (Aug. 21st) we moved the tent and all the goods to Deer Creek, and on the 22nd of August I was sent back to the store at the mouth of the canyon, where I worked until the 26th, when I quit work for Mr. Benson and returned to my home in Pleasant Grove.

While I was absent from home this time, mother had managed to get the wheat, which I had left in sheaves standing in the field, hauled home and stacked, and on Monday the 26th I had it threshed by machine. Besides what the threshers took I realized 164 bushels of wheat which was practically the first grain I ever raised by my own labor.

On Sept. 3rd I once more left home and went up American Fork Canyon to work as a common laborer. I found employment with Mr. George Bench of Manti who with a gang of men was

working on the grade about four miles up from the mouth of the canyon. In this canyon I remained seven weeks, during which time we changed camping places three times. On the 28th of September the rails were laid, and the road opened from American Fork to Deer Creek under the name of the American Fork Railroad.

On the 20th of October I left the camp of George Bench at Deer Creek.

In the latter part of October I commenced a sort of partnership with Christen Christensen, a fisherman, to fish in the Utah Lake, using a boat and fishing apparatus which belonged to him. We pitched our tent at the northeast corner of the lake, launched our boat and commenced operations. During the first few days we did not catch much, but later we had better success and caught a considerable quantity of trout, suckers and mullets with hooks. We shipped most of the fish caught to Salt Lake City, where we were paid from 27 to 35 cents per pound for trout and from 6 to 7 cents per pound for other kinds of fish. Considerable of our earnings went to pay for the hiring of wagons to take the fish to the city, and yet we did pretty well financially. We continued fishing about three weeks, after which I made a trip to Richfield to visit with my brother Jens, whom I found busily engaged digging ditches, fencing his land and doing other kinds of pioneer labor in a new settlement. I enjoyed meeting with old friends and making new ones and returned to Pleasant Grove Dec. 18th. At the end of December I recommenced business in the picture trade, receiving from Currier and Ives of New York one hundred lithographs which I had ordered before going to Richfield. These lithographs were similar to the ones I had handled in 1871 in Omaha. They measured 20 x 14 inches and were printed on fine paper. Selling this first shipment to my neighbors very easily, I immediately sent for more and thus I spent most of the winter engaged in that business. Utah being a newly settled

country, abounding in pioneer homes, it was not overstocked with anything in the line of art. Hence, I was the means in many instances of introducing something entirely new in these homes. I spent Christmas Day pleasantly in Pleasant Grove. As a grown up young man I began to look upon life in a more serious way than before. I had spent the 22nd anniversary of my birthday in Richfield. My experience in life so far had been varied. I had herded sheep and cattle, worked on railroads, in mines, in smelters and on farms. I had also been a store clerk, fisherman and salesman. In business matters I had endeavored to be strictly honest in my dealings with my fellow-men.

CHAPTER 8

(1873)

Became an American Citizen—Called on a Mission to Scandinavia—Ordained an Elder; later a Seventy—First Missionary Experience in Denmark.

The beginning of the year 1873 found me enjoying the quiet village life of Pleasant Grove and continuing my map and picture business. I also assisted my next-door neighbor on the east to dig a well on the boundary line of our respective properties. In order to earn something, I assisted my friend Christen Christensen to fish under the ice on Utah Lake, and I engaged another brother to assist me in selling maps and lithographs in the surrounding settlements. In one of the meetings which I attended in Pleasant Grove I was thrilled with hearing a dying sister Mrs. Thomsen bear a powerful testimony to the truth of the restored gospel. She had embraced the faith in Denmark and had, together with her husband, sacrificed much for the gospel's sake.

In the middle of March my brother Jens, together with his wife and child, started for Richfield, where he was making his home.

On April 9th, the the Third District Court, sitting in Salt Lake City, I obtained the papers, which made me a citizen of the United States. The following day (April 10) I received my blessings in the Endowment House, af-

ter first being ordained an Elder by Wm. H. Folsom. In the afternoon of that day I was called to fill a mission to Denmark and requested to get ready to leave for Europe, together with other Elders who had also been called. Subsequently, at an adjourned session of the general conference held on May 2, 1873, my name was presented and voted upon in the usual way. I was the only one called on the date mentioned to Scandinavia.

Soon after my return to Pleasant Grove from conference I received more lithographs and maps from New York, which I transferred to my agent to sell. Thus I closed my little salesmanship and made preparations for my mission. This introduced me to a new experience in life, and I must acknowledge that the thought of filling a mission, inexperienced as I was, caused me many sleepless nights. From my earliest childhood I had been taught to pray to God and to live a virtuous life as a "Mormon" boy should do, but now I prayed as I had never prayed before, realizing that I needed divine guidance in order to become a successful missionary, and I plainly saw the necessity of gaining a better understanding of the principles of the gospel than I already possessed.

I soon arranged my affairs as well as I could to defray my traveling expenses to Europe and was also able to leave mother and my brother Joseph quite comfortable as far as temporal affairs were concerned. We had wheat enough on hand to supply them with breadstuff for several years, and in order to increase my funds, I sold two building lots in Pleasant Grove for a small sum.

Prior to my departure on my mission I attended a number of interesting socials given in my honor and received much good and timely counsel and advice from well-wishing friends. A number of these also gave me small sums of money to assist me on my mission, though ready cash was quite scarce in those days in Utah, especially in the country settlements.

On Friday, May 2, 1873, it being a beautiful spring morning, I took leave of mother, my brother Joseph and a number of friends, who had come to our home to bid me God-speed on my journey, and traveled with a horse team to Salt Lake City. I left home with peculiar feelings on this occasion and summed up my experience during the past seven years in which I had called Pleasant Grove my permanent home. I had left my parental home many times before, but this was the beginning of my missionary career—the work of an Elder in the Church. Yet I learned afterwards that I was perhaps better prepared and qualified for a mission than many of the young Elders who had been sent out to preach the restored gospel before me. In the evening of the 4th about thirty of the Elders who had been called on missions, including myself, met in the Historian's office, with a number of the Apostles and were set apart for our missions and given necessary instructions. Great and glorious promises were made to us, if we would go forth in the fear of the Lord, steer clear of the sins of a wicked world and use our talents in God's service. I was ordained a Seventy and set apart for my mission by Geo. Q. Cannon. The promise was made to me that if I would be humble before the Lord and enter into missionary work with heart and soul I should become an instrument in the hand of God to accomplish a great and mighty work in my native land, be blessed with the power of utterance, bear faithful testimonies to my countrymen and bring many of them to a knowledge of the truth. Furthermore I was promised that I should return to my mountain home in safety with many blessings upon my head. I spent the following day in Salt Lake City and became acquainted with the other missionaries who, like myself, were called to Scandinavia. At the office of Pres. Brigham Young we received our appointments and made arrangements for our transportation.

On Wednesday morning, May 7,

1873, nine Elders left Salt Lake City on missions to Europe, namely, Chr. G. Larsen (who had been appointed leader of our company) Lars S. Andersen, John Frantzen, Nils Anderson, Loftur Johnson, Magnus Bjarnason, Evan Torgerson, Andrew S. Nielsen and myself. At Ogden we secured tickets at half rates as far as Omaha and traveled in first-class cars. From Council Bluffs, Iowa, we traveled over the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad to Chicago, where we arrived on the 10th. Continuing the journey from Chicago we traveled in a Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne train, via Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Baltimore, to Jersey City and crossed the Hudson River to New York, where we arrived on the 12th and put up at the Stevens Home, No. 27 Broadway, securing rooms on the fourth story for \$1.00 a night for each person.

Here, for the first time since we left Salt Lake City we had the opportunity of uniting in prayer to our Heavenly Father as a group of Elders, thanking him for a safe journey so far. The distance traveled from Salt Lake City to New York was 2548 miles.

After spending two days in New York sight-seeing, we boarded the steamship "Nevada" of the Guion Line May 14, 1873, and sailed from Pier No. 46. This steamer was a strongly built vessel, 265 feet long and 55 feet wide. We missionaries, now numbering 11 men, traveled third class together with about sixty other passengers. We were favored with fine weather most of the time during our voyage and President Larsen was the only one of our missionary company who suffered with seasickness during the passage. Early in the morning of the 24th we caught a glimpse of Ireland and in the evening of the 25th we arrived in Liverpool, England. In the morning of May 26th we found our way to the office of the British Mission at 42 Islington, where we were kindly received by the brethren in charge. Pres. Albert Carrington was not at home, but other brethren made the necessary arrangements for

the continuance of the journey of the Elders who were bound for continental Europe.

Securing our tickets, we left Liverpool at 11:00 o'clock a. m. and traveled through beautiful England with its numerous manufacturing towns and arrived at Hull, 120 miles from Liverpool about 6:00 o'clock in the afternoon. After spending the night at a hotel, we boarded the steamship "Zebra" and sailed for Hamburg. We found the North Sea very turbulent, caused by heavy winds. Together with three other missionaries I occupied a small hold in the bow of the ship. It was called a cabin, but it was so small and so unfavorably located that it was scarcely fit for either man or beast to occupy. All on board seemed to be seasick and I did not entirely escape. After a two days' voyage we entered the mouth of the river Elbe and landed in Hamburg in the afternoon of May 29th. A railroad journey from Altona to Kiel, a voyage from Kiel to Korsør and a railroad journey from Korsør to Copenhagen, Denmark, completed our trip from Utah to Denmark. We arrived in Copenhagen in the morning of May 30th. With a "drosche" we made our way to the mission office at Lorentzensgade No. 14, where we were received by Mission-President Canute Peterson, Apostle Erastus Snow (who was visiting Denmark at that time), and other Elders from Zion. In the afternoon of the same day a council meeting was held at the mission headquarters in which we (the newly arrived Elders) received our appointments. I was appointed to labor as a traveling Elder in the Aalborg conference, under the direction of the conference president. After spending one night in Copenhagen I left that city, together with Elder Andrew S. Nielsen, who had been appointed to labor in the Aarhus conference, and sailed from Copenhagen on board the steamship "Vesta", and after a pleasant voyage during the night we arrived in Aarhus early in the morning of June 1st. This being Sunday we attended two meet-

ings in Aarhus, at one of which I delivered my maiden speech as a missionary, and one of the local Elders who attended the meeting predicted that I would become a good speaker and a successful missionary. I enjoyed my visit with the Elders and saints in Aarhus very much. On June 2nd I traveled by rail to Aalborg, my appointed field of labor, where I was bid welcome by Peter C. Christensen, president of the Aalborg conference, and the local saints, who at once by their kindness made me feel at home. The Aalborg Conference, which was first organized in 1852, contained 686 baptized members of the Church in 1873 and was divided into three branches, namely, the Aalborg branch with 315 members, the Hjørring branch with 148 members and the Frederikshavn branch with 322 members. On Sunday, June 8th, at a special conference held in Aalborg, I was sustained as traveling Elder in the Aalborg Conference, a position which I occupied for two years.

My first missionary trip as a traveling Elder was a tour through the province of Vendsyssel, on which I visited the place of my birth and a number of relatives.

In the evening of June 15, 1873, I baptized Christian Emil Lauritsen, near Knivholt, he being the first person to whom I administered that ordinance. Among those who witnessed the baptism was a Baptist minister, who complimented me for having performed the ordinance of baptism by immersion correctly, but took me to task for using the words: "Having been commissioned by Jesus Christ." Said he "I have been a minister for a number of years and have baptized many into the Baptist Church, but I would never dare to use the words that you have used." The reader who understands the order of the Church can imagine the conversation that followed.

On Sunday, June 22nd, I ordained one of the local brethren to the office of an Elder, this being the first time

in my life that I ordained anyone to the holy Priesthood. On Monday, June 26th, at Aalborg, I assisted other brethren in sending off with the steamship "Dania" a company of Latter-day Saints (200 souls) from the Aalborg Conference, bound for Zion. The emigrating saints were seemingly much enthused with the spirit of emigration and their countenances beamed with joy at the thought of Zion and the opportunity of leaving "Babylon". Large crowds of people had gathered on the wharf to see the "Mormons" leave for America. The saints who were left behind, and who were watching the departing steamer with its precious cargo of souls on board disappear down the Limfjord eastward bound, found their hearts beating faster than usual as they wondered how soon they would enjoy a similar privilege. How many companies of emigrating saints have I not, since that memorable day in Aalborg, seen depart from different lands and climes to gather with the saints in America. The company of saints which left Aalborg on this occasion arrived in Salt Lake City, July 24, 1873.

In July, 1873, I accompanied Elder Jens C. A. Weibye (who was visiting his old field of labor in Vendsyssel) to Hjørring and vicinity. He presided over the Vendsyssel Conference when I was a boy there, and as he was an experienced missionary, I enjoyed his company very much.

My next trip into the country was made in the company of Elder F. W. Blohm to Thyland, Mors and other localities. On that trip I had my first experience in being shown the door because of my religion. Elder Blohm and I happened to call at the house where the head of the household was out working on his farm nearby, but we nevertheless introduced ourselves to the family as missionaries. The man who proved to be very hostile toward the "Mormons" (a fact unknown to us) saw us enter his house, and divining that we were "Mormon" missionaries, came running at full speed to the house

which he entered like a maniac. Without preliminaries he asked us bluntly, and in an angry tone, if we were "Mormons". As he received an answer in the affirmative, he thundered out at the top of his voice: "Get out", and with terrific oaths and cursing he even threatened our lives and laid violent hold on my traveling companion, pushing him out of the door with considerable force. Still raging, he prepared to serve me the same way, but I being taller and stronger than my missionary companion straightened myself up to my full height and looking him squarely in the face said: "Hands off! I will go, but don't you dare touch me." And he didn't! So we left the house while the man used the most abusive language imaginable. We knew that we had done no wrong and had no intention of doing so. It was a plain persecution for no other cause than our entering a house peacefully as we entered other homes in our missionary field for the purpose of delivering our gospel message.

We held a small meeting in a little village called Glædeby. Just as we had closed the meeting the parish priest entered and without any greeting or telling us who he was, he forthwith called us liars, deceivers, and disturbers of the peace, and he also proceeded to scold those of his congregation who were present and who had dared to attend a "Mormon" meeting. Feeling insulted by his wicked and uncalled for attacks, I demanded of him to prove his statements, which, of course, he could not do. I then explained to him that I came from a country where a man who dared to call another man a liar must be prepared to prove his accusation, or the consequences might be serious. I squared up to him with clenched fists, the spirit of my cowboy-life asserting itself, ready to strike him. Thanks to better judgment, however, I controlled myself, but I must have looked daggers. I told him boldly that we were the servants of God and that unless he repented he would sooner or later suf-

fer for what he had said. This was the first time on my mission that I was called a liar, and I will acknowledge that my blood boiled within me and my heart beat unusually fast during the whole affair. My companion, who was a somewhat experienced missionary, assured me that such a reception might be expected at any time.

After spending a day with Bro. Lars Myrup, a member of the Church, whose hospitality and kindness I enjoyed on many occasions afterwards, we continued our journey to Thisted, the only city on Thyland. After visiting a few scattered saints in that locality, we finally landed on Jegindø, where we were made welcome at the home of Bro. Christian Olsen. Thence crossing an arm of the Limfjord we visited a few saints on Mors, Hannes and Hanherred, and returned to Aalborg. On this three-week tour we had traveled 275 miles on foot.

My next trip out from Aalborg was a tour through the so-called Himmerland, where I visited a number of families in which the wives were members of the Church but the husbands not. My special object was to court the friendship and good-will of the husbands, and in this I was eminently successful in most instances. By conversing freely about America, Utah, the Indians, the mountains and other matters, I impressed the unconverted husbands to such an extent that I became their friend and on subsequent visits I was made welcome to their hospitality and good will.

During the remainder of the year 1873 I continued my labors as a traveling Elder, some of the time in company with the presidents of the three branches of the conferences. We held many meetings and the Lord enabled me to speak freely and bear faithful testimonies to the restoration of the gospel. Besides visiting and encouraging the scattered saints I spent as much time as possible among strangers and rejoiced in the fruits of my labors, as I baptized a number of my own converts.

Up to this time only a very little tracting from house to house had been done in the conference by the Elders from Zion, the local missionaries having usually attended to that, but I soon found myself assisting them in their house to house visits in the country districts, and as I had sojourned in America and other foreign countries I had the advantage over the locals, I disposed of pamphlets in nearly every house I visited and received numerous invitations to call again. Often I spent half the night conversing with people at the places where I had secured lodging, and I can only remember two or three occasions during my whole mission when I had to pay for lodging, while doing missionary work among the peasantry in Denmark. In August, 1873, I assisted in getting another company of saints off for America, and when visiting among my relatives in Vendsyssel I obtained important genealogical information pertaining to my ancestry. In September, 1873, I visited the island of Læsø, where my father, in 1859, had raised up a branch of the Church. Bro. Chr. R. Nielsen (later prominent in the affairs of the Church at Mayfield, Utah) was my companion, and while walking with him toward the seaport town of Frederikshavn I joked with him as to the probability of his getting seasick on our contemplated voyage to Læsø, but that I, who had crossed the Atlantic Ocean twice without suffering real seasickness, would most likely not be affected. It happened to be a stormy day, when we boarded a small sailing vessel for Læsø, and the waves of the Cattegat rolled high and fiercely, and that which I expected happened. My companion commenced at once to contribute of his dinner to the fishes; but the amusing part of it was that a few minutes later I was just as sick as my companion, and I will here remark that I never afterwards on my numerous voyages have suffered more severely from seasickness than I did on that occasion when sailing about 16 English miles from Frederikshavn to Læsø.

Since that time I have not claimed to be immune as to seasickness, though I have not suffered as much as many others.

On Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1873, I held a meeting at Trye, near my birthplace. For sometime I had contemplated holding a meeting there, but had held back until I should gain experience in public speaking, as I desired to make a good impression on my old neighbors. In this desire there was nothing particularly wrong, but when I approached the task with confidence in myself that I would be equal to the occasion, and show some of those who had ridiculed my family and me because we had joined the "Mormons" how I had grown and had become a great speaker. In this I reckoned without my host, or rather without the assistance of the Lord. To be brief I must acknowledge that my effort on that occasion as a speaker was a perfect failure. I seemed to be tongue-tied, and what I did say did not seem to impress the people. When the meeting was dismissed, and I found an opportunity to be alone with my companion, I had to give way to my feelings and disappointment. I think I wept as bitterly as ever did Peter of old when he had thrice denied the Savior. I shall never forget that occasion. Thank the Lord, that I learned my lesson early in my missionary experience, and never since have I had occasion to suffer such a complete humiliation. I learned that a servant of God in his own strength is weak indeed, but that in the strength of God and by the aid of the Holy Spirit an Elder can accomplish anything that the Lord wants him to do in righteousness.

At a conference held at Aalborg, Oct. 25 and 26, 1873, ten young men, all unmarried, were called to labor as missionaries during the coming winter months. Being inexperienced youths taken from different avocations in life, they needed instruction and encouragement from the Elders from Zion, and most of them proved themselves good missionaries. With these young men to help, in connection with the branch

presidents, I was busy the following winter holding cottage meetings in the country districts, and on several occasions we held such meetings successively every evening during the week, besides meeting with the saints usually on Sundays. As a rule a rich outpouring of the Holy Spirit was manifested in these gatherings.

In my travels I met opposition repeatedly from the so-called Grundtvig faction and also the "Indre Mission" organizations who took the stand that a man could not by good works contribute anything towards his soul's salvation, but that the atoning blood of Christ did it all, and that faith and not works brought about salvation, notwithstanding the fact that the Bible states plainly that "faith without works is dead." I also met a number of Lutheran priests of the old school who generally tried to belittle us by referring to their college and university education and our lack of that kind of scholastic training. But the truths and the scriptural passages which we produced generally confused our opponents. I spent my first Christmas as a missionary with a small group of saints in Vesterskov, Vendsyssel.

CHAPTER 9

(1874)

Labor as a Traveling Elder in the Aalborg Conference—Opposed by the Lutheran Clergy—Visit to Copenhagen.

During the year 1874 I continued my missionary labors in the Aalborg Conference with unabated zeal. I spent the first day of the year with the saints in Aalborg, attending a meeting in the afternoon and an enjoyable social in the branch hall in the evening. On January 2, 1874, I wrote a letter to Pres. C. G. Larsen, which was published in "Skandinaviens Stjerne", volume 23, No. 9. This was my first attempt to write for the press. During my travels I was frequently called upon to administer to the sick, and I witnessed several remarkable cases of healing by

the Elders, including myself. I discovered that I was endowed with the gift of healing when I cultivated that gift in connection with prayer and faith. I frequently found myself confronted with Baptists who were hostile because so many of their members in past years had left the Baptists and joined the "Mormons". On April 1, 1874, I wrote a letter to Bishop John Brown of Pleasant Grove, of which the following is an abstract:

"I am enjoying my mission very much and have excellent health. It has been my privilege to travel almost continuously since I arrived in this land. The climate, although very different to that of our mountain country, has had a salutary effect on me, much more so than in the case of some other Elders who have labored in the lands of the north. During the past winter we have held a great number of meetings in private houses; in fact we have meetings nearly every night, and we have succeeded in many places in creating a general interest regarding our religion. In several localities where we have held meetings during the winter, people have expressed the opinion that they thought "Mormonism" was dead, as they had heard nothing of it for many years.

My field of labor comprises the northern part of the kingdom of Denmark, where the prevailing religion is the Lutheran, which is the dominant church of the country. There are also a number of Baptists, Methodists, Quakers and Catholics. While these different sects contend with one another on many points, they are all united in opposing us. Frequently our meetings are visited by Lutheran priests and theological students who take special delight in opposing us, and in some instances cause disturbances. Most of these are young priests and students, as the older ones have rubbed up against "Mormon" Elders in the past and have frequently come out second best in their arguments with our missionaries. These young prospective clergymen in opposing us generally get

an experience which they do not soon forget, and many of them do not desire to meet us a second time. Suffice it to say, that we are meeting with the same difficulties in our missionary labors here that our Elders meet with in other lands, but I am thankful to the Lord that I was counted worthy by my brethren to go on a mission. I am endeavoring to do my duty and appreciate the principles of the gospel more than I ever did before in my life. I am laboring as a traveling Elder in the Aalborg Conference, Denmark, which consists of three branches with a membership of about 600. I am dividing my time between the three branches and generally travel in company with the several branch presidents and local brethren. During the past winter we have had eleven young men assisting us in our labors, and their special duty is to sell books and tracts and invite people to our meetings. Most of the people were poor, and if our more well-to-do saints in Utah could have seen how their poverty-stricken co-religionists here had to struggle for daily bread, they would make an effort to liberate at least a few from their bondage and help them to gather to Zion."

In June, 1874, Conference President Peter C. Christensen was succeeded by Christopher S. Winge, a Norwegian Elder, who two months later was succeeded by Peter O. Hansen, who was filling a second mission to Scandinavia. He was one of the four Elders who introduced the restored gospel into Denmark in 1850. I was continued as traveling Elder in the Aalborg Conference. In June, 1874, 120 saints sailed from Aalborg, emigrating to Zion.

In July, 1874, accompanied by a local Elder, I visited the island of Mors, on which occasion I encountered some rather unexpected opposition. The following account of said experience, written in story form, may prove interesting reading.

Mors is the name of the largest island in Limfjorden, or (substituting the English article "the" for the Dan-

ish "en") the Limfjord, in the province of Jutland, Denmark. It has an area of about 150 square miles and 20,000 inhabitants. The surface of the island is an undulating prairie, the highest point being only 282 feet above sea level. The soil is very productive, and the inhabitants consist chiefly of a thrifty, economizing community of farmers, who are somewhat exclusive in their habits and also quite superstitious and behind the times, like dwellers on islands very often are.

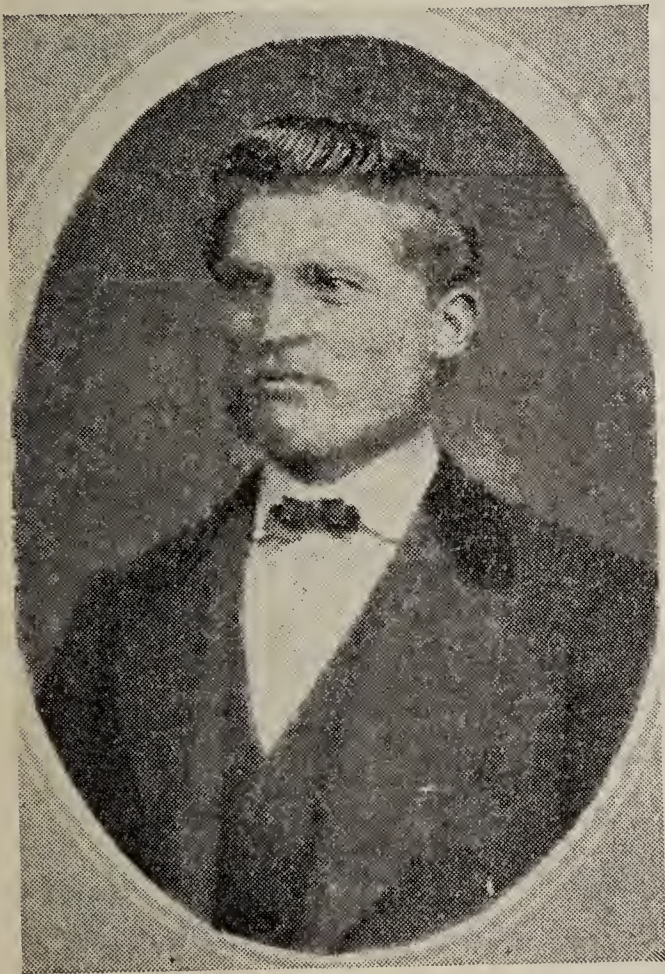
It was on the 3rd day of July, 1874, that the little steamship "Ørnen," in making one of its regular trips from Aalborg to the several small cities and landing places on the Limfjord, was passing over the placid waters of "Liv Bredning." Among the passengers on the occasion, consisting of two or three merchants, a number of cattle dealers and several representatives of the common peasantry of the country, was a rather tall but slender young man, with light hair and moustache and dressed in a light suit. His only traveling equipment consisted of a small hand satchel and an umbrella. He got on the steamboat at Løgstør but had so far on the voyage only exchanged a few words with his fellow-passengers, who noticed that he was dividing his time between gazing at the beautiful landscapes, which were passed, and reading from a small book which he had taken from his pocket. His general appearance and personal bearing gave occasion to some discussion in an undertone among the other travelers. Who could he be, and what was his profession? He was dressed like one of the gentry, but did not seem to put on the airs or have the bearing of such. He was too reserved in his manners to be a business man or a merchant's agent; he might pass for a clergyman or a school teacher, but he appeared to be too young for that. Perhaps he was a student from Ranum going home for vacation.

Curious to know something definite about the stranger, a stoutly built cattle dealer, wearing a fur cap and

dressed in a rather long and heavy overcoat for a summer day, stepped up to where the young man stood leaning over the railing of the boat, looking intently forward, as if he was highly interested in the beautiful island ahead, the shores of which were now so near that small objects on the beach could plainly be seen.

"Pardon me, Sir, for interrupting you," said the cattle dealer, addressing himself to the young man, "you seem to be interested in the landscape before you. May I ask, if you are a resident of Mors."

"No, Sir," was the reply; "I am quite a stranger in these parts."



ANDREW JENSON IN 1874

"Ah, I see," said the talkative man of cattle, who was a citizen of Mors, "you are perhaps the new kapellan (assistant clergyman or preacher) whom the good people of Nykjøbing have been anxiously waiting for so long. He was to arrive to-day, I believe."

At hearing this the young man looked at his interrogant with a mischievous smile, saying, "I am a preacher, but I fear I am not the one the good

people of Nykjøbing have been looking for."

The cattle dealer, apparently desirous of guessing the profession of the stranger, instead of waiting until he was told, continued, "Oh, I should judge, then, that you belong to 'Indre Missionen' (the inland mission). Quite a number of preachers belonging to that order have visited the island before, and they generally draw full houses. If you are one of them, I think you will have good success there."

"I don't doubt you for a moment," replied the stranger; "the preachers of 'Indre Missionen' are quite popular with the people, but I don't belong to that class; I am a missionary representing the Latter-day Saints, commonly called 'Mormons.' "

"A Mormon," hastily repeated the cattle man, "and going to Mors to preach your doctrines?"

"That is my destination."

"And do you know," continued the man, squaring himself for a long talk, "that the inhabitants of Mors are very hostile to the Mormons and that they have driven their missionaries from the island several times in past years. Why, on one occasion some fishermen on the south side forced a Mormon preacher into a boat on a cold and stormy winter night, pretending that they would take him over to the main land but instead of doing this, they only took him part of the way across, when they put him off into four feet of water and compelled him to wade several hundred yards to the opposite shore. Poor fellow; he was nearly frozen to death when he reached the beach, and then he had to walk a long distance before he could find shelter of any kind. But this was not the last. That same Mormon man actually returned to the island some time afterwards and began his preaching anew; whereupon the people, more exasperated than ever, seized him a second time, and, after giving him a severe flogging, tied him behind a boat and rowed him in that position over to a small uninhabited island, or rather a

sandbar, in the fjord between Mors and Thyholm, where they left him to his fate. But instead of finding his dead body there the next morning, he appeared to have escaped in some shape or form; nobody knew how, except he should have found the only fording place to the main land, which would be extremely difficult for a stranger to do, the ford being known only to the fishermen in the immediate neighborhood. It was said by some at the time that after finding himself alone on an uninhabited island, he prayed to God, who sent an angel to carry him across to the main land. Others would have that he, like Jesus, walked over dry shod on the surface of the water, but this was of course only gossip started by some foolish person with a view to ridicule the Mormons. At any rate this summary treatment of that man apparently made Mors distasteful to the Mormons, and we have heard but very little of them now for many years. We began to think that they had all left the country. Now, personally I have nothing against the Mormons, as I am not a believer in any religion, but I would advise you, young man, as a friend, not to attempt any preaching on Mors, for if you do the people will surely be offended and do violence to you."

While relieving himself of this little speech in a kind of good-natured manner, nearly all the other passengers had crowded around, eagerly listening to what was said, and now appeared curious as to what the missionary would say in reply.

"I have heard of this brutal treatment of one of our missionaries before," commenced the Elder, "though the details were narrated a little different; but I had hoped that the people of Mors by this time felt thoroughly ashamed of such acts of barbarism, and that they had learned long ago that the weapons of reason and sound argument are far more becoming a Christian community, and more effectual, than mob rule and personal violence. I thank you for your advice,

which I don't doubt is well meant, but I can assure you that I have no fear so far as my own personal safety is concerned. I am commissioned by the highest authority under heaven to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and I mean to do it even on Mors. I have the truth to declare to the people, and would be under condemnation if I did not do my duty."

The conversation now became general, other passengers asking questions in relation to the "Mormons," and the success they met with in Denmark at the present time, which were all promptly answered by the young missionary. And when they learned that he had been in Utah and had returned from there to preach, they became much interested, so that he was kept busy answering their questions about Utah and the "Mormons," and explaining the principles of the Gospel, until the little steamer reached the harbor of Nykjøbing, the only city of Mors. When parting with his fellow-travelers it was plainly seen that he had gained friends, as he received several invitations to make calls.

The young missionary had left his home in Utah the year previous, and upon his arrival at Copenhagen, the headquarters of the Scandinavian Mission, he was assigned to the Aalborg Conference, where he now labored as a traveling Elder. His field of operation was quite extensive, embracing as it did the whole of the conference, consisting of all that portion of Jutland lying north of the Limfjord, and also a large district of country on the south side. The conference consisted of three large branches, and the young traveling Elder was dividing his time between the three, laboring in turn with the local brethren. It was his first mission, and the experience he was gaining was entirely new to him. When he first arrived in the mission he felt himself quite incompetent to the task assigned him, for he had had but little opportunity to qualify himself for the missionary field previous to leaving his home in Utah; but after his arrival

in Denmark he set to work with a will, learning anew the language of his native country, and posting himself on doctrinal points from the Scriptures; and now, with one year's missionary experience, he had, through the blessings of the Lord, made considerable progress, and was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his holy calling. Thus he felt anxious that the people in every part of his extensive field of labor should have the opportunity of hearing the sound of the everlasting Gospel; but the western part of the conference, embracing Thyland and Mors, was dreaded by nearly all the Elders, because of the unkindness and unhospitality of the people and their well known hatred to the "Mormons." Consequently, that section of country had but seldom been visited by the missionaries of late years, and this was particularly the case with Mors. The young Utah Elder, however, was determined to give the island a trial.

On the Nykjøbing wharf he was met by a local Elder by the name of Christensen, who had been sent there a few days ahead with instructions to try for openings to hold meetings. The report he gave of his labors was not encouraging. He had tried in vain in a number of parishes for houses to preach in, but the people apparently had no desire to let the peace and tranquility of their little island be disturbed by the presence of "Mormon" Elders.

Elder Christensen had, however, succeeded in getting permission to hold one meeting in a humble habitation in the little village of Eierslev the following Sabbath, with the understanding that the preacher would be a Utah Elder, whom the man of the house felt curious to see, since he himself had a son who had embraced "Mormonism" and gone to Utah.

It was on a Friday evening that the two missionaries met on the Nykjøbing wharf, and instead of putting up in the little city, they struck out in the country at once. Night found them in the village of Jørsby, ten miles

to the north, where they found friends who kept them over night.

Early the next morning the house, in which they had slept, was approached by a crowd of fishermen hailing from the west coast of Jutland. They had been out on the fjord fishing, but a storm had compelled them to seek shelter for a day or so in the village, which was situated on the east coast of the island. These men were known to be a rough set, and when the owner of the house where the missionaries stopped saw them approaching, in their long water-tight boots, their short jackets and heads covered with huge fishermen's storm caps, he felt alarmed, fearing that they came for the purpose of illtreating his guests; and so expressed himself to them, but the young Utah Elder told him not to fear, as nobody would get hurt.

A loud rap on the door, a response of "vær saa god" (please step in), and in filed a dozen or more strong, weather-beaten sailors, who immediately introduced themselves in their own peculiar way, by saying that they had come out of pure curiosity to see the man from Utah, whom they had been informed stopped at the house.

"Then I am perhaps the man you look for," said the young Elder, as he rose from the table and shook hands with them all. "I shall be pleased to answer any proper question you may wish to put to me concerning Utah and her people."

It must here be borne in mind that common rumor in Denmark at that time had it as positive facts, that the people in Utah were living in a state of abject slavery under the "Mormon" Priesthood, and the most ridiculous stories were told. Thus it was a common saying among the peasantry that the women in Utah were used for pulling the plow, instead of horses or oxen; also that old women, when they became too old to work, were sold at public auction to the highest bidder, and in some instances they had been disposed of for as little as a bushel of potatoes. Another story—and this was believed

in even by some intelligent people—was to the effect, that no one in Utah was permitted to send letters to their friends in the countries from whence they had come, until such had been read and passed upon by the “Mormon” dignitaries; and if anybody attempted to give an unfavorable account of the affairs of “Mormondom,” they would be severely punished, and in some instances be put to death. But worst of all this, that no one was ever permitted to leave the valleys of the Great Salt Lake alive after once getting there.

With this explanation our readers will no longer think it so strange that these simple-minded sailors should feel curious to see a man who had actually been in Utah and had returned from there; nor must we imagine that the inhabitants of Denmark are more given to believing ridiculous stories about the “Mormons” than people in any other country, for we find equally as absurd stories circulated and believed in by many within the confines of the United States.

We will not attempt to give even a synopsis of the lengthy conversation which took place between that crowd of curious fishermen and the young Utah Elder. Suffice it to say that he gave them a brief outline of the history and doctrines of the Latter-day Saints, explained their present social and political standing, and described the mountains and valleys of the country where the Saints dwell. And when he told them that Utah embraced within its boundaries an area seven times more extensive than that of the whole of Denmark proper, they seemed to be greatly astonished, as they had imagined that all the “Mormons” lived together in one little town. This reminds us of a short article which appeared as an item of news in a Danish paper several years ago, when the mining town of Alta, in Little Cottonwood Canyon, was burned. The paper referred to stated that the “Mormon” town Utah had been totally destroyed

by fire, and the “Mormons” thus made homeless.

The fishermen apparently enjoyed the conversation very much, and realized that they were listening to the truth.

“Then it is not true” at last ventured one of the youngest in the crowd, “that a man can not write what he pleases from the Mormon country? A lady cousin of mine emigrated to Utah, several years ago, and she has since written several letters to her friends here, giving a very favorable account of the affairs there. In fact her letters agree very well with what you have told us this morning, but we all feared that she was not free to write what she desired.”

“Neither is it true then,” rejoined another, “that women in the Mormon land pull the plow. Why, an old sailor of my acquaintance, who had been around the world, told me and others, that on one of his trips he happened to sail so near by the Mormon colony that he actually could see women harnessed up tugging away at the plow.”

“In that case your friend must have had extraordinarily good eyes,” said the missionary with a smile, “as Salt Lake City is about eight hundred miles from the nearest seaport town on the Pacific, with several ranges of very lofty mountains intervening.”

A hearty laugh, in which all present freely participated, showed that the answer was appreciated.

The interview ended with the best of feelings, and the visitors, in taking leave, expressed their gratification over what they had heard. Some of them also promised that they would attend the meeting on the morrow.

Sunday came. The time appointed for the meeting was 2:00 o’clock in the afternoon. A few minutes before that hour the two missionaries were seen wending their way up the hill from the south. The open space around the dwelling where the meeting was to be held was already filled with people, which was something unusual on such occasions, as those who condescended

to attend "Mormon" meetings generally came late; but the cause soon became obvious. As the missionaries approached the house, they caught sight of two well dressed personages, with silk hats, standing in the midst of the peasantry conversing in a semi-jocular and serious tone. At first sight the missionaries were satisfied that here was a representation of the Lutheran clergy and that opposition was intended, for that class never puts in an appearance at a "Mormon" meeting except for that purpose.

The facts in the case were that as soon as it was noised about that a "Mormon" meeting would be held in Eierslev, the parish priest, who was a young man recently appointed to his position, concluded to meet the intruders himself and strike an effective blow at "Mormonism," and thus at the onset arrest its further progress in his parish. With his learning he felt confident that this would be an easy task for him, as all "Mormon" missionaries were supposed to be illiterate and uneducated. So confident was he of victory, that he had caused the people of his parish to be invited, that they might witness the defeat, and all be convinced at once that "Mormonism" was a delusion and a batch of falsehoods. He was one of these young Lutheran priests who had never attended a "Mormon" meeting before and in fact knew nothing of their doctrines, nor the strength of their Bible arguments. The young Mors priest, accompanied by the village school master, proceeded to the place appointed for meeting, and was there, surrounded by the curious populace, when the missionaries arrived.

Lifting their hats politely to the crowd the two Elders entered the lowly cottage, and took their seats at the end of the table furthest away from the door. They were soon followed by the crowd from the outside, and as many as could be accommodated squatted down on the benches and chairs which had been provided, while the rest re-

mained in the door and hallway standing.

At the appointed hour the meeting was commenced by singing and prayer. A few remarks were then made by Elder Christensen, who, however, felt somewhat timid in the presence of the priest and the schoolmaster and so large a crowd of people. The young missionary from Utah arose and spoke over an hour on the first principles of the Gospel, proving his position by numerous citations from the Bible. He also proved the apostacy of the original Church, as predicted by the Apostle Paul and others, and then referred to the angel which John the Revelator saw flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach, after which he bore a faithful testimony to the restoration of that Gospel, through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

While the first part of his discourse was being delivered, the priest, who sat opposite the table facing the speaker, appeared very uneasy, and was continually gnawing away at the head of his walking cane; occasionally he also jotted down a few items on a piece of paper which he took from his pocket book. But as soon as the name of Joseph Smith was mentioned, he could contain himself no longer. Rising suddenly from his seat, he interrupted the speaker by saying that he wanted to offer explanations; but the Elder promptly checked him, requesting him to keep quiet until the meeting was closed, then it would be his privilege to ask any question he might desire.

"Well, how much longer do you intend to continue," stammered the priest. "You have already spoken too long, and it is getting late."

"I will soon get through, if you keep quiet," said the missionary. The priest reluctantly sat down while the Elder bore testimony to the organization of the true Church in the last days with Prophets, Apostles and other officers, like the ancient Christian Church, and also declared that the gifts and bless-

ings of the Gospel, which followed the faithful anciently, were enjoyed by those who yielded obedience to the same principles of truth at the present time. He then closed with an earnest appeal to all present to further investigate the doctrines that had been explained, and pray to God for wisdom and understanding, that they might know for themselves whether they had listened to the truth or not.

As soon as the word "Amen" was uttered, the priest, now being in a perfect rage, jumped up and demanded the floor.

"Not yet," said the missionary, "we wish to close our meeting with a hymn and a short prayer."

"I will wait no longer," cried out the priest, "it is getting late and I must speak to these people before they disperse." Then, turning his face toward the audience, he commenced.

"This young man," said he, "has occupied nearly two hours (only one hour) and—"

"We insist upon order being kept until we have closed our meeting properly," interrupted the young Elder in tones that could be distinctly heard by all present. "We have the permission of the owner of this house to hold a meeting here, and this gentleman has no right to disturb us until we are through. If he is really a gentleman he will respect our rights. We insist upon his sitting down, and that he cease speaking until we have closed our meeting."

But he would not; his temper had got the best of him, and he continued to talk in a most insulting and defiant manner.

As quick as possible the missionaries gave out a hymn and having pretty strong voices commenced singing, a few of the congregation joining. This compelled the pastor to cease his harangue, but he did not sit down. No sooner had the last lines of the hymn been sung than the Elder with a few appropriate words hurriedly closed the meeting by prayer.

The priest by this time had become

thoroughly exasperated. He felt his dignity insulted, not having succeeded so well as he had expected; for the meeting had been terminated properly, and would have been orderly throughout, except for his interruption. He now began a tirade of abuse, calling Joseph Smith a liar and impostor and his followers dupes, ignoramuses, rascals, etc. This was more than the young Utah Elder could stand. "I demand of the pastor," he said, "to prove his assertions. He has no right to vilify and ridicule anyone in this manner. He must bring proofs, or his accusations are not entitled to belief."

"Stop interrupting me," cried out the priest, "you have had your say, I have the floor now, and I will be heard."

"But you should confine yourself to doctrinal points," continued the Elder. "To attack Joseph Smith, whom you know nothing about, except through hearsay, is not becoming a gentleman. Attack the principles we have advanced, disprove them by Bible arguments, and give the people an opportunity to judge between us."

"I want you to understand," said the priest, stamping his foot violently on the floor, "that it is not your prerogative to dictate to me what I shall say. This is my parish and I have a right to speak to the people as I please."

He then continued his vile abuse in a most scandalous manner, until at last the young Elder stepped up to where the priest stood, and, tapping the vilifier gently on the shoulder, again requested him to confine himself to doctrinal points, and cease abusing Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and others whose characters he was not acquainted with.

This made the priest turn right upon the Elder. Says he: "Here is a man who professes to be a preacher of the Gospel, and he has not even got a grammatical knowledge of the Danish language. He says that he and his people believe in the Bible. We Lutherans believe the Bible but believe in God, not in a book, like he says he does. Of course we know what he

means, but he ought to speak correctly, when he puts himself up as a public teacher. Now I propose that we take up a collection for him right here and send him to school, that he may at least get a common school education."

This personal insult aroused the indignation of the village blacksmith, a dark complexioned and muscular man, who occupied a seat on the inside of the table near the missionaries. This man was somewhat inclined to infidelity, and consequently did not look up to the parson with the same degree of reverence as most of the others who were present, but he seemed to be a fair and just-minded man; and when the priest was dealing out his personal abuse, this man arose in all his dignity, brought his fist down upon the table with great force and said with emphasis: "This is going too far Mr. Pastor. I want to see fair play. This personal insult to Mr. is uncalled for. He is not an ignorant person. He excels as a speaker and I would rather listen to him than to the pastor. His sermon has made a deep impression upon my mind and I will not sit still and see him abused in this manner."

This unexpected stand on the part of the brawny blacksmith put a new feature on the whole situation. The people became uneasy and began to move about in the room, for they all knew the blacksmith to be a brave, determined man, who on many previous occasions had expressed his dislike to the clergy, whom he stigmatized as impostors, who were getting a fat living for doing no good.

The pastor, who had been in the parish only a short time, knew perhaps less of the blacksmith than the village people, or he would not have attempted to ridicule him as he did. But he soon learned that he was attacking the wrong man, and that his own personal safety depended upon getting out of the room as soon as convenient. Consequently, he soon brawled out: "All you who are not 'Mormons,' follow me." He then made for the door, followed

by nearly the entire congregation, for although a number of those who were present were friendly disposed to the missionaries, they would not submit themselves to be classed as "Mormons." A few, however, including the blacksmith, remained, who now came forward and shook hands with the Elders, congratulating them on their success and expressing their disapproval of the parson's demeanor. The blacksmith assured the missionaries that he was their friend and would go and hear them again if they should hold another meeting in the neighborhood. There was some hooting and yelling on the outside, and some talk of dipping and whipping, but the crowd soon dispersed; the parson and school master, looking quite sober and crestfallen, were seen walking off together toward the parson farm. The attempt to annihilate "Mormonism" had proved an absolute failure.

One year passes away. Two men are engaged in an animated conversation in front of the village blacksmith shop. In the tall dark-complexioned person, standing with a pair of heavy pincers in one hand and a hammer in the other, we easily recognize the features of the man who defended the Elders at the meeting the year previous; but the other is a stranger to us, although he also attended the same meeting, and is a resident of a neighboring village.

"How is Pastor Jensen now?" asked the blacksmith.

"He is getting worse all the time," was the reply. "Ever since he became so excited in that Mormon meeting a year ago, he has been unable to attend to his duties in the pulpit. In fact he has never preached a single sermon since. At times he seems to be fairly out of his mind, and his sleep at night is very much disturbed. On several occasions, while lying in a kind of stupor, he has been heard to cry out 'Mormon, Mormon,' while his facial features would indicate severe mental suffering. He is now speaking of going to Copen-

hagen with a view to getting relief.”

“My friend,” said the blacksmith, “I tell you what I have been thinking about. You know that I am somewhat skeptical in my views, but I do not deny the existence of a God in some shape or form. Now, you remember that Mr. (meaning the Elder), in speaking at that famous meeting a year ago, declared that the gifts and blessings of the ancient Gospel had been restored, and that the Mormons had power to lay hands upon the sick and bless them, and so on. Now, I do not say that they have that power, but I tell you what I believe. If Mr. had power to lay hands on people to bless them, he could also employ that same power to curse; and did you notice, when the priest was railing so terribly against Joseph Smith and the Mormons, that Mr. stepped up and tapped him on the shoulder. Now, I would just as soon believe that that young Mormon Elder cursed the priest on that occasion, as I would believe anything else, and that this is the cause of Pastor Jensen’s ailment.”

“That is indeed a new idea to me,” responded the other man. “I never thought of such a thing before. Why, Pastor Jensen himself actually dates his sickness back to that very time, and says that he got so excited on the occasion of that Mormon meeting that he has never thoroughly got over it.”

The rest is soon told. Pastor Jensen went to Copenhagen for the benefit of his health, but found no relief, until death put an end to his sufferings, about two years after his adventure with the Mormon Elders.

It should, however, be understood that the young Utah Elder did not curse the priest, the Elders of Israel are supposed to use their Priesthood for blessing their fellow-men and never for bringing evil upon them. But we find the following recorded as a kind of soliloquy in the young Elder’s journal, after he has given a brief account of the meeting mentioned: “How long shall these priests of Babel be permitted to keep the people in dark-

ness and ignorance and close the door of the kingdom of Heaven for even the honest in heart. I could feel to say: The Lord punish them for their great evils, and may their hypocrisy and dishonesty soon be revealed.”

We will conclude by saying that a number of people were baptized into the true Church on Mors, and the prospects were that more would join in the near future.

In October, 1874, another conference was held in Aalborg, at which well attended sessions were held and eleven local brethren were called into the missionary field like those called the year before. These missionaries, together with Pres. Peter O. Hansen, myself and the three branch presidents, Christen R. Nielsen, Carl C. Andersen and Fred Y. Jensen, constituted a missionary corps of sixteen men who were designed to spend all their time in the missionary field during the winter of 1874-1875. The principal speakers at this conference were Pres. C. G. Larsen, Peter C. Geertsen from the Aarhus Conference, Peter O. Hansen and myself.

By invitation from Pres. Larsen I visited Copenhagen in October, 1874, and spent several days sightseeing in the beautiful capital of Denmark. On Oct. 31st and Nov. 1st, 1874, I attended a conference at Copenhagen, at which I was one of the speakers. Soon after that visit I made another trip to the island of Læsø, where I held several meetings and visited among the people. During the winter of 1874-1875 I preached in a great number of cottage meetings held in the homes of saints and investigators.

On Dec. 2nd I, assisted by local missionaries, held a meeting in Skjeltved, near Frederikshavn. Arriving at the place of meeting in the evening, we found a great crowd of people already gathered with their priest as a centre figure and also the parish magistrate, with whom I had discussed a short time before. At that time we appointed a meeting at Skjeltved on the evening mentioned which had reached the ears

of the priest whose residence was only a mile or two distant. It had been circulated far and wide that the priest would be on hand to oppose us; hence the people came prepared to hear what they expected would be a great battle between the priest and the "Mormons." About 150 persons filled the room, while others, unable to gain admittance had to remain in the cold outside, or in the passages. The house being so tightly packed and the ceiling of the house being low, the room soon became heated so that not only the people perspired freely but the roof also. We soon commenced our meeting and kept it up as usual about two hours. While a good gospel discourse was preached, the people preserved good order and listened with good attention, except a few who stood sheltered by the darkness in the passage. Some of these muttered a little, but did not disturb us to any great extent. After we had closed our meeting as usual with prayer, the priest arose and spoke about 20 minutes, the substance of his speech being the repetition of some lying reports about Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and our people as a whole, and as is generally the case with these priests, he did not endeavor to disprove our doctrines by Bible arguments, but introduced a number of his own personal ideas such as comparing us with Mohammedans and denying that we were Christians because we believed in new revelation. He also made some uncalled for remarks on polygamy and other things. While he spoke I noted down on paper the main points of his remarks and after he sat down I arose and repudiated many things he said. I spoke nearly half an hour referring particularly to new revelation, the Book of Mormon and polygamy and disproved what the priest had said on these points. I also took occasion to remark that the baptism of children was unscriptural and that the Lutheran confirmation was simply the edict of a king. After I was through the priest again took the stand, but said but little. And then we came to a closer argument

during which sharp and pointed remarks were made on both sides, but the matter ended to my satisfaction. I bore my testimony to the people that our doctrines were true and advised the priest to be careful as to how he treated the "Mormon" question, for perchance he would find out some day that in fighting it he had fought against God. During the discussion he said that the Baptists and other sects could be tolerated by him in many things, but it was different with the "Mormons" who were so unlike other Christian people. Answering him on this point I said I hoped the time would never come that we as a people would be like the so-called Christian sects of today and become corrupt as they are; for as long as the general verdict is that the "Mormons" are not like the so-called Christian people of the present age, it shows that they possess qualities and characteristics that may be superior. That we are persecuted and derided by other people and sects does not prove to sincere and sensible people that we are wrong, as the messengers of truth in all ages have been derided and persecuted.

The priest took his departure filled with anger and acted as if he was not at all pleased with the outcome of the discussion. During the whole affair the people remained quiet and attentive and left without any demonstration of enmity toward us, with the exception of the parish magistrate already mentioned. He indulged in abusive language, which I answered I believed in a deserving manner. It was nearly midnight when we arrived in Strandby, where we stayed overnight.

I have given the foregoing details as a sample of a number of similar discussions which I had with opponents during my first mission. Like most of our Elders, I do not court discussions, as they seldom result in any good, but I was forced into discussions on several occasions when I believed it my duty to defend our cause.

During the same month I held a meeting at Ranum, where there was a

normal school (seminarium) with about thirty students. Besides the Lutheran priest and a school teacher, five or six normal students were present. We had a good meeting, the spirit of testimony resting upon us so that we spoke freely of the gospel restored through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith. All present remained silent, and appeared interested, until the meeting was closed. Then the priest arose and began to oppose us in a bitter spirit. His points of attack were of the ordinary kind and the outcome the same as on other similar occasions. At this time we discussed for about one and a half hours upon baptism, the sacrament of the Lord's supper, Joseph Smith and the divinity of the Book of Mormon. I was satisfied with the result as the Lord gave his servants utterance, they being enabled to defend the cause and were not confounded. The debate ended thus, the priest predicting that in thirty years "Mormonism" would be no more, while I prophesied in the name of the Lord that "Mormonism," so called, was the gospel of Jesus Christ and would stand when all denominations of which he was defending one, would be dissolved. I advised him to beware of fighting against the truth and to have nothing to do with spreading lies as he had done that night. After the priest and the other learned men had left the house, we found a place in the village to spend the night.

My experience as a traveling Elder during the year taught me many lessons, which qualified me for my subsequent activities as a preacher of the gospel; and my testimony in regard to the Divine Mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith had grown stronger.

The close of the year 1874 found me spending Christmas week with the saints in Aalborg, after continuous traveling, preaching, discussions and cold weather, which I had experienced during the past three months. After a short rest in Aalborg, however, I was as strong as ever and able to continue my missionary labors.

CHAPTER 10

(1875)

Bitter Opposition Encountered—Saved from a Watery Grave—Farewell Tour in the Aalborg Conference—Crossing the Atlantic by Steamer and the American Continent by Rail—My Marriage—Our First Housekeeping—Elected President of the Y. M. M. I. A. in Pleasant Grove—Act as a Ward Teacher.

On Jan. 1, 1875, and the few following days I made new year calls on the saints at Aalborg. My conference president, Peter O. Hansen, wrote me a letter in which he approved my labors, but added, "I hope that you will not be too hard on yourself. You surely size up the condition of the people correctly, which proves to me and others that you are possessed of the spirit of the Lord. God bless you." I refer to this to show that my general reputation of being a hard worker commenced with my first mission.

Under date of Feb. 20, 1875, I journalized as follows: "I visited from house to house in the village of Jørsby and soon discovered that the people in that village were not our friends, but, with very few exceptions, real enemies. While inviting people to the meeting we had appointed I met a number of wicked and evil-designing people who apparently had in their minds to do me personal violence. Holding a meeting in the evening at the home of a Mr. Joseph, who lived near the sea coast, about forty people attended, mostly young persons, among whom was the village school teacher, and another man carrying with him an anti-Mormon book. During the meeting these two men interrupted me several times, but at last we succeeded in silencing them until we had, in the usual way, concluded our meeting with singing and prayer. Immediately after that the man with the anti-Mormon book began reading a number of the lies and anti-Mormon doctrines which such books generally contain, and after he had entertained the people in this manner for some time, the school teacher, who seemed to be a genuine adherent of the Gruntvig faction of the Lutheran church undertook to oppose us, filled with anger and evil in-

tent while crying deception and false prophets to the top of his voice. I requested him to prove from the Bible that the doctrines which the Latter-day Saints advocated were false, and for that purpose I handed him a copy of the New Testament that he might quote from the same. He snatched the book from my hand and threw it on the table, saying that it was a book suitable for heretics, which did not answer his purpose just then, but asserted that he knew "Mormonism" to be false because of the living word and the spirit of God which he had received when he was "sprinkled as a child." Oh what a miserable generation and what wretched teachers who are paid to teach their fellow-men abominable lies and instruct the young in false doctrines! When will this sad condition cease to exist? When will mankind tear the scales from their eyes and behold the condition of the world as it really is, and not as a great number of false teachers pretend. After discussing with the school teacher for some time, and after bearing my testimony to him that the true gospel of Christ had been restored to the earth, the man with the anti-Mormon literature again began reading. When I told him that I looked upon him as an instrument in the hands of the Devil to spread lies and fight against God he became ravingly mad and would perhaps have attacked me with his fists if the man of the house had not, in a most commanding way, ordered him to stop. Another man in the meeting threatened us with whipping; yet no evil was inflicted upon us. At length they left the house, still raving and cursing to the best of their ability. As they left they turned around and in a most insulting manner cried at the top of their voices: "You are liars, you are deceivers, you are false prophets and are going direct to hell." During the whole affair I felt entirely calm and satisfied and indeed glad to be counted worthy to be persecuted for the gospel's sake.

After those wicked people had de-

parted we found that we had friends among those who remained behind, and with them we conversed quietly and satisfactorily on gospel topics. It was 3:00 o'clock in the morning before we retired at the home of a family of saints living in the village. We almost looked for a mob to attack the house during the night, but nothing of the sort happened.

On Feb. 23, 1875, accompanied by Brother Peter E. Øhlenslæger I walked three miles to the southernmost point on the island of Mors and crossed an arm of the Limfjord on the ice to Jegindø. As we walked we found ourselves exposed to great danger as the ice which was thawing away fast was quite weak in many places, and scarcely strong enough to bear our weight, while at other points there was open water. I give credit to a Divine providence for our deliverance from a watery grave. From what we learned later of the depth of the water under the ice at that particular point we should certainly have perished, had the ice given way under us. As we were walking slowly across the ice we noticed a man following close at our heels, but all at once he disappeared from view, at which we wondered. But the next day we learned that a man carrying a string of fish had sunk through the ice and was drowned at the point where we had seen him. How thankful we felt that we had crossed in safety.

On our arrival in Jegindø we found Bro. Chr. Olsen, the only member of the Church on the island, with whom we stopped over night. The following day we held a meeting on the island. Leaving Jegindø on the 25th we crossed the narrow sound which separates the island from Thyholm. Here the ice was strong enough to bear us up with the exception of a narrow strip, about four feet wide, where the current was quite strong. As I carefully attempted to get over this strip the ice broke under my weight, and I sank into the water with one leg, but with a swift movement, and balancing myself with the other foot, I saved myself from

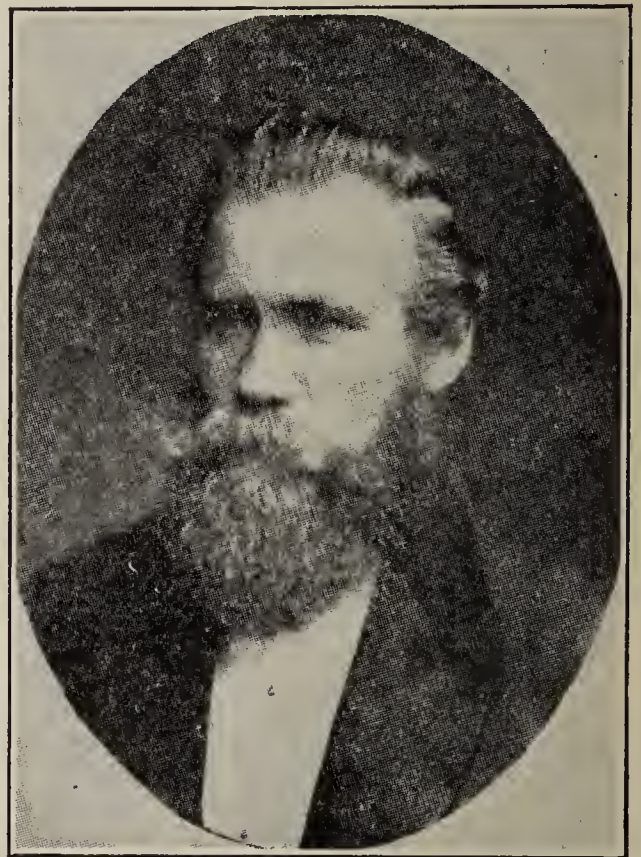
sinking into the water and hastened on to stronger ice. Bro. Øhlenslæger, who followed me, noticed my narrow escape, and being a heavier man than myself, dared not attempt to cross. Hence, we left him on the Jegindø side, while Bro. Olsen and I walked to the Thyholm shore, where we borrowed a couple of boards which we carried back and helped our brother across. The fjord at this place is very deep, and should we have broken through the ice, we could easily have lost our lives. When we reached the Thyland shore, we took leave of Bro. Olsen who returned to Jegindø, while we continued our tramp to Helligsø, where we found lodging for the night.

After spending several days visiting saints and doing missionary work on Thyland and Hannis, we returned to Aalborg on March 7th. After that I made another tour through Vendsyssel, visiting relatives and friends, and holding meetings, etc. After the spring conference held at Aalborg, May 8th and 9th, I made my last trip to Mors, Jegindø, Thyland, Hannes, and other places. The following letter which I received from my mission president filled my soul with thankfulness and satisfaction:

“Copenhagen, May 31, 1875.

Elder Andrew Jenson, Dear Brother: It gives me pleasure to apprise you of the fact that you are honorably released from your mission to Scandinavia, with permission to return home with the emigration which will leave Copenhagen on the 24th or 25th of June. I desire to express on this occasion my entire satisfaction with your labors and activities in every particular during the past two years in which you have labored in this mission as traveling Elder in the Aalborg conference. You have done a good work and have labored “all day long,” and the Lord has blessed you in your administration and in your efforts to preach the Gospel and bear testimony of the great Latter-day work, which God has commenced on the earth in these, our days. You have indeed exhibited great interest and love for your fellow-men by traveling incessantly from place to place, from town to town and from city to city, bringing light and truth (the glad tidings of the Gospel) to

those who sit in darkness and who know not God and His ways, but who nevertheless may be sincere and honest of heart. By this you have won many good and warm-hearted friends, who to-day rejoice in the privileges and blessings which have come to them because of their obedience to Heaven’s command. All this, together with the experience you have gained in your young days, as well as the peace of mind and happiness, which every true and faithful servant of the Lord who does his duty, feels, will be a joy and satisfaction, as well as great benefit to you in your future career through life. I have



PRESIDENT C. G. LARSEN

good reason to believe that should you remain longer in your present field of labor, you would continue to do a great and good work, but I feel that you have done all that the Lord and his servants require of you at this time, and you are therefore permitted to return to your home in the mountains. I thank you sincerely for all the good which you, with the assistance of the Almighty and your own diligence and faithfulness, have been able to do while you have been in this mission, and now ask the Lord to bless you and reward you richly for your labor and grant to you the righteous desires of your heart. You go home with my best feelings and blessing toward you and may the peace of God follow you continually hereafter is the sincere desire of your brother in the Gospel, C. G. LARSEN.”

After receiving this letter I spent the

next three weeks making farewell calls on saints and friends and delivering farewell addresses. How strange it is, so I contemplated, to take leave of those one loves and respects. None can understand this except those who have had the experience. My soul rejoiced in the Lord and I possessed the peace and satisfaction which the Gospel gives. The Lord had blessed me on this mission far above my expectation. He had strengthened my power to attain knowledge; he had blessed me with the spirit of my mission, with a love for the truth and a desire to do good unto all men. Possessed with these attributes, I had gained influence with the saints who loved me in a way consistent with what a true servant of God deserved, and in turn I loved them just as much, and I acknowledged that I often felt tender at heart when I clasped their hands in farewell and invoked the blessing of God upon them. Otherwise I felt happy and cheerful. By the help of the Lord I had walked in the path of virtue and chastity, and my conscience did not upbraid me because of having done anything on this mission that I regretted. I could leave my brethren and sisters with the prospect of being remembered for good when I was far away.

Before taking my departure from Denmark I spent several days at Aalborg assisting the emigrating saints with their baggage and financial affairs. Bro. Christian Olsen from Jegindø, who had some money, was asked to lend the poorer saints some of his means to emigrate with. This he was unwilling to do, unless I would become personally responsible to him for the money. By my promising to do so, Bro. Niels C. Nielsen, who with his family had lived at the conference house at Aalborg, a young girl by the name of Marie Nielsen and my cousin Johanne K. Jensen were enabled to emigrate on Bro. Olsen's money. I, however, learned quite a lesson in going security for other people, but Bro. Olsen did not lose his money.

Through the liberality of the saints

I was enabled to purchase a new suit of clothes to wear on my journey home and also to purchase a number of books which laid the foundation for a future private library. Among other valuable Church literature I had secured from the old members of the Church all the published volumes of "Skandinaviens Stjerne."

On June 28th I was busy collecting means from the emigrants with which to buy their tickets to Copenhagen and the following day I distributed these to the various parties. Furthermore I was entrusted with 800 rigsdaler from the emigrants to be exchanged for U. S. money which the emigrants needed to buy provisions for their journey through the United States. The fare for emigrants from Copenhagen to Utah this year was as follows:

From Copenhagen to Ogden, Utah, adults, 132 rigsdaler; children under 12 years of age, 66 rigsdaler; children under 5 and over one year, 25 rigsdaler; infants in arms, 5 rigsdaler.

We held a meeting in the hall in Aalborg Tuesday afternoon, June 22nd, in which we gave the emigrants timely instructions about the journey, and how to act prudently in order to escape danger and loss. On Wednesday, June 23rd, about ten a. m. an express man appeared and commenced to haul our baggage from the hall to the steamship and about 3:00 o'clock p. m. both emigrants and baggage were all on board the steamer "Dania", which sailed from Aalborg at 4:30 p. m. At our departure the wharf was crowded with people who had assembled to witness the departure of the "Mormons". Many of the saints were also there to say farewell to their co-religionists who were leaving their native land for Zion "far over the sea". As a rule joy and satisfaction were stamped upon the faces of the emigrants who rejoiced in the privilege of taking their departure for the gathering places of the saints, and yet it cannot be denied that considerable solemnity prevailed both among those who departed and those who were left behind. Now and then we noticed

tears trickling down the cheeks of many, while their eyes were fixed upon the countenances of their dear ones who stood upon the wharf waving their handkerchiefs and swinging their hats in farewell, as the steamer slowly left its moorings and went out into the fjord. We had previously trained some of our young people to sing, and as the ship left Aalborg they rendered the popular Utah song "Hvem drømte vel at Utah forstyrrer Verdens Ro", with great fervor, and with considerable effect upon the bystanders. I stood in the stern of the ship surrounded by some of the brethren and signalled with hat and handkerchief to our friends on the wharf as long as we could see them. Once out upon the fjord we began to pay attention to the emigrants and everything on board belonging to them. The weather was calm and beautiful and continued so during the night. About two hours after starting we reached the mouth of the fjord and were soon out on the broad expanse of the Kattegat. The company of saints who emigrated from the Aalborg Conference on that occasion numbered 91 souls.

The dawn of June 24th witnessed the good ship "Dania" cast anchor off Copenhagen and at 6:00 o'clock a. m. reached Kvæsthusbroen, Copenhagen, where the emigrants landed. After going ashore they had to remain on the street, unsheltered for some time, which was unpleasant, as the day was warm. During the day I was busy making up accounts for the emigrants and in other ways rendering them assistance. Johannes Olsen from Rakkeby gave me 150 rigsdaler towards emigrating the poor. This money I placed in the emigrating fund at Copenhagen where it remained until the next emigration when I let Bro. Jensen from Asaa emigrate for it.

The emigrants from the other conferences in the mission had already arrived in Copenhagen, and were lodged in two hired halls in the city. About the middle of the afternoon we began to gather under the various conference

presidents at Gammelholm. We hired an express man to haul our baggage, while the emigrants walked. At 10:00 o'clock p. m. the emigrants were safely on board the two steamers, which were to take the Scandinavian emigrants to England. Thus 383 emigrants from the Copenhagen, Christiania, and Skåne conferences went on board the steamship "Pacific" (Capt. Soulsby), while 275 from Aalborg, Aarhus, Stockholm and Göteborg conferences went on board the steamship "Cato", Capt. King. The day and evening had been beautiful, and without any accident or unpleasantness, both emigrants and baggage were brought on board. After thus having assisted the emigrating saints, we Elders from Zion returned to the mission office at Lortzensgade No. 14, where we partook of a wholesome evening meal. Twelve missionaries from Utah were present on that occasion, among whom was Nils C. Flygare, who succeeded Chr. G. Larsen as president of the Scandinavian Mission. We spent the night together without retiring.

The following excerpts from my private journal give a day by day account of the journey of this large emigrant company from Copenhagen to Salt Lake City:

"Fri., June 25, 1875. At daybreak we returned to the ships. Pres. Chr. G. Larsen and Elders John Frantsen, Lars S. Andersen and Nils Anderson went on board the steamer "Pacific", while Elder Peter C. Geertsen and I boarded the steamer "Cato". At 3:00 o'clock a. m. the two steamers slowly sailed out of the Copenhagen harbor. A few minutes later we were beyond the sight of our friends, who even at this early hour of the morning had come to witness our departure. After two hours sailing we passed Helsingør and Kronborg. The "Cato", the ship I was on, soon passed the "Pacific" and arrived in Hull, England, six hours earlier than the other ship. At 8:00 o'clock in the evening we passed Skagen and about 10:00 o'clock p. m. we enjoyed the last glimpse of Denmark. All the emigrants on board the "Cato" were made as comfortable as the place and circumstances would permit on ships which carry emigrants over the North Sea; they are nearly always crowded.

Elder Geertsen and I took our meals in the first class cabin and had a very pleasant state room placed at our service.

Sat., June 26. The weather was beautiful; all was life on board and no sea sickness.

Sun., June 27. A gentle wind arose, which grew stronger as the day advanced, in consequence of which the sea became somewhat turbulent. Some of the emigrants became sea-sick, but I heard no complaint. I rendered the sick all the assistance I possibly could, and by spending a part of my time with the emigrants in the hold of the vessel, I was unpleasantly affected by the movements of the vessel myself. Late in the evening the lighthouses on the east coast of England became visible and at 11:00 o'clock p. m. we reached the mouth of the river at Spurns, from which point the voyage became more pleasant as we sailed up the river Humber.

Mon., June 28. At 3:00 o'clock in the morning we came to anchor off the harbor at Hull. At 9:00 o'clock in the forenoon the steamer "Pacific" with the other emigrants on board anchored beside us in the river. We remained stationary until past noon, when anchors were weighed and both ships sailed up the canal where they moored and we all landed. At Hull we were received by Mr. G. Ramsden, from Liverpool, the agent of the "Guion" Steamship line. He was very obliging and kind to us and assisted us materially in the transportation of the baggage belonging to the emigrants from the harbor to the railway station. In order to reach the latter we had to walk quite a distance through the town, but at 3:00 o'clock p. m. we were all comfortably seated in the long railway train which carried 658 emigrants, besides six returning missionaries; our baggage went by the same special train. We rolled out of Hull at 3:30 p. m. and after a pleasant journey we reached Liverpool in the evening at 10:00 p. m. At the station at Liverpool we were met by Pres. Joseph F. Smith and Elder William B. Barton. Our baggage was taken at once by wagons to the ship, which was lying in the river Mersey about two miles from the station. This distance we all had to walk in the middle of the night, which was a hard task for quite a number of the emigrants, who had not understood the order given to send every article of baggage with the wagons and not carry it by hand. I walked to and fro to see that none were left

behind. We reached our destination without accident and at once went on board the steamer "Idaho" without having any particular berth or place designated. This caused a great deal of confusion among the emigrants who were not used to travel, yet everything passed off quite pleasantly; most of the emigrants quieted down and remained in the places of which they had taken temporary possession until the following day, when the company was more fully organized, and everyone who had not already selected berths were shown where the ones left could be found. After working unceasingly to make the emigrants as comfortable as possible I retired at 3:00 o'clock in the night and had a refreshing sleep for about three hours in a cabin which had been assigned to us, missionaries, for temporary use.

Tues., June 29. I was busy all day assisting the emigrants to arrange their baggage on board and purchased such articles as they needed, in the town and also changed some money for those who had neglected to attend to this in Copenhagen. Besides all this I made a trip to the mission office at 42 Islington. A small company of English emigrants, about 100 in number, with Elder M. L. Williams as leader, arrived in the afternoon. With their arrival we were all comfortably fixed on board.

Wed., June 30. Pres. Jos. F. Smith and Ernest I. Young, Edward Hanham and two other brethren from the Liverpool office arrived and held a meeting with us Elders from Zion in one of the large cabins of the ship. Pres. Smith gave the necessary instructions and appointed Chr. G. Larsen leader of the company with all the other returning missionaries as his counselors. The ship "Idaho" soon afterwards weighed anchor and we sailed out in the river Mersey, which separates Liverpool from Birkenhead. Here we laid at anchor until 7:00 o'clock p. m., when our voyage across the great waters commenced, Pres. Smith and the other brethren having left us. Before dark we were already far out in the Irish Channel.

Thurs., July 1. All was well on board, the weather was pleasant and the voyage enjoyable. The organization of the emigrants was completed, the company being divided into six districts, with a president and two assistants for each district. I was appointed captain of the guard and I chose an assistant in each district. We were now 765 souls of saints on board

including returning missionaries. A number of Irish emigrants came on board in Queenstown, but they were assigned to a special place in the fore-castle of the ship and seldom mixed with the saints. At 6:00 o'clock p. m. we reached Queenstown, and after about half an hour's delay we were again on the way and having passed Cape Clear we found ourselves on the Atlantic Ocean. Queenstown is 140 miles from Liverpool.

Fri., July 2. The wind blew quite briskly during the day and most of the emigrants were seasick. At noon we were 160 miles from Queenstown.

Sat., July 3. The wind and the waves were calmer and there was less sickness; many of the emigrants appeared on the deck, feeling well. During the day, and, in fact, during the whole voyage, I rendered the sick all the assistance I could. At noon the log showed the distance traveled in the past 24 hours to be 232 miles.

Sun., July 4. The weather was clear and beautiful and most of the emigrants were well again. We held a meeting on the deck at 2:00 o'clock p. m. The log at noon showed an advance of $144\frac{1}{2}$ miles since the day before at noon.

Mon., July 5. The weather was fine in the morning but somewhat windy in the afternoon. At noon we were 2016 miles from New York and 1040 miles from Liverpool. We had advanced 264 miles the past 24 hours.

Tues., July 6. Warm and pleasant weather continued. All the emigrants were well with the exception of a few who seemed to suffer slightly with a sort of fever. The log at noon showed an advance of $253\frac{1}{2}$ miles during the past 24 hours.

Wed., July 7. The weather continued fine. At noon the log showed an advance of $227\frac{1}{2}$ miles since the previous noon. The distance to New York was 1536 miles; hence we were more than half way across the ocean. In the afternoon, an old sister, 70 years old, from Skåne, Sweden, died. Her body was lowered into the watery grave at 10:00 o'clock in the evening. This was the only death on the voyage.

Thurs., July 8. Beautiful weather. At noon we had advanced 240 miles during the past 24 hours. Capt. C. J. Beddoe, the ship's commander, was a very pleasant and kind officer, and the same can be said of the other officers of the ship; they did all within their power to make it pleasant for all on board. The emigrants were given as good food and care as could be expected in the class in which they traveled.

The returning missionaries were treated with the greatest kindness and courtesy in every way. We traveled first-class and took our meals in the saloon at the captain's table; hence our food was of the best kind and our comfort first-class in all respects. Good order prevailed and general satisfaction was expressed by all the saints on board. We scarcely heard any complaints from any one. Prayers were said in every district morning and evening, on which occasions necessary counsel and instructions were given. We kept up a strong guard at night in order to prevent those who did not belong to us from mixing with our people. We selected 110 of the brethren to take turns standing guard, something we found very necessary indeed in order to protect ourselves, our young sisters and the baggage in particular. I was busy during the whole voyage, being the servant of all, and I considered it my duty to be as kind and helpful as possible to the emigrants, especially to the sick, who needed comfort and assistance.

Fri., July 9. All was well on board, the weather calm and the sea quiet. The log at noon showed an advance of 250 miles since the previous noon.

Sat., July 10. Weather and wave continued favorable. At noon the log showed that we had traveled $225\frac{1}{2}$ miles since the same hour the day before.

Sun., July 11. During the night the wind blew quite heavy which again caused some sickness among the passengers. At noon the log showed $263\frac{1}{2}$ miles advancement. We were now only 556 miles from New York. Owing to the wind and the troubled sea, we had no meeting.

Mon., July 12. The weather was clear and pleasant. At noon, we were only 321 miles from New York. We had traveled 235 miles during the past 24 hours. In the afternoon, at 2:00 p. m. we held a meeting, at which timely instructions were given. At 7:30 p. m. the pilot came on board. In the evening we enjoyed ourselves in a dance.

Tues., July 13. Beautiful weather. The many coast vessels which we saw in the morning indicated that we were nearing land. About 11:00 o'clock a. m. we could, with the naked eye, distinguish the coast of Long Island, on our right. At noon, we were only 54 miles from New York and had traveled 168 miles during the past 24 hours. In the afternoon I wrote to Pres. Peter O. Hansen at Aalborg and also wrote a letter home, which I posted in New

York. At 6:30 p. m. we passed Sandy Hook and at 8:00 o'clock we anchored off Staten Island, 5 miles from New York. All was joy and happiness on board.

Wed., July 14. At 6:00 o'clock a. m. the quarantine doctor came on board, and as we had no contagious disease among the passengers, the ship soon afterwards weighed anchor and sailed into New York. The ship laid to at Pier 46, Hudson River. Soon afterwards, the small steamboats laid up to the side of the "Idaho" and took us and our baggage back to Castle Garden, where we all landed about noon. After passing through the ordinary routine of registering and recording, I made a long trip into the city to do some trading and take in the sights. I returned to Castle Garden toward evening and then assisted the emigrants to buy provisions for their railroad journey. We found nearly everything we wanted at Castle Garden at a moderate price. I spent the night with the guard, which I had appointed to watch the baggage that had been piled up outside of the Castle Garden buildings, on the sea side, but was exposed to marine thieves, who were generally wide awake to ply their nefarious traffic whenever an emigrant ship arrived. By keeping up a strong guard all night, we lost nothing. The emigrants also spent the night as comfortably as possible, obtaining what sleep and rest they could by lying wherever they could find room, on the floor within the buildings.

Thurs., July 15. Early in the day, we left Castle Garden, walking to the battery ferry, only a short distance, where we went on board two steamboats, which took us over the Hudson River to the railway station in Jersey City. Here a train had already been made up for our convenience and we were soon comfortably seated in the cars. No accident happened, and there was no confusion. The train consisted of first and second class cars. About 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon we had secured room for all and we commenced our long railway journey, the train moving slowly and quietly out of Jersey City. After passing through Newark and Trenton, we arrived at Philadelphia at 7:00 o'clock in the evening. After a short stop there, we continued the journey and arrived in Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, about midnight.

Fri., July 16. At 8:00 o'clock in the morning, we reached Altoona, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. After that we enjoyed the beautiful scen-

ery as we passed over the mountains through a number of canyons and over the famous Horseshoe Bend. We arrived in Pittsburg, about noon. From this point our route was further south than usual for emigrants, as we passed through the northern part of West Virginia and at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the Ohio River to Steubenville, in the state of Ohio. Continuing the journey we reached Denison at 7:00 o'clock p. m., where we stopped an hour and then traveled further via Newark through the night.

Sat., July 17. At 2:00 o'clock in the morning we arrived at Columbus, the capital of Ohio (637 miles from New York). By way of Urbany, a large town in western Ohio and Union City, in the state of Indiana, we reached Logansport at 7:00 p. m.. About midnight we crossed the state line into the state of Illinois, and traveled all night.

Sun., July 18. At 6:00 o'clock a. m. we arrived at Peoria, Illinois, and at 12:00 o'clock, noon, we crossed the Mississippi River on a majestic bridge to Burlington, Iowa. Here we changed cars for the first time since we left Jersey City, and at 2:00 o'clock p. m. we continued our journey from Burlington, westward, traveling all the afternoon and the following night through the beautiful state of Iowa.

Mon., July 19. We arrived at Council Bluffs, near the Missouri River, at 8:00 o'clock in the morning. Here, we again changed cars, but had to wait a couple of hours exposed to the heat, before we could board the other train, which was destined to bring us to Utah. We crossed the Missouri River on the majestic bridge, after which we stopped a couple of hours in Omaha, which gave us the opportunity of purchasing provisions to last us the rest of the journey. At last we succeeded in arranging everything for the further journey, and also had our baggage transported into other cars at Council Bluffs. We left Omaha for the further west at 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon and when the sun set we had reached the little city of Columbus on the Platte River.

Tues., July 20. At 10:00 o'clock a. m. we arrived at North Platte. Here we stopped half an hour, thence traveling via Sidney (where we stopped an hour or so in the evening). We continued our westward course all night.

Wed., July 21. Early in the morning we arrived at Cheyenne; at 5:00 a. m. we passed Sherman on the top of the Black Hills. Here I woke up many of the emigrants who slept, suggesting that they take in the wonders

of nature as we passed through. We arrived at Laramie City at 6:00 o'clock in the morning and at Rawlins at 4:00 o'clock p. m.; traveling all night we reached Green River about midnight.

Thurs., July 22. At 6:00 o'clock in the morning we passed Bridger, 129 miles from Ogden, and arrived safe and well at Ogden at 6:00 o'clock in the evening. Here the company was divided, as a number of the emigrants, who had been booked for northern points in the Territory, left us. A number of the emigrants were also met in Ogden, by their friends and relatives, who came with vehicles to take them to their final destinations. All of us, who were bound for the south, left Ogden the same evening at 10:00 o'clock on a Utah Central train and arrived in Salt Lake City after midnight. Those of the emigrants who had no money wherewith to pay their half fare were taken free from Ogden to Salt Lake City. The emigrants spent the balance of the night in the cars. As for myself I made a short tour out into the city on private business.

Fri., July 23. Early in the morning the railway depot in Salt Lake City began to show activity. A great number of people gathered to bid their friends, relatives and acquaintances welcome to Utah. I witnessed several interesting meetings of old friends, who had not seen each other for many years. About the middle of the forenoon we moved the emigrants from the railway station to the tithing yard, where we were visited by Pres. Brigham Young, Bishop Edward Hunter and other leaders of the Church. I was greeted by father who had come from Pleasant Grove to meet me, together with a number of others from that place, who had come to meet emigrants."

Arriving at Pleasant Grove from my mission to Denmark July 23, 1875, I found mother and my brother Joseph both well and glad to see me home again, healthy and strong.

During my mission I had traveled about 19,616 miles, namely 5,943 miles by rail, 8,023 by steamship, 101 miles by vehicles, 87 miles by small boats and 5,472 miles on foot. I assisted in holding 207 meetings in private houses with strangers, mostly in country districts, 54 meetings in halls rented by

saints, and also in private houses of saints. I attended five conferences, 54 branch meetings and about 12 council meetings. I baptized 32 persons, confirmed 28, blessed about 20 children, ordained a number of local brethren to the Priesthood and administered to many sick.

On my return home I found our temporal affairs in good condition, the garden looked lovely; the fruit trees were loaded with most delicious fruit, a part of my little farm was sowed and planted with wheat, corn and potatoes. Mother had done all in her power, according to her circumstances, to have everything in as good a condition as possible on my return.

On Sunday, July 25th, I attended both English and Danish meetings in the Pleasant Grove meeting house, where I had the privilege of reporting my mission and of bringing greetings from old Denmark.

I commenced manual labor by harvesting and watering wheat—an occupation which at first I found rather hard and undesirable after my long experience in the mission field, where I had been busy with mental and spiritual labors.

Fresh from the missionary field I was invited to officiate in the baptism of 26 persons at Pleasant Grove on August 8th. On Sunday, August 22nd, after the afternoon meeting 52 persons (myself included) were rebaptized into the United Order, it being the first baptisms in Pleasant Grove into said order. Among those baptized on that occasion was Kirsten Marie Pedersen, who afterwards became my wife. My connection with the United Order did not continue long, as the movement proved unsuccessful in Pleasant Grove.

On August 28th I left Pleasant Grove with a horse team for Salt Lake City, where, on Aug. 30, 1875, Kirsten Marie Pedersen received her blessings in the Endowment House, and was married to me, President Daniel H. Wells performing the ceremony. My wife was a daughter of Peder Søren-

sen Bow and Else Pedersen and was born March 7, 1859, at Bjerggaard, Hellevad parish, Hjørring amt, Denmark. Becoming a convert to "Mormonism" she was baptized May 24, 1873, by Anders Petersen and emigrated to Utah in the company with which I returned from my mission. I had made her acquaintance in Denmark, but did not court her until I had returned from my mission. I conformed strictly to the counsel we young missionaries from Zion had received



KIRSTEN MARIE JENSON
(NEE PEDERSEN)

when we were set apart for our missions to the effect that we would not enter into any alliance with any of the opposite sex while in the mission field. My wife left her parents in Denmark, their place of residence being in the Allerup hills, Hellevad parish, but they sold their belongings there and moved to Utah with the last company of Latter-day Saint emigrants which left Denmark for Utah in 1875. My father-in-law was baptized after his arrival in Utah; his wife had been a member of the Church in Denmark since Aug. 24, 1873.

I returned to Pleasant Grove with

my young wife Aug. 31, 1875, having purchased several articles which we needed for housekeeping. We made our home for a short time with my mother, but a few days after our marriage I purchased a parcel of land (one and a quarter acre) from Hans Jørgen Nielsen for \$145, with the intention of building a house upon it at once, and for that purpose I spent a week digging a cellar and hauling rocks for the foundation of a dwelling house. My ox team which I had sold to my brother Jens before going on my mission was returned to me, instead of payment; hence I was able to haul rocks and everything else necessary for building purposes with my own team. The yield from my little farm in 1875 was 61 bushels of wheat and 135 bushels of potatoes, and I also raised some corn on my town lots in Pleasant Grove.

In October I made a trip to Richfield, Sevier county, visiting my brother Jens and his family. This I called my honeymoon trip, my wife and I, on that occasion traveling by ox team from Pleasant Grove to Richfield and return.

On the evening of Nov. 15th a special meeting was held at Pleasant Grove, at which a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was organized, of which I was chosen president, with Frank C. Banks and Lewis Robison as my counselors or vice-presidents. Joseph B. Clark was chosen secretary, Benjamin Walker as treasurer and Alfred W. Harper as librarian. This organization was in keeping with the general movement of the Church at that time, when Y. M. I. Associations were organized in nearly every settlement of the saints in the Rocky Mountains. Soon after being organized we drafted and adopted by-laws for our society, and during the following winter we held meetings regularly every Monday night in the school house. As a rule these meetings were interesting, instructive and lively. They gave the young men an opportunity to bear their testimony to the truth of the gospel,

as well as getting their first experience in public speaking. The topics treated upon were many and various, being religious, ethical and moral in nature. Personally I endeavored to contribute all I could to the association, based upon my experience as a missionary. The opportunities that my association with this organization gave proved beneficial to me in after life.

After I returned from Richfield I spent the remainder of the year hauling rock for my contemplated house, and securing fuel for the coming winter. Devoting myself to religious duties I was out nearly every evening attending meetings or discharging Church duties of different kinds. I attended my meetings on Sunday, the Young Men's meeting on Monday and other meetings with regularity. With others I was appointed to labor as a ward teacher, with a companion. We were assigned to a country district containing twenty families who lived in a scattered condition north of the town.

As Scandinavian meetings were held regularly, a Bro. Nilson organized a choir to sing in these meetings; of this organization I became a member. Our first rehearsal as a choir took place Dec. 11, 1875, on the 25th anniversary of my birth.

During Christmas week I gave a party in honor of my recent marriage. Afterwards my wife and I were guests at a number of parties given by neighbors and friends.

CHAPTER 11

(1876)

Purchase of a House and Lot in Pleasant Grove—Engaged in Manual Labor in Little Cottonwood Canyon—Planning for the Future—Correspondence with Daniel H. Wells.

In January, 1876, I bought a house and a city lot of Carl W. J. Hecker for \$418, of which \$200 was to be paid the following spring and the balance on or before the first of May, 1877. This purchase changed my building plan, and having reached a mutual understanding I gave up the lot which I had previously bought of Bro. Hans

Jørgen Nielsen. On the premises which I purchased of Bro. Hecker there was a small adobe house, 12 by 16 feet, while the lot itself consisted of about two acres of land, part of it planted with a thrifty orchard, containing apple, peach, apricot and plum trees, besides gooseberry and currant bushes. Other parts of the lot were sown with lucern and clover. This lot which became my first home as a married man, is located two blocks east of the present Pleasant Grove Tabernacle. It is described in the plat of Pleasant Grove as lot 14, block 31.

Soon after making this purchase I commenced anew to haul rocks from the mountains for my new house and on March 15, 1876, my wife and our few effects were moved into our little house and we commenced housekeeping for ourselves. We surely commenced our married life at the "bottom rounds of the ladder." Our whole stock of furniture consisted of a bedstead, a table and two chairs. We borrowed a stove, but were able to secure the most necessary kitchen utensils. Our domestic animals consisted of a cow, a heifer and a calf, besides two oxen. I also owned an old wagon. While I had about a hundred dollars in the savings bank, I owed Bro. Hecker the full amount of the purchase price on my home. Our other real estate consisted of 16 acres of farming land in the so-called North Field and two city lots in the upper part of town. Of provisions we had 20 bushels of wheat, several bushels of potatoes and a few other necessities in the shape of food; but it gave us great satisfaction to occupy a home of our own.

The year 1876 represented my first real attempt at farming. Early in the spring I commenced plowing, planting, sowing lucern and making other improvements about my newly purchased home. I also commenced to plant potatoes and sowed two and half acres of my west land with wheat. I also planted some fruit trees including 180 peach and six apple trees on my upper lot, and 50 peach trees on my newly

purchased premises. I also hauled fencing material from Dry Creek about five miles distant for use on my upper lot.

On May 1, at the Young Men's meeting, a new set of officers was chosen, and my assistants and I were honorably released, at our own request, from the various positions we had occupied. This change was made principally in order to give others of the young brethren an opportunity to preside and show their ability in leadership.

On Sunday, May 14th, I attended a meeting of the Seventies in American Fork, at which August Warnick, Alfred F. Warnick, Charles P. Warnick, John Gardner, Joseph Ash, James Cobbley, James Thorne and I, all from Pleasant Grove, were accepted as members of the 44th Quorum of Seventy. I had been ordained a Seventy when I was set apart for my mission to Denmark in 1873, but until now I had not been identified with any particular quorum. The 44th Quorum of Seventy was entirely reorganized on the date mentioned.

During the month of May I completed my task of hauling rocks from the mountains and from the lot which I had previously intended for my home. Since returning from my mission I had hauled altogether 85 loads of rock to be used for building a substantial rock house for a future home.

Being in debt for my newly purchased home, I obtained employment in Little Cottonwood Canyon for the purpose of getting means to liquidate my indebtedness. One of my neighbors had secured a position as foreman on a section of the tramway which had been built through said canyon, and as he needed men to work with him, he gave me a job at \$2.00 a day, which offer I accepted. I therefore left home on the morning of May 30th, traveling with team to Sandy, and the following day I rode on the Wasatch and Jordan Valley Railroad to Wasatch, at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon. From that point I

traveled on the tramway four miles up the canyon to Tannersville, where we found a good place to camp in an old deserted hotel building. We commenced to work on the afternoon of the same day. Our little gang of laborers consisted of the foreman (Nils Swenson), Alfred F. Warnick and myself from Pleasant Grove and John Josephson from Mount Pleasant. Later others were added to the company.

The mountain life, coupled with camping out, was not at all distasteful to me. While I was thus engaged as a laborer on the tramway I brought up what provisions I needed from home and cooked my own food, at least part of it. I remained in the canyon until the 7th of June, when I returned to Pleasant Grove, but soon afterwards went back to the canyon. After that I made weekly trips home to fetch provisions, until I had earned \$124 which enabled me to reduce my debt considerably.

Having been appointed secretary of the Pleasant Grove Sunday school, I assisted in issuing a manuscript paper called the "Rising Star", the first number of which was read on March 12th. This manuscript paper was edited by the Sunday School, the Y. M. M. I. A. and Y. L. M. I. A. and during its existence it contained such religious, historical, scientific and humorous articles as the young people were capable of writing. The first number, which was edited by two young ladies, was very interesting. Among other names suggested for the publication I had suggested that of "The Rising Star", which name was accepted.

In 1876 there were about one hundred Scandinavian families in Pleasant Grove, constituting about one third of the entire population of the town. As it was impossible for so many to meet together in one of the private houses and the families were very much scattered, it was decided that during the winter of 1876-77 the Scandinavians in Pleasant Grove should be divided into three districts and meet-

ings held every Wednesday night in three different places. These meetings were, as a rule, well attended and the time profitably occupied in speaking, praying and singing. However, after a while, it was decided to unite the three meetings held in private houses into one general assembly.

On Nov. 24, 1876, my wife gave birth to a son, our first-born, whom we named Andrew Alexander. By getting up too soon after her confinement, my wife came near losing her life, but by careful nursing, and through the administration of the Elders, her life was saved. The baby was a strong, husky little fellow.

For some time my mind had been considerably agitated about my condition in life and I had frequently made it a matter of prayer, asking the Lord to guide me concerning my future. I had learned by experience that farming was not my natural avocation in life, neither was I mechanically inclined or gifted like my father, but I believed that my line of activity might be in some other direction. From my earliest youth I had been of a studious nature, inclined in the direction of history. I had read, re-read and digested, to the best of my understanding, the historical part of the Bible and the Book of Mormon, besides reading Church history, including extracts from the History of Joseph Smith the Prophet, as they were being published in a translated form in "Skandnaviens Stjerne" even before I emigrated in 1866. After returning from my mission I began to think that perhaps the Lord had something for me to do in the literary line. Consequently, I wrote a letter to Pres. Daniel H. Wells on Nov. 28, 1876, in which I expressed a desire to publish a history of Joseph Smith in the Danish language, and I explained somewhat in detail what plans could perhaps be adopted for the successful manipulation of the project financially; but I desired to obtain counsel from the authorities of the Church. In answer to my communication I received the following:

"Salt Lake City, Dec. 7, 1876.

Elder Andrew Jenson, Pleasant Grove:

Dear Brother: It always affords us much pleasure to have the brethren exercise their talents and ability in building up the kingdom of God. For this cause we have no hesitancy in approving your proposal of translating the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith into the Danish language. If it should not be published here, it is probable that it would be readily accepted by the editor of "Skandnaviens Stjerne" in Copenhagen and published in its pages. Should you also have the idea that besides doing good to others, you would help yourself in a pecuniary manner, we fear that you may be disappointed, as if published in book form we do not think a sufficient number of copies would be sold to pay for your labors, and if published in the "Stjerne", or in the Scandinavian paper published in this city, the editors are not in a position to pay for literary work. However, as you propose to call on me, when in this city, I shall be pleased for you to do so when I could learn further of your ideas and be better able to afford you advice upon the matter.

Your brother in the gospel,
DANIEL H. WELLS."

On Dec. 16th I went by train to Salt Lake City for the purpose of consulting with Pres. Daniel H. Wells and after having quite an interesting conversation with him on the subject he promised to lay the matter before Pres. Brigham Young, who was spending the winter in St. George, Utah.

I may here explain that for some time I had been engaged in translating parts of the history of Joseph Smith from English into Danish, and in addition to that which had been published in "Skandnaviens Stjerne" I had studied carefully the Prophet's life as it had been published in the "Juvenile Instructor." If I could obtain permission from the First Presidency, my intention was to write and publish a brief History of Joseph Smith in the Danish language. The first serious thought in regard to this matter had come to me the previous summer while I was working on the tramway in Little Cottonwood Canyon. Again and again, after finishing my day's work, I would retire to lonely places in the evening

and reflect deeply upon my present condition and my prospects for the future. Depressed in feelings, I wondered if the Lord had nothing else for me to do except working with pick and shovel. I thought that the common manual labor to which I had been subject could be done by anyone possessing physical strength and ordinary intelligence. Should I not see the day when some of my dreams would come true? My natural inclination to study and to engage in literary pursuits having impressed me from my earliest recollection, would I ever find a field for its application? Was I doomed to follow activities which were a burden to me, and do work for which I was not qualified? Should I continue a life fraught with dissatisfaction, or a life which meant to eke out a miserable existence? These were serious reflections with me as I wandered up and down the canyon and climbed the mountains in 1876. By day and in the silent hours of night I had pleaded with the Almighty to show me his will concerning me. The answer came, the still small voice which I had learned to know to a certain extent spoke peace to my troubled soul and seemed to say: The Lord has something of importance for you to do in life; therefore, be of good cheer. Then came the thought, as if by direct inspiration from heaven, to take hold of the work which, towards the close of 1876, demanded my attention.

After having conversed with Pres. Wells I returned the same evening to Pleasant Grove, having given him a sample of my translation which he sent to Pres. Brigham Young. The President in turn transferred it to Apostle Erastus Snow, who had some knowledge of the Danish language. Soon I wrote another letter to Pres. Wells, giving him further details concerning my plans for publishing the book. Pres. Wells seemed to be in favor of my undertaking from the beginning and used his influence in my behalf.

CHAPTER 12

(1877)

Correspondence with Erastus Snow—Plan to publish a History of Joseph Smith in the Danish-Norwegian Language—Traveling to get Subscribers for the Book—Introduced to President Brigham Young at St. George—Enter into Partnership with Johan A. Bruun—A Trip to the North.

With hopes for a happy and useful future I commenced the year 1877 engaged in translating. On Jan. 11th I wrote a letter to Apostle Erastus Snow at St. George explaining my plan in regard to publishing the Life of the Prophet Joseph Smith in Danish. In answer I received the following:

"St. George, Utah, Jan. 18, 1877.
Bro. Andrew Jenson, Pleasant Grove:

Dear Brother: Your letter of the 11th inst. is before me, and I hasten to say in reply that Bro. Wells' letter to Pres. Young has also been received, and I wrote to him on the subject a few days ago which you will probably, in a few days, hear from. We would much like to see the history of Joseph Smith published in the Danish language in a short, clear and concise manner adapted to the general reader, and your program of issuing it in periodical numbers is a very economical one, and you would do well to get subscribers in advance for the work, and thus get means to pay the printer, and then have about as many more numbers printed for binding to supply calls in years to come.

I think most of your translation in Pres. Wells' letter is good, but I detected inaccuracies and sent for Brother Johan A. Bruun, who now lives here, to examine it with me, and he penned a few alterations for your consideration which I returned to Pres. Wells. I understand the difficulties of translating from English to Danish in such a work. I would like your translation to be made in a plain easy style in the pure native tongue as far as practicable. I suggested Peter O. Thomasen of Salt Lake as a very good translator who might assist you in revising your manuscript before sending it to press, if you could arrange with him, and he has a heart to help you, he being convenient to you, but if you know of other suitable help, you can employ them. By having one or two humble-spirited scholars look over your work, you may avoid errors and ensure a full and clear rendering of the original.

Praying God to bless you in your

undertaking and give you patronage and means to accomplish what is in your heart, I am your brother and fellow-laborer in the gospel of Christ.
ERASTUS SNOW."

Immediately after receiving this letter from Erastus Snow I decided to arrange my affairs at home, as soon as possible, so that I might start on a journey southward for the purpose of getting subscribers for the work. My plan was to publish the book in monthly parts and charge ten cents for each part. In the meantime I continued my work of translation, and on Thursday, Feb. 1, 1877, when I attended a Scandinavian meeting in Pleasant Grove, I presented the plan of publishing "Joseph Smith's Levnetsløb" and invited the people to subscribe. Nearly all the brethren present gave me their names at once, Rasmus Petersen, one of the first converts to the restored gospel in Denmark, being the first to subscribe. The next evening, at a Scandinavian meeting I secured several more subscribers. By this time I had already as much as one third of the contemplated book written, but in such a shape that it required a thorough revision from a grammatical and literary point, before sending it to press. I realized that I did not possess sufficient literary ability to give the manuscript the finishing touches single-handed, but I felt convinced, however, that such assistance would be secured. In a third Scandinavian meeting held a few days later, I added more names to my list and I finally secured 70 subscribers in Pleasant Grove. This meant that nearly every family of Scandinavians, including Swedes and Norwegians as well as Danes signed as subscribers. During a short visit to Lehi and American Fork I obtained more subscribers. A few of the brethren, enthusiastic over the work, also paid some money in advance.

In the meantime I planned an extensive trip to the South, and in order to show the readers of this autobiography how we obtained subscribers for the first book ever published in

Utah in a foreign language, I make the following excerpts from my private journal:

Sat., Feb. 17, 1877. I left my home in Pleasant Grove and traveled to Provo where I was made welcome by some of my old friends.

Sun., Feb. 18. I attended a general meeting in Provo in the forenoon and a Scandinavian meeting in the Provo 1st Ward in the afternoon, where I introduced the "Levnetsløb" and appointed Theodore M. Samuelson my agent. I will here remark that whenever on this tour I spoke in the Scandinavian meetings and, as a rule occupied most of the time, I did not always confine my speeches to my contemplated publication. Usually I was blessed under the influence of the Lord to deliver gospel sermons, or enlarge on the history of the Church as circumstances seemed to demand. And then usually towards the close of my discourse, I would mention my literary venture. The brethren in Provo became much interested in the plan.

Mon., Feb. 19. I went on foot, following the railroad track, to Spanish Fork, where in the evening I held a meeting at the home of Jens Hansen. There after speaking under the influence of the spirit of the Lord I obtained about twenty subscribers for the Levnetsløb. Bro. Hansen with whom I stayed over night, volunteered to be my agent.

Tues., Feb. 20. I traveled on foot to Salem, or Pionertown, where I held a good meeting and also spoke in English a few minutes and appointed a Bro. Søren P. Christensen as agent for my book.

Wed., Feb. 21. After having visited a number of Scandinavian families in Salem with Bro. Christensen and secured a number of subscribers, I went to Payson where the few Scandinavian residents became subscribers. I next continued my journey to Santaquin, where an inspired meeting was held in the evening. Although nearly all the Scandinavians there were Swedes, they subscribed as readily as did the Danes

and Norwegians. Bro. Peter N. Anderson was appointed agent. Next I traveled with a team eight miles to Goshen, where I had an interesting little meeting.

Fri., Feb. 23. A man took me with his team to the foot of the mountains lying south of Goshen. I crossed the mountains on foot into Juab Valley, and after having reached the highway a short distance north of Mona, I was overtaken by Bro. Hans C. Heiselt, with whom I traveled to Fountain Green in Sanpete County, and stopped over night with Bro. Morten Lund.

Sat., Feb. 24. I visited old friends and acquaintances in Fountain Green and enjoyed a right good meeting in the evening, where I introduced the "Levnetsløb" and appointed Morten Lund my agent. While at Fountain Green I received the following letter of introduction from Elder Erastus Snow:

"St. George, Utah, Feb. 15, 1877.
To the Scandinavian Saints, Greetings:
We take pleasure in recommending to your support the efforts of Bro. Andrew Jenson of Pleasant Grove to publish in the Danish language a history of the Prophet Joseph Smith in a series of numbers, and I have advised that he canvass for subscriptions in advance to help him in printing it as soon as it can be revised, so as to appear entirely correct, and I trust he will meet with suitable encouragement from the saints in so doing, in which he has the approval of the First Presidency. ERASTUS SNOW."

Bro. Snow also wrote the following:

"St. George, Utah, Feb. 13, 1877.
Pres. Daniel H. Wells
Dear Brother: I have delayed replying to your last as the President as well as myself have been busy and a little slow in noticing the letter which I left at his office. I now can give you his definite answer, which I thought I understood and intended to express as much in my former letter to you, namely, that he entirely approves of the publication of the history of the Prophet Joseph in the Danish language, as Bro. Jenson desires that it shall be properly revised, so that it shall go out correctly. Bro. Jenson has informed me of his intention of attending the spring conference (in St. George) and of bringing his manu-

script there for my inspection. However, I shall be too busy to devote much time to it then, but I can refer it to our Bro. Bruun here, and shall probably give it more attention in the north where I expect to go after conference. ERASTUS SNOW."

Sun., Feb. 25. I attended the general meeting and a Scandinavian meeting in the school house at Fountain Green, speaking in both of these meetings with considerable freedom. After the last meeting Bro. A. M. Berntsen took me to Moroni, where we had a well-attended meeting. I stopped over night with Bro. Lars Svendsen, whom I appointed my agent for the "Levnetsløb" in Moroni. I obtained quite a number of subscribers in the meeting.

Mon., Feb. 26. I was treated with much kindness in the different settlements in Sanpete County. Bro. Provstgaard of Fountain Green gave me a dollar for traveling expenses and Lars Svendsen took me to Mount Pleasant with his team, where we had a real good meeting in the evening. I occupied most of the time, and, as usual, got subscribers.

Tues., Feb. 27. After visiting many friends in Mount Pleasant, Bro. Jens Jørgensen took me in his wagon to Fairview, where we held a good meeting and got twenty subscribers. We returned to Mount Pleasant later.

Wed., Feb. 28. One of the brethren took me to Spring City, where I stopped over night with Bro. Jens Christensen, who volunteered to act as my agent for the "Levnetsløb" in that town. Bro. Lauritz Larsen was appointed agent in Mt. Pleasant and Bro. Andrew Rasmussen in Fairview.

Thurs., Mar. 1. I attended fast meeting in Spring City, at which Bro. C. G. Larsen and Apostle Orson Hyde preached, after I had said a few words. It was a pleasure for me in my travels to meet old friends, and in Spring City I was particularly happy to meet Bro. C. G. Larsen, former president of the Scandinavian Mission, and John Frandsen with whom I had labored as a missionary in Scandinavia in 1873-1875. After the meeting I went by team to

Ephraim, where in the evening I addressed the largest meeting of Scandinavian saints I had addressed so far on my trip. At the suggestion of President Canute Petersen, Bishop Carl C. N. Dorius was appointed my agent in Ephraim. After the meeting about fifty people gave me their names as subscribers for the "Levnetsløb." The following two days I spent in Ephraim visiting friends and acquaintances and getting subscribers.

Sun., Mar. 4. Bro. Nils Anderson took me with team to Manti, where, during the day, I attended two meetings, one English and one Scandinavian, in which I spoke with considerable freedom. I stopped over night with Bishop Hans Jensen Hals, and Jens C. A. Weibye was appointed agent for the "Levnetsløb."

Mon., Mar. 5. I traveled by team to New London (later called Mayfield) a recently founded settlement, 12 miles south of Manti, on Twelve Mile Creek. Here again we had a very good meeting in the evening, in which I spoke both in English and Danish. Joseph Christiansen was appointed agent and we obtained a number of subscribers.

Tues., Mar. 6. I rode with a man to Gunnison, where in the evening a good meeting was held. Bro. Hans C. Jensen was named by Bishop C. A. Madsen as agent for the Levnetsløb in Gunnison and we obtained 25 subscribers after the meeting.

Wed., Mar. 7. Bishop Madsen's boy took me with a team to Willow Creek, seven miles, whence I walked eight miles to Salina. Here we also had a Scandinavian meeting in the evening and obtained a few subscribers. I spent the night with Bro. Rasmus Jensen who was appointed agent in Salina.

Thurs., Mar. 8. I walked 20 miles to Richfield, where I arrived towards evening, both tired and hungry. A meeting was held in the evening; we had a lively time. Bro. Hans P. Miller was appointed agent for the "Levnetsløb" in Richfield. I spent the night with my father, who lived in Richfield with his second wife.

Fri., Mar. 9. One of the good brethren in Richfield lent me a horse on which I rode to Glenwood, where in the evening we held a meeting in the house of Elder Niels Thomsen. Bro. A. E. Carlson was appointed agent.

Sat., Mar. 10. In the morning I rode back to Richfield and thence traveled by team to Elsinore, where I held a meeting in the evening. After the meeting we obtained quite a number of subscribers to the "Levnetsløb" and Bro. Jens I. Jensen was appointed agent.

Sun., Mar. 11. Bro. Peter Christensen took me by team to Monroe, five miles distant, where I listened to an interesting lecture by Bro. Christopher Jensen Kempe. I spent the night at the home of Bro. John B. Hesse.

Mon. Mar. 12. I visited some old friends at Monroe and held a meeting in the evening, at which the spirit of the Lord rested upon me abundantly. Bro. Søren Madsen was appointed agent for the "Levnetsløb."

Tues., Mar. 13. Bro. Madsen took me by team three miles westward, and after he had taken me across the Sevier River, two miles below Joseph City, he left me. I walked several miles until I was overtaken by two teams from Richfield, and rode four miles up Clear Creek Canyon, where we camped for the night.

Wed., Mar. 14. We continued our journey through the long and lonesome Clear Creek Canyon, and after traveling eight miles we reached the summit and traveled down hill about five miles to Cove Creek, where there was a strong fort inhabited by a few families. Traveling seven miles further, we reached Pine Creek, where the wagons with which I traveled camped for the night, while I continued the journey on foot 11 miles to Wildcat Station, where I obtained lodging for the night.

Thurs., Mar. 15. I traveled on foot most of the way to Beaver, 11 miles, where I made the acquaintance of Bro. A. J. Bohn, with whom I stopped over night, after visiting the few Scandinavian families in the town.

Fri., Mar. 16. I again started out on my journey on foot and walked ten miles over the mountain to Beaver Summit. Here I was overtaken by the mail coach and given a ride to Buckhorn Springs, whence I walked 14 miles, via Paragoonah, to Parowan, where I introduced myself to Bro. Jesse N. Smith, with whom I spent the night. Among the 900 inhabitants in that pioneer town twenty families were Scandinavians.

Sat., Mar. 17. In company with Bro. Jesse N. Smith, who once presided over the Scandinavian Mission, I visited most of my countrymen living in Parowan and nearly all subscribed for the "Levnetsløb." In the afternoon I traveled with team 20 miles to Cedar City, where I made the acquaintance of Bro. Jens Nielsen, one of the few Scandinavians residing in that town.

Sun., Mar. 18. Bro. Jens Nielsen introduced me to Bishop Henry Lunt and some Scandinavians living in the town. I attended Sunday school and meeting, speaking in both. In the evening, in company with Bro. Nielsen, I visited most of the Scandinavians in the town and stopped overnight with Bro. Nielsen who was appointed agent for the "Levnetsløb."

Mon., Mar. 19. Finding an opportunity to travel with a team southward, I left Cedar City about 11 o'clock a. m. and rode to Kanarra, thence over what is called the "Rim of the Basin", and then through a narrow canyon to the little village of Bellevue, the northernmost settlement in the so-called Dixie. Here we found the peach trees in bloom and lucern about a foot high. I surely enjoyed the beautiful climate in the lower country compared with what I had experienced in Kanarra, Cedar City and Parowan, where the weather was cold, and huge clouds hung over the mountains. In Bellevue the sky was clear and not a cloud visible. During the 16 miles we had traveled from Kanarra to Bellevue we had descended from an elevation of 5449 feet at Kanarra to 1600 feet at Bellevue. In the latter place I made the acquaint-

ance of Peter Anderson and family.

Tues., Mar. 20. We continued the journey over a veritable sand desert, but the adjacent mountains looked grand and romantic in the distance. After traveling ten miles through the sand, we reached the little town of Leeds, which lies like an oasis in the desert. Here I met Bishop Goudy Hogan, with whom I took dinner, after which I started with another team bound for St. George and traveled 13 miles via Harrisburg to Washington, where I stopped with Marcus Funk over night.



ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

Wed., Mar. 21. Continuing my journey on foot I walked 5 miles to St. George, where for the first time in my life I saw a Temple, which had been reared by the saints of God in this dispensation. In walking on the road between Washington and St. George, and reaching an elevated point I had my first glimpse of the beautiful white building which seemed to lie so cozily in the little valley westward. Instinctively I raised my hat, uttered a short prayer, and expressed my gratitude to the Lord for the privilege I had to behold the sacred edifice. Altogether St. George has a most romantic and strange appearance, the town itself being beautiful and attractive, while the surrounding country consists of naked, black volcanic cliffs, and deserts. The town has a number of fine buildings which appear to advan-

tage at a distance. Soon after my arrival I called on Apostle Erastus Snow, with whom I had a lengthy conversation. I stopped over night in the house of his wife Minerva.

Thurs., March 22. I called on Bro. Johan A. Bruun, whose acquaintance I had made in the mission office in Copenhagen, while laboring as a missionary in Denmark. At that time he was engaged as translator for "Skan-dinaviens Stjerne", but had emigrated to Utah in 1876, and now labored as an apprentice in St. George to learn the carpenter's trade. He worked with the carpenters employed on the St. George Temple. When I mentioned the subject of his uniting with me in my literary venture, he seemed to be perfectly willing to do so, although he was somewhat concerned about the financial outcome of the undertaking. We soon entered into a temporary agreement and he ceased his labor on the Temple to engage with me in literary pursuits. In this he followed the advice of Bro. Erastus Snow, and it was decided that he should spend the summer with me in Pleasant Grove.

Fri., March 23. In company with Bro. Funk we visited a number of Scandinavian families in Washington, nearly all of whom subscribed for the "Levnetsløb." In the afternoon we returned to St. George, where I made arrangement with a Bro. Day to live with him for two weeks, at \$3 a week as I remained in St. George. Bro. Bruun was already living with the Day family. Bro. Day's wife was a Scandinavian.

Together with Bro. Bruun I now began to revise my manuscripts and soon discovered that a number of changes and improvements were needed. We occupied Bro. Bruun's sleeping apartment for our working room.

Sun., March 25. I attended the regular meeting in the St. George Tabernacle, at which Pres. Brigham Young, John W. Young, Orson Hyde, Wilford Woodruff, Brigham Young, jun., and Erastus Snow were present. After the meeting Bro. Snow introduced me to

Pres. Brigham Young, who asked me a number of questions in regard to my literary undertaking, and I explained my plan to him briefly, which seemed to meet with his approval. And yet, I shall never forget how he seemed to size me up with his piercing eyes, as if he would question me by saying "Do you think you can do it?" He did not say that, but I thought I could read his thoughts in his countenance. Had he lived two years longer he would have witnessed the successful outcome of the plan by seeing in print the first book ever published by the Church in Utah in a foreign language. This was my first introduction to President Young, and I never met him again to speak to him. He impressed me as a man of God in whom I could place implicit confidence.

On Tuesday, March 22nd, I was baptized in the St. George Temple for eighteen of my deceased relatives, and on the three following days I received endowments as proxy in the Temple for my grandfather (Anders Christensen, my uncle (Niels Christian Andersen), who was killed in the Danish-Prussian War in 1864, and my great-great-grandfather Peter Nielsen.

Wed., April 4. Bro. Bruun and I signed the following letter, which was published in the "Deseret News":

"St. George, April 4, 1877.
Editor Deseret News:

With the sanction of the First Presidency, and especially with the approbation of President Erastus Snow, we, the undersigned, have undertaken to publish in the Danish-Norwegian language the history of Joseph Smith the Prophet in a series of monthly pamphlets, or parts.

To realize this our wish, immediate assistance on the part of those who are interested in the work, is required, and we therefore use the present opportunity to address a few words to our Scandinavian brethren and sisters in this and surrounding country.

Our desire in undertaking this responsible task has been to do good and to promote the welfare of the kingdom of God, and especially to benefit those of our Scandinavian saints, who are not capable of reading the English language. One of us has already visited

several of the settlements south of Salt Lake City, and found the people responding very favorably to our invitation by subscribing freely for the work. In this short notice, however, we permit ourselves to make a general call to all the people who are interested in the work to come forward and subscribe, and also to forward a little means in advance to assist in printing.

The agents who have already been appointed in the different settlements will please act according to this, and in those places which have not yet been visited we would like the presiding authorities to appoint reliable brethren who are willing to act as agents and use their influence in behalf of the work.

We will further state that each number, consisting of 16 pages, enclosed in a neat paper cover, will cost ten cents postpaid to any address in the United States. Also that the first number will be issued about the 1st of June, so that the brethren who act as agents will please send in their orders and names of subscribers previous to that time, to Andrew Jenson, Pleasant Grove, Utah Co., Utah.

Meanwhile, we remain, your brethren in the gospel of Christ,

Andrew Jenson
Johan A. Bruun.

"Post Scriptum, I trust our Scandinavian population will appreciate a work of this kind, and show it by rendering material aid, as the authors are not in condition to expend means largely in the enterprise.

Erastus Snow."

I attended the meetings which were held in St. George, April 4th and 5th, and afterwards the general conference of the Church which commenced in the St. George Temple April 6th. The Temple was dedicated by Daniel H. Wells. In the afternoon of the 7th sixty missionaries were called to fill missions. During the conference, I was introduced to a number of leading men of the Church, whom I had not previously met or conversed with. Among these I will mention Apostles Orson Pratt, Lorenzo Snow, Franklin D. Richards and Charles C. Rich. I also met George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith whom I had met before. These brethren all encouraged me in my literary project and gave it their hearty support.

On Monday, April 9, in the morning, I left St. George on my return to the north, traveling with a Bro. James Adams of Parowan, via Washington and Harrisburg to Leeds. By mistake I became separated from the team at Leeds and therefore had to walk all the way through the sand to Bellevue. As a natural result of this tramp I was exceedingly tired, when late in the evening I reached Bellevue, where we stopped over night. On the 10th we continued the journey 28 miles to Cedar City, where I spent the night with a Bro. Mackelprang. On the 11th I traveled 22 miles to Parowan, where I again visited Jesse N. Smith, and then continued my journey to Paragoonah. Here I stopped over night with Bro. James C. Williams, the missionary who traveled with me from England to Utah in 1875. On the 12th I traveled with Charles White 26 miles to Beaver; on the 13th I traveled with a Bro. John Elliot from Holden via Cove Fort to Dog Valley, and on the 14th I reached Kanosh, where I made the acquaintance of Bro. Hans Christensen, and other Scandinavians, and then continued the journey by way of Meadow Creek to Fillmore. On the 15th I reached Scipio, or Round Valley, where I attended a meeting in the evening, but only spoke a few minutes, as Apostle Joseph F. Smith preached there on his return journey from St. George to Salt Lake City. I spent the 16th in Scipio visiting most of the Scandinavian families there, who all, without exception, subscribed for the "Levnetsløb". On the 17th I walked 28 miles from Scipio to Levan. The next day, together with Bro. Hans C. Kofod, I visited most of the Scandinavian families in town; who nearly all became subscribers for my book. Continuing the journey, I traveled via Nephi, Mona Santaquin and Provo, to Pleasant Grove, where I arrived April 21st.

I had been away from home on this trip nine weeks, during which I had traveled about 700 miles, preached or spoken in public many times and had

brought my subscription list for the "Levnetsløb" up to 650. I had also collected a few dollars on advance subscriptions. Everywhere on my trip I had been kindly received by the leading men and was shown hospitality in almost every place I visited.

After my return I spent several days working at manual labor in Pleasant Grove, and on April 27th Bro. Johan A. Bruun, according to arrangements, arrived at Pleasant Grove from St. George, intending to remain with me for a time to work on the "Levnetsløb." We hired a room in the home of Bro. Thomas Woolley, where Bro. Bruun made his home, boarding in the family, and where we worked on the "Levnetsløb" together. Accompanied by Bro. Bruun I traveled by rail on April 28th to Salt Lake City, where we entered into an arrangement with the manager of the "Deseret News" to have the History of Joseph Smith in the Danish language printed there. The following day I attended two Scandinavian meetings in Salt Lake City and secured a number of subscribers.

On May 24th Apostle Erastus Snow arrived in Pleasant Grove to visit us and find out how we were getting along with our work. We read some of the manuscript to him on that and the following day, and he seemed well pleased with our efforts. A Scandinavian meeting was held in the meeting house at Pleasant Grove, when Pres. Snow addressed the meeting in Danish as best he could. I also spoke. At the close of the meeting Bishop John Brown, who was present, asked me if there were not two different kinds of Danish, explaining that when Bro. Rasmus Petersen spoke he could understand almost every thing he said, but that when I spoke he could not follow me at all. I explained to him the "secret" or the reason why he did not understand me. In my talk I spoke pure Danish, while Bro. Petersen's speech was half English and half Danish, and that as he (the Bishop) understood the English part, he found it quite easy to follow him also when he

spoke Danish. Bro. Snow returned to Salt Lake City the same day.

On June 24th, at a meeting of the Y. M. M. I. A. at Pleasant Grove, I acted on a committee of three brethren to select a permanent president of the organization. Franklin C. Banks was chosen, and later I became his first counselor.

On July 1st I left home to make a tour north in the interest of the "Levnetsløb." I traveled by train to Salt Lake City, where during the day I attended three meetings. The following day I read proof on the first sheet of the "Levnetsløb", of which 2000 copies were printed the next day (July 3rd). Soon afterwards we printed 500 more copies of the first sheet, but we only printed 2400 copies of all the following sheets or parts of the work.

As there was no celebration in Salt Lake City on July 4, 1877, I spent the day at the home of Anders W. Winberg and Martin Christoffersen, writing to agents in different parts of the territory. On July 6th I mailed about 900 copies of the first (16 pages) part of the "Levnetsløb" from the Salt Lake City postoffice. During my sojourn in the City I stopped with Martin Christophersen.

On Saturday, July 7th, I traveled on the morning train to Ogden, where, soon after my arrival I met Bro. P. C. Carstensen, whom I knew in Copenhagen, and appointed him agent for the "Levnetsløb" in Ogden. I also visited other Scandinavian families in Ogden and towards evening I walked to Bingham's Fort, three miles north of Ogden, where I stopped over night with Rasmus Christofferson, whom I appointed my agent in that place. Returning to Ogden on Sunday the 8th, I visited Bro. Nils C. Flygare, after which I traveled on the Utah Northern train 55 miles to Logan. Here I made the acquaintance of Bro. Chr. D. Fjeldsted and attended a meeting in the basement of the Tabernacle in the evening. On Monday I walked five miles to Hyde Park and appointed Niels Christensen my agent, and on

Tuesday visited Smithfield, where I appointed Bro. Hans J. Petersen agent for the "Levnetsløb". In that way I continued to travel, visiting Richmond, (Cache County) July 11th, Weston on the 12th, and Clarkston on the 13th. On July 14th I walked two miles to Bear River, where a man soon appeared with a boat and took me across. I then visited in Mendon and appointed Bro. Andrew Anderson my agent for the "Levnetsløb", after which I proceeded to Logan by train. On July 15th I delivered a discourse at Logan and appointed Bro. Rasmus Nielsen agent for the "Levnetsløb" and obtained quite a number of subscribers to the book. In the afternoon I attended a Scandinavian meeting in the basement of the Logan Tabernacle and then went to Hyrum, where I renewed my acquaintance with Bro. Christoffer S. Winge, and preached for an hour. At his own request I appointed Bro. Winge my agent in Hyrum. The following day I went to Brigham City, where I became acquainted with Bro. Anders Christensen and had a conversation with Apostle Lorenzo Snow. On the 17th I visited a number of Scandinavians in Brigham City and some of the manufacturing establishments in this remarkable town. Bro. Anders Christensen accepted the position of agent for the "Levnetsløb." Returning from this trip to the north I arrived in Pleasant Grove July 19th. During my absence I had traveled about 400 miles and secured 220 subscribers to the book.

On August 5th I baptized 23 persons in Pleasant Grove and assisted in confirming them at the place of baptism. On Sunday, Sept. 2nd, accompanied by my wife and others of the family, I went to Salt Lake City and attended the funeral of Pres. Brigham Young, who died August 29th.

In October, 1877, I made another trip to the north in the interest of the "Levnetsløb", during which I visited Mantua, Hyde Park, Richmond, Franklin and Mink Creek and then crossed the mountain into Bear Lake Valley,

where I visited and held meetings at Ovid, Montpelier, Bennington, Georgetown, St. Charles and Fishaven. Returning homeward I visited Hyrum, Bear River City and Harrisville. During my journey I traveled about 450 miles and secured many more subscribers for the "Levnetsløb."

After my return from the North I visited some of the outlying districts in Salt Lake County, adding further to my subscription list.

On Dec. 31, 1877, in balancing my accounts for the whole year, I found that we had already shipped to subscribers seven sheets, or parts, or 112 pages, of the "Levnetsløb." We now had 1825 subscribers and printed 2400 copies of each sheet. Means were coming in slowly, and we were struggling with the proposition of paying for the printing. Bro. Bruun was paid some money to assist him in living, while I so far had drawn next to nothing of the means which had been received from subscribers.

CHAPTER 13

(1878)

My First Connection with "Bikuben"—A new Home in Pleasant Grove.

During the early part of 1878 I rendered Elder Anders W. Winberg assistance by translating sermons of the leading brethren of the Church for publication in "Bikuben", a weekly newspaper published in the Danish-Norwegian language commenced in Salt Lake City in 1876.

While attending the general conference of the Church in April, 1878, I had a number of conversations with Apostle Erastus Snow concerning our future plans in the literary line and on Tuesday, April 9th, together with Bro. Anders W. Winberg and John A. Bruun I was introduced to Pres. John Taylor who gave us some timely counsel in regard to our literary pursuits. The facts were that we, agreeable to the advise of the authorities of the Church, were about to organize a firm consisting of Anders W. Winberg, John A. Bruun and myself for the purpose of

continuing the publication of "Bikuben", which for the past year and a half had been published by Elder Anders W. Winberg. He had struggled hard to make a success of the paper, but did not possess the ability to edit it alone. Pres. Taylor and Apostle Erastus Snow therefore desired that Bro. Bruun and I should unite with Bro. Winberg and assist him to publish and circulate that periodical. We spent the following days in conversation and counsel with Bro. Winberg in regard to the contemplated partnership and it was decided that we would commence our activities as a firm on the 1st of May.

Consequently I went by train to Salt Lake City, where I attended two meetings. I spent the following week opening account books for our new firm and on May 2nd, 1878, the first number of "Bikuben" (Vol. 2, No. 33) under the new arrangement was published. In that issue we published a translation of a communication which we had received from President John Taylor, as follows:

"Salt Lake City, U. T., April 10, 1878.
Elders A. W. Winberg, Andrew Jenson
and Joh. A. Bruun

Dear Brethren: We have appreciated the labors of Bro. Winberg in starting and carrying on "Bikuben" and also those of Bros. Jenson and Bruun in their work of translating and publishing in the Danish language. We desire to see an increasing interest manifested in the production and issuance of works of this character. We are therefore pleased to learn that you have formed a partnership with the intention of continuing the publication of "Bikuben" and giving it the benefit of your united talents and experience, as well as for the purpose of publishing other works for the benefit of the Latter-day Saints, as they shall be approved by the authorities of the Church. As long as "Bikuben" continues to advocate those principles of truth and righteousness as characterized by its past course, it will continue to enjoy our best feelings and blessing, and receive our sustenance and support. It would afford us much pleasure to observe that the brethren and sisters from Scandinavia of literary ability were contributing occasional

articles to strengthen and enliven and diversify the contents of its columns and also to have those who speak that language generously sustain by liberal subscriptions the works published for their especial benefit.

Your brother in the gospel
JOHN TAYLOR."

We hired a room on the second story of the Constitution Building on Main Street for our office, paying five dollars a month in rent. Here we opened business on the 1st of May, before we had signed the articles of agreement, which we had written as a basis for our activities. We decided that on the front page of the paper we could say that "Bikuben" was published every Thursday, edited by Johan A. Bruun and published by the Bikuben Publishing Company; Andrew Jenson, business manager; Anders W. Winberg, treasurer. Subscription price, \$2.10 per annum in advance and \$2.50 for Scandinavia, postage included. Address "Bikuben", Box 924, Salt Lake City.

On my next trip to Salt Lake City I found that Bros. Winberg and Bruun had disagreed about certain details pertaining to the business, in consequence of which we could not sign the articles of agreement. The main difficulty seemed to be a lack of finances, as the subscribers to the paper were slow in sending in their subscription dues. We had to meet the current expenses by using our private means, or take money which had been collected for the "Levnetsløb." The greatest difficulty however was that we were three men of very different dispositions and in all our thoughts, plannings and movements we seemed to be bent in opposite directions.

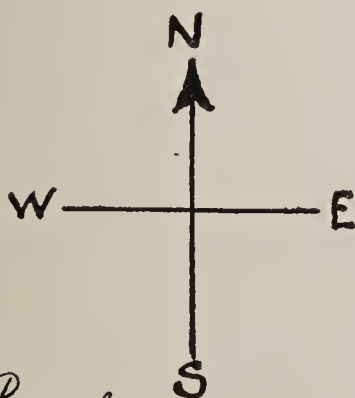
During the month of June most of my time was spent in Salt Lake City, though I made weekly visits to Pleasant Grove to see my family and look after my interests there. On June 29th I mailed "Bikuben" No. 41 from the Salt Lake City postoffice. This was the last number of the paper issued by the Bikuben Publishing Company. It seemed impossible for the

three of us to unite, and consequently we were compelled to break up the firm, which had scarcely had an existence.

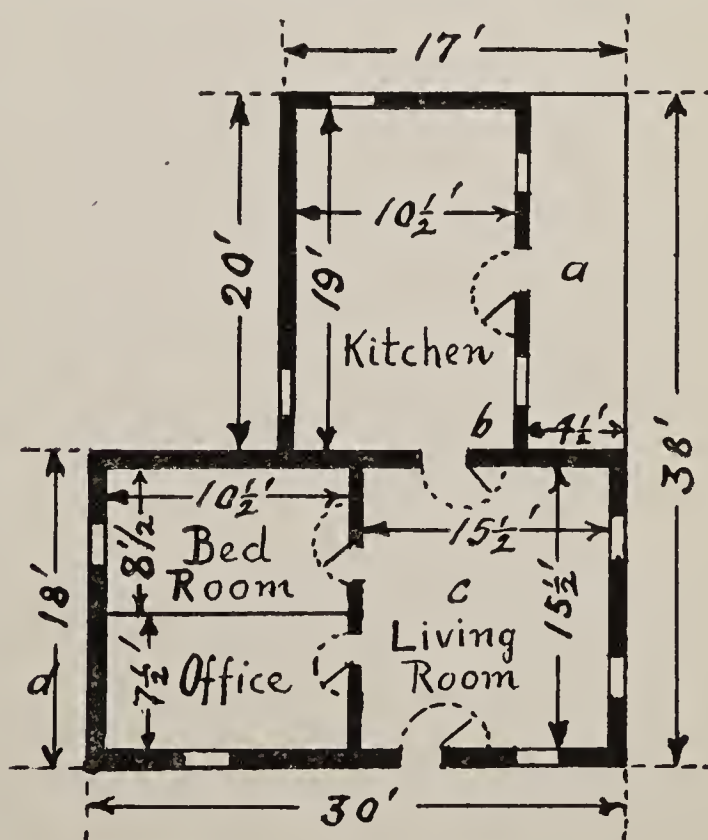
On Monday, July 1st, Bro. Bruun and I called at the President's office to consult with Pres. Taylor and explain our situation. He gave us good counsel, but said he desired to see Bro. Bruun, Bro. Winberg and me work together. Consequently, Bro. Winberg and Bruun and I went to the President's Office the next day and after a lengthy conversation President Taylor declared in the name of the Lord that if we did not overcome our antagonistic attitude toward each other and continue to publish "Bikuben" together, we would, sooner or later, have occasion to regret it. He would not give his consent to break up business, or cease our labors conjointly. This decision placed us in a dilemma. To go contrary to the counsel we had received from the President of the Church would certainly not result in good. I knew the nature and power of the Priesthood too well to treat the word of the President with indifference. And on the other hand I could scarcely see how the three of us could continue our labors together. In justice to myself I must state that the misunderstanding was mainly between Bros. Winberg and

Bruun, and of the two Bro. Bruun was certainly the one to blame the most; but as he and I still worked together on the "Levnetsløb", and his literary ability was needed to complete that work, I could not consistently take a strong stand against him. Notwithstanding the President's counsel, Bro. Bruun was determined that he would have nothing to do with Bro. Winberg, and this in reality gave Bro. Winberg and me practically no choice, and consequently the dissolution of the firm, or company took place. The following week the "Bikuben" was not published.

In the evening of July 6th the misunderstanding between Bros. Winberg, Bruun and myself was submitted to a committee of arbitrators, consisting of three men, namely, Thomas Edward Taylor, who represented Bro. Bruun and me and Bishop Alonzo H. Raleigh, who represented Bro. Winberg. Henry Arnold was chosen by the first two as a third man. After considerable discussion it was decided by unanimous consent that Bro. Winberg should take back "Bikuben" as his personal property, and that Bro. Bruun and I should receive fifty dollars each for our work during the two months we had labored together, and bear all the expenses of the paper during that time. However I promised Bro. Winberg to assist him



*a, Porch
b Steps down to cellar
c Cellar below
d Steps leading to Loft
The figures denote feet*



MY LAST PLEASANT GROVE HOME

as well as I could in editing the paper until the close of the volume. This I did with no other object in view than to comply with the counsel of President Taylor.

The first number of "Bikuben" published under the new arrangement was issued July 11, 1878 (No. 42).

I continued to work with Bro. Winberg until September 9, 1878, when we published and printed No. 52 of "Bikuben," or the last number of Volume 2. With the publication of that number my agreement with Bro. Winberg had been filled. My circumstances at Pleasant Grove and the business connected with the "Levnetsløb" did not permit me to continue my work on "Bikuben."

In April, 1878, I made preparations to build a new home on my premises in Pleasant Grove, as the cabin home which we had occupied about two years had given us shelter, but not sufficient comfort. Near the foot of the mountains back of Pleasant Grove, at the so called Big Springs, there is a stone quarry from which a light porous rock is obtained, and I decided to build a house 16 x 32 feet of that material. I engaged Bro. Anders C. Fuglsang to do the masonry and Bro. Niels Christian Eskerhøj to do the carpenter work, and after we had hauled the rocks on the ground and secured the necessary timber, the work of construction was commenced.

Released from the responsibility of "Bikuben", I paid more attention to the building of my new house, and on Sept. 27th the building was so far completed that we could move into it from the little cabin or adobe hut which we had occupied since we had moved upon the premises in March, 1876.

On June 15th, by appointment, I baptized 36 persons in Pleasant Grove, and on June 22nd I baptized 21 more.

On August 26, 1878, my wife gave birth to a fine boy whom we later named Parley Peter Jenson. He was our second child.

During the remainder of the year

I made frequent visits to Salt Lake City to mail the different sheets of the "Levnetsløb" as they were received from the press. In October and November I made another trip in the interest of the "Levnetsløb" into Sanpete and Sevier counties. At the end of the year I had nearly completed my part of the translation of the book which I then submitted to Bro. Bruun for a final revision. During the year (1878) 11 sheets, or parts of the "Levnetsløb" were printed and mailed to subscribers. These, added to the seven parts published in 1877, made 18 parts in all, or 288 pages, leaving about 10 parts to be published in 1879.

CHAPTER 14

(1879)

"Joseph Smith's Levnetsløb" published—Called on another Mission—Over Land and Sea to Denmark—Appointed President of the Copenhagen Branch—Take Lessons in Danish—Assist in Translating.

During the first part of the year 1879 I finished the printing, publishing and mailing of the balance of "Joseph Smith's Levnetsløb" which was issued in 28 parts, each part containing 16 pages. The people who received the book in 28 parts paid \$2.80 for all the unbound parts at 10 cents per sheet. The remainder of the edition was placed on the market at \$3.00 per copy bound, but later reduced to \$2.00. These bound copies turned out to be sufficient to supply the demand until 1904, when I was called on a special mission to Denmark to get out a second edition.

On Tuesday, January 14th, a very pleasant Sunday School party was given in Pleasant Grove, the arrangement of which was entrusted to a committee, of which I was a member. The entertainment was very successful, and the program rendered consisted of songs, instrumental music, recitations, brief dramatic acts, and solos. A poetical essay which I had composed received the approval of all present, and I also took part in a short dramatic presentation. The other members of the committee were John Gardner,

Franklin C. Banks, Henry Wadley, Paulena E. Brown, Hulda Augusta Winters and Marie Jacobsen.

At a municipal election held in Pleasant Grove on Monday, Feb. 10th, I was elected a member of the city council, after which I met regularly in the council meetings.

On April 2nd I had occasion, as a member of the city council, to oppose a motion which was made for the special benefit of the old settlers and to deprive the later settlers from using the water intended for irrigation purposes to those living in the so-called North Field. By a close vote it was agreed that all the settlers should share the water alike. The question in regard to water rights on this occasion was sprung on account of the dry season.

In March, 1879, I made a tour through Weber, Cache and Box Elder counties in the interest of the "Levnetsløb". On the 30th of that month I baptized by appointment 20 persons in Pleasant Grove.

In the meantime I was called to take another mission to Scandinavia, and as soon as I had finished my labors on the "Levnetsløb" I prepared to go. Before starting on this my second mission I put the finishing touches to my new home and was thus able to leave my family comfortably housed during my absence.

I was set apart for my second mission to Scandinavia on April 8th, together with 35 other Elders who were called to different countries on missions. I was blessed and set apart by Pres. Joseph Young of the Seventies who gave me a splendid blessing and prophesied that I should be the means of bringing many souls to the knowledge of the truth.

In the latter part of April I lectured for Elder Fred Christensen who was giving an exhibition of paintings on Church history. On one occasion I gave the lecture in Danish.

On Saturday night, May 10th, my family and I attended a party in the Pleasant Grove school house given in

my honor. It was a pleasant affair and the proceeds were given to me to assist me on my mission. On Monday, May 19, 1879, I left my home in Pleasant Grove for Europe. My wife accompanied me as far as Salt Lake City. A number of relatives and friends gathered at the depot to bid me good-bye, and some of them exhibited considerable emotion, and expressed their good wishes in behalf of myself and family. I was enabled to leave my wife and two little children in comfortable circumstances as to temporal affairs.

Since my return from my first mission to Scandinavia on July 23, 1875, I had been connected considerably with public affairs. I had preached in many public meetings and had administered in a large number of sacred ordinances. I had baptized 154 persons and confirmed 37. I had administered to many sick persons and assisted in ordaining a number of brethren to offices in the Priesthood. During the time mentioned I had attended about 170 ordinary meetings, 73 Sunday school sessions, 80 meetings of the M. I. A. and 170 Scandinavian meetings. I had preached in most of these.

The train carrying me off on my second mission to Scandinavia arrived in Salt Lake City at 6:00 o'clock a. m. on May 19, 1879. In Salt Lake City I met with Johan A. Bruun and Søren Jensen, the latter being appointed my general agent to look after the affairs of the "Levnetsløb" during my absence. But my partner, Bro. Bruun, was to settle our financial accounts with our agents. Before taking my departure from Salt Lake City I supervised the printing of the 26th, 27th and 28th sheets of the "Levnetsløb", but left the mailing to be done by hired help. These three sheets or parts completed the book entitled "Joseph Smith's Levnetsløb", or the history of the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Danish-Norwegian language. I acknowledge the hand of the Lord in the success which had attended our labors. The book, which was delivered

to the subscribers in part, or sheets, of 16 pages each, enclosed in neat covers, was well received by the saints and read with interest. It gave many of the Scandinavian saints a better understanding of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith than they had before, and greatly promoted the faith of many. Up to the date of my departure we had received from subscribers \$2,945.71. Of this amount we had paid \$1,159 for printing, \$195.45 for postage and \$134.17 for traveling expenses. The balance Bro. Bruun and I had used for living. We were still owing the Deseret news \$675 for printing, but had coming to us from subscribers about \$1,800. Besides this we had on hand 550 sets of the sheets which we expected to bind and sell.

On the morning of Wednesday, May 21st, I left our lodging in Salt Lake City and the train which carried me away left the railroad station at 7:00 a. m. After taking a hurried but affectionate leave of my wife, I boarded the train going north, while she boarded a train going south to Pleasant Grove. A few of our friends had come out in the early morning to say good-bye to me at the station. My only traveling companion was a Bro. Paul D. S. Lund from Spring City, Utah, who was going to Denmark in search of genealogy. A ride of two hours took us to Ogden, where we purchased our tickets for Omaha, and about 10:00 o'clock a. m. we left Ogden on the regular passenger train, and were soon afterwards wending our way through Weber and Echo canyons.

After two days' travel we arrived at Burlington, Iowa, early in the morning of May 24th, crossed the Mississippi River, and, after an enjoyable ride through the fertile and beautiful state of Illinois, arrived at Chicago at 3:30 p. m. From the Fort Wayne depot, we left Chicago for the East about 8:00 o'clock p. m. and arrived in Jersey City on the 26th. There we crossed the Hudson River on the ferry to New York and took a room at the Stevens House, 27 Broadway. We had

traveled 2,484 miles in five days from Salt Lake City to New York.

In New York we met five other missionaries from Utah and two Utah ladies who became our traveling companions across the Atlantic. After communicating with Bro. Wm. C. Staynes, Church emigration agent in New York, we bought tickets to Liverpool, and at 9:00 o'clock a. m. on May 27th we went on board the steamship "Wisconsin", Capt. Thos. R. Owen, and sailed from Pier No. 46 at 10:00 o'clock a. m. Our missionary party consisted of Elders Serge L. Ballif, Joseph Goddard, David C. Dunbar, Lyman R. Martineau, Charles French, Sisters Goddard and Anna Turner, and my companion (Bro. Paul D. S. Lund) and myself. The passengers on board all told, numbered about one hundred. About noon we passed Sandy Hook and two hours later we enjoyed the last glimpse of Long Island. As the wind blew briskly and the sea was rolling high sea sickness caused some of the passengers to retire early. The wind continued high the following three days. On Sunday, June 1st, Church of England services were held in the saloon. Among the passengers were a number of fine, well-behaving people, but others were bigoted and unfriendly when they discovered that we were "Mormon" Elders. The good ship "Wisconsin" was 385 feet long with corresponding width and height. The crew consisted of 87 men, divided into three departments, namely, 1 Sailors Department, 32 men, including the captain, 4 mates, 1 boatswain, 1 purser and one doctor; 2 Machine Department, consisting of 6 engineers and 26 laborers, and 3 Steward Department, including 1st and 2nd steward, a baker, cooks, and waiters—23 men. At noon on Thursday, June 5th, we were 193 miles from Queens-town and 433 miles from Liverpool. About 7:00 o'clock p. m. we passed three small islands lying immediately west of the Irish coast, known as the Bull, Cow and Calf. At 12:00 o'clock at night we passed within a short dis-

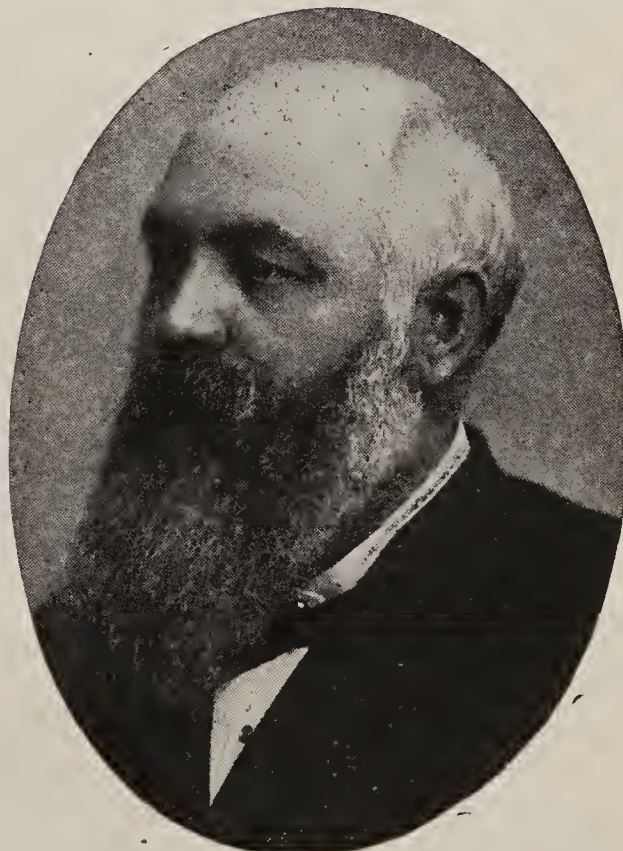
tance of Farsnet Rock; the lighthouse tower built on the top of the rock looked grand in the darkness of the night. Elder Dunbar was sick all day. We administered to him and his pains were somewhat relieved, but his sickness turned out to be a severe case of smallpox. Fortunately none of our party caught the disease from him.

On Friday, June 6th, early in the morning, we arrived off Queenstown, where a small steamer (tender) came out to take off the passengers who intended to land there. After a short stop, we continued the voyage. The distance from Queenstown to Liverpool is 240 miles. As the day advanced the overhanging clouds dispersed and the sun shone brightly, which created good cheer among the passengers. We sailed quite close to the green shores of Ireland on our north. Toward evening we passed the well known landmark Holyhead, 60 miles from Liverpool, and about midnight the sailors by careful manipulation succeeded in crossing the "Bar" notwithstanding the fog which had succeeded the beautiful sunshine. The next day, Sat., 7th), early in the morning, anchor was dropped in the river Mersey, and at 9:00 o'clock a. m. a tender came out to take us ashore, having on board Pres. William Budge, Elder John Nicholson and others of the brethren from the mission office at Liverpool. These brethren rendered us efficient aid in passing through the custom house. A cab took us to 42 Islington, where we who were bound for the continent hurriedly attended to the necessary arrangement, and, after a short conversation with Pres. Budge, Bro. Lund and I took leave of our fellow-passengers and the brethren in Liverpool and traveled by rail to Hull, where we stayed in a hotel over night. On Sunday, the 8th, we boarded the steamer "Louise", a Copenhagen vessel, and sailed from Hull an hour later. On the North Sea we enjoyed fine weather and a calm sea and being located in a comfortable cabin midships we enjoyed the voyage. The next day the weather

continued fine and the North Sea, which is so dreaded on account of its frequent storms, was almost as calm as a mill pond on this occasion. The morning of the 10th found us sailing along the coast of Jutland, Denmark. We rounded Skagen at 2:00 o'clock p. m. and arrived in Copenhagen at 8:00 o'clock a. m. on June 11th.

After landing, we went immediately to the mission office at Lorentzensgade No. 14, where we were kindly received by Pres. Nils C. Flygare and other Elders from Zion.

I made a visit to the island of Møen, in company with my traveling companion, Bro. Lund, who was searching for relatives and endeavoring to find some clew regarding his ancestry. Later I was made busy at the mission office, working on emigration lists and assisting the brethren in matters pertaining to the season's emigration. A company of emigrants (381 souls) left Copenhagen on the afternoon of June 23rd, in charge of Elder John A. Quist and other Elders. Pres. Nils C. Flygare accompanied the emigrants to



PRESIDENT NILS C. FLYGARE

England, and during his absence I was entrusted with the affairs of the mission office.

On Wednesday, June 25th, I was appointed and sustained as president of

the Copenhagen Branch and as superintendent of the branch Sunday school. This branch (dating back to 1850, as the first branch of the Church organized in Scandinavia) was in 1879 divided into seven districts and had about 390 members.

My appointment as president of the Copenhagen Branch was made partly for the purpose of giving me an opportunity to study the Danish language, under private teachers. One reason why I had been called on this second mission to Scandinavia so soon after my first mission was this, that the authorities of the Church desired that I should obtain a better knowledge of the Danish language, so that I might be used by the Church in the future as a writer and translator. Consequently, I commenced at once to study and after having had some experience with two or three professors I became acquainted with a Mr. L. Moth Iversen, who was courting a "Mormon" girl in Copenhagen. She turned him down unless he would become a convert to "Mormonism." I entered into an agreement with Mr. Iversen, who was



MISSION OFFICE IN COPENHAGEN

a scholar of considerable ability, that if he would give me lessons in the Danish language, I would teach him the principles of "Mormonism". It did not take me long to convert him and to baptize him and to see him married, but it took him longer to give me the instruction I needed in regard to the technical features of the Danish language. However, I soon became an

earnest and successful student of Danish grammar and composition and was taken into the mission office to spend part of my time as translator for "Skandinavien's Stjerne", first assisting C. A. F. Orlob, a native Elder, and later, when Bro. Orlob emigrated to Zion, I succeeded him as translator and writer for the mission periodical. I soon found myself in full swing as assistant editor of "Skandinavien's Stjerne" and commenced revising some of our Church publications for the printing of new editions.

On August 17th I received a letter from my wife stating that a fire had destroyed one of our haystacks in Pleasant Grove during the night between the 7th and 8th of August, and that the neighbors with difficulty had succeeded in saving another haystack and our corral. An insane man, who for a long time had shown enmity to his neighbors, was at once suspected of being the incendiary. Several of the brethren in Pleasant Grove showed their Christian character by bringing my wife as much, and even more, hay than that which had been destroyed by fire. My wife, who was awakened about midnight by one of the neighbors shouting "fire", received a shock or scare from which she suffered for some time afterwards.

On August 19th Niels Wilhelmsen arrived in Copenhagen to succeed Nils C. Flygare as president of the Scandinavian Mission.

About this time I had my first experience with evil spirits. After our services on Sunday Sept. 14th, we were asked to administer to a man who for some time had been tormented by an evil power. A couple of the local brethren had battled with him the whole day and afterwards baptized him for the remission of his sins. I anointed him with oil in the usual way, after which I laid hands on him, together with Pres. Wilhelmsen and Pres. Carl C. Asmussen, who presided over the Copenhagen Conference. We reconfirmed him a member of the Church and sealed upon him his former

ordination as a Teacher. We then rebuked the evil spirit which had tormented him; but at that moment the man began to rave like a maniac, making hideous expressions of the face while his limbs were twisted in a fearful manner. We, however, continued our administration with increased energy, using all the power which the Priesthood that we bore would allow, and at last the devil departed. About thirty persons witnessed this remarkable incident. But when we had finished our administration, we all felt weak and exhausted, especially Bro. Wilhelmsen, who was mouth in the confirming, and Bro. Asmussen and I had to assist him back to the mission office. Yet we felt to praise the Lord for manifesting his power through the administration of his humble servants.

On Sunday, Nov. 16th, after the day's services in our meeting hall, we administered to the same man with whom we had had the unusual experience on Sept. 14th, when we again rebuked the evil spirits. These had seemingly returned and as soon as we were through praying over him the evil influence attacked him worse than before. We laid hands upon him and in a strong voice rebuked the evil power, which finally let go its grip on him. I was mouth in rebuking the devil, and my exertion was followed by physical weakness as soon as we were through with our administrations. The man, however, was not permanently relieved from these visitations; we learned later that he led an unclean life and was guilty of self-abuse and thus had become a fit subject for the devil to torture. We decided that we would not administer to him again until he repented of his sins. This experience with evil spirits taught me this lesson, that it is not a desirable task to attack the devil on his own ground, or endeavor to drive him away from places where he has a right to be. This man had made himself liable to the attacks from this evil source because of his unholy practices.

Among the membership of the Cop-

enhagen Branch there were at that time many good and faithful Latter-day Saints who made me as their president welcome in their homes, and invitations to take meals with them were of almost daily occurrence. Many strangers who attended our meetings became converts, and while I presided over the branch it generally fell to my lot to baptize or confirm them into the Church and generally watch over the welfare of these new members, as well as the older ones; and as I now look back upon my experience as president of the Copenhagen Branch I acknowledge that I enjoyed that particular part of my mission as well as I have enjoyed any position I have held since in life.

On August 30th a company of emigrants, numbering 108 souls, including several returning Elders, sailed from Copenhagen bound for America under the leadership of Nils C. Flygare, who on that day left the presidency of the mission in the hands of Elder Niels Wilhelmsen.

President Wilhelmsen, who had been a very successful missionary in Scandinavia before he emigrated to America, and had subsequently filled a mission as an Elder from Zion, became my bosom companion and fellow-laborer. I was entrusted with the affairs of the mission office when he traveled in the conferences. I had opportunity to divide my time between office work and visiting among the saints in the branch. It also became my privilege and duty to take a prominent part in public speaking in our hired hall in Store Regnegade.

In September, 1879, I made my first visit to Sweden and to the island of Hveen, where the famous astronomer Tyge Brahe had his headquarters.

On September 30th a company of twelve missionaries arrived from America and were assigned to different parts of the mission. On October 11th and 12th a most interesting and successful conference was held in Copenhagen, after which I attended conferences at Aalborg and Aarhus, and

early in November also a conference at Malmö, Sweden.

On Nov. 19, 1879, we organized a Y. M. M. I. A. in the Copenhagen Branch, of which I was made president. It was the first Y. M. M. I. A. organized in the Scandinavian Mission.

On Nov. 20, 1879, I assisted in organizing the first female Relief Society in Scandinavia, with Johanna Nordstrøm as president.

On Dec. 11th, which was the 29th anniversary of my birthday I was the recipient of a number of presents from saints and friends and many congratulations from the Elders and local saints generally. In the evening, together with Bros. Wilhelmsen, Asmussen and Gustaf Peterson I went to the Casino (a theatre) and witnessed the play "Kaliffen paa Eventyr" well presented. The Crown Prince and his wife were in attendance, and our seats were near the royal box.

We spent a delightful Christmas week in Copenhagen.

CHAPTER 15

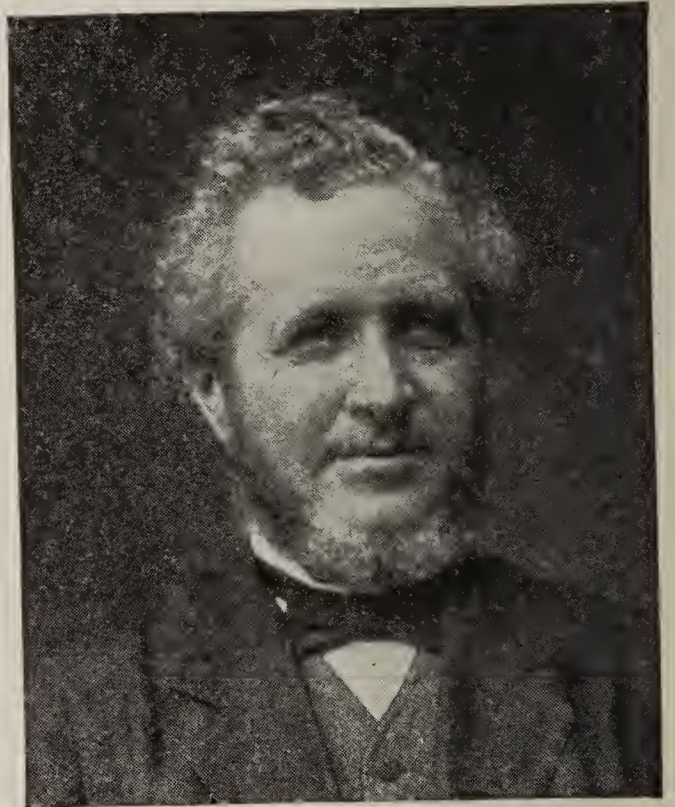
(1880)

Ungdommens Raadgiver—Compilation of Bible References—Celebration in Scandinavia of the 50 Year Jubilee of the Church—Appointed assistant to President Niels Wilhelmsen—Travels in the Mission.

In the beginning of the year 1880 five men constituted the working force at the mission office in Copenhagen, namely, Niels Wilhelmsen, president of the Mission; Carl C. Asmussen, president of the Copenhagen Conference; Andrew Jenson, president of the Copenhagen Branch and assistant translator; Christian A. F. Orlob, assistant editor of "Skandinaviens Stjerne" and Gustaf Peterson, assistant editor of "Nordstjärnan." Bros. Orlob and Petersen were local Elders.

Since the departure of the last company of emigrants in June, 1879, a thirty year old girl had been housekeeper at the mission office. She cooked good and plain meals, and our living cost about five kroner a day for the group. Our headquarters consisted of four large and four small rooms

and a kitchen in the second story of a five story building at No. 14 Lorentzensgade. The largest room of the two, facing the street, was used for the general office. The smaller room, also facing the street, was used by the president of the mission as a private office and bedroom. Back of the two front rooms was the dining room, lighted by one large window in the



PRESIDENT NIELS WILHELMSSEN

rear. This room was also used as a store room for books and pamphlets. Alongside of this room was the apartment known as the Conference-presidents' room, which was also used as a sleeping room for Bros. Orlob, C. C. Asmussen and myself. One of the small rooms was used as a bed chamber for Bro. Peterson and the other for the housekeeper. In order to save fuel and light, we all utilized the main office as a living room during the winter months.

As a rule we arose in the morning at 8:00 o'clock, had prayer and breakfasted at 9:30 a. m., ate dinner at 2:00 o'clock and supper at 7:00 o'clock p. m. But we seldom retired until midnight. Unity and good will existed in our little household, and we felt that the Lord was pleased with our daily walk in life. The suite of rooms here

described had been the mission office since 1856.

In January, 1880, the first number of "Ungdommens Raadgiver", a monthly periodical published in the interest of the Sunday School, or young people, in the mission, was issued. I was the editor of that periodical as long as I remained in Denmark, and it was continued for eight years.

In January and February, 1880, I made a trip to Lolland and Falster for the purpose of assisting the Elders laboring on these islands to hold meetings. In the evening of February 5th we held a well-attended meeting in a hall which we rented in Hotel Skandinavien, in Nakskov. About three hundred people attended, most of whom preserved good order and listened attentively to my historical and religious discourse of one and a half hours duration. I spoke freely and delivered my message under the inspiration of the spirit of God. At the close of the meeting Mr. Petersen, a clergyman, and two or three others introduced discussion and we spent nearly two hours answering questions and refuting false statements. The outcome of these discussions gave us great satisfaction, and was the occasion of a number of articles in the local newspapers and also in newspapers in other parts of the country. Even the Copenhagen newspapers gave favorable reports of it, some of them gave me credit for being an "extraordinary speaker, capable of holding for two hours an audience which was not in sympathy with him or his people." We seemed to have a number of friends in the audience. As a sequence to this meeting I may mention that twenty-five years later I met a man on the island of Møen who as a young man attended this meeting at Nakskov and told me that he never got away from the influence that came upon him in that meeting. Afterwards, it was reported to me that he joined the Church and settled in Canada. This was a fair sample of bread cast upon the water, returning after many days.

Soon after my arrival in Denmark I worked out a pamphlet containing Bible references in the Danish language. The edition consisted of 2,000 copies, which was all sold, and a new edition published in February, 1880. Subsequently other editions were published, as the book was used by the missionaries in Scandinavia for a number of years.

On Feb. 18th I was honorably released from my position as president of the Copenhagen Branch, and Elder Hans Funk was appointed my successor. I had presided over the branch about eight months, during which 53 persons had been added to the Church by baptism. The branch at the time of my release had 408 members, of whom 35 were Elders, 14 Priests, 15 Teachers and 15 Deacons. I had endeavored to honor my calling, while having charge of the branch and was released because my work at the mission office demanded my entire time, in connection with my study of the Danish language, editing the "Stjerne" and revising my pamphlet of Bible references.

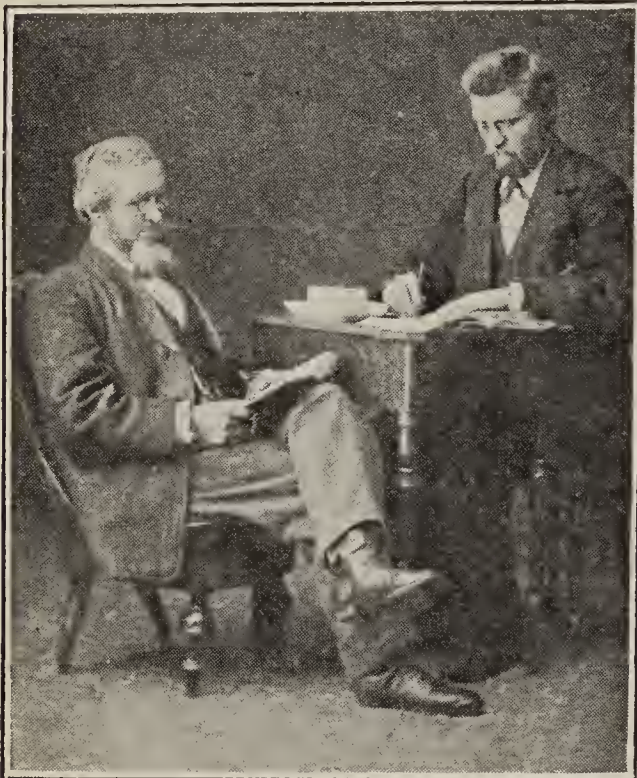
On Thursday, April 6, 1880, solemn meetings were held by the saints and their friends in all parts of the Scandinavian mission commemorating the organization of the Church fifty years previous. In Copenhagen we held large and most interesting meetings in our hall in Store Regnegade. The sisters of the Relief Society had decorated the hall in a very tasteful manner and we had an excellent meeting, the spirit of the Lord resting upon us in rich measure. At times during the services we were almost overcome with emotion, as we delivered our messages and bore our testimony. During the meeting I read a poetical essay which I had composed the day before and preached thereafter about twenty-five minutes. I was followed by Elders Funk, Asmussen and Wilhelmsen who all spoke well and with much feeling, while the whole congregation was filled with joy and emotion. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity.

On May 1st I took my first instruc-

tion in Latin from a Mr. Gundorph and on that day also I received my regular appointment to serve as assistant to Pres. Wilhelmsen in the mission office. This being the position that I had aspired to occupy from the beginning, I began my duties at once. In May a number of Elders arrived from Zion to labor in the Scandinavian Mission.

The first number of "Skandinaviens Stjerne", of which I was the assistant editor, was published on May 13, 1880. During the summer of 1880 I participated in a number of outings which were enjoyed by the Copenhagen saints, our favorite places of recreation rendez-vous being Klampenborg and Dyrehaven.

An emigrant company left Copenhagen for Utah, July 5th, consisting of 594 Latter-day Saints, in charge of Elder Niels P. Rasmussen. For some time Pres. Wilhelmsen and I had been

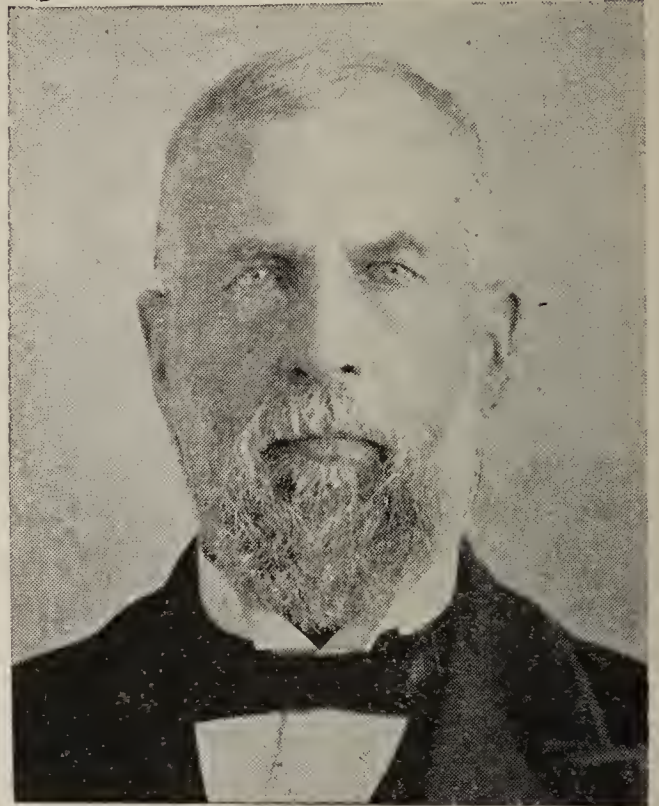


NIELS WILHELMSSEN AND ANDREW JENSON REVISING THE BOOK OF MORMON

busily engaged in revising the Book of Mormon, preparing it for another edition. The first sheet of 16 pages of the new edition of said work was printed July 10, 1880, but the last sheets were not issued from the press until May, 1881.

On July 17th, William Budge, presi-

dent of the European Mission, and Elders Moroni Snow and Lyman R. Martineau arrived in Copenhagen on a visit to the Scandinavian Mission. It



PRESIDENT WM. BUDGE

fell to my lot to act as translator for these brethren during their visit in Denmark and also at Malmö, Sweden. On August 28th another company of emigrating saints left Copenhagen, together with returning Elders among whom was Carl C. Asmussen, who had presided over the Copenhagen Conference since his arrival in the mission in 1879. Another company of emigrants left Copenhagen, Oct. 15, 1880.

After attending an interesting conference in Copenhagen on Oct. 16th and 17th, I attended a conference in Aalborg, together with Pres. Wilhelmsen. After that I visited some of my relatives in Vendsyssel, and on Oct. 26th I baptized my cousin Anna Christine Jensen (Nielsen) in the Kattegat, not far from her home at Grønholt.

Traveling from Aalborg toward Aarhus on Oct. 29, 1880, together with other Elders, the train ran into a snow bank near Hobro, which delayed us several hours. The weather was extremely cold, and while shivering with cold in the non-heated railroad car I composed a song, or hymn, which subsequently became popular with the

Elders in the mission. The first line of this hymn which was made a part of the Latter-day Saint hymn book was "Blæs sagte, I Storme fra iskolde Nord." It was based on C. W. Penrose's well known hymn "Blow gently ye wild winds with frost in your breath."

Having escaped from our perilous position in the snow we continued our journey to Aarhus, where we attended a splendid conference on Oct. 30th and 31st.

In the latter part of the year 1880 a number of pamphlets which I had revised were republished for distribution among the people. This work of revision, the editing of "Skandinaviens Stjerne," the printing of the sheets of the Book of Mormon and attending to business in the mission office, kept me very busy during the year 1880. On the 30th anniversary of my birthday (Dec. 11, 1880), while meditating on my experience and life so far, I felt truly thankful that I had found myself doing the work which I loved to do, and that I had been blessed of the Lord so far with success. During the day I received congratulations and presents from saints and friends.

By this time I can truthfully say that I had gained the love and good will of the saints and my fellow-laborers in the Lord's vinyard. We Elders from Zion spent another fine Christmas, exchanging presents and congratulations and enjoying associations which only Latter-day Saints can understand.

As my wife, like myself, was of foreign birth and had only received a common school education in her native land, I arranged a course of study for her in the Brigham Young College in Provo, where she attended school during the winter of 1880-1881, leaving our two children with her parents who lived with us in our Pleasant Grove home. This gave her an opportunity to study English grammar and in other ways add to her education in a general way.

CHAPTER 16

(1881)

New Edition of the Book of Mormon—Sickness and Death of President Niels Wilhelmsen—Special Council Meeting in Copenhagen—My Release and Return Home.

With a prayer for my own success and for the welfare of my little family far away, I commenced the year 1881, exchanging the compliments of the season with the Elders from Zion and local saints. In the evening the members of the Copenhagen Branch choir and other invited guests (about 40 people) gathered at the mission office to celebrate the ushering in of the new year. We enjoyed ourselves hugely until 2:00 o'clock in the morning, indulging in games, singing and other pastimes.

During the month of January several sheets of the Book of Mormon were printed. Bro. Hugo D. E. Peterson, who had been appointed to succeed Gustaf Peterson as writer for "Nordstjarnan," our Church periodical in the Swedish language, arrived from Sweden Feb. 7, 1881. Elder Gustaf Peterson had been sick for some time and finally died April 13, 1881. He was a humble, lovable man, highly respected and beloved by his co-laborers at the mission office and the Copenhagen saints generally. He had labored as translator and writer for "Nordstjarnan" since September, 1878.

I attended a conference at Malmö, Sweden, on April 30th and May 1st, and on May 7th and 8th we had a most enjoyable conference in Copenhagen. For some time I was engaged in making an index to the Book of Mormon, the last sheet of which was published in the latter part of May, and on June 4th we received the first bound copies of the new edition of the book from the book-binders. Without boasting, this edition of the Book of Mormon was the prettiest and finest book ever published by the saints in Scandinavia. It was printed in large type and contained 48 sheets of 16 pages each, large octavo size. Each of these sheets cost 70 kroner for printing; hence the expense of

printing the whole work amounted to 3,360 kroner. The issue consisted of 2,000 copies and sold for four and five kroner per copy, according to binding. At this time it became apparent that Bro. Hans Jørgensen, who had been sent to Denmark to release me as writer for the Church periodical in the Danish language, was not capable of doing the work. Hence, Pres. Wilhelmsen wrote on June 4th to Pres. Albert Carrington in England, asking to have another man sent from Utah to Scandinavia to work in the publishing department.

In the meantime Elder Peter O. Hansen who had arrived in Scandinavia on his third mission was appointed to assist me in translating for "Skandinaviens Stjerne" and Bro. Jørgensen was appointed to labor as a missionary on the island of Fyn.

On July 16th I completed a list of the missionaries from Zion who had filled missions in Scandinavia. Three hundred and five such Elders had labored as missionaries in the lands of the north, including 33 visitors, among whom were nine Apostles. Some of these had labored in the mission several times, including Peter O. Hansen, who was filling his third mission, and Olaf N. Liljenquist, Canute Petersen, Jesse N. Smith, John Van Cott, Wm. W. Cluff, Jens Hansen, Carl C. Asmussen and myself who had filled two mission each.

On July 21st, Pres. Niels Wilhelmsen, who for some time had suffered with gall stones, decided to go to the hospital to submit to medical treatment, thinking that perhaps it would be necessary for him to undergo an operation. This unexpected turn of affairs cast a gloom over us all. We truly felt sorry for our beloved president. I accompanied him to the hospital, and on the road home I felt so depressed in my feelings that I burst into tears and could not regain my equilibrium for some time. I feared that something terrible was going to happen. After my return to my office I wrote to Pres. Albert Carrington in

England, informing him of what had taken place. After that I visited President Wilhelmsen every day. While on one of these visits on Sunday, July 24th, I arrived at the hospital at the very moment when Pres. Wilhelmsen was carried into the operating room for treatment. An awful feeling took possession of me in witnessing what took place. Later in the day I visited the hospital again, Bro. Wilhelmsen had gone through a dangerous ordeal, the stones in the bladder had been crushed and the fragments extracted, while he was under the influence of anesthetics. When I visited him he was suffering intense pain and could scarcely speak. On Sunday, July 31st, on one of my visits to the hospital, I found him suffering with a high fever, and pain which had caused him serious reflections, and he spoke to me confidentially about his affairs in case anything serious should happen to him. He remarked: "I am not afraid to die, but would like to see my family first. If I die, it is the will of the Lord." He gave me instructions concerning himself, his family and the mission affairs in general, and furthermore advised me regarding his funeral, if he should pass away. With a heavy heart I left him, and yet the thought never occurred to me that he would die. Late in the afternoon when I again visited the hospital I only conversed with him a little in a low tone of voice as he was too weak to speak louder. This was the last time I saw him alive. In the evening, when I retired to rest, I could not sleep and had most peculiar feelings in regard to him, but even then I could not conceive that there was any great danger of his passing away. Involuntarily I was led to exclaim at times: O Lord, spare his life.

On Monday, August 1st, at 9:00 o'clock a. m., I made my way as usual to the hospital, and on my arrival there I received the heartrending intelligence that Pres. Wilhelmsen had died about three hours before, or at 6:00 o'clock a. m. Never before in my life had a message made so painful an im-

pression upon me. It seemed impossible that Pres. Wilhelmsen should die. No one of the many Elders from Zion who had labored in Scandinavia as missionaries up to that time had died in that mission field, except Willard Snow who passed away on the voyage between Denmark and England in 1853. But, alas, it was too true! There lay before me the dead body of President Wilhelmsen, pale and inanimate. I was led to reflect: Why should such a faithful servant of God pass away while absent from his family and friends in Zion, and just as he was about to be released from a most successful mission to return home? I loved Pres. Wilhelmsen sincerely. Never before had I labored with a man in the mission field, or elsewhere, with whom I had sustained such intimate and confidential relations as with him. I could not love my own father more than I loved this man. Filled with sadness and with tearful eyes I returned to the mission office and told the Elders what had happened.

We all felt like bereaved children, but our grief was too intense to find relief in tears. I sent at once the following telegram to Pres. Albert Carrington at 42 Islington, Liverpool: "Pres. Wilhelmsen died this morning at 6:00 a. m. Come, if possible; otherwise please give instructions." I also telegraphed to all the presidents of conferences in the mission. After doing so I wrote a letter to Pres. Carrington, giving further details. At 4:00 o'clock I received the following telegram from Pres. Carrington: "Can't come. Have cablegraphed Taylor. Did he leave instructions?" I wrote to all the conference presidents in the mission and requested them to come to Copenhagen to attend the funeral of President Wilhelmsen the following Sunday. After that I again went to the hospital in company with Bro. Hans Funk and was told by the nurse who had been with Pres. Wilhelmsen in his last moments that he passed away peacefully without any apparent pain, and that until a few

moments before his death he was able to converse quite freely and did not seem to have the least intimation of his departure from this life. We ordered a casket for his remains and made all arrangements to have them placed in the hospital chapel. After my return to the office I wrote a lengthy letter to Bro. Wilhelmsen's family in St. Charles, Idaho, and enclosed the same in a letter addressed to Pres. William Budge in Paris, Idaho, whom I requested to convey the sad intelligence to the family. I finished my writing at midnight.

The following morning (Aug. 2nd) I arose early and went to the hospital to obtain a death certificate, and then walked out to "Assisstants Kirkegaard," where in a central place in the cemetery I bought a burial lot in which to inter the remains of Pres. Wilhelmsen. It cost 72 kroner and we obtained a deed, good for twenty years.

In the afternoon I received the following telegram from Pres. Carrington at Liverpool: "Did Pres. Wilhelmsen leave instructions as to burial? if so, carry them out. Answer." I answered immediately by simply telegraphing: "He did." After that I wrote a lengthy letter to Pres. Carrington, giving particulars. Bro. Hans J. Christiansen arrived early in the day. Next day (Aug. 3rd) I visited Attorney Lassen in Skindergade No. 38 and consulted with him concerning the financial affairs of the mission. Some question arose in regard to the money belonging to the mission, deposited with Martin Cohen, a banker, and in "Bikuben", another bank, amounting to about 30,000 kroner. Bro. Wilhelmsen dying so suddenly did not have time to give me an ordinary power of attorney. The attitude of the attorney somewhat alarmed me at first, but I was afterwards satisfied that he acted fair and square in his position as a lawyer.

Having finished my business with the attorney I went to the offices in charge of funerals, and arranged everything for the funeral to be held

the following Sunday afternoon at 1:00 o'clock. Soon after that I met Elders Hans Funk, Hans J. Christiansen, Peter O. Hansen and Rasmus Olsen at the chapel in the hospital, where the remains of Pres. Wilhelmsen had temporarily been placed, and we dressed the body in the endowment clothes, which Bro. Wilhelmsen had brought with him from home. We finished our task about noon. From 3:00 to 7:00 o'clock p. m. the saints and friends were given the opportunity to view the remains. At a council meeting held in the evening I gave the brethren a full account of Bro. Wilhelmsen's sickness and last hours.

The next day (Aug. 4th) the remains were removed from the hospital chapel to the cemetery chapel. On the 5th the brethren from the conferences commenced to arrive in Copenhagen. I received a letter from Pres. Carrington in Liverpool, dated Aug 3rd, containing instructions. In writing to him again I posted him in regard to the financial condition of the mission. Toward noon three gentlemen representing "Skifteretten" (Probate Court) called at the Mission Office to post themselves in regard to the situation. They were willing to draw a line between the means belonging to the mission and the property belonging to Pres. Wilhelmsen himself. Yet it was necessary, according to law, that the 19,850 kroner deposited in "Bikuben", and the 11,512 kroner in Martin Cohen & Co.'s Bank (total 31,362 kroner) should go into Probate Court, after which the amount could be drawn on a regular Power of Attorney. After this, I felt quite calm. I wrote another letter to Pres. Carrington, giving him all needed information concerning the financial affairs of the mission.

On Sunday, Aug. 7th, a great number of floral offerings were brought to the office, among which were one from F. E. Bording, our printer, one from Mr. Hjordhøi, our book-binder, and one from Tailor Kohn. At 10:30 a. m. I rode to "Assisstants Kirkegaard", together with several of the brethren

from Zion. Here we found a number of the local brethren busily engaged decorating the grave. I arranged with the officer in charge of the chapel to use the largest room in the building. About three hundred saints and strangers assembled in the chapel about 1:00 o'clock p. m. The sisters of the Relief Society had previously decorated the casket and the pedestal upon which it stood with a multitude of wreaths and flowers. Among the thirty floral offerings, one placed at the head of the casket was a large wreath of palms, decorated with flowers and attached to the same was a silk ribbon on which the words "From sorrowing friends in Stockholm" were printed. Inside of this large wreath was another beautiful wreath of white flowers, attached to which was a card containing the following words: "Farewell from his assistants at the Office; those who knew you best, loved you most." On one side of the casket silk draperies and a beautiful wreath were placed and also a motto, "Farewell from the young brethren", and on the other side a similar wreath with a motto, "Farewell from the sisters". At the foot of the coffin a third wreath with the motto "Last farewell from the choir" was placed. There was also a very pretty wreath from the Relief Society in Aarhus, in which was fastened a card containing an original verse of poetry.

At the appointed hour, the services were commenced under my direction. The choir sang a pretty little song composed for the occasion, after which Elder Hans Funk offered prayer, followed by impressive remarks by Simon Christensen, L. M. Olson, Christen Jensen, Hans Funk and myself. The choir then sang the hymn "Den store hvide Flok vi se". After I had made a few additional remarks, giving directions which were followed in detail, the procession moved from the chapel to the grave, a distance of seven hundred feet. The casket was carried by the six conference presidents, viz., L. M. Olson, Hans Funk, Chr. Jensen,

Simon Christensen, Ola N. Stohl and Nils B. Ädler. Immediately after the casket followed Hugo D. E. Peterson and myself, assistants to Pres. Wilhelmsen at the mission office, and behind us walked the other Elders from Zion present, namely, Peter O. Hansen, Hans J. Christiansen, Martin Jacobsen, Carl P. Warnick, L. N. Larsen, James C. Olsen, Rasmus Christofferson, Jens Hansen and Rasmus Olsen. Next in the procession were the members of the Copenhagen branch choir, followed by the other local saints and friends, who walked in order four abreast. Among the latter Mr. F. E. Bording, the printer, A. Hjordhøi, the book-binder, Emigration Agent Wilhelm Hansen, and C. F. W. Kohn, merchant tailor. After our arrival at the grave, the choir, which was placed on the right of the grave, sang with much feeling the beautiful hymn "I Morgenlysets gyldne Glans". Elder Hans J. Christiansen offered the dedicatory prayer at the grave, after which I thanked all present for their presence and sympathy they had exhibited in behalf of our departed friend and brother. All present then marched in single file past the grave to take the last look at the casket. Then the congregation dispersed. The best possible order prevailed throughout the services and no one disturbed us in any way.

Accompanied by a number of the brethren I returned to the Mission Office and spent the time there in conversation until 7:00 o'clock p. m., when we attended meeting in the hall. The speakers on that occasion were Chr. Jensen, Ola N. Stohl, Jens Hansen, L. M. Olson, Peter O. Hansen, Hans Funk and myself. All the speakers referred to the sad experience of the day and good and timely instructions were given. Thus ended one of the most eventful days of my life.

On Monday, Aug. 8, 1881, the Elders from Zion assembled in Copenhagen to hold a general council meeting of which the following is the official report:

General Council meeting held at the Mission Office, August 8, 1881, at 10:30 a. m.

There were present the following Elders from Zion: Lars M. Olson, president of the Stockholm Conference; Chr. Jensen, president of the Aarhus Conference; Hans Funk, president of the Copenhagen Conference; Simon Christensen, president of the Aalborg Conference; Ola N. Stohl, president of the Göteborg Conference; Peter O. Hansen, Hans J. Christiansen, Jørgen Jørgensen, Rasmus Christofferson, Jens Hansen, Rasmus Olsen, and James C. Olsen, missionaries in the Copenhagen Conference and Chas.



HUGO D. E. PETERSON

P. Warnick, and Martin Jacobson from the Skåne Conference, and Elder Andrew Jenson of the Mission Office. The Council was opened by singing and prayer by Elder Jens Hansen.

Elder Andrew Jenson arose to explain that, owing to the sad and trying circumstances which surrounded us on account of the demise of our beloved president, he deemed it necessary to call this special council of the brethren from Zion before they separated to return to their respective fields of labor, in order that we might become acquainted with each other's feelings and continue our activities with the

best understanding and harmony. Should he give way to his own feelings he would shrink from the great responsibility which, on account of the sad event, had now come to rest upon him, but he saw no escape at present, as Pres. Wilhelmsen, before his demise, had entrusted all the affairs of the Mission to his care and given him the most necessary instructions regarding the direction of its affairs in case he (the President) should pass away. He now desired that the brethren would express their feelings freely and without reserve in regard to this matter, and other things which might demand our immediate attention, so that we all might understand one another.

Elder Peter O. Hansen said that in a certain sense there was no real sorrow in Pres. Wilhelmsen's departure, for he had left the affairs of the mission in good condition. He did not believe that there was any one better fitted or entitled to take temporary charge of the affairs of the mission than Bro. Jenson, who had stood next to the president for a long time while he lived, and was in every way thoroughly acquainted with the situation.

Elder Hans J. Christiansen agreed with what Bro. Hansen had said and was willing to sustain Bro. Jenson.

Pres. L. M. Olson remarked that, inasmuch as his field of labor was far away and as the feelings he himself entertained would undoubtedly spread to every part of his extensive conference, he considered it a matter of importance that the council should become acquainted with his sentiments. He felt that the sorrow over the president's death was an individual sorrow as far as he was concerned. We had lost a good friend, but otherwise he looked upon the affairs of the mission as a matter of no anxiety, as he knew everything would prosper as before. None, he said, could be nearer or better qualified to direct the affairs of the mission, under the present circumstances, than Bro. Jenson, and he would give him his undivided confidence, and send in reports and accounts as readily to him, as he had formerly done to Pres. Wilhelmsen.

Pres. Hans Funk said that the mission was not without a president, as Bro. Carrington, in England, presided over all the missions in Europe. He echoed the sentiments of Bro. Olson and was willing to acknowledge Bro. Jenson as president pro tem. of the Scandinavian Mission, and send his reports to him, as if nothing had happened.

Pres. Chr. Jensen believed that the

calling of this special council was proper and necessary under the present circumstances. It was proper and right that the brethren should become acquainted with each other's feelings. He was in perfect harmony with what the other brethren had said, and was willing to sustain Bro. Jenson as temporary president of the mission, and should with unreserved confidence send his reports, money and accounts to him, the same as he had previously done to Pres. Wilhelmsen.

Pres. Simon Christensen said that he could not for one moment think of any other Elder than Bro. Jenson to take charge of the mission pro tem. Since the demise of Pres. Wilhelmsen became known, he had sustained Bro. Jenson in his prayers, as he considered he was the proper man, he having received instructions from Pres. Wilhelmsen, and that we had no right to appoint any other man, even if we desired to do so. His opinion was that Bro. Jenson had acted wisely in calling this special council in order to sit in conference with his brethren. He prayed that the Lord would sustain each and every one of us in the discharge of our duties, and we ought to remember each other in our prayers.

Pres. Ola N. Stohl coincided with what the other brethren had said. Bro. Jenson was, as the man who had stood next to Pres. Wilhelmsen when alive, the proper person to take charge of the mission, and should be acknowledged and sustained as such by all in the mission. He desired to sustain him as temporary president in his prayers.

Elder Martin Jacobson, who represented the Skåne Conference (Pres. Adler having returned to Sweden) sanctioned all that had been said by the brethren.

Elder C. P. Warnick said that he had been acquainted with Bro. Jenson for fifteen years, and could only speak of him as a faithful and reliable man in whom he placed as much confidence as in any man he knew on earth. He rejoiced in the unity and good feelings manifested among the brethren, and invoked the blessings of the Lord upon Bro. Jenson and all of us.

Elder Rasmus Christofferson felt happy in laboring for the progress of the work of the Lord and was absolutely in harmony with what the other brethren had said.

Elder Jens Hansen spoke in a similar strain.

Elder James C. Olsen was also united in his feelings with the brethren. He felt keenly the departure of

Bro. Wilhelmsen, as he had known him since he was a mere youth.

Elder Rasmus Olsen said that he had known Bro. Wilhelmsen before he joined the Church, and that Bro. Wilhelmsen had first heard the gospel declared in his (Olsen's) house. If the brethren were united in the discharge of their duties, he believed that the Lord would abundantly bless us, and that the angel of death would not have power to take the life of any more of us, but that we should succeed in doing a good work as heretofore. He was in harmony with the general sentiment of the meeting.

Elder J. Jørgensen expressed himself similarly to the other brethren and was perfectly willing to sustain and acknowledge Bro. Jenson as temporary president of the mission.

Elder Andrew Jenson expressed himself as greatly pleased with the unity and good understanding which had characterized the meeting. He did not desire that any of the brethren should believe that he for a single moment expected that this council would appoint him president of the mission, as such an appointment would have to be made by the general authorities of the Church, but he was very glad and appreciative of the good feelings and confidence which the brethren had expressed in regard to him personally. He desired to do the best he could under the circumstances and hoped that he, assisted by the faith and prayers of the brethren, might be given the necessary wisdom and intelligence to direct the affairs of the mission until the actual successor of Pres. Wilhelmsen arrived. He said that the financial affairs of the mission were satisfactory, the only trouble being that some of the mission money, deposited in banks, could not be drawn until a power-of-attorney could be sent over from home, but the accounts and everything of a financial nature was in the best order, and Pres. Wilhelmsen had left everything in such a manner that all could be understood and the work carried on as before. President Wilhelmsen was absolutely honest and reliable in every particular.

Elder Peter O. Hansen moved that "we in our faith and prayers acknowledge and sustain Elder Andrew Jenson as temporary president of the Scandinavian Mission until another man is sent here from home, or until our superiors in the Priesthood should desire otherwise." The vote in favor of this proposition was unanimous.

Pres. Simon Christensen suggested to the council that it perhaps would be

in order to take steps toward the erection of a monument on the grave of Pres. Wilhelmsen, and to give the saints in Scandinavia the privilege of contributing of their means for that purpose.

Pres. L. M. Olson explained that, inasmuch as there were about five thousand saints in the Scandinavian countries, a sufficient sum for the erection of a monument could be raised by giving each member an opportunity to contribute 25 øre each. If we erect a monument, it should be one that would be an honor to us.

Elders Chr. Jensen, Hans Funk, Ola N. Stohl, Martin Jacobson and James C. Olsen expressed themselves in a somewhat similar manner.

Elder Andrew Jenson was in perfect harmony with the brethren in regard to the monument suggested. We ought to build one which would be an honor to us as a people and serve as a token of that love and respect we entertained for our deceased president. His opinion was that if we let the saints contribute according to their ability, small sums varying from five øre to one krone each, then all would have an opportunity to contribute their mite according to their circumstances, but it should not in any way or manner be placed upon the saints as a burden or duty, but simply as a privilege. However, we were hardly authorized to take any active steps in regard to erecting a monument until we had obtained Pres. Carrington's opinion in the matter.

Pres. L. M. Olson thought that a monument suitable for the occasion could be erected for about one thousand kroner.

Presidents Simon Christensen and Ola N. Stohl made similar remarks.

Elder Andrew Jenson moved that a letter be written to Pres. Albert Carrington concerning the matter, and that in it (said letter) the feelings and opinions of this council be expressed to the president that we favor the erection of a monument over the grave of Pres. Wilhelmsen, but that we take no further action until his answer and opinion were obtained. Bro. Jenson also asked the brethren to express themselves briefly in regard to passing resolutions expressive of the feelings of this council and their deep sympathy in behalf of Pres. Wilhelmsen's family. A number of the brethren having expressed themselves in favor of this proposition, the council appointed Elders Andrew Jenson, Hans Funk and Simon Christensen to draft such a

resolution, which they did soon after the council had adjourned.

A number of questions were asked and answered.

Elder Andrew Jenson considered it unnecessary to continue the council any longer. He hoped that the same good feeling which, according to his knowledge, had existed among the brethren in the mission during the past two years, might continue in the future. He also explained that the best of feelings had always existed between Pres. Wilhelmsen and his assistants at the mission office, and he hoped that we now would separate with good feelings, and that we would continue our labors as missionaries with unabated zeal and the same diligence and confidence as heretofore. He then proposed to close the council, which proposition was sustained unanimously. Elder Andrew Jenson offered the benediction. Hugo D. E. Peterson, Clerk of Council.

The following communication was drafted by the three brethren appointed by the council for that purpose:

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

WHEREAS, it has pleased an All-seeing Providence to call from this stage of action to another and higher sphere our beloved and much esteemed brother, President Niels Wilhelmsen, and

WHEREAS, his family thereby has lost a true and affectionate husband and a kind and loving father, the Scandinavian Mission a wise and faithful leader, and the whole Church one of its great and noble men, we the undersigned, his brethren and fellow-laborers in council assembled, do hereby unanimously adopt the following:

RESOLVED, that we extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to his family in their great bereavement and also to his relatives and numerous friends for their great loss, and we earnestly pray God, the Eternal Father, to bless and comfort them in this their hour of affliction and sorrow.

RESOLVED, also that a copy of this be sent to the family, the "Deseret News" and the "Bear Lake Democrat".

Andrew Jenson	Hans Funk
O. N. Stohl	Simon Christensen
Martin Jacobson	Peter O. Hansen
Chr. Jensen	R. Christoffersen
Jens Hansen	H. J. Christiansen
Jørgen Jørgensen	James C. Olsen
C. P. Warnick	L. M. Olson

Rasmus Olsen

Copenhagen, Aug. 8, 1881.

Most of the brethren left Copenhagen on the 8th, after the Council meeting, returning to their respective fields of labor. I wrote a letter to Pres. Carrington giving details of the funeral.

On Aug. 9th I received the following letter:

42 Islington, Liverpool, Aug. 6, 1881.
Elder Andrew Jenson,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

Dear Brother:

Your letter dated the 2nd inst. is received and noted. Thanks for the biographical information concerning



ANDREW JENSON ON HIS SECOND MISSION

Pres. Wilhelmsen. I am pleased with the manner in which you are conducting matters, and with regard to instructions I have only to say at present: Go on as well as you can according to the instructions of Pres. Wilhelmsen, and as circumstances require, until a successor to Pres. Wilhelmsen arrives from Zion. I am very pleased to hear that the hospital authorities have manifested such kindness to him as they have, and I approve of your proceedings as to securing a lot for his remains to occupy. I am glad the brethren have been on hand to aid you, and suggest that you get what assistance you may require during emigration, etc., by calling in any of the Elders you deem best. In these matters I trust you will be guided by the unerring council of God's Holy Spirit.

We have just received word from Guion and Co. as follows: "We have arranged for your people to leave Copenhagen on Monday morning early the 29th inst. Please write or telegraph for them to have all and everything ready to sail on the 26th. Yours truly, GUION & CO. per Ramsden." You will see by the foregoing what is required, and I trust all will work well with you in shipping the company. I and the brethren are well and send kindest regards to yourself, Elders Funk, Peter O. Hansen, Christiansen, Johnson and Bro. Peterson.

Your Bro. in the Gospel,
ALBERT CARRINGTON.

I wrote an article for "Skandina-viens Stjerne" concerning Pres. Wilhelmsen's demise and the last of the brethren who had attended the funeral left for their fields of labor.

On Aug. 11th I wrote a short article to the saints in the mission for the "Stjerne". On the 17th I received a letter and power of attorney from Pres. Carrington at Liverpool, and on the 18th I visited Martin Cohn and Company together with Attorney Lason and secured the amount of 11,647 kroner which was deposited there in Pres. Wilhelmsen's name, transferred to me. I wrote letters of release to the following conference-presidents: Hans Funk of the Copenhagen, Ola N. Stohl of the Göteborg, Nils B. Ädler of the Skåne and Christen Jensen of the Aarhus conference. After that I again visited "Skifteretten", and called on Martin Cohn & Company and deposited some money. I also wrapped up some of the late Pres. Wilhelmsen's effects, ready to send home.

Tuesday, Aug. 23rd was a very busy day for me. I made some inquiries in regard to the price of American money and found that I could purchase it at the rate of kro. 3.80 for an American dollar. I also promised our chief soprano singer, Christine Nielsen money to emigrate to Zion, Pres. Carrington having given me permission to use the surplus of the property tithing for the emigration of worthy poor. Thus, an amount of 2000 kroner was placed at my disposal, which I divided as equally

as I could between the respective conferences. During the day I was very busy with emigration affairs and received a number of letters and telegrams which I answered.

On the 24th I purchased \$12,000 at the rate of Kr. 3.80 for \$1.00 of Martin Cohn and Co., bankers, to be used for emigration business. On the 25th I received a letter from Pres. Carrington, and in answering him I sent him £419-12-9 in a draft to apply on the emigration account. The emigrants began to arrive in Copenhagen on the 27th. Sunday, Aug. 29th, although it was the Sabbath, I worked all day making up emigration accounts and settling with the different conference presidents. I also attended part of the meeting on Sunday afternoon at Rømersgade 22, and preached about 20 minutes. In the evening I called a council of the brethren from Zion at the office. With the unanimous approval of the other brethren I appointed L. M. Olson to take charge of the company of emigrants which was about to leave for Utah, with Hans Funk and Chr. Jensen as counselors.

I arose early on the morning of August 29th and attended to business at the bank. Then I walked to Toldboden, where the shipping of the emigrants took place. Going on board the steamship "Pacific", which was anchored in the inner harbor, I conversed with the captain about the comforts of the emigrants. Soon after I had left the vessel (together with the shipping agent and some of the brethren and local saints who had been on board) the steamer "Pacific" sailed for England with 279 souls of our people on board, including eight returning Elders, namely, L. M. Olson, Hans Funk, Chr. Jensen, Ola N. Stohl, Nils P. Ädler, Anthon L. Skanchy, John Dahle and Jørgen Jørgensen. The leave-taking with the returning Elders and emigrating saints was affectionate and impressive. How lonesome I felt at being left behind on that occasion, and I wondered when I should be permitted to return home. We (the Elders and

local saints) remained standing on the wharf signaling with hats and handkerchiefs until the ship had passed beyond our vision toward the north. I returned to the office, together with the other brethren, sent the emigration list to Liverpool, conversed with friends and in the evening took a walk to rest my mind and overcome my loneliness.

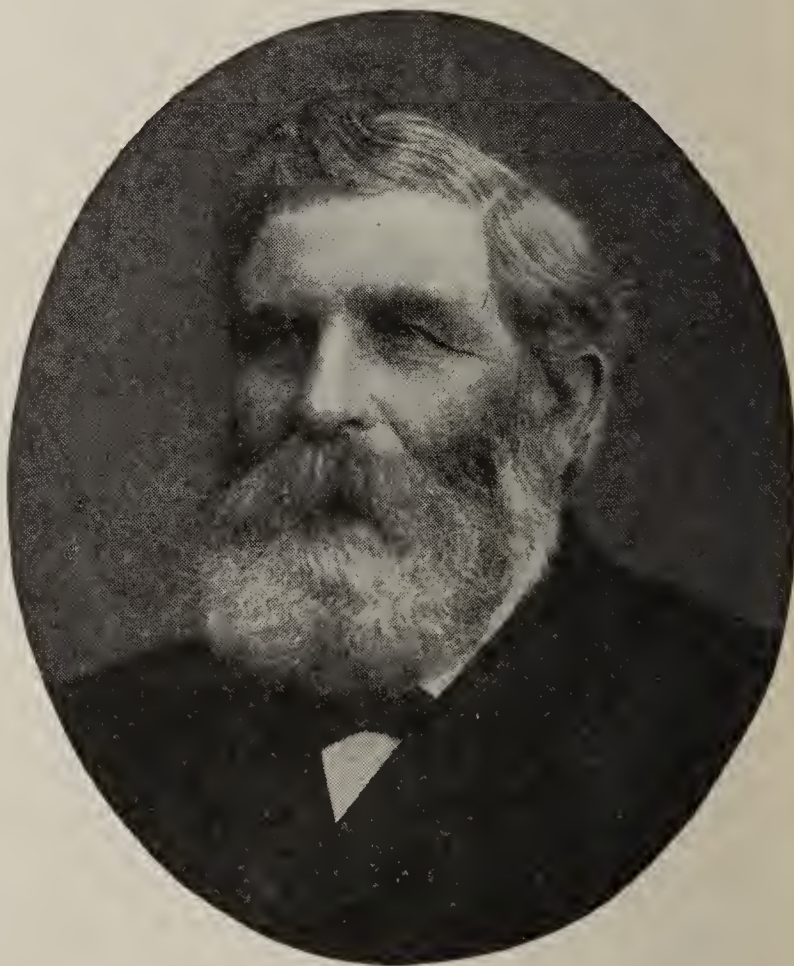
On August 30th I purchased £2,217 of Martin Cohn and Company and sent that amount together with other drafts to England the following day. The whole emigration this time cost £3,256-8-10½.

On Thursday, Sept. 1st, about 11:00 o'clock a. m. the following brethren arrived in Copenhagen from Zion: Christian D. Fjeldsted, who had been called to preside over the Scandinavian Mission, Peter Sundwall, Søren C. Pedersen, Salomon Petersen, Hans O. Magleby, Niels Heilesen, James Yorgason, Andrew Eliassen, Christian Christensen, Nils H. Børresen and Anders Larsen. I was much disappointed in not finding any among the brethren called to work on the "Stjerne", but after considerable conversation with Bro. Fjeldsted, Elder Peter O. Hansen was appointed to labor as an assistant and translator for the "Stjerne" for the time being. Peter Sundwall was appointed business manager pro tem. until a man could be sent from home to succeed me in my dual position. I decided to start for home just as soon as I could get the financial affairs balanced and everything ready to deliver the affairs of the mission to Bro. Fjeldsted.

The following few days were devoted to balancing all accounts pertaining to the mission. There was a surplus of 2,161 kroner, which, with the exception of 338 kroner which were left standing at the office at Copenhagen, I took with me and gave to President John Taylor on my arrival in Salt Lake City. Half of this amount was given to the family of Pres. Wilhelmsen and the balance was applied on the Church debt on the Christiania property.

Sunday, Sept. 24, 1881, was the last Sabbath I spent in Copenhagen. I attended a meeting in the hall, occupying most of the time in the afternoon, and in the evening I delivered my farewell sermon, being followed by Pres. Christian D. Fjeldsted, Hans O. Magleby and Hans J. Christiansen. Bro. Christiansen, in particular, made some very complimentary remarks concerning me personally. I prayed that the Lord would bless my brethren and the saints for the good feelings and love which they manifested toward me. At the close of the meeting I passed through the pleasant ordeal of shaking hands with almost everybody present. Many were the good wishes and kind words spoken to me on this auspicious occasion, and I felt glad that I had won the love and confidence of my associates while on this mission. Perhaps I deserved it!

On Sept. 5th Pres. Fjeldsted and Elders Sundwall and Peterson assisted



PRESIDENT CHRISTIAN D. FJELDSTED

me in taking stock and making an inventory of the mission effects. We found that there were at the time books and pamphlets in the mission office (valued at first cost) amounting to 12,946 kroner. The seven confer-

ence presidents were indebted to the office in the sum of 18,111 kroner.

On the 26th I revised Peter O. Hansen's translations for the "Stjerne" and attended to matters of business until evening, when I made hurried farewell visits to some of the families of saints, packed my baggage and made ready for the homeward journey on the morrow. Some of the sisters gave me a silk umbrella and a number of presents to take home with me.

On Wednesday, Sept. 7th, I arose early and rode in a drosche to the railroad station, accompanied by Bro. Fjeldsted. At the station we found many of the saints assembled to witness my departure. I purchased my ticket reading via Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne and Brussels, to London. I chose this shorter route in order to reach England in time to sail on the steamer "Arizona" the following Saturday. After shaking hands with the saints and friends and receiving many tokens and presents from them, I stepped into a fine railroad car and left Copenhagen homeward bound. Taking leave of the Elders and local saints both at the office and at the railroad station was so impressive at times, that, notwithstanding my best efforts, I was unable to hold back the tears. Bros. Fjeldsted and Christiansen accompanied me to Korsør, where I immediately boarded the steamship "Adler" and sailed about 10:00 a. m. To part with these, my two last brethren in Denmark, and to leave my native land again, made me feel for a short time despondent and sad. But I took with me many sweet memories from the land of my birth, where I had experienced both joyful and sad hours during the two years and four months I had sojourned in Scandinavia on this mission, and when I took a retrospective glance at it all, I thanked my heavenly Father for the blessings I had enjoyed. I left with the best of feelings to all and with malice to none. Some things which had been trying on me turned out later as blessings in disguise and as had been promised me

I was returning with the knowledge that my mission had been a successful one. After having walked to and fro on the deck of the good ship "Adler" and taken a last look at the Danish shore which was fast disappearing in the distance, I retired to my comfortable berth and enjoyed a good sleep which I needed much, having slept but little during my last two nights in Copenhagen.

Landing at Kiel at 4:30 p. m. I journeyed an hour later to Hamburg where I arrived at 9:00 o'clock p. m. At 11:00 o'clock p. m. I left Hamburg, crossing the river Elbe on a giant bridge and continued my journey through Germany.

On Thursday, Sept. 8th at 8:00 o'clock a. m. I arrived at Cologne, and traveled thence via Herbestal, Verviers and Brussels to Ostend, where I boarded a steamer and sailed for England. After a pleasant voyage I arrived at Dover, 66 miles from Ostend, at 1:30 a. m. on the 9th, and thence traveled 70 miles to London, arriving at Cannon St. Station at 4:00 o'clock a. m. Here I hired a cab to take me to Euston Station, where I immediately purchased a ticket for Liverpool, arriving there at 10:30 a. m. I proceeded immediately to the mission office at 42 Islington where I met Pres. Albert Carrington and other Elders. On Saturday, Sept. 10th, in the morning, I called on Mr. Ramsden, agent for the Guion Line, who promised to secure me a good berth on the ship "Arizona", which he did. I boarded the ship at 1:30 p. m. and commenced my long voyage which, although the only "Mormon" Elder on board, I enjoyed. On Sept. 19th we reached New York. Here I soon met Bro. James H. Hart who was acting as Church emigration agent in New York and ate supper with him at the Grand Central Hotel, also taking in some of the sights of the city. At 8:30 p. m., after crossing the Hudson river, I left Jersey City by rail on my way to Utah. Traveling via Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, I

arrived in Ogden in the evening of Sept. 24th.

The next day (Sept. 25th) I left Ogden for Salt Lake City, but as my letter notifying my family of my expected arrival did not reach its destination until two days after I reached home, there was nobody at the station to meet me—the steamship “Arizona” being the fastest steamer plying between Liverpool and New York at that time. I had crossed the Atlantic Ocean in 7 days, 8 hours and 34 minutes, the “Arizona” having traveled much faster than the vessel that carried the mail. On my arrival at the railroad station at Pleasant Grove I met, among others, Bro. James M. Ballinger who took me home in his buggy. Of course I surprised my family who had no idea of my arrival on that day. I found my wife and our two children and my parents-in-law and the old grandmother all well and otherwise in comfortable circumstances.

I had been away from home on this mission two years, four months and six days, during which I had traveled about 17,000 miles. During my mission I baptized 39 individuals, confirmed 41, ordained a number to the Priesthood, blessed about 25 children and administered to many sick.

After spending Sept. 26th at home with the family, I went to Salt Lake City on the 27th and reported at the office of the First Presidency, where I had a lengthy conversation with Pres. John Taylor, Geo. Q. Cannon, and Joseph F. Smith and Apostle Franklin D. Richards. I gave a somewhat detailed report of the Scandinavian Mission which seemed to give entire satisfaction to the brethren, who blessed me and seemed to be pleased with all I had done, and especially during the interim between the death of President Wilhelmsen and the arrival of Pres. Christian D. Fjeldsted. In the evening I met a number of the emigrants from Scandinavia who had arrived in Salt Lake City three days before my return. After stopping at a hotel for the night I returned to Pleasant Grove

on the 28th. After a few days at home I went to Salt Lake City to attend the October Conference.

On my arrival home I found that my former partner Bro. Johan H. Bruun had left Utah without finishing the business pertaining to “Joseph Smith’s Levnetsløb”, and it fell to my lot to face a debt of \$330 to the Deseret News for printing. But as we had several amounts due us for books I made a trip endeavoring to collect money in Utah, Sanpete and Sevier counties.

In the meantime I wrote to Pres. Erastus Snow in regard to publishing a historical magazine in the Danish language to contain, among other things, a condensed history of the Scandinavian Mission from its beginning, and chapters of general Church history, I having gathered considerable material already for such histories. At first I found him somewhat reluctant to grant me the privilege, as Pres. John Taylor did not understand the object of it. In time I received the following letter from Erastus Snow, dated, St. George, Dec. 11, 1881.

“Touching your contemplated publication I know no reason why you should not proceed and have the prayers and blessing of your brethren. In reply to your telegram I referred it to President Taylor who was then with you, for further talk, for when I read your first letter to him in regard to publishing, he seemed not to interpose direct objections, but left it to my decision, yet he took occasion to refer to his conversation with you in Salt Lake City, and of your disposition to criticize “Bikuben”, which he thought was struggling to keep afloat and deserving of success, and I thought it beneficial to you to have the impression left on his mind removed. I appreciate all you say about it and that you can go on with your labors without detracting from Bro. Winberg, and each seek to build up each other rather than to pull down. I go to Salt Lake City in January next.”

On December 16th and following days I balanced a number of accounts of the “Levnetsløb” and wrote several letters, and as I had been appointed a home missionary in Utah Stake, I

went to Provo to fill my first missionary appointment as such, but, strange enough, I was not called to the stand at all, the presiding officers seeming to know nothing of my appointment, and as I soon afterwards removed to Salt Lake City, I did not fill any appointment as a home missionary in Utah Stake, except one, when I preached in Pleasant Grove on Sunday Dec. 25 (Christmas Day).

As soon as I had received the letter from Erastus Snow I began to compile material for my new periodical which I called "Morgenstjernen". The first article which I prepared contained a statistical summary of the Scandinavian Mission from 1850 to 1880, which, together with a beginning of my chief article entitled "Erindringer fra Missionen i Skandinavien" (Memoirs from the Mission in Scandinavia), a biography of Erastus Snow and other articles constituted the first number of "Morgenstjernen". I spent Christmas Eve in my Pleasant Grove home in company with my wife and two children (Andrew and Parley), my wife's parents and grandmother. We spent the evening engaged in reading and singing.

On Dec. 26th Bro. James M. Balinger took me and my wife and two children to the Utah Lake in a buggy. We spent part of the afternoon skating on the beautiful blue ice. Unfortunately, while skating with good speed, I ran into an open space where there is a spring on the bottom of the lake and where the water was about four feet deep. Not noticing the place in time to stop, or change my course, I slid right into the water, but succeeded in a few moments to reach the surface soaked to the skin all over. If the water had not been shallow my life would have been in danger, as I happened to be alone on the ice at the time, the rest of our little company having gone to the house of a Bro. Hooper which stood on the bank of the lake. After my involuntary bath, I went to the same house, changed clothing, had dinner with the family

and felt none the worse for my experience. Toward evening my whole household visited my brother Jens who lived northwest of the town and spent an enjoyable evening. The whole family including mother and the rest of the household were present. During Christmas week we attended several family parties in Pleasant Grove and American Fork.

CHAPTER 17

(1882-1883)

"Morgenstjernen" published as a Monthly Periodical in the Danish-Norwegian Language—Removed from Pleasant Grove to Salt Lake City—Building a Cottage—Travels in the interest of my Magazine—Church Chronology—Old Folks Central Committee—Kirkens Historie—Pearl of Great Price in Danish—My Miniature Printing Office—Become a Member of a Prayer Circle.

In building my new house in Pleasant Grove I had set apart one small room for an office or study, in which I could be alone with my books and papers. I spent much time in the early part of 1882 in that room translating and preparing articles for a new periodical that I was about to commence. The first number should have been published about the 1st of January, 1882, but I was awaiting instruction from Apostle Erastus Snow. In opening my book for subscribers Bro. Carl C. Andersen signed as the first subscriber to the paper.

On Jan. 11th I went to Salt Lake City and called on Erastus Snow at his residence, where I spent the evening in conversation with him. He had come from St. George to serve on the Utah Legislature. My plan, as I then explained it to him, met with his full approval. On the following day, in company with Bro. Snow, I visited Pres. Taylor at his office and had a long conversation with him and a number of the Twelve who were present. I laid the full plan of my literary venture before them, and Bro. Snow, with the approval of all present, was appointed to supervise my undertaking. I also gave what I believed to be a satisfactory explanation of what I had formerly said in regard to "Bikuben" and none of them seemed to censure

me because I had told the truth in regard to it. I also entered into an agreement with Bro. Thomas E. Taylor, manager of the "Deseret News," to do the printing for me. On Saturday, Jan. 14th, I was again in Salt Lake City and spent the evening, according to arrangement, reading extracts of my notes with Bro. Snow. The following day (Jan. 15th) I spent almost all the day reading and conversing with him and nearly completed that portion which contained the history of his mission to Denmark. On Jan. 16th he gave me the following letter of recommendation which I later published in the first number of "Morgenstjernen".

TO THE SCANDINAVIAN SAINTS

Andrew Jenson, one of the compilers and translators of "Joseph Smith's Levnetsløb", lately returned from his mission in Denmark, where he labored much in the publishing department of the Scandinavian Mission, is and has been engaged in gathering material for the history of that mission, which he has our approval of publishing periodically in the Danish language, and also some Church history, taking it up where "Joseph Smith's Levnetsløb" left it, with the understanding that he submit the same for inspection and approval by the First Presidency, the Church historian or myself, so as to insure as great accuracy as possible. We are confident that such a work cannot fail to prove interesting and valuable to the saints generally, and to the Scandinavian people particularly. Any of our Scandinavian brethren who have journals or historical items should contribute such items to Andrew Jenson in his work. Praying God to inspire his mind and guide him to correct sources of information and enable him to be discrete in his selection and accurate in his statements and that his labors may redound to the glory of God and the welfare of his people, I am your fellow-laborer and servant in Christ,

ERASTUS SNOW.

Salt Lake City, Jan. 16, 1882.

I learned at the News office that the printing of twelve numbers of "Morgenstjernen" (each number to contain 16 large octavo pages) and four sheets of "Kirkens Historie" (each sheet to

contain 16 small octavo pages) would cost about one thousand dollars. The subscription for the whole would be \$1.25 a year. I intended to print 2000 copies of each issue.

On Jan. 21st I opened a subscription book expecting to start out immediately on a canvassing trip to the southern settlements. I had previously written to the leading brethren in some of the settlements appointing meetings. On Jan. 22nd I left Pleasant Grove for Sanpete Valley in the interest of "Morgenstjernen". Traveling by train to Provo, I there, in a Scandinavian meeting and later in an English ward meeting, presented the plan for "Morgenstjernen" for the first time in public. I obtained a number of subscribers and George Groneman was appointed agent.

Next I visited Provo, Lake View, Santaquin, Nephi, Fountain Green, Moroni, Mount Pleasant, Fairview, Spring City, Ephraim and Manti. I held meetings in most of these places, appointed agents for my paper and visited with these agents from house to house, obtaining subscribers. I also obtained the loan of several private journals from which I later culled material for the paper. On the entire trip I enjoyed the hospitality of the people and returned home Feb. 5th.

In the early part of the year I, with my wife, attended a number of pleasant little parties. It had been customary in Pleasant Grove for several years among the Scandinavians to arrange private family feasts. As a rule, 12 or 16 invited couples attended these. Usually a splendid meal was served after which the little company would engage in dancing and playing until midnight, when a light luncheon would be served prior to breaking up.

On Feb. 10th I went to Salt Lake City, where I attended to business at the Deseret News office and elsewhere. I also obtained the loan of the private journals of Erastus Snow, from which I expected to write a history of his life for my paper. Some type material which the "News" office had sent

for from the East had not yet arrived, in consequence of which the first number of "Morgenstjernen" was further delayed.

On Feb. 11th, through the agency of Eli B. Kelsey, I purchased a building lot of George B. Wallace in the 17th Ward, Salt Lake City, for \$630, paying \$50 down and agreeing to pay the balance in a month's time. The land consisted of 18 square rods of ground with two rods frontage on 2nd West street, between North Temple and 1st North St. (now No. 154 North 2nd West St.) For a couple of months I had looked around in that part of the city with a view of making my home there, in order to carry on my business of printing and publishing. My intention was to build a cottage on the lot as soon as possible. After returning to Pleasant Grove I commenced writing a biographical sketch of Erastus Snow and continued with that labor for several days. On Feb. 20th I went to Salt Lake City and on the train I met Bro. Erastus Snow, who had been visiting in Provo. I spent the evening reading to him the biographical sketch which I had prepared from his journal. The next day (Feb. 21st) I rented four rooms of Sister Anna Snow (wife of Erastus Snow) as I had decided to move my family into the City on the 1st of March. After my return to Pleasant Grove I wrote biographical sketches of Rasmus Petersen and others. I also revised manuscripts, trimmed trees in my orchard and attended to business of various kinds. On Sunday (Feb. 26th) I attended meetings in Pleasant Grove, one of them being a Scandinavian meeting called for the occasion as a token of respect to me and our family group before moving away from the town which had been my home for 16 years. I preached at some length and was later eulogized by Bro. Carl W. J. Hecker, the man who baptized me. After making several visits among our friends, borrowing money to pay for my lot, which I had purchased in the City and packing our furniture and

other goods to be sent on the train, I engaged my Brother Jens to take a wagon load of our family belongings with his team to the City. I left Pleasant Grove with my wife and two children (Andrew and Parley) and traveled by train to Salt Lake City. Joseph, my brother, who was to assist me in building our new house, went with us. On May 2nd we took possession of the four rooms we had rented. This, our temporary home, was on the south slope of Arsenal Hill (now Capitol Hill) on 1st North Street, one block north and half a block east from the northeast corner of the Temple Block. On the 3rd I read proof on the first six pages of "Morgenstjernen" and also measured the ground on which I intended to build our house in the 17th Ward. Considerable snow at that time covered the ground. On March 4th my brother Joseph commenced to excavate for the foundation of our new house, and I assisted him for several days. In the evening of March 6th our family group was serenaded by members of the Scandinavian choir in Salt Lake City, conducted by a Bro. Fogelberg. This pleasant little affair was intended as a welcome greeting. I ordered material for my new house from Latimer, Taylor and Co.'s lumber yard, and drew what little money I had in the bank to make a payment on my building lot. March 10th Bro. Emil E. Anderson of American Fork commenced to work for me as a carpenter, and a Mr. Snyder and his son commenced to build the foundation of the house.

At last, on March 15th, the first number of "Morgenstjernen" was published and the following two days I mailed 700 copies of the magazine, although I had at that time only 300 subscribers. I printed 2,400 copies of No. 1 expecting to obtain at least 2,000 subscribers. The extra 400 were intended for gratis distribution.

On March 18th I left the city by rail and visited Bingham Junction (now Midvale), Sandy, South Cottonwood, West Jordan, Union, Big Cottonwood

and Mill Creek, spoke in several meetings, obtained many subscribers and appointed agents. When I returned to Salt Lake City on March 21st I found my wife seriously ill. She had stumbled outside of the house during the forenoon and hurt herself, the results of which nearly proved fatal. I watched over her carefully for several days.

In the meantime I spent considerable of my time assisting the mechanics in their labor on my new house, a lumber building with inner walls of brick and adobe. I engaged Bro. Peter A. Nielsen from Draper to do the mason and plaster work and he commenced on his work on April 3rd.

After attending the general conference of the Church on the 7th, 8th and 9th of April we resumed our work on the house, and we moved into it April 15th—one of the rooms in it being so far completed that it could be occupied. During our stay in the house of Erastus Snow we were well treated by his family and several of the neighbors, and especially so during my wife's sickness. To live in our own home in the City gave us great satisfaction, although I had contracted considerable debt in order to build. Bro. Peter A. Nielsen finished his plastering on the 16th. I paid him \$27 for 11 days work. On April 25th I paid the last installment (\$120) on my building lot and obtained deeds for the same. To meet the purchase price of \$630 I had borrowed \$540. The balance of the money I had myself. On the borrowed money I paid interest at the rate of 8% per annum. The amount mentioned I borrowed from my Pleasant Grove friends, who let me have the money on plain promissory notes, without security, a favor which I appreciated highly.

On May 3rd I assisted my carpenter, Bro. Emil E. Anderson who finished his work on the evening of the 5th. The following day I settled accounts with him. He had worked for me 43½ days at \$3.00 per day, which I paid in cash. I also paid my brother Joseph for 42 days' work.

The second number of "Morgenstjernen" was mailed April 15th and No. 3 on May 8th together with the first sheet of 16 pages of "Kirkens Historie". Sixteen pages of this book were mailed with every third number of "Morgenstjernen."

On May 9th I finished my building account. I had obtained from Latimer and Taylor Company material for \$382. My other cash expenses on the house were \$280.05, boarding my mechanics \$55.50. These three amounts added together represented a sum of \$718.90 which is what my new house cost with all improvements including fencing up to that time. In this sum my personal labor was not included.

The unpleasant part of my home-building was the borrowed money. Besides the \$540 which I had borrowed in Pleasant Grove, I was still owing Latimer and Taylor Company \$232 on account, and about \$150 to the Deseret News for printing my magazine. The whole indebtedness consequently amounted to \$922, but I had good prospects for pulling through successfully, as "Morgenstjernen" was being favorably received. We could now boast of having a pretty little home of our own near the heart of the city and with more conveniences than our place in Pleasant Grove had afforded.

On June 1st I left Salt Lake City on a business trip to the north (in the interest of my magazine). On this trip I visited Ogden, Bingham's Fort, North Ogden, Harrisville, Willard, Hyrum and Logan. From Logan I crossed the mountains to Bear Lake Valley, where I visited Garden City, Fish Haven, St. Charles, Bloomington, Paris, Ovid, Montpelier and Bennington, thence across the mountains to Mink Creek, Warm Creek (now Preston), Weston and other places. On this tour, as on former trips in the interest of my magazine I attended a number of meetings, appointed agents, with whom I did considerable house to house canvassing, obtained 200 new subscribers and returned to Salt Lake City Sept. 22nd. After spending a short

time in the City translating and preparing copy for other numbers of the magazine, I left Salt Lake City on October 22nd on a trip to the south on which I visited Pleasant Grove, Provo, Levan, Gunnison, Redmond, Salina, Richfield, Elsinore, Mayfield, Manti, Ephraim, Wales and Nephi, returning home Nov. 18th after obtaining 225 new subscribers. During my travels I held meetings, canvassed, attended to business, secured private journals for perusal for history and enjoyed myself with my old friends and many new ones which I made in the different settlements.

In November and December I spent considerable time in the Historian's Office working out chronology for George Q. Cannon and Sons, which in 1884 was published in a booklet entitled "A Hand-Book of Reference". Afterwards it was published separately in book form with some additions, under the title of "Church Chronology", which since has been published in several editions.

On December 4th I delivered a lecture on the history of the Scandinavian Mission in the Assembly Hall in Salt Lake City. My efforts were well received and highly appreciated. It was the first time I addressed a congregation in that hall. On Dec. 22nd No. 12 of "Morgenstjernen" and the 4th sheet of "Kirkens Historie" were published and mailed to subscribers. My subscription list had almost reached the contemplated 2,000 copies limit. The twelve numbers of "Morgenstjernen" contained 192 large octavo pages, while the four accompanying sheets of Church History ("Kirkens Historie") consisted of 64 pages of smaller octavo size.

When within reach I filled home missionary appointments regularly in the Salt Lake Stake and at the close of the year 1882 I could look back with satisfaction upon my activities.

I commenced the year 1883 by reading proof on "Morgenstjernen", Volume 2, No. 1. With the beginning of this volume we enclosed the 16 page

sheet with a neat cover, on which we printed paid advertisements. In connection with Volume 2 we published also six sheets of my translation of Church history in Danish. Eight more sheets completed the historical thread of the Church until 1848, or until the arrival of the pioneers in Great Salt Lake Valley. The subscription price for the magazine and four sheets of Church history was continued at \$1.25 per annum.

Short tours in Salt Lake County added to my number of subscribers and by March 1st the list had grown to 2,200.

On February 18, 1883, Elder John Van Cott, one of the seven presidents of Seventies, died in Salt Lake City. Bro. Van Cott had presided over the Scandinavian Mission twice and had become endeared to that nationality. Up to that time none of the Scandinavian brethren had occupied any position among the general authorities of the Church, but in a communication dated April 14, 1883, the First Presidency suggested the propriety of selecting one of the Scandinavian brethren to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John Van Cott. A canvass was consequently made by the presiding authorities of the Church to find a suitable man among the Scandinavians. The choice fell upon Christian D. Fjeldsted, who had been a stalwart worker in the Scandinavian Mission, having spent several years of his life preaching the gospel in Scandinavia both as a local Elder and later as an Elder from Zion.

At the general conference of the Church held in April, 1883, we had a house full of visitors, some of them staying with us for several days while they attended conference, and I may add that for many years, we, as did many others, showed unstinted hospitality to conference visitors and entertained as many as our accommodations would allow. In later years, when automobiles became so general, many of those who had enjoyed the hospitality of their city friends usually

went home every night after attending meetings, except such as lived too far away.

In April I received the following:

"Salt Lake City, Utah, April 17, 1883.

Dear Brother: I have read your letter to Pres. John Taylor who says that I am at liberty to help revise your translation and that you will be allowed to publish the "Pearl of Great Price" in the Danish language in your magazine "Morgenstjernen", upon this condition, that the translation be approved and made as correct as possible, that the Deseret News Publishing Company be allowed to use your forms and translations in return for using their cuts and plates of the Book of Abraham, etc., so that said Publishing Company can issue the Pearl of Great Price in book form in Danish. It being a Church work, he says, it should remain thus, and not be turned over to private individuals.

Respectfully,
ERASTUS SNOW."

After that I spent several days with Erastus Snow reading to him my translation of the Book of Abraham. I may here explain that the Pearl of Great Price, as I had translated it, and approved by Erastus Snow constituted an important part of "Morgenstjernen", Volume 2. Later it was published in book form and still later I supervised the publishing of a third edition of that Church work in the Danish-Norwegian language.

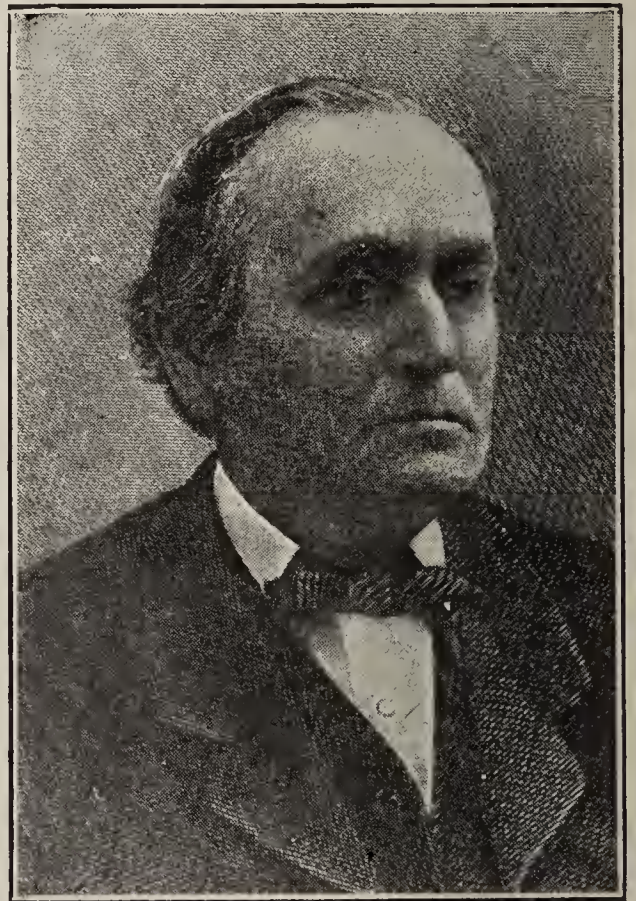
On Sunday, June 10th, my wife gave birth to a daughter, after which it became necessary for me to spend several days at home with my family until my wife became convalescent.

In July, 1883, when a large company of emigrants arrived in Utah, I enjoyed meeting among them many acquaintances made during my missions in Denmark. Bro. Erastus Snow paid us a visit July 10th, on which occasion he blessed our infant daughter, giving her the name of Mary Minerva, the first name being that of my wife and the other name that of Bro. Snow's wife Minerva, with whom my family became quite intimate as the years passed.

Having been chosen as a member of

the Old Folks Central Committee I participated in an excursion with the Old Folks on July 11, 1883, to Provo, where we had a real good time in the grove of Father Graves. At a meeting held at the stand erected for the purpose I spoke briefly to my country people in the Danish language. Apostle Wilford Woodruff and Edward Hunter also spoke. Many prizes were distributed among the aged people.

On July 14th I attended a political convention in the County Court House as an alternate member. A list of names for county officers were nominated. I made a short speech in favor of paying some attention to the Scandinavian element in the city and county. Up to that time the people of northern nationality had not been considered in connection with political positions.



APOSTLE ERASTUS SNOW

On July 20th I had a long conversation with Bro. Erastus Snow who opened his heart to me and gave me some excellent advice which I later in life turned to good advantage. The more I became acquainted with Bro. Snow the more I found him to be my sincere and true friend.

I participated in the 24th of July

celebration in 1883 and took a leading part in having the various nationalities represented by the rendition of national airs, etc., and children dressed in the costumes of the countries represented. Among the countries honored, Sweden, Denmark and Norway were separately represented by a boy and girl dressed in costume for the occasion and carrying a banner with the national colors. The different groups of singers formed a half circle behind the children and sang the national airs. Thus "Klippans Grund" was sung for Sweden, "Vift stolt paa Kodans Bølge" for Denmark and "Ja vi elsker dette Landet" for Norway.

Late in July, with my family, I made a visit to Pleasant Grove where we spent three days very pleasantly among our relatives. In August I made a business trip into Sanpete County during which I accompanied Apostles Erastus Snow and Francis M. Lyman and other brethren to Mt. Pleasant to attend a conference Aug. 19 and 20, 1883. On that occasion I delivered a short speech. In September I was busy part of the time at the Historian's Office getting material for my "Chronology," which I was publishing as a finish to "Kirkens Historie." It would be the best and most reliable chronology of Church events ever published.

On Sept. 10th I read proof on the 16th and last issue of "Kirkens Historie" which was printed the same day, together with the title page and index. I had spent considerable time in getting that work printed and felt greatly relieved when it was published in full. It made a handsome little volume of 252 pages and contained a brief history of the Church from 1844 to 1848, besides the Chronology commencing with 1805 and ending with 1883. The book was sold, bound, for \$1.50, but as most of the edition was already disposed of as a supplement to "Morgenstjernen", there were only a few copies left for general sale. The first eight numbers were delivered to the subscribers with volumes 1 and 2 of "Mor-

genstjernen" while the last eight numbers were sold to them for fifty cents extra. If that was not satisfactory, I agreed to pay fifty cents for the numbers already received. This was done for the purpose of preserving and binding the book complete.

On Monday, Sept. 17th, I attended Elder C. C. A. Christensen's exhibition of his Mormon Panorama in the 13th Ward meeting house. The pictures, twenty in number, were excellent, but the lecture was not clear and distinct enough to please the audience; hence Elder Christensen desired me to assist him in delivering the lecture, which I did. On the Wednesday evening following I made my first attempt to lecture with his panorama and I seemed to be successful although I had but little time to prepare for it.

During the general conference held in October, a number of conference visitors were treated as usual to our hospitality. On October 8th, at a meeting of the Seventies, I was accepted as a member of the 3rd Quorum of Seventy, which was located in the 14th and 17th wards of Salt Lake City. Consequently I severed my connection with the 44th Quorum of Seventy (located in Utah Stake) to which I had belonged since May 14, 1876. In October I made a tour of Sanpete and Sevier counties in the interest of my magazine, on which trip I did considerable public speaking and enjoyed meeting with many friends and former co-laborers in the missionary field. On Nov. 11th, by invitation, I met with a number of brethren in the Endowment House in prayer circle, on which occasion I was admitted into the circle as a member. The circle consisted of the following named brethren: Elias Smith (president), Charles Lambert, John Tingey, Amos R. Wright, Henry I. Doremus, Edward Snellgrove, Elias Morris, Joseph Pollard, Jens P. Mortensen, Amos R. Wright, jun., James W. Burbidge, William Wagstaff, Nicholas Groesbeck, Albert W. Davis, James S. Culbert, John S. Lewis, David James, Moroni W. Pratt, Alonzo E.

Hyde, Edward King, William N. Williams, Wm. W. White and myself.

About this time the city council of Salt Lake City passed an ordinance to provide for the numbering of all the buildings in the city. By this arrangement my home in the 17th Ward became No. 154 N. 2nd West, which is still my residence.

On Nov. 18th I read proof on the last form of "Den Kostelige Perle," (Pearl of Great Price, in the Danish language) which was printed in Salt Lake City in November, 1884. I had already published this translation in "Morgenstjernen", but before distributing the type the printers re-arranged it and put it in smaller pages (32 mo) and the book contained 122 pages of reading matter.

On Dec. 5th I mailed No. 12 of "Morgenstjernen," Volume 2, and immediately commenced to prepare material for volume 3, which I intended to publish as a semi-monthly periodical in 1884. For the purpose of reducing expenses for printing I bought type, cases, galleys, a composition stone and other material needed for a miniature printing office—enough material to publish 16 pages of printed matter of the same size as the former two volumes. I set up my little printing office in my 17th Ward home and engaged a Danish brother as typesetter. Robert Aveson from the Deseret News office also set type in my own home. I secured a little handcart on which we wheeled the forms to the Deseret News office where the press work was done. Instead of using 8 point type as we had done in volumes 1 and 2, we now used 10 point type for the body of the work and 6 point type for quotations. The printing from these new types looked fine and hence the mechanical part of the work on the periodical received considerable praise; it gave universal satisfaction to the subscribers. We had in Vol. 2 introduced a few illustrations including portraits of Jens Hansen and Nils Wilhelmsen and also the cuts belonging to the "Pearl of Great Price".

CHAPTER 18

(1884-1885)

"Morgenstjernen" published semi-monthly—
"Utah Posten"—My Second Connection with
"Bikuben"—The "Historical Record" Com-
menced.

During the year 1884 "Morgenstjernen" was published as near as possible on the 1st and 15th of every month. I made one trip as far north as Cache Valley and later in the year another trip to Utah and Sanpete counties in the south.

In raising the price of the annual subscription from \$1.25 to \$2.00 I lost a few of the old subscribers, but to make up for that loss I obtained a number of new ones, and yet quite a number of unbound copies of volume 3 were left unsubscribed for at the end of the year 1884.



MY 17TH WARD HOME, SALT LAKE CITY

As early as March, 1884, I decided to build a new and larger house on my 17th ward property in Salt Lake City. On March 20 we commenced excavating with hired help in order to make a basement upon which to erect a two story building 36 ft. long by 26 ft. wide. On April 14th the masons finished the rock basement for which I paid them \$245. The walls were built one and a half foot thick and about eight feet high. Including the digging for the basement and the door and

window frames, the basement story cost me \$300. Soon afterwards I decided to use brick in the further erection of the building. I ordered the brick from Edward Brain of the 21st Ward, and engaged Nis C. Christensen to do the mason work. The wood material I purchased from Romney Taylor and Armstrong.

The walls of my new building were 30 ft. high from the bottom of the cellar to the water level. The brick work was 23 ft. high. J. P. Jensen of Lehi did the carpenter work.

By permission of the First Presidency I was given access to the Historian's Office for the purpose of getting material to back up some of my writing. In August I was elected one of the directors of the 17th ecclesiastical Ward of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Elder Nicholas Groesbeck.

On May 17th and 18th I attended the dedication of the Logan Temple.



LOGAN TEMPLE

During the summer I participated in the Old Folks Excursion and also an excursion to Black Rock for the orphan children of Salt Lake City. On August 14th I moved my office into the front room of the main story of my new building. My new office room (later used as the family parlor) was 16 by

16 feet and 11 feet from floor to ceiling.

In August I accompanied Pres. Joseph F. Smith and wife and Erastus Snow and wife on a trip to Emery County where a number of meetings were held, and I was given the opportunity to speak in most of them. Special meetings were held in Price, Huntington, Castle Dale and Orangeville. A conference was held in Castle Dale, Aug. 30th and 31st, and according to the reports made on that occasion there were at that time 349 families or 1,957 souls belonging to the Church in the Emery Stake. A new ward called Molen was organized from a part of the Ferron Ward. This made eight wards in the Emery Stake, namely, Castle Dale, Orangeville, Huntington, Ferron, Price, Muddy, and Moab on Grand River. There was room for many more settlers.

During the year I made a number of trips in the interest of my periodical both north and south and east and west. On Nov. 27th I finished the shipment of "Morgenstjernen" Nos. 22, 23 and 24, which were enclosed in one paper cover. This was the end of Volume 3 and practically finished the history of the Scandinavian Mission from its beginning until 1883. On the day mentioned I also received from the Deseret News bindery the first bound copies. The whole work ("Morgenstjernen" volumes 1, 2 and 3) made a fine book which besides its interesting matter contained one steel engraving of Erastus Snow (used as a frontispiece to Vol. 3), 21 photo engravings of prominent missionaries who had labored in the Scandinavian Mission and seven wood cuts of other subjects. The wood cuts of these other subjects were the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Mars, the Temple Block in Salt Lake City, and the University in Salt Lake City. When closing Volume 3 it was the intention to publish a monthly paper.

The "Deseret News" of November 26, 1884, published under the caption "Scandinavian Literature" the following:

The last three numbers of "Morgenstjernen" came to us enclosed in one cover, containing besides some very interesting reading matter, several statistical tables, giving the exact number of persons baptized, emigrated, etc., in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, separately. The present volume will complete the main history of the Scandinavian mission, bringing it up to the present time. We congratulate Elder Jenson, the editor, on his success in gathering up and publishing these reminiscences from a mission that, compared with the number of inhabitants in the countries named, has been and continues to be more fruitful than any other thus far established by the Church. Thus, many valuable details and much important missionary experience which would otherwise have been lost, has been preserved for future good.

Brother Jenson has taken in a partner, namely Elder C. A. F. Orlob, of Logan, who has been acting as secretary of the Logan Building and Manufacturing Company, and the two intend to publish a weekly newspaper to be called "Utah Posten," commencing on New Years next. "Morgenstjernen" will be continued as a monthly, containing sermons and biographical sketches, in connection with the weekly. The subscription for the two will be \$2.25 per annum. This advent will no doubt be hailed with satisfaction by the Scandinavian saints in general, and the enterprise should meet with the encouragement and assistance it merits. The annexed communication from Apostle Erastus Snow speaks for itself:

St. George, Utah, Nov. 19, 1884.

Elder Andrew Jenson:

Dear Brother: I have received yours of the 15th inst. and am pleased to hear of the encouragement met with in your canvass for your proposed weekly paper. I trust this new enterprise will result in much good to the cause of Zion among our Scandinavian saints at home, and others of that good people scattered abroad, and that it will prove a financial success, and the reward for your labors be both temporal and spiritual.

I have watched with much interest your efforts as a writer and publisher, first of "Joseph Smith's Levnetsløb" and second your historical magazine "Morgenstjernen", and I shall continue to pray for your future growth and prosperity in your efforts to spread good news and "glad tidings of great joy" among the old Norse descendants.

I thank the patrons of "Bikuben" for the support heretofore extended to Bro. Winberg in his arduous labors, and I feel to bless him for the good he has accomplished, struggling as he has been under many disadvantages to keep afloat and answer public expectation.

I trust they will also duly manifest an appreciation of your efforts in the future as they have in the past, and that your weekly paper may ever be a welcome visitor in their homes.

Very respectfully,
ERASTUS SNOW.

The "Deseret News" of Dec. 31, 1884, also published the following:

THE "UTAH POSTEN". We have seen the advanced sheet of a new weekly newspaper to be published in this city with the foregoing title, the editors and publishers of which are Messrs. Jenson and Orlob. Mechanically, the paper presents a very nice appearance, and to one who understands the Danish language it is no doubt equally attractive from a literary point of view. There are twenty-four columns in the sheet, a few of which are filled with advertisements and all the rest with reading matter, embracing all the variety necessary to please the fastidious readers for whom it is published. This paper is not intended to supersede the "Morgenstjernen", of which Bro. Jenson has been the publisher for some years past. He has merely taken a partner and extended the business, and will continue to issue that interesting magazine as usual.

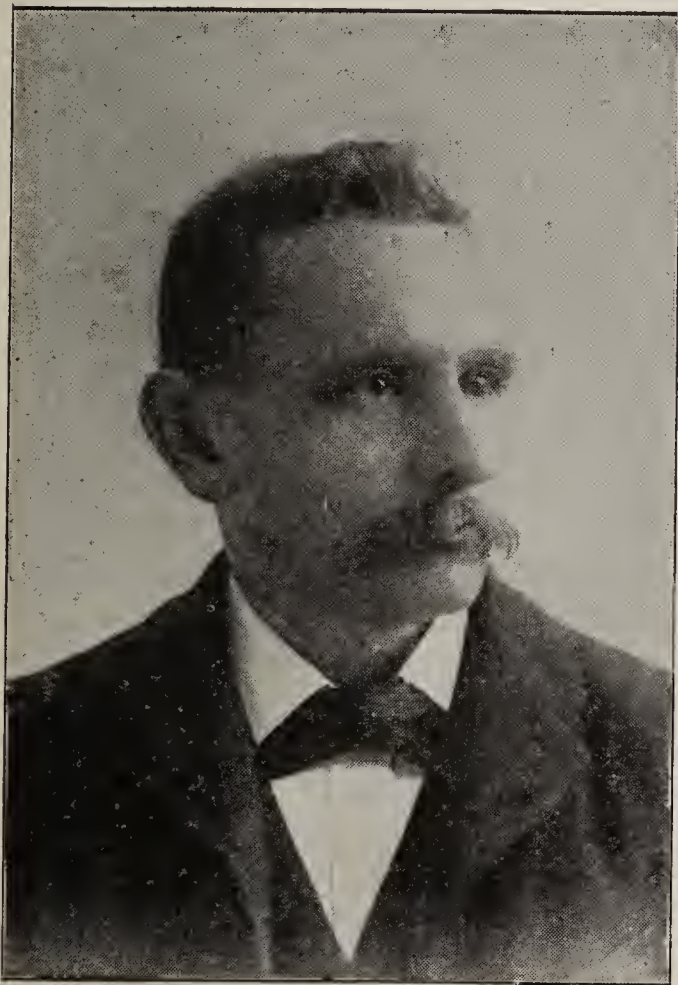
In December I made a visit to Logan and on the 4th of the month I went through the temple as proxy for Carter Potto, a relative of Bro. Staines, while my wife received her endowments a second time for herself. She did not understand the English language when she went through the Endowment House nine years previously. In the temple I met quite a number of my former friends who were ordinance workers in that sacred edifice, among whom were Niels C. Edlefsen, Ola N. Liljenquist and Hans J. Christiansen. In the evening I visited with Bro. Chr. D. Fjeldsted in company with C. A. F. Orlob, my partner. Bro. Fjeldsted was willing to act as agent in Logan for the "Utah Posten" and appeared much

interested in the prospect of a new paper.

On December 18th Bro. C. A. F. Orlob arrived in Salt Lake City from Logan and we spent the two following days arranging for our partnership. We dated our co-partnership from Dec. 20th, 1884.

On Dec. 22nd and the following day we made final arrangements for the printing of "Utah Posten" at the Deseret News office and attended to other business connected with the new firm.

The beginning of the year 1885 found Bro. C. A. F. Orlob and myself



CHRISTIAN A. F. ORLOB

busy preparing our subscription list for "Utah Posten", of which the first issue was dated Jan. 1, 1885. On January 15th I left Salt Lake City on a tour through the southern settlements in the interest of the paper, on which trip I visited Pleasant Grove, Provo, Nephi, Fountain Green, Moroni, Mount Pleasant, Fairview, Spring City, Ephraim, Manti, Mayfield, Salina, Richfield, Elsinore, Monroe, Glenwood, Redmond and Gunnison. On this trip I spoke in a number of meetings both

in Danish and English and obtained new subscribers to "Utah Posten." Soon after that I made a trip to the North visiting several settlements in Weber and Cache counties. During my absence Bro. Orlob attended to the business and editorial work in Salt Lake City.

The experience of three months proved that two papers published in the same language and defending the same cause could not receive sufficient financial aid to keep them both alive, hence Bro. A. W. Winberg and I got together in a friendly way and concluded that the best thing we could do under the circumstances was to amalgamate the two papers. Thomas E. Taylor, manager of the "Deseret News" used his influence in favor of the amalgamation. Bro. Winberg and I sent the following telegram to Bro. Erastus Snow in St. George: "We contemplate to organize a stock company. Will it meet with your approval."

On Wednesday, April 1st, No. 14 of "Utah Posten" was published, and as Bro. Orlob was sick I did most of the editorial work for that number. On the next day Bros. A. W. Winberg, John C. Sandberg, John Sorensen, Peter O. Thomassen, P. W. Madsen, C. A. F. Orlob, Thomas E. Taylor and I met in Sandberg, Burton and Gardner's furniture store on Main St., Salt Lake City, and consulted about organizing a stock company. Next day we received Bro. Snow's answer from St. George, which read as follows: "Yes, and success to your effort. Erastus Snow."

After considerable debate the stock company was commended by John C. Sandberg, John P. Sorensen, P. W. Madsen, C. A. Carlquist and myself. It was finally decided to form a stock company under the title of the Scandinavian Publishing Company" for the purpose of promoting Scandinavian literature in Utah. The capital stock of the company was put at \$10,000, divided into shares of five dollars each, and it was decided to issue an invitation to the people throughout the terri-

tory to subscribe for stock. Arrangements were then made for the purchase of the two existing newspapers, "Utah Posten" and "Bikuben." Bro. Winberg was asked to give up the whole business including type material, for the sum of \$1,200 and Bro. Orlob and I for our subscription list \$400. I was to keep all the printing material that the firm of Jenson and Orlob had been using for "Utah Posten." The new company was to continue the publication of "Bikuben." The following were appointed as an executive committee to attend to the interest of the company pending incorporation: A. W. Winberg, Andrew Jenson, John C. Sandberg, John P. Sørensen and Peter W. Madsen.

A number of other business meetings were held, at which details of the proposed incorporation were discussed, and as Bro. Winberg was not satisfied with having his business valued at only \$1,200, his claim was raised to \$1,875 and the Jenson and Orlob interests to \$625. On April 8th we published the last number of "Utah Posten". On April 12th a business meeting was held in the Social Hall by those of us who had been elected as a temporary board of directors of a new company. At another meeting held in Bro. Madsen's store April 13th, at which A. W. Winberg, John C. Sandberg, P. W. Madsen, John P. Sørensen, Christian A. F. Orlob and I were present, it was decided not to organize the contemplated Scandinavian Publishing Company at present, but leave the matters to be arranged between Bro. Winberg and myself. We two immediately went to work and formed a partnership on equal terms, consolidating our whole business to continue "Bikuben" as a weekly and "Morgenstjernen" as a monthly periodical. Bro. Orlob and I dissolved partnership, I assuming all the "Utah Posten" liabilities and to collect outstanding debts and return Bro. Orlob \$100 in cash which he had put into the business when we started publication. In wages each of us had drawn about \$125 for our four months

labor. We had contracted a debt amounting to about \$400, but had more than that coming to us from subscribers. However only a very small part of that amount was ever collected.

The first number of "Bikuben" published by Winberg and Jenson was issued April 15th. Bro. Peter O. Thomassen who had assisted Bro. Winberg during the past month withdrew from the field.

In continuing the publication of "Bikuben" the office of the paper was removed to its old stand in Franklin Avenue, Salt Lake City.

At this turn of affairs I had my first real attempt at journalism as a newspaper editor. I had published books and magazines before, but I had only written very little for "Utah Posten" during its short existence, as I had traveled most of the time and left the writing to Bro. Orlob.

On April 18th I moved "Utah Posten's" material to the office of "Bikuben" in Franklin Avenue. The first number of "Bikuben" of which I was the editor was published on April 22nd, and I may here summarize by saying that I continued my editorial labors on "Bikuben" during the remainder of the year 1885, and during that period we gave most of the numbers of "Morgenstjernen" as a premium to the "Bikuben" subscribers. During that year's experience with "Bikuben" I learned that my literary ability and aspirations were in the historical field and that I was less qualified for editing and publishing a newspaper.

The year 1885 was the year in which the crusade against polygamy, or plural marriage, was commenced by the federal authorities; it continued with increased vigor and enmity during the following five years. During those years upwards of one thousand of our good and faithful brethren who had entered into plural marriage were incarcerated in the Utah Penitentiary and a few of them elsewhere. The prosecution of the brethren for polygamy and so-called unlawful cohabitation was continued until 1890, when Presi-

dent Wilford Woodruff issued his famous "Manifesto".

During the year 1885 I made several short trips into the country attending meetings and doing business for "Bikuben". In July I was challenged for a debate by R. J. Anthony of the Reorganite Church, which I accepted on the basis of the following question: "Do the revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants (old edition) and the history of the Church up to the death of Joseph Smith, as published in the "Times and Seasons" and the "Millennial Star," warrant the saints locating in the Rocky Mountains?" The discussion took place at Clark's Hall in Pleasant Grove, resulting in a victory for the truth. A report of the discussion was published in the "Deseret News" of July 25, 1885, and in "Bikuben" of July 30th of the same year, and also in other newspapers.

On August 12th I spoke in a Scandinavian meeting at Provo held in commemoration of the introduction of the restored gospel into Scandinavia or the first baptism in Denmark, thirty-five years before. Apostle John Henry Smith, Pres. Abraham O. Smoot and other Church officers were present.

On August 18th my wife gave birth to another daughter whom we afterwards named Eleonore Elizabeth Jenson.

Among the many meetings which I attended during the year 1885, and in which I took part as a speaker, was one held in the 13th Ward, Nov. 11th. My talk was reported by Bro. C. A. F. Orlob and afterwards published in "Morgenstjernen", Vol. 4, No. 12. During that month a theological class was organized by the 3rd Quorum of Seventy of which I was appointed the teacher.

"Morgenstjernen", Vol. 4, No. 12, was the last number of that publication issued. The periodical had been continued regularly for four years, three years as a monthly and one year as a semi-monthly publication. The four volumes bound together made a good-sized book containing much valuable

information, some of which had never been published before. Toward the latter part of 1885, in consultation with Bro. Erastus Snow and others of the Church authorities, it was suggested that it might be advisable for me to change the nature of my literary productions from Danish to English. One of the brethren remarked: Could Bro. Jenson not do for the whole Church what he has already done in the interests of the Scandinavian Mission and the Scandinavians in Utah? I expressed my entire willingness to do this if the authorities of the Church desired it. This led to the publishing of the following announcement:

PROSPECTUS

After being engaged in historical labor for nearly nine years, during which we have published a condensed history of the Prophet Joseph Smith, reminiscences from the Scandinavian mission, etc., in the Danish-Norwegian language, we have finally concluded to enter into a more extended historical field, by changing our periodical, "Morgenstjernen", now completing its fourth volume, to an English magazine to be called THE HISTORICAL RECORD. In this periodical we intend to publish such historical, chronological and statistical matter as will lay a foundation for what might properly be called a "Mormon Encyclopedia." Among its leading features will be the following:

1. A brief description and condensed history of every place and settlement located or inhabited by Latter-day Saints since the organization of the Church.
2. Short biographical sketches of the prominent and leading men in the Church both living and dead, including the members of Zion's Camp, the Pioneers of 1847, and the Mormon Battalion. Also a number of others, both friends and foes, whose doings have been connected with the saints.
3. Condensed histories of all foreign missions, established by the Elders. Some of the most important branches and conferences will be described in separate articles.
4. Descriptions of temples, tabernacles, and other public buildings erected by the saints.
5. A complete chronology giving the most important events in Church

history, from 1805 to the present time. This will be published in such a shape, that it can be bound separately, when completed.

No attempt will be made to use flowery language, as the main object is to present facts in truth and simplicity. Accuracy as to dates and figures will be a predominant feature, so that the entire work may be considered good authority in all matters upon which it treats.

As it will be impossible to publish the subjects, numbering several thousands, in alphabetical order, a copious index will be published at the close of the work, which will enable the reader, without loss of time, to find any article desired.

The first number of THE HISTORICAL RECORD will make its appearance about January 1, 1886, after which it will be published monthly. The subscription price will be \$1.25 per annum in advance. Orders can be sent in at once.

Please direct all orders, remittances and communications to

ANDREW JENSON

P. O. Box 345, Salt Lake City, Utah
Salt Lake City, November 8, 1885.

On Dec. 9th two artisian well diggers, who had been working on my 17th Ward premises off and on for the past two months, boring for water, came to the conclusion that they could not get me a flowing well, as the pipe they were using had broken a second time after they had reached a depth of 120 feet. The first time their pipes broke after they had bored down fifty feet. The following day I bought a pump which I attached to the end of the pipe, when, to my great relief, I found that it would make a good pump well, the water, as we tasted it, being of an extra good quality. Ever since we built on the premises in 1882 we had been depending upon our neighbors for good water for culinary purposes, which at times had been unpleasant. After a while this pump well clogged up so that no water could be obtained from that source.

On Friday, Dec. 11th, I completed my 35th year in mortality and I spent the day quietly with the family nursing our son Parley, who was very sick with typhoid fever. A young medical stu-

dent from the Deseret hospital had attended him since December 3rd. He was still sick at the end of the year.

During the year 1885 I traveled about 2,150 miles in the interest of "Bikuben" and to fill home missionary appointments in the Salt Lake Stake. I delivered 81 discourses, some of them in English and some in the Danish language.

CHAPTER 19

(1886-1887)

Church Chronology published—Death of my wife Mary—My Second Wife Emma Howell—Preach to the "Spirits in Prison".

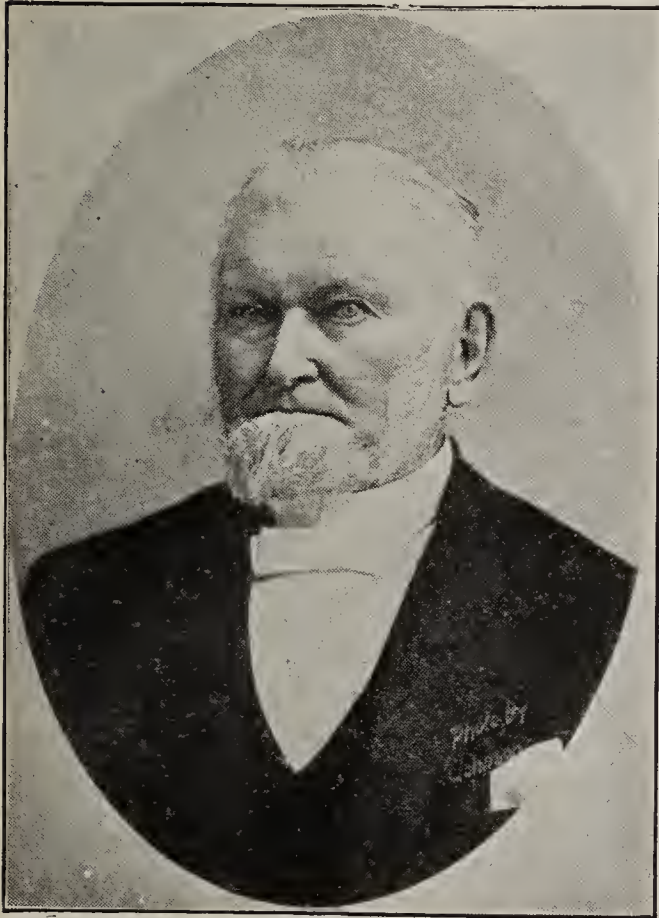
Early in January, 1886, I printed 5000 copies of the first 16 pages of Church Chronology, which were to accompany the first number of the "Historical Record". This new periodical which was continued for four years, contained 32 pages of reading matter, namely, 16 pages of general historical material and 16 pages of chronology. The first number of 32 pages was enclosed in a neat single cover and gave universal satisfaction to the subscribers.

During this period I had occasion to call frequently on some of the leaders of the Church "on the underground." On the 27th of January I received a communication from Presidents John Taylor and George Q. Cannon in answer to my letter to them of the 22nd. I immediately sought and obtained interviews with Bro. Erastus Snow and others of the underground brethren who encouraged and blessed me in my undertaking.

About this time I filled many special appointments to deliver lectures on Church History, in which I seemed to be successful and gained the confidence and good will of my hearers owing to the accuracy of my statements.

On the 8th of February the Historian's Office, where I, at that time, did considerable research work in the interest of my paper, was surrounded by deputy marshalls who had warrants to arrest some of the brethren charged with polygamy and "unlawful cohabitation." Among these brethren

who happened to be in the office at the time were Apostles Wilford Woodruff and Erastus Snow. As Bro. Woodruff became very nervous, some of the brethren present suggested that he put on a slouch hat bringing it down over his ears (so that he might appear in the eyes of the bystanders as a com-



PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF

mon, ordinary farmer), then take my arm and walk across the street. This he did, and we walked arm in arm to the President's office. None of the deputy marshals, who had surrounded the building, paid any attention to us. They did not surmise for a moment that the limping old farmer was Apostle Wilford Woodruff. Bro. Snow also escaped arrest.

On February 20th I wrote the following letter:

President Franklin D. Richards,

Dear Brother: I am working on a somewhat complete Church Chronology intended for publication, and in order to secure accuracy in every respect I find it necessary to refer to the documentary history of the Church for the purpose of proving dates. Will you please give me permission to come to the Historian's Office for that purpose, provided I make you acquainted with everything obtained from the records,

if you so desire. For about ten years I have been constantly engaged in historical labors and in commencing the "Historical Record" I have only one main object in view which is that of giving the readers accurate and reliable information. I beg leave to suggest that my labors be thoroughly supervised and controlled by the Church Historians, so that it may be considered authentic in every respect. I hold myself ready at any time to deliver up every document or note of historical value that I possess, if the authorities so desire, continue my labors for the Church and let the Church realize the financial benefit that may accrue from the "Historical Record" if I can only have sufficient for my family to live upon. There is no doubt but what the "Record" published as an authentic Church publication would get a very large circulation, whereas, in the hands of a private individual, it might not do so well, notwithstanding the great need of a work of that kind. It would please me if you could take this matter under advisement as soon as possible. To get the information necessary to complete a work according to its present plan, a trip through the states of Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, New York and other places or states would be a part of the program, in order to prove dates and facts and also get additional information. I should like to have the privilege of making a full explanation before as many of your quorum as conveniently can meet together in council, under the present circumstances. This would no doubt help to get the matter before the First Presidency, if this should be deemed necessary. Hoping to get an answer soon, I remain your brother in the gospel,

ANDREW JENSON.

On March 4th I bought ten square rods of land of my neighbor, Bro. Geo. B. Wallace, for the sum of \$350, paying \$40 down, and giving him my note for the balance. This land, located in the rear of my other property, made my home in the 17th Ward more desirable.

During the spring of 1886 I planted a number of apple, peach, plum and cherry trees on my enlarged property, besides gooseberries, currants, grape vines, strawberries and flowers. I imported some of the trees from the Geneva Nursery in New York and obtained some from local nurseries.

During the year 1886 I filled missionary appointments in the Salt Lake Stake and delivered a number of lectures on historical subjects. I had about 1,500 subscribers to the "Historical Record" at that time.

In June, 1886, I added to my real estate by purchasing 80 acres of land about eight or nine miles west of Salt Lake City, in township 1 N. of range 2 West. Soon afterwards I sold this land with a profit.

About this time I was frequently called to the Deseret Hospital, situated about half a block from my residence, to administer to the sick. I sought for the gift of healing and was greatly blessed in my administration from time to time.

In July, 1886, I received the nomination as Justice of the Peace in the 3rd Precinct of Salt Lake City to which position I was elected August 2nd.

In October I received the first ten copies of Church Chronology from the Deseret News bindery—a volume of 140 pages—of which 17 pages form the index.

On Dec. 14th I attended a Seventies meeting in the 13th Ward meeting house, where I was set apart under the hands of Abraham H. Cannon and others as one of the seven presidents of the 3rd Quorum of Seventy, to fill the vacancy in that council caused by the calling of Thomas E. Taylor to act in the 14th Ward bishopric. Elder George E. Howe became my successor as secretary and treasurer of the quorum, which position I had held for a number of years. After the meeting Bro. Abraham H. Cannon, George G. Bywater, James W. Burbidge and Rodney C. Badger accompanied me home and administered to my wife who was sick with consumption.

On December 10th Sister Emma Howell, an English girl, was married to me as a plural wife. I first met her on Sept. 10, 1886, when I was called to administer to her, she being then very sick indeed. She lived in a house two doors south of my residence.

Through the power of God and the administration of the Elders she soon recovered. She had emigrated to Utah in 1885, together with her mother and sister Bertha, and went to Logan where she passed through the Temple and received her endowments on Dec. 8th. After returning to Salt Lake City on the 9th, she stopped in the



EMMA HOWELL JENSON

house of a confidential friend in the 18th Ward, and on the next day (Dec. 10th) she was married to me in the Endowment House, by Apostle Franklin D. Richards. As this was a time of persecution our marriage was, of necessity, kept secret for some time.

In the mean time my wife Mary who had not been in full health for several weeks became seriously ill, and on the 8th of December I engaged a Dr. Murphy to wait on her. He diagnosed her case as tuberculosis. During her sickness I nursed her tenderly and frequently called in the Elders to administer to her on which occasions she always seemed to obtain relief and get better, but soon after such administrations she was attacked more seriously than ever and before the end

of the year it became apparent that her days on earth were numbered. With Mary and my son Parley sick, and my second wife Emma unknown as a wife, the year 1886 ended under sad conditions in my household.



ENDOWMENT HOUSE

Under date of Dec. 14, 1886, I inserted a notice in "Bikuben" to the effect that the partnership between Anders W. Winberg and myself had been dissolved, because my historical labors connected with the publication of the "Historical Record" and my other duties made it impossible for me to do justice to the newspaper work.

During the year 1886 I attended prayer circle, and the meetings of the Seventies and filled home missionary appointments. I also made trips to Ogden, Provo and many other places in search of history and to deliver historical lectures by invitation.

New Year's Day, 1887, I remained at home nursing my sick wife. Though we administered to her she showed but little improvement. The following day Apostle John Henry Smith assisted us in administering to her, exercising all the faith possible for her recovery. Early in the morning of Monday, Jan. 3, 1887, I found my wife worse. On that occasion I felt impressed to let her go, notwithstanding her continued pleadings that she did not wish to die. I took my position on the side of the bed and rested for about three hours. At 1:00 o'clock p. m. she became more restless and asked me to administer to her, which I did, leaving her in the hands of the Lord. Shortly afterwards

she asked me to get Bishop John Tinney to assist me in administering to her again. He did so and soon after the Bishop had left I approached her carefully, telling her that I feared she would have to leave us for a better sphere. She replied "No, don't give me up." These were the last words she spoke to me or anybody else in mortality. A few moments later I noticed her staring at the door, as if she saw something. I asked her softly what she was looking at and she tried to reply, but could not, and I knew then that she was dying. I immediately called her mother and my housekeeper and some of the neighbors, and at 2:15 p. m. she breathed her last, resting in my arms and in the presence of our children, Andrew, Parley and Minerva, and a few neighbors. She died apparently without pain, falling gently asleep; after a few heavy breaths all was over.

"Goodbye, my beloved Mary, wife of my youth, my first love, until we shall meet again in the resurrection of the just, never more to part." She was a good and noble wife to me—industrious, frugal and kind. She cleaved to me through troubles and adversity and shared with me the burden of life for more than eleven years, gave me four beautiful children, who, with me, mourned the departure of a devoted wife, and an affectionate mother.

"But, O, how lonesome I feel, and when I am writing these lines at 10:00 o'clock at night, while I am watching over the lifeless earthly tabernacle of the one I loved, I feel that the world is so empty—that there is a vacancy which never can be filled." Quite early in the morning of Jan. 4th, neighbors began to call. I must frankly acknowledge now that I could not hitherto, to a full extent sympathize with those who had been similarly bereaved.

During the day I wrote obituary notices for the papers and arranged for the funeral. In the evening Aunt Christine, my wife's sister, came in from Pleasant Grove with little Eleonore, who, because of her mother's

illness, had been sent out into the country on Dec. 15th.

The following night Bro. Nils J. Grönlund watched with me. On Wednesday, the 5th, my brother Jens and two of his children, my father-in-law and two brothers-in-law (Jens and Christian) came in from Pleasant Grove with teams and we had a sad evening together. Late in the afternoon we dressed the remains of my wife in her Temple clothing and laid her in her casket. She looked natural and pleasant.

On Thursday (Jan. 6th) at 11:20 a. m. we left the house for the 17th Ward chapel where the funeral services were held. The pall bearers were Bishop John Tingey, James W. Burbidge, Rodney C. Badger, Nils J. Grönlund, S. B. Dallas, Anders W. Winberg and Gustaf Eliason. The casket was followed by myself and children, my wife's parents and brothers, my own brother and a number of intimate friends. Two choirs (the ward organization and a Scandinavian group) were in attendance. The weather was very unpleasant, snow falling briskly. At 12:15 the services commenced under the direction of Bishop John Tingey. The Ward Choir sang: "Farewell All Earthly Honors." Prayer was offered by Elder A. W. Winberg. The Scandinavian choir, consisting of about 16 voices, (its members being mainly my acquaintances from Copenhagen) sang a selection in Danish, after which Elder Geo. G. Bywater addressed the congregation, followed by Apostle John Henry Smith. The Ward Choir sang "Nearer, My God To Thee," after which the benediction was offered by Elder Aurelius Miner. The congregation then passed in single file to view the remains, after which the family surrounded the coffin and took a last leave of the deceased. The casket was then borne out by the pall bearer and placed in the hearse, which was followed by a number of carriages and buggies to the cemetery. There the dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder Rodney C. Badger.

Never shall I forget the feelings that penetrated my bosom on that occasion. No one can sympathize fully except those who have passed through a similar experience.

The following day my mother-in-law, sister-in-law (Christine) and her husband returned to Pleasant Grove, taking with them my three younger children (Parley, Minerva and Eleonore) who were to stay with their aunt and uncle for a short time, while Andrew stayed with me. Later he joined his brothers and sisters in Pleasant Grove.

On Sunday, Feb. 6th I made a visit to Pleasant Grove and returned in the evening with my son Parley and daughter Minerva, making arrangements to leave Eleonore with Aunt Christine a few days longer. At this time I engaged Emma as housekeeper, as she was not yet known to be my wife, although my first wife knew. Since the death of my wife, I had led a somewhat uncomfortable life at my home, not getting either regular meals or sleep.

Almost from the beginning my mother-in-law and her daughter Bertha, who lived two doors away, rendered efficient aid to Emma in her household duties. Thus having commenced housekeeping anew, I again turned my attention to my literary pursuits, editing and publishing the third volume of the "Historical Record," filling my home missionary appointments and attending to many other duties.

On Feb. 28th I took Emma to Ogden. We put up, according to previous arrangements, with Sister Mary Flygare and remained there until March 2nd, when we returned home. During our absence Emma's mother and sister kept house. This trip conveyed the idea that I had taken Emma away to marry her, although the fact was that I had married her about two months before. Some criticism was offered because I had married another wife so soon after Mary's death, but the conditions which existed at that time

justified the act, as my marriage to her as a plural wife would have been misconstrued.

On Sunday, March 6th, accompanied by five members of the Tabernacle choir, I preached in the Utah Penitentiary to "the spirits in prison." On our arrival we were escorted into the dining room by one of the guards and then into the interior of the prison where we found about two hundred prisoners already seated. We took our seats at the further end of the hall, and commenced our services by the choir singing "Rock of My Refuge," in a most impressive manner, after which prayer was offered by Elder Jones. Then I spoke twenty-five minutes on the principles of the gospel. The choir then sang "I am Praying for You," the words of the chorus being "The children are praying for me." This song was very touching and brought tears to many. Benediction was offered by Bro. Henry Gardner. We then left the hall silently as we had entered it, and we were complimented by Warden Brown who seemed much pleased with the services. By permission we then ascended the wall to take a look at the prisoners in the yard below before we returned to the City. I shall never forget this visit, to see our brethren, many of whom I was personally acquainted with, clad in the striped garb of convicts and forced to mingle with criminals of the worst kind was heartrending. I was led to exclaim: "Oh Lord, how long shall thy servants thus suffer indignities from the hands of their heartless and wicked oppressors. When will the hand of deliverance be stretched out in behalf of these men who have been imprisoned because they would not desert their families."

On June 5th I was called to fill another appointment of a similar nature at the penitentiary.

On June 2nd I brought my baby daughter, Eleonore, home from Pleasant Grove.

On June 25th I attended a political meeting in the theatre, where I was

asked to make a speech, the first political speech I had ever delivered. I was also chosen as one of 16 delegates to represent Salt Lake County in a constitutional convention which convened June 30th. I served several days in the convention which finished its sessions July 6th. On Thursday, July 7th, we who had served in the convention attended a special meeting at the President's office, at which President George Q. Cannon and Apostles Lorenzo Snow, Franklin D. Richards, Moses Thatcher, Heber J. Grant, and John W. Taylor were present; also Bishop Wm. B. Preston, Angus M. Cannon, Chas. W. Penrose and other prominent Elders, several of whom had been on the underground for years. Pres. Cannon spoke encouragingly to the delegates of the work done in the convention and said he was satisfied that the Lord was in the movement.

During the month of July I attended a number of other political meetings.

A pioneer celebration was held in Pleasant Grove, July 24, 1887, at which I was the orator of the day.

President John Taylor died in Kaysville, Davis County, Utah, July 25, 1887. During the last year of his life he was in hiding, being, like others of his brethren, in danger of prosecution. It had been his duty to preside over the Church during one of the most perilous periods of its existence, when nearly a thousand leading men of the Church were imprisoned in the Utah Penitentiary, and others, in order to enjoy their freedom, were compelled to live in exile in Mexico or Canada.

On August 9th I took my family to Wasatch at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon where the quarrymen who were getting out rock for the temple had prepared fine summer quarters. A tent belonging to Dr. J. F. Richards was placed at our disposal. During our sojourn at Wasatch we enjoyed the fresh air and pure water and took part in some socials and with others I made a trip to the top of the mountain which looks down into Alta

on one side and Brighton, at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon, on the other side. On the top of the second summit on a spot which perhaps had never before been trod by foot of man I offered up a solemn prayer to God which I hoped would be answered upon my head with the desired blessing sooner or later. I also took our boys (Andrew and Parley) up the mountain to a camp where they had all the satisfaction they could desire, climbing the hills. I returned with my family into the city on August 25th.

In September I bought a buggy of the Cooperative Wagon and Machine Company for \$90. I also bought a horse and harness, and for the first time in my life I owned a light vehicle in which I could travel from place to place at my own convenience. After making the purchase I made a trip through Salt Lake County and later trips to other parts of the Territory. In December I published the 12th number of the "Historical Record," volume 6. Among the articles which I published in that volume was one on plural marriage, and another containing brief histories of all the settlements of the Saints in Salt Lake County. As a supplement I published a chronology of important events of the year 1886.

CHAPTER 20

(1888)

Vol. 7 of the Historical Record published—Biographical Encyclopedia—Dedication of the Manti Temple—Miss Bertha Howell becomes my wife—Experience on the Sevier Lake—Called on a special Mission to the States—Historical Research in Jackson County, Mo.—The Hedrickites.

I continued my historical labors in 1888, publishing volume 7 of the Historical Record which contained a brief history of the Prophet Joseph Smith and also articles on Jackson and Clay Counties, Mo., the Kirtland Camp, biographies of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon and other articles. As a supplement I published a chronology of important events in Church history for 1887.

On January 28th, 1888, my wife, Emma, gave birth to a boy, her first-

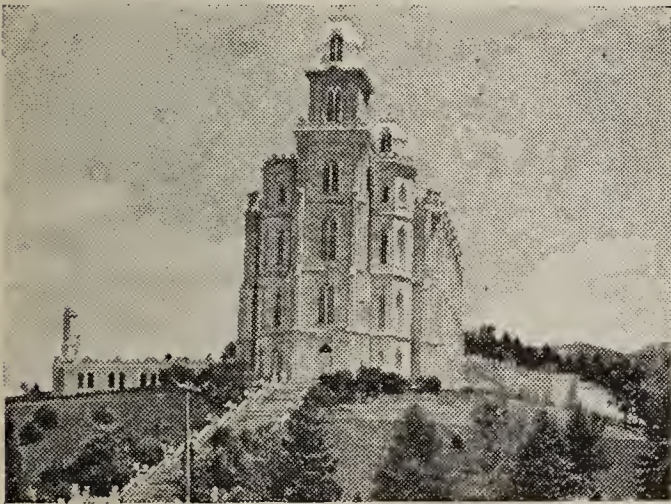
born, whom we subsequently named Alfred Howell Jenson. This boy, though a healthy and promising child, was not destined to dwell long in mortality.

Continuing my travels with my horse and buggy, I visited different settlements of the saints in the interest of my magazine. By that time my research work in behalf of Church history began to be appreciated by the First Presidency of the Church and, commencing with April 1, 1888, the treasurer of the Church, Bro. James Jack, was instructed to issue in my favor monthly an order on the general tithing office, for fifty dollars. This allowance came in very handy, as I was at the time indebted to the "Deseret News" in the sum of \$1,000 for printing. It was the first material assistance I had ever received from any source whatsoever for my historical labors, except that obtained from the subscriptions to my publications. I attended, as usual, the general conference of the Church held in April, 1888, and at one of the sessions held on April 5th, I was very unexpectedly called by President Lorenzo Snow to address the congregation. My short sermon was published in full in the "Deseret News." During the month of April I spent considerable time in gathering material for an Encyclopedia of Biographies of prominent men of the Church in the Salt Lake Stake. This was my first attempt of that kind in my literary career. I wrote, mostly from the dictation of the individuals themselves, a large number of sketches and arranged them alphabetically. The little book consisted of six sheets of 16 pages each, or 96 pages altogether. It was the forerunner of the Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia, a biographical work consisting of four large volumes of which the first was published in 1901, the second in 1914, the third in 1920, and the fourth in 1936.

I became quite familiar with Pres. Wilford Woodruff, whose plain democratic nature made him easy to ap-

proach. He told me on one occasion that he had increased nearly 50 pounds in weight during the past two months. This statement of President Woodruff tempted me to pay attention to my own weight.

In May, accompanied by my wife Emma and child, I visited Sanpete County, and on Monday, May 21st, we attended the dedication of the Manti Temple; the dedicatory prayer was offered by Apostle Lorenzo Snow. Near-



MANTI TEMPLE

ly all the general authorities of the Church were present. I had the opportunity to speak in one of the overflow meetings combined with the conference.

On May 27th I visited Bro. Erastus Snow, who was lying very sick at his residence in the 18th Ward, Salt Lake City. I had a missionary appointment to fill in the 18th Ward that evening, but when it was my turn to speak I felt so depressed in spirit that I had nothing to say. A few minutes later a messenger arrived and reported that Erastus Snow was dead. He passed away about 7 o'clock that evening, the exact time I should have commenced my discourse. A little later I filled my appointment and spoke for twenty minutes. After the meeting I called on the Snow family who bore up under the loss they had sustained as well as could be expected. Bro. Snow was nearly seventy years of age and died from the effects of kidney trouble with which he had suffered for many years. He was a good and faithful man whom I loved dearly. His death caused all

"modern Israel" to mourn. The funeral services were held May 30th, at which I was one of the speakers. Elders C. A. Carlquist, Jens S. Jensen, F. S. Fernstrøm and I as a committee prepared a floral design with the following printed on a silk ribbon:

"Erastus Snow, Apostle to the Scandinavians. Token of respect in behalf of 50,000 of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who have embraced the truth in Denmark, Sweden and Norway as the fruits of the gospel door being opened in those countries in 1850-1852 by our beloved and esteemed Apostle Erastus Snow."

During the month of June I was busy distributing the Biographical Encyclopedia to subscribers. On Sunday, June 17th, I traveled with buggy to Ogden where I preached for the first time in the Ogden Tabernacle. In the evening I spoke on the divine mission of Joseph Smith in the Ogden 2nd Ward.

My wife's sister, Miss Bertha Howell, who, together with her mother had constituted a part of my household for some time, became attached to me, and I to her, and when I proposed marriage to her, she responded in the affirmative. Consequently I made preparations for our marriage. I left home on July 14, 1888, traveling southward through the settlements, and at Nephi, Juab County, I met her as she came out by train that morning as per arrangement. We then traveled with horse and buggy 34 miles to Manti, where we arrived about midnight, and went direct to the residence of our friend, Bro. Jens C. A. Weibye. After deliberations we came to the conclusion that it would not be prudent for me to stop at the Weibye home, the place being too public. Consequently, leaving Bertha, I went alone about a mile and a half north of the town where I stopped over night in a farmhouse. Having arrived at Manti one day too soon for our purpose, I spent part of the next day picking berries in my friend's garden. Later in the

evening I visited the temple quarry and ascended to the top of a hill, where I engaged in secret and earnest prayer. On my walk I met one of the citizens of Manti who declared he knew me, but could not call me by name, and as I was not very anxious just then to disclose my identity I left him wondering. After night fall I called on Bertha at her lodging, and then returned to the farm house to stay over night. I spent the next day (July 18th) quietly with my friends, taking care not to be seen by anyone who knew me. In the evening I again went to



BERTHA HOWELL JENSON

Bertha's lodging with my buggy and then proceeded to the place selected where she was sealed to me for time and all eternity by President Daniel H. Wells. As soon as the ceremony was over we (Bertha and I) started off with horse and buggy on the home stretch. We traveled most of the night, arriving at Fountain Green about 3 o'clock in the morning of the 19th. After sleeping a few hours at the house of Bro. A. M. Berentsen, we continued the journey northward. On the "divide" between Fountain Green

and Salt Creek Canyon we met some deputy marshals who were searching for polygamists. Had they known what Bertha and I knew they could have made a "haul" right there and then. We also met Elder Daniel K. Brown on the way. At Nephi I left Bertha with friends and traveled to Mona, where I left my horse and buggy and returned to Salt Lake City by train, but returned to Nephi on July 21st. On the 22nd I attended a forenoon meeting of the conference at Nephi, after which I went by train to Mona, where my horse and buggy had been left since the previous Thursday. Then I traveled by way of Santaquin, Spanish Fork and Provo to Nielsen's Grove at Lake View, four miles northwest of Provo, where I attended a Pioneer celebration on July 24th, attended by a number of Scandinavians from Salt Lake and Utah counties. I had the honor of being the orator of the day.

My wife Emma with the baby had arrived at the grove in the morning and after the celebration I started for Salt Lake City, taking her and the child with me. We arrived home about midnight.

On the 27th I went by train to Pleasant Grove, where I had left my horse and buggy, and on Saturday, the 28th, traveled to Francklyn (now Murray) where, by previous arrangement, I met Bertha returning from Nephi. We took a round about road to Salt Lake City, where we rented a room on City Creek. I returned home July 30th and Bertha on the 31st.

On August 21st I received a letter from Bishop Joseph S. Black of Deseret, inviting me to accompany him on a trip to the Sevier Lake. Responding to this I traveled by train to Oasis. The next day (August 22nd) together with Bishop Black, Dr. John R. Park and Dr. David Allen I started on the trip to the Sevier Lake, leaving Deseret at 10 a. m., and taking Byron Warner along as a guide down the river to the spot where Capt. John W. Gunnison and party were massacred

by Indians in 1853. We placed a large cedar post in the ground on the exact spot where the tragedy occurred, and after examining the ground thoroughly we continued our journey to Lake Town (also known at that time as Ingersoll) after which we traveled 20 miles further and camped on the Sevier River near the north end of the lake. I went to the shore of the supposed lake, but found no water, only salt and mud. We continued our journey on the 23rd over the dreary desert around the north and west shore of the lake and stopped for noon after traveling 15 miles. There was no water in sight anywhere and no springs. The doctor and I took a walk about five miles to a prominence where we had a good view of the lake surface and saw that there was water within a few hundred yards of the shore. I waded out through the mud and salt until I reached the edge of the water and then returned to shore suffering great pain, as my legs and hands were badly cut and bruised by the crusted salt and mire, and I had also burned my feet and legs on the hot salty surface. Dr. Allen found it necessary to come out and help me ashore, after which we returned to camp. Bro. Allen then succeeded, after great exertion and fatigue, to get two bottles of water for analytical purposes, after which we left our place of encampment at sundown, traveling without a road about ten miles, and reaching our camp of the previous night about midnight. The following day we returned to Deseret tired and fatigued, having traveled in the hot sun all the morning.

After attending the quarterly conference at Deseret on Aug. 25th, I returned to Salt Lake City. I now spent several days preparing for a trip to the East in search of historical information. On Sept. 4th, together with Edward Stevenson and Joseph F. Black, I went to the Historian's Office to receive instructions, as the contemplated journey was considered as a mission of considerable importance. Bro. Stevenson, who had previously

been over the ground that we expected to pass over, would go as my assistant. Bro. Black would go as a companion to us, intending to visit relatives and friends on the way. I received the following:

Blessing pronounced upon the head of Andrew Jenson by Franklin D. Richards and Edward Stevenson (Bro. Richards being mouth) on the occasion of his being set apart to fill a mission to the United States, in the Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, Sept. 4, 1888:

Bro. Jenson: In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood conferred upon us, we lay our hands upon you and bless you to go forth upon a mission to the United States to gather up information and knowledge of the country and all matters which may be of interest and importance to you pertaining to the work of the Lord and the history of God's people in the latter days, and all their doings in the earth. And we commend you to God and His care and the care of the holy angels, that you may go in safety and be preserved from all evil and mischief by the way, and that the elements may conspire to help you upon your journey, as well as the brethren who are with you and shall accompany you. And we ask God, our Heavenly Father, to give you abundantly of the inspiration of His holy spirit, so that the way may be opened before you to obtain and attain unto all the knowledge and information which is desirable and important for you to have and by which you may as a historian, write competently and creditably and faithfully of the doings of the Lord on the earth in the latter days, and of the doings and experiences of His people. And we bless you with health of body and also with grace and favor in the eyes of the people among whom you shall travel, and with whom you may have to do and that you may be able to derive great consolation as well as information of great value in walking over the sacred places where the fathers have trod and where the angels have visited and where the favor of God has rested upon this holy and much favored land of Zion, and that you may be able to realize and contemplate the subject and subjects that are and shall be before you in their extensive magnitude and in their greatness and grandeur which belong unto them, and unto a great knowledge and fulfilment of the will of God

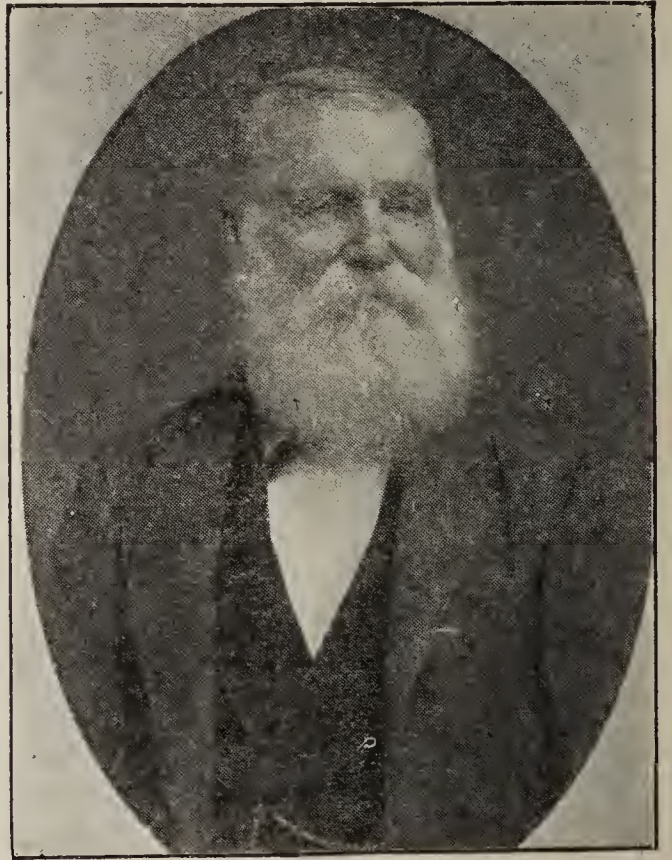
touching all these places that have been consecrated to His name and which shall yet be made honorable and glorious in the earth. And we ask the Lord our God that He will bless you with all such inspiration and ability as may be necessary, and that He shall preserve you from accident and from every harm, and that you may accomplish a good work, even all you desire, and that you may return laden with the experience of His goodness, and while you are abroad, that you may in faithfulness remember your covenants and the commandments of God and the words of wisdom and all the councils to His faithful servants. We confirm upon you all your former blessings and pray that you may accomplish a good work in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

I arranged my affairs at home as well as I could and left my wife Bertha in charge of the office with Robert Aveson to assist her in getting out three forms of the "Historical Record" for which I had prepared the manuscript. The following account of this special mission to the United States is culled from a series of letters which the three travelers wrote en route and which were published in the "Deseret News" at the time. Later (in 1889) these letters were revised and reprinted in a pamphlet entitled "Infancy of the Church".

Thurs., Sept. 6, 1888. Having been blessed and set apart for a short mission to the United States in the interest of Church history, we (Elders Andrew Jenson, Edward Stevenson and Joseph S. Black) left Salt Lake City, Utah, in the morning, and, after a safe and pleasant journey over mountains and plains, we arrived in Kansas City, Missouri, in the evening of Sept. 8th, where we hired a room for a few days.

Sun., Sept. 9, 1888. After calling upon the Lord in earnest prayer, asking him for his aid, protection and guidance in performing our mission successfully, we left our lodgings and went by rail to Independence, Mo., the place where we had arranged to commence our labors. We wended our way to the public square, where a fine

court-house occupies the site of the small one that was known to the saints in 1831-33. When we remembered that it was on that square the mob assembled with murderous intent and decided to drive the saints away from their homes and possessions, and that there also Bishop Edward Partridge and Brother Allen were cruelly stripped and tarred and feathered, we could hardly refrain from shedding tears, especially when we remembered



EDWARD STEVENSON

that this goodly land of Zion is still in the possession of our enemies.

From the court-house square we proceeded westward to the Temple lot, and arrived there just as the Hedrickites were emerging from their little meeting-house on the northeast corner of the lot, after holding religious service. We were introduced to their leading men and spent part of the day very pleasantly in conversing with them about the principles of the gospel. They treated us with kindness and finally invited us to preach in their little meeting-house the following Monday evening. In the afternoon we attended a Reorganite prayer meeting, in which Elder Stevenson bore a powerful testimony of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the

gifts and blessings of the gospel. The congregation listened with breathless attention, and after the meeting a number of people flocked around us anxious to enter into friendly conversation and hear of the progress we were making in the valleys of the mountains. They had rejoiced in the testimony borne, no doubt recognizing therein the voice of the true shepherd—something that had the right ring—calculated to gladden their hearts and prepare them to receive greater truths. The Reorganites number about 600 souls in Independence, and hold public meetings three times every Sunday in their brick meeting-house east of the court-house, but they are now erecting a fine church immediately north of and facing the Temple lot. We conversed with several of them who seemed to be wavering in their belief, apparently not satisfied with themselves nor their reorganized church, but showed great interest in what we had to proclaim.

After conversing with members of the Reorganite and Hedrickite factions until after dark and making, we think, a good and lasting impression upon them—for they followed us wherever we went and were loath to part with us—we proceeded to the Temple lot, selected a suitable place in the tall grass, and there, while stillness reigned on this sacred spot and surroundings, we bowed the knee and prayed earnestly for the redemption of Zion.

After prayer we returned to our quarters in Kansas City, well satisfied with our first visit to Independence.

Mon. Sept. 10. We took a cable car to the outskirts of Kansas City and then walked in a southeasterly direction to the Big Blue. The reader will remember that on this stream the Colesville branch and other saints located in 1831, and that on the 2nd of August of that year Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and eleven other men, in honor of the twelve tribes of Israel, carried and placed in position the first log for a house as a commencement for

the building of Zion in this dispensation. In going up the hill traveling east, after having crossed the bridge over the Big Blue on the Westport and Independence road (a few hundred feet north of where the ferry over the Big Blue, mentioned in Church history, once was), we turned aside to an old farm house, where we met an old Missouri mobocrat, who boasted of having been an enemy to the "Mormons" for over fifty years. Said he, "I was but a boy when the 'Mormons' were expelled from Jackson County, but, by G—d, I was old enough to shoulder a gun and help drive them out."

We asked him what the "Mormons" had done to the older settlers which merited brutal treatment, and especially wanted him to tell us his own personal experience with them. "O," said he, "they did not molest me, for I was so young, but they did others." He informed us that old Col. Pitcher, who took an active part against the saints in 1833, died about a year ago as a pauper. Not only did he die poor, but during his last days he was shunned and deserted by all. Even his own children neglected to care for him. It went so far that some of the neighbors proposed to take up a subscription in order to raise means to hire a negro from Kansas City to wait on him until he died; but before the darkey came old Pitcher breathed his last in the midst of filth and misery. He was once a wealthy man, but during the late civil war his property was burned by the enemy and he reduced to poverty. Thus he seemed to have received his just due for the cruel part he took in mobbing the saints and burning their houses in 1833.

It may be proper to state here that nearly every house on both sides of the Big Blue—the very section of country where about two hundred houses belonging to the saints were burned in the beginning of 1834—were destroyed during the guerrilla and bushwhacker's campaign of terror in the time of the civil war. It was a war between neighbors and neighborhoods, and the

whole section of country was laid waste, so Mr. Mason informed us. His own house was burned with the rest.

In answer to our inquiry he also told us that Moses Wilson, the old mobocrat general, notoriously known in the Missouri persecutions, died many years ago in Texas as a drunkard, gambler and genuine vagabond, despised by all who knew him.

"What became of Samuel C. Owens who had so narrow an escape from drowning in the Missouri River while fighting the 'Mormons' in 1834?" we asked. "Sam. Owens," replied Mr. Mason, "why, he was the only man killed in the battle with the Mexicans near the city of Chihuahua in 1846. He had just received bad news from home, informing him that his son-in-law had committed the crime of murder, and Mr. Owens felt so bad about it, that he immediately filled himself with brandy, plunged heedlessly into a hand-to-hand conflict with the Mexicans, during which he was killed, according to his own wish; for he said before starting, that he wanted to go to hell at once, knowing, as he did, that he would have to go there some day anyway." Such was the fate of this old mobocrat, who persecuted the saints so unmercifully during the Jackson and Clay County troubles.

Mr. Mason, our informant, lives on a farm which once belonged to the saints. He is seventy-one years of age, and although he was bitter against the saints, he seemed pleased with being able to point out to us the various bends on the Big Blue, where the humble log cabins of the saints once stood. At several points there are still remnants to be found of the chimneys and foundations, but not a single house is known to be in existence. The residence of Brother Joshua Lewis, in which the Church held its fifth General Conference, Aug. 4, 1831, crumbled to pieces years ago. That was one of the few buildings not burned by the mob at the time of the exodus, but it was partly torn down.

Mr. Mason also told us where the

skirmish took place between the saints and the mob, Nov. 4, 1833, when Andrew Barber, a young "Mormon", and two of the mob were killed.

In alluding to himself the old man, whom we considered a fair sample of many of those who drove the saints out of Jackson County in 1833, informed us that he had no education. "I can't read a word," said he, "I only went to school three weeks in my life, during which time I got nine lickings and quit."

After we left, Mr. Mason remarked to a neighbor: "They (meaning your correspondents) asked me about these men (alluding to the mobbers), and as I did not want to lie to them I told them the truth. These strangers, even if they were d—d Mormons, possessed one redeeming quality—they were Democrats." On our merits as Democrats he gave us all the buttermilk we could drink and wished us success.

From Mr. Mason's house we continued our journey to the house of Geo. P. Frisby, a member of the Hedrickite faction, who took us in a conveyance to the Hedrickite Church, to fill our appointment in their meeting-house on the Temple lot. Our journey was over rolling land, with fields and forests intermingled, forming a picture worthy of Zion's borders, on which we truly were. Farms containing hundreds of acres of beautiful land, the homes of the saints more than half a century ago, were pointed out to us; also the residence of the late Col. Pitcher, standing on a hill about four miles southwest of Independence, on the Westport and Independence Road, where the colonel resided for fifty years on a beautiful plantation which subsequently passed away from him. We also learned the fate of another notorious and leading mobocrat, Mr. A. E. Hickman, known as Captain Hickman, once a government surveyor, who took an active part in driving the saints from their homes in 1833. His possessions were pointed out, and his wealth boasted of as that of a possessor of broad fields. "But," said our

informant, "he died in that little cabin on yonder hill in 1882, in the midst of grief and poverty."

Arriving at Independence about dusk we found a good number of people gathered on the Temple lot, and when we opened our meeting many were unable to gain admittance. After singing, and prayer by Elder Jenson, Edward Stevenson preached 50 minutes on the fulfillment of prophecy, taking the 2nd chapter of Isaiah and a passage from Zachariah as texts. He showed that the saints in the mountains continued to gather and build up Zion, and had no need of reorganizing, and that the schismatics such as Lawites, Strangites, Rigdonites, etc., die out and disappear. He was followed by Elder Joseph S. Black, who occupied 10 minutes, speaking of the present condition of the saints in Utah, and by Andrew Jenson who spoke 30 minutes on matters pertaining to the early history of the Latter-day Saints. The spirit of God rested upon us and through His grace we were enabled to reach the hearts of our hearers, who listened very attentively to all that was said.

We spent the night at the Pacific Hotel, kept by J. D. Barnhart, a German, and a silent partner by the name of J. T. Clark, an old time Latter-day Saint, of Kirtland, Ohio, who years ago joined the "Reorganization" and soon after, not being satisfied with their authority, left them, and joined the Hedrickites, and lastly has joined the Whitmerites. He said that our meeting had the good old ring of the gospel bell of fifty years ago, and that many others of those present at our meeting thought the same.

At the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph the saints were being gathered and were building a Temple, baptizing for the dead, etc., which work unceasingly has been kept up by those who under the leadership of the Twelve came to the Rocky Mountains notwithstanding the various factions which have separated themselves from the true gospel tree. Elder Stevenson

heard the Prophet say on a stand at the east end of the Nauvoo Temple, that the time was coming when there would be many dissensions from the Church. "But," said he, "I now see the time which I have long desired to see. Let me go where I may, the gospel tree is planted never more to be rooted up, for there are those present who are prepared to carry on the gospel, whatever may become of me." He also said: "I will give you a key by which you may never be deceived, if you will observe these facts: Where the true Church is, there will always be a majority of the saints, and the records and history of the Church also."

We believe that there are many who will eventually discover their mistake and return to the true fold, after judgments and scourges shall have passed through the land. We feel sorrowful for many who appear to be wavering and not fully satisfied with their faith and standing, for in our communications with many members of schismatic factions, some seemed to possess a desire to be saints and be saved. We asked the Hedrickites if they had any Twelve Apostles or Seventies' quorums; and also put the same question to the Whitmerites. Both replied: "No; there are not enough members yet to fully organize." There are only about 50 members in each party and those are scattered throughout the country. We suggested that a few of those small factions join together until they become of sufficient strength to fully organize.

Real estate was boomed some time ago in the vicinity of Kansas City and Independence until land was considered worth from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per acre, and several new towns were laid out on the "Dummy line" between the two places. Both towns and boom have since partly died on the hands of speculators, and are awaiting an exposition car or something else to "boom her up" again. The Temple lot is still in dispute between the Reorganites and Hedrickites, but the latter have possession and their meeting-house is

within the enclosure. They have paid up all taxes to date. We saw an abstract of title, costing over \$50, to not only the small portion of the real Temple lot now under fence, but to the whole piece of land (consisting of 63 acres) purchased for the Church by the late Bishop Edward Partridge in 1831. The abstract showed a broken chain of title, there being nothing in the county records to show any administration on the Partridge estate, but the Hedrickites have, no doubt, as good a title to that small parcel they hold as is obtainable now.

Having accomplished sufficient to satisfy our desires in this waste place and centre stake of Zion, we again repaired to the centre of the Temple lot and in the midst of the shade trees and blue grass, we humbly bowed ourselves before the Lord and thanked Him for His favors and mercy; in opening our way so very favorably to bear our testimony in those meetings already mentioned, and for the history of past events with which we had been furnished.

Tues. Sept. 11. After visiting quite a number of people in Independence, and after plucking leaves and flowers on the Temple lot, we returned to Kansas City. Before leaving Independence, we visited the widow of the late John E. Page. She lives near the Temple lot, and is about seventy years old. From her and her son, Justin E. Page, who owns a blacksmith shop immediately south of and facing the Temple lot, we learned that the late John E. Page, after leaving the Church, located in De Kalb County, Illinois, where he engaged in farming. Later he removed to a point about six miles north of Sycamore, De Kalb Co., where he died in the fall of 1867, being then 68 years and 8 months old. According to his own request, he was buried under an ash tree on his farm. His son declared that he died in full faith in the divinity of the Book of Mormon and the prophetic calling of Joseph Smith. After his death the widow removed with the children to

De Kalb, and later located at Independence, Missouri. Besides the two sons who reside in the latter place, a daughter of John E. Page now lives in Tennessee, and a third son resides in Kansas.

While at Independence we gathered considerable information in regard to the Hedrickites. They are the present custodians of the Temple lot, and manifested a kind and honest spirit in our association with them. "We think more of you people in Utah than you are probably aware of," said one of their leading men, while conversing with us. "And we hope the time will come when we shall fully understand each other."

CHAPTER 21

(1888—continued)

Visiting Richmond, Liberty Jail, Crooked River, Far West, Hauns Mill, Gallatin, Adam-ondi-Ahman and other places in Missouri.

Wed. Sept. 12. As passengers on the Chicago, Santa Fe and California Railroad we traveled from Kansas City eastward on the south side of the Missouri River where there was a heavy growth of timber. We arrived at Lexington Junction, 42 miles from Kansas City, and 5 miles from Richmond. There being no train until 6 p. m. for Richmond, we concluded to make the journey on foot, which we did, and were delighted with our rambles in the woods.

In passing through the country we stopped to converse with a number of the inhabitants, and learned from them many things of interest. This is truly a delightful land. Near the Missouri River it is quite heavily timbered, but as we recede from the river the openings and clearings become more extensive, and finally broad prairies enhance the landscape. Of the various sorts of timber growing on the north side of the river we noticed the oak, elm, ash, walnut, hickory, sycamore, locust, tamarind and others, besides the pawpaw and numerous kinds of underwood and vines. Some of the farms are kept in a thrifty condition, while others are seemingly ne-

glected, so that most healthy growths of weeds have got the best of the planted crops. Small grain does pretty well, but the soil seems to be particularly adapted for raising Indian corn, which in some instances yields about 100 bushels to the acre.

We also saw some of the finest milch cows we have ever seen in our travels, the facilities for pasturage here being second to none in the United States.

Having arrived at Richmond we went directly to the residence of the late David Whitmer, and received a somewhat cool reception from his daughter, Mrs. Schweich, who keeps house for her brother David at the old homestead. Elder Stevenson remarked that he found a different influence in the house to that he had experienced on his former visits when David Whitmer was alive.

We visited the new cemetery, situated a short distance west of town where the mortal remains of the last witness of the Book of Mormon now slumber. We also visited the old cemetery, about half a mile north of Richmond centre, where rest the remains of the senior Peter Whitmer (in whose house the Church was organized) and his wife, together with their son Jacob (one of the Eight Witnesses) and Oliver Cowdery. A fine marble tombstone designates the resting place of Jacob Whitmer, but the grave of Oliver is entirely hid among and overgrown with weeds. While we found the new cemetery in first-class condition, the old one is entirely neglected, and marble monuments, headstones and fences are scattered promiscuously on the ground as the cyclone left it standing ten years ago over the graves of Oliver Cowdery and Jacob Whitmer, we instinctively uncovered our heads, uttered a silent prayer and passed on with heavy hearts. How we should have appreciated a short interview with him who was blessed with the ministration of angels, the Savior, Moses, Elijah the Prophet, and other holy beings!

Toward evening we went on foot

about one and a half miles south of Richmond, to the house of John C. Whitmer, the only living son of Jacob Whitmer. He presides over the so-called Whitmerites, and is a respectable farmer, fifty-three years of age. He received us kindly and gave us some information that we highly appreciated in regard to the Eight Witnesses of the Book of Mormon and others. His uncles Christian and Peter Whitmer both died as faithful Elders in the Church in Clay County, Mo., the first-named Nov. 27, 1835, and the latter Sept. 22, 1836. Both bore faithful and unflinching testimonies to the last of the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Jacob Whitmer died in Richmond, April 21, 1856, aged 56 years 2 months and 26 days. John Whitmer died in Far West, Caldwell Co., Mo., in 1878; and Hiram Page died on a farm about fourteen miles west of Richmond, near the boundary line of Clay County, Missouri, August 12, 1852.

John C. Whitmer testified as follows concerning the witnesses:

"I was closely connected with Hiram Page in business transactions and other matters, he being married to my aunt. I knew him at all times and under all circumstances to be true to his testimony concerning the divinity of the Book of Mormon. I was also at the death bed of Oliver Cowdery in 1850, and I heard him speak to my uncle David (Whitmer) and say: 'Brother David, be faithful to our testimony to the Book of Mormon, for we know that it is of God and that it is verily true.' He then closed his eyes in death. My father, Jacob Whitmer, was always faithful and true to his testimony to the Book of Mormon, and confirmed it on his death bed. Of my uncle John (Whitmer) I will say that I was with him a short time before he died at Far West, Missouri, when he confirmed to me, what he had done so many times previously, that he knew the Book of Mormon was true. I was also with Uncle David (Whitmer), who died here in January last, and heard him bear his last testimony in the presence of many witnesses whom he had called together for the occasion. He solemnly declared that the record of the Nephites, as he al-

ways called the Book of Mormon, was of God, and his testimony concerning it true."

Thurs., Sept. 13.—In the forenoon we visited a number of old settlers trying to gather information in regard to circumstances transpiring fifty years ago. We visited the site of the old jail in Richmond, where Parley P. Pratt, Morris Phelps and others were imprisoned from November, 1838, to May, 1839. An old resident told us that he remembered many years afterwards seeing the name of P. P. Pratt on the ceiling of the jail, which was finally torn down and the site is now occupied by a large wagon repairing and blacksmith shop owned by Messrs. Powell & Sons. On the identical spot where the jail stood is a well from which we drew and drank water in memory of the past. The jail site is a little more than half a block east of the northeast corner of the court-house square, on the north side of the street. We made several inquiries about the old log house, where Joseph the Prophet and fellow-prisoners were guarded during Judge Austin A. King's trial in November, 1838, and where Joseph rebuked the guard; but we were unable to find any who could give us the necessary information. One old settler, Mr. B. H. Quesenberry, who acted as county clerk of Ray County in 1838, told us that there were a number of old log houses on the north side of the court-house square at that time, and it was no doubt into one of these that the Prophet and his brethren were ushered on that memorable occasion.

In the afternoon we visited Mrs. Bisbee, a daughter of the late Jacob Whitmer, and Philander Page, a son of the late Hiram Page, and from them and documents in their possession we gained information in regard to the Eight Witnesses of the Book of Mormon. In the evening we examined the manuscript of the Book of Mormon in possession of David J. Whitmer, son of the late David Whitmer. We satisfied ourselves beyond

a doubt that it was the copy from which the book was printed—a copy of the original manuscript afterwards deposited by Joseph in the foundation of the Nauvoo House. We noticed at least three different handwritings, the most of it, however, being written by Oliver Cowdery, whose handwriting is well known. It is supposed that Emma Smith and perhaps Christian and Peter Whitmer wrote the balance. The signatures of the witnesses were all written by the same scribe, which is another proof that this is not the original manuscript on which each witness signed his own name. There were 464 closely-written pages, each sheet being written on both sides.

We have also learned that General John Clark, the notorious mobocrat, died as a drunkard in Fayette, Howard County, about the year 1880, forsaken by his political friends. The notorious Austin A. King also died years ago. He was taken sick very suddenly at St. Louis and died almost immediately. His remains were brought to Ray County for burial.

Richmond is a fine town of nearly 3,000 inhabitants. It was the home of Elder Stevenson for a short time in 1835, it being then an unimportant village. Some of the scenes that he beheld in his boyhood days were so indelibly impressed that they recurred to his memory as fresh as if witnessed only yesterday.

Fri., Sept. 14.—We resumed our journey from Richmond at 6:27 a. m., taking train on the St. Joseph, St. Louis and Santa Fe Railroad and traveled 20 miles to Lawson, north of Richmond, where we, in changing cars, were compelled to draw on our already taxed patience, and await the tardy arrival of another railway coach as a change of train was necessary to convey us to the Crooked River battle ground, or Bogart's battle field, by which title it is so readily known in these parts. We waited over two hours. However, we felt much better and not half so cross after a square breakfast. We proceeded to the station, and were

delighted to hear the scream of the locomotive and the call of "All aboard!" for Elmira, five miles north-east, where we arrived safely. Elmira is a new railway town, on the well-named Crooked River, two miles above the fated spot we have heard so much about.

Securing the services of a Mr. J. M. Trout as guide we at once started for the battle ground. From Elmira Mr. Trout led us through the woods, where we found many trees laden with nuts and wild fruits.

After wandering about in the timbers considerably, we at last found the old Field ford, near which the famous battle between Bogart's mobocrats and our brethren was fought on the 25th of October, 1838. By this time we were somewhat hungry and weary, the heat being much more oppressive in this lower altitude than it is at the same degree of latitude in Utah, where we have the benefits of the rarified mountain air. Emerging from the woods into a clearing of about fifty acres we found ourselves near an old log house where we called for a drink. In response to this the good lady of the house, although seemingly poor, treated us to some excellent buttermilk and corn bread, which we ate while sitting on a log in front of the house and in full view of the battle ground. Crossing Crooked River, which at the present time is nearly dry at this point, two of our number dined with Mr. J. L. Thompson, who lives about half a mile from the ford, while Elder Jenson set out alone across the farms west of the stream to find an old resident by the name of Absalom McDonald, who is the present owner of the battle ground. This gentleman, a Missourian 72 years of age, readily consented to show us over the grounds. Also two of Mr. Thompson's sons, who were well acquainted with the place, and had years ago picked up a number of bullets there, volunteered their services.

The night before the battle Samuel Bogart was camped at a point in the

woods about 100 yards from the ford on the east side of the stream. The ford, now known as the McDonald ford, is used but very little now; and although the old Far West road, which crosses Crooked River at this point, can easily be traced through the timber, it has not been used as a highway for many years. The old battle ground is covered with brush and small timber. Many of the large trees have recently been cut down by Mr. McDonald, but there are still two stately oak trees standing near the spot where Bogart was encamped. One of these is dead, but the other, a large burr-oak, in which a number of bullets fired during the battle were found, still stands in a thrifty condition. The bank, behind which the mobbers are supposed to have formed in line of battle, is now overgrown with brush. It runs parallel with the stream.

It was with solemn and peculiar feelings that we traced those grounds, especially as we continued up the old road to the rather steep hill where stood the picket guard, Mr. John Lochard, who killed Brother O'Banion. Mr. Absalom McDonald pointed out the very spot, saying that Mr. John Lochard told him he shot Mr. O'Banion just below this elevated and very slightly point. As the "Mormons" were going down the old road, only one of the two guards fired, when both ran for camp, about a quarter of a mile distant. Still further up the road, in an old field and on the top of the hill, stands yet the old historic building known to this day as the old Field residence. It is a double two-story house, 30 by 18 feet, built of hewed logs. It looks very lonely and in a state of decay. It has been abandoned for the past ten years, and with the surrounding fields looks forsaken. One of the Thompson boys who were with us said that he had killed three hedge-hogs recently in the old building. It was back of this old house where Captain "Fearnot" (David W. Patten) divided his forces into three divisions and marched on to the ford, where the conflict occurred, just

as the day was dawning, the enemy thus having every advantage, as they were looking toward the light and had the bank to serve them as a breast-work; yet they were soon routed and plunged into the river, scattering in all directions.

Many are the stories related by the Missourians as to the cause of this conflict. But it is well authenticated that Mr. Bogart's company was burning "Mormon" houses, killing stock, and had already taken three prisoners, and that the Saints simply fought in self-defense. Such scenes are very unpleasant to contemplate and it is even not consoling to review the grounds.

Far West having been turned into a plowed field, there is no railroad communication to that point, much to our inconvenience. We therefore resolved to walk from Crooked River to Far West, about sixteen miles; and in traveling through the country on foot, we were delighted with the rolling prairies mingled with beautiful timber land. On Prairie Ridge, in Caldwell County, an Ohio farmer (as well as many others on our way) beset us to purchase land and farms, taking us as we supposed, for land speculators. We had offers of excellent land for from \$10 to \$50 per acre, all through Caldwell County. Our talkative Ohio man explained that he had 249½ acres mostly cultivated, with an excellent dwelling house, barn, well of good water, live fences, etc., and indeed his place looked very tempting and desirable. "Well," said he, "\$38 per acre, or \$6,500, will take it all."

Sat., Sept. 15. Making an early start we walked two miles to Mirable, a neat little village situated on Goose Creek. Thence we walked two and a half miles, crossed Goose Creek, then went on a mile and a half further to the site of Far West. We arrived at the Temple lot in Far West about noon and took dinner with Jacob D. Whitmer, a son of the late John Whitmer who lived a short distance east of the Temple Lot. He owned one of the best

farms in Caldwell County, including the Temple Lot, but he would like to sell out for \$50 per acre. It is remarkable to note the spirit of selling out. The whole people, so far as we can learn, have no desire to live in the country. Elder Stevenson pointed out a portion of the Whitmer field which his widowed mother was compelled to leave unsold; also some timber land on Goose Creek, within one mile of Far West, where General Lucas' mob camped 50 years ago. Many of the present owners of the lands in Caldwell County would be puzzled to show a clear chain of title from the government. Perhaps this is one great cause for the mania of selling out this once very desirable land.

What a contrast in the price of real estate where the "Mormons" now reside, as compared with this Eden! One corner lot in Salt Lake City which has been transformed from a barren sage brush desert would sell for sufficient to purchase the whole of Far West city plot as it now stands—a city of weeds and grass.

Far West was laid out in 1836, and consisted of 640 acres. The blocks are 396 feet square. There were four main streets, 132 feet wide; all other streets were 82½ feet in width. Six hundred and forty acres at Mr. Whitmer's highest figure, \$50 per acre, would amount to \$32,000. A certain party refused \$62,000 for his corner lot in Salt Lake City quite recently.

It is a fact that wherever the "Mormons" go, even in the desert, a thousand miles out into the wilderness, they make the solitary places glad and the desert to blossom as the rose.

One old barn is all the building that remains of the original town of Far West, excepting a portion of Joseph Smith's old frame house which has been removed from its original foundation and rebuilt on the main road leading south. We crossed Goose Creek, one mile south of Far West. Shoal Creek is one mile north and both streams unite about three miles southeast of Far West. We found the Tem-

ple excavation west of Mr. Whitmer's house, tracing each corner stone distinctly except the northeast which was rather difficult to find.

We sat upon the corner stone of the "future" Far West Temple, while we wrote in our journals and offered prayers. The Temple site embracing three acres is fenced in by itself.

While sitting on the southeast corner stone reflecting upon the scenes which took place on that memorable spot fifty years ago, it was moved, seconded and carried unanimously by all present (the number being three Elders from Zion), that we continue to importune at the throne of grace that the Lord will remember the waste places of Zion and permit his saints to erect the contemplated Temple at Far West in the near future, and also enable them to build a city and organize a stake of Zion there. In walking over the excavation made for the Temple our minds naturally reverted back to July 3, 1837, when the ground was first broken, and to July 4, 1838 (a little more than fifty years ago), when the corner stones were laid with grand ceremonies under the direction of the Prophet Joseph. We also remembered the secret conference held on the Temple ground early on the morning of April 26, 1839, when the late Wilford Woodruff, and George A. Smith were ordained to their high and holy callings as Apostles.

In standing upon the prominence a little south of the Temple grounds overlooking the Goose Creek country southward, we imagined seeing the haughty General Samuel D. Lucas emerging from the timber with his mob-militia and form in line of battle before the now extinct town. We imagined seeing the Prophet of God with his brethren betrayed into the hands of the enemy, and hearing the oaths and cursings of the mobbers as the prisoners entered their ranks like lambs about to be devoured by wolves. We walked to the brow of the hill where it is supposed the brethren formed in line of battle, endeavoring

to make a brave stand in defending their homes, wives and children, their rights and sacred honor, against a foe which outnumbered them ten to one. O, how strange we felt when we contemplated the sad scene. Then turning our faces northward, looking over what was once the public square of Far West, we thought of General Clark's infamous speech, of our brethren being compelled to stack their arms and become prisoners of war, and finally to see their town pillaged, their cattle shot down, and in some instances witness their wives and daughters defiled by demons in the shape of human beings. But the spirit whispered: "Be calm, 'vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'" And we felt to say that the wrongs of Far West are not forgotten by the Righteous Judge of all.

After dinner Jacob D. Whitmer, with a good fleet team, conveyed us seven miles to Kingston (the county seat of Caldwell County) on our way to the site of Haun's Mill, but as the distance to it was nearly twenty-two miles the way the roads ran, and as there were no railroad connections, we hired a team in Kingston and traveled to the little village of Catawba, in Fairview Township, where we put up for the night.

Sun., Sept. 16. Early this morning we set out on foot going in a northerly direction toward Shoal Creek. After walking a mile and a half, we turned aside to the house of Mr. James G. Mackey, who proved to be a good-hearted old Kentuckian, for as soon as we had asked him to direct us to the old Haun's Mill site, he kindly volunteered to accompany us to the spot. Said he: "Gentlemen, I believe in equal rights, I have been oppressed and imposed upon myself, and I know how it is, and I never did approve of the way your people were treated in this country." He took us through the woods and fields direct to the old mill site, and where "Mormontown," as the Missourians called the now extinct town, was situated on the left bank

or north side of Shoal Creek. This stream is the largest in Caldwell County, and is about three rods wide where the mill stood. At present there is but very little water in it, but, judging from the high water marks everywhere visible on its banks, and the narrow strip of low-lands on the north side, we think it capable of rising at least twenty feet during the rainy season. As a remnant of the old mill-dam there are still five large pieces of timber left in the middle of the creek. On the south bank the mill-dam originally rested upon a solid ledge of rock, which, of course, is still there. The mill stood on the opposite bank. We had no difficulty in crossing the creek dry-shod, and after doing so we began to search for the old well into which the bodies of seventeen of our brethren were thrown, after being cruelly murdered by the mob on the day of the massacre, Oct. 30, 1838. By the assistance of a neighbor we soon found the place, which is designated by an old mill-stone, formerly belonging to Jacob Haun's mill. This was placed there last fall by a Mr. Fuller, of Adair County, Mo., a son of Josiah Fuller, one of the brethren killed at the massacre. This Mr. Fuller came to hunt his father's resting place, being accompanied by Mr. Charles R. Ross, of Cowgill, Caldwell County, who assisted in burying the bodies, or at least in filling up the well, some time after the massacre took place. Mr. Ross knew where the place was, but in order to be sure he and Mr. Fuller dug down a few feet until they became satisfied that it was the right spot. They then moved the old mill-stone, which had been lying for more than forty years near the old mill-site, and placed it edgewise on the memorable grave. We made a thorough survey of the premises and found the well to be just ninety-four yards northwest of the old mill-dam, and in the shade of four young elm trees, overgrown with wild grapevines. We also took particular notice of a high bank of yellow clay on the south side of the creek,

immediately below the mill-site. Hence, if the few remaining timbers of the old dam in course of time should entirely disappear, this landmark could easily determine the exact location.

Mr. Mackey also showed us the spot where, at the time of the massacre, the old blacksmith shop stood, in which so many of our brethren were butchered in the most merciless manner, and the place where Mr. Rogers literally cut to pieces McBride, the old Revolutionary soldier, with a corn-cutter. Our guides also pointed out the direction from which the mob came, where they first opened fire as they approached the little settlement from the north, and where the defenseless women and children fled up the opposite bank of the stream. "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth."

The grounds on the north side of Shoal Creek, where the settlement stood, is now owned by Mr. John B. Lallen, who lives about a quarter of a mile northwest from the millsite. The only building standing on or near the old town site is a small frame house, once owned by the above named Charles R. Ross, of Cowgill.

The region around Shoal Creek, where Haun's Mill stood, is much heavier timbered than it was fifty years ago, and a fine grove of locust trees now covers the site of old "Mormontown." A resident of Kingston, who yesterday pointed out to us a number of farms once owned by the saints, said, that in going through Caldwell County, he could always distinguish the old "Mormon" homesteads from all others. We asked him to describe to us the difference between "Mormon" farms and others. "Well," said he, "nearly every one of the Mormons planted locust trees around their buildings which was something the Missourians never thought of doing, and these have now grown and spread, until there are locust groves nearly on every farm where the Mormons resided."

Nearly all who participated in the massacre are now dead, or have moved away, so that their whereabouts, if alive, are not known. Some of the murderers have died in disgrace and shame, haunted by their consciences until their last hours. Others have boasted of their dastardly deeds, until they have been smitten with sickness and misery, in the midst of which they would curse God and die.

The notorious Col. Wm. O. Jennings, who commanded the mob at the massacre, was assassinated in Chilicothe, Livingston County, Mo., in the evening of Jan. 30, 1862, by an unknown person, who shot him on the street with a revolver or musket as the colonel was going home after dark. He died the next day in great agony. The shooting occurred on Calhoun Street, a little northwest of the present county jail in Chilicothe. Nehemiah Comstock, another leader of the mob who committed the murders, expired years ago in Livingston County as a good-for-nothing drunkard. His mother was also a drunkard and died a pauper and in the midst of misery in a Kentucky poorhouse.

After offering our prayers by the rude tombstone on the ground of the massacre, and having made proper entries in our memoranda books, we left the fatal spot on Shoal Creek and traveled partly by team and partly on foot to Breckenridge, a fine little town in the northeast corner of Caldwell County. From there we took train to Chilicothe, Livingston County, and thence to Gallatin, Daviess Co., where we arrived about sundown. We find but a few of the old mobocrats of Missouri around here now. Many of them have died and others moved away. In Caldwell County we found this to be the case nearly all over, and the majority of the present population there hail mainly from Ohio and Kentucky. Also this new class of settlers are almost universally possessed of the spirit of moving away; hence farms and lots are everywhere for sale.

We arrived in Gallatin, Daviess Co.,

in the evening of Sept. 16th and put up at a hotel. One of our number called on Major McGee, an old resident of Gallatin, who took part in the troubles with the saints in 1838, and was taken prisoner by the "Mormons" at that time. He gave us some valuable information in regard to the past, and pointed out to us the identical spot where the house stood in which the election was held, Aug. 6, 1838, and also where the fight took place between the mob and our brethren who on that memorable day wished to cast their votes as free American citizens. He said the town of Gallatin at that time contained only about four houses; now there is quite a respectable town of 1500 inhabitants. The major said that Joseph Smith was a fine man, physically and socially, and related quite an amusing incident about how a certain man, who considered himself the champion of Daviess County, was thrown by the Prophet three times in a wrestling match. We asked him what in his opinion (looking back at this late day upon the scenes of fifty years ago) was the cause of the troubles between the Missourians and the "Mormons." He replied that he thought some of the saints were to blame for teasing the other inhabitants with the statement that they (the saints) were the rightful heirs to the whole country, because they were saints of the Most High; but he knew of no horse-stealing or any kind of lawlessness being perpetrated by the "Mormons" prior to the time of the trouble of 1838. During the fracas, however, he said they burned nearly all the houses in the country belonging to the Missourians.

Altogether the major manifested a spirit of fairness, but of course leaned to the side of the Missourians, trying to justify them as much as possible in what they had done. Both Millport, three miles east, and Adam-ondi-Ahman, five miles northwest of Gallatin, are extinct, and the new settlers, or the younger part of the population, are entirely ignorant of such towns

ever having existed, which we learned by inquiring for the roads leading to them. Until we saw the major, nobody could give us the least information about them.

Mon., Sept. 17. We left our lodging at Gallatin this morning and walked three miles to Grand River at a point due north of Gallatin. Finding no boat on the south side, Elder Jenson waded the stream and brought a boat from the north side in which the other two crossed in safety.

We then crossed the Grand River bottom, passing through some very rich farms in which splendid crops of Indian corn, melons, tomatoes and other vegetables were maturing. After reaching the heights on the north we passed through a beautiful grove of timber, and finally reached Sarah A. McDonald's farm house, located on the old site of Adam-ondi-Ahman. This is, in fact, Lyman Wight's old house, somewhat renovated, but the same logs and part of the roof are still there. It is the only house on the old town-site which has changed in appearance during the past fifty years, because of the heavy growth of timber on what was formerly open prairie land. Nearly the entire length of the heights from the old Adam-ondi-Ahman hill eastward is a dense forest. We walked up the hill and soon found the remnants of an ancient altar on the top of what is supposed to be the highest point in the neighborhood. The McDonald's thought the top of the knoll was about 100 feet above Grand River. We spent about three hours on the altar writing letters and making notes, and each of us prayed in turn, asking our heavenly Father to remember the waste places of Zion and cause the way to be opened for the building of the city of Adam-ondi-Ahman, that the stake of Zion once organized here by the Prophet Joseph may be reorganized at some future day never more to become disorganized, and the saints be permitted to possess the land forever in peace. We also remembered the Apostles and all the authorities

of the Church in the mountains and prayed for the redemption of Zion, the downfall of Babylon, and that the Lord would hasten the day that Zion shall be free and her children enjoy their privileges and rights. We felt a heavenly influence resting upon us when we poured out our hearts before God, and we felt to thank Him for Prophets and Apostles, for the revelations given in these the latter days and the knowledge we had received through them, without which we would have been in ignorance in regard to what had transpired in the past in this holy land. Elder Stevenson who, when a youth, had visited the place several times, remembered the lay of the country perfectly well. In the time of the trouble, previous to the saints being driven out, he had served in the ranks of the defenders, and now related to his companions a number of incidents transpiring in those days.

The mound or ruins of the ancient altar on the top of the Adam-ondi-Ahman hill measures 36 feet in diameter. A large number of rock fragments, which no doubt were once a part of the altar, lie scattered all around. Immediately northwest of the mound stands a large hackberry tree, while a small ash and also a black walnut shade it from the southeast. The western slope of this hill is quite rocky and a sort of prickly pear (similar to that found in the Rocky Mountains) grows among the rocks all the way from the McDonald fence to the top of the hill. We were informed that this prickly pear was not known to grow in any other part of Missouri. In the valley of the Grand we have seen some of the finest corn fields we ever beheld. A large field belonging to the McDonald estate, we were informed, will yield all of one hundred bushels to the acre this season.

Leaving Adam-ondi-Ahman in the afternoon of Sept. 17, we passed through the rich fields of the valley of the Grand southward until we came to the river. After making an unsuccessful attempt to cross with a leaky

skiff, we found fording more safe and expedient, and although the water was somewhat deep, we reached the opposite shore in safety, and made our way through forests and fields back to Galatin, where we arrived too late for the westbound evening train; consequently we spent another night in the chief town of Daviess County.

Tues., Sept. 18. This morning early we took train for Cameron, a fine city in Clinton County, where we changed cars and continued our journey to Liberty, Clay County, arriving here at 11 a. m.

Without any difficulty we found the old jail where Joseph and his brethren were incarcerated from November, 1838, to April, 1839. By the assistance of a colored neighbor we soon succeeded in gaining an entrance to the interior of the half-tumble-down building, which we found very filthy indeed, filled with cobwebs and insects of numerous kinds which had their abode in the rotten timbers. Mr. Theodore Shively, who has charge of the property for the present owner (Mortimer Dearing, a wealthy banker of Kansas City) told us that the jail had not been opened and entered until today for many years. The smell from the decaying timber and dead insects was something sickening, and a couple of minutes' stay there made us wish for the fresh air outside. How the Prophet and his fellow-prisoners could endure life in such a hole for upwards of five months is more than we can comprehend. Of course it was not so filthy then, but the openings for ventilation and light seem to have been so small that it cannot possibly have been a healthy abode for human beings at any time. We found the space inside to measure about $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet from east to west, and 14 feet from north to south. From the basement floor to the ceiling we should judge it to be about 14 feet, two feet of which is under ground. The middle floor, which, while Joseph and his fellow-prisoners were there, divided the space into an upper and lower story, has been torn

away, but we could see where it had been, and should say that the cell or lower room at that time measured $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the upper about seven feet from floor to ceiling.

Joseph and his fellow-prisoners were confined in the upper room. The only openings giving light and ventilation to the cell part are two very small grated windows in the wall, one on the south and another on the north side. These openings, each of which has a heavy square iron bar running horizontally through the middle, are two feet wide and six inches high. Above them there are, near the roof, two larger openings, two feet in width and one foot in height, giving light and air to the upper story. In each of these two upper windows there are five square iron bars standing perpendicular and fastened very securely in the timbers of the building. In fact, the whole structure is a double building, the inner being built of hewn oak logs about a foot square and the outside of rock. The floor and ceiling are constructed of the same material, thus making a huge wooden box. The rock walls are two feet thick, and in building them a space of about one foot was left between the rock and timber, which space was filled up with loose rock. Thus it will be seen that the prison walls are virtually four feet thick. Several loads of rock were also placed on top of the log ceiling, in order to make escape through the roof impossible. The outside dimensions of the building are: $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 22 feet wide and 12 feet high to the square. The door is on the east end, facing the street, and is $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and opens to what was the upper apartment. The west gable and most of the west wall have tumbled down, and also part of the north wall, thus leaving the timber or inside structure partly exposed. The east wall and gable are in a good state of preservation, and only one corner of the south wall is torn down. The building stands on the west side of what is known as Main Street, one-

and-a-half blocks north of the northwest corner of the Liberty court-house square. It stands back from the street about 20 feet, on an uncultivated acre lot, which the owner has offered to sell for \$2,500, but no one seems to care for purchasing the property. To reach the building from the street we had to make a path through the thick growth of grass and weeds. Some of the latter, being more than six feet high, partly hid the building from view.

We also learned from official sources that the old jail continued to be used as a prison until about the year 1856, when it was deemed unsafe, and for



LIBERTY JAIL

several years Clay County criminals were sent to Platte City, in the neighboring county on the west, for safe-keeping. In 1858 the present Liberty court-house was erected, with apartments for prisoners. For years afterwards the old jail was utilized as an ice-house, but has not been used for any purpose whatever during the last decennium or more. The roof fell in years ago, and the rock wall is crumbling down more and more every season, so there is every reason to believe that in a few years, even if permitted to stand as it does now, there will be nothing but a heap of rocks and decayed timber left to designate the place where this historic building stood. We secured the aid of a photographer, who took a very good negative, showing the ruins as they stand at the present time.

Having made all the observations

we wanted around the jail, we visited a number of the old settlers of the town. James H. Ford, an ex-official, 72 years old, who served as deputy sheriff of Clay County in 1838-39, and had Joseph Smith and fellow-prisoners under his charge during their incarceration, acting under the direction of Samuel Hadley, the county sheriff. On many occasions he had taken the prisoners out one at a time for walks around the town, in order to give them an opportunity to enjoy the fresh air and get better meals than the jail fare allowed. On these walks he had often had lengthy conversations with the Prophet, who to him appeared to be far above the average of man in intelligence, and seemed to be very deep and thoughtful, although good-natured and even jocular in his manners. He had never looked upon Joseph Smith and his friends in prison as real criminals, but ascribed their incarceration mainly to the excitement and bigotry of the times. Mr. Ford remembered the time when the prisoners tried to break jail, and said he discharged his pistol on that occasion, but hoped he did not hurt anybody. This is evidently the shot fired after Cyrus Daniels, one of the visiting brethren, who fell into a hole just as the report of a pistol was heard, and a ball came whistling by. Mr. Ford said that in stopping the prisoners from getting out he also struck a heavy blow at the head of a boyish-looking man, whose name he believed was Snow.

Mr. Ford also accompanied the prisoners to Gallatin, Daviess County, in April, 1839, and said when they arrived there, they were handed over to some half-a-dozen of the strongest and roughest men of Daviess County, who at first crowded the prisoners into a corner of a room, refusing to allow them any liberties at all, but after a little, when they began to converse with the prisoners, they became quite sociable with them, and a reputed champion wrestler of Daviess County wanted to try strength with the "Mormon" Prophet. Joseph excused himself

saying, he was a prisoner and could not engage in exercises of that kind under the circumstances; but finally, through the solicitations of the guard and the man promising not to get angry if he was thrown, Joseph consented to wrestle with him. Consequently a ring was made and the two stepped forth. The Missourian took recourse to all the trickery known to him in the art of wrestling, but was unsuccessful in his attempts to throw Joseph. Finally the latter gathered up his strength, made a first real attempt and threw his opponent flat upon his back in a pool of water. This made the fellow mad, although he had agreed not to get offended if thrown, and he wished to fight, but the guard interfered and the Daviess County champion was much humiliated afterwards in being made the object of considerable ridicule on the part of his companions, he having previously boasted that he could easily throw Joseph Smith. Liberty is now a town of 2,500 inhabitants. We did not find that animosity of feeling toward the saints among the old settlers in Clay County that we did in Ray and Daviess counties, and in alluding to this we told some of the leading men, with whom we conversed, that the saints in Utah always remembered with gratitude the kind treatment the "Mormons" received by the citizens of Clay County in the years 1833-34, after their expulsion from Jackson County. This seemed to please them, and they told us in return that they had no ill-feeling towards the "Mormons." It could amount to no more than a difference in religious opinion anyway, and they agreed with us that men should not hate, persecute or kill each other because of religion, but rather in meekness and a spirit of kindness try to enlighten each other, and always be willing to allow the free exercise of conscience, as long as the common rights of humanity were not infringed upon in the name of religion.

We have been asked many questions in regard to whether the "Mormons"

ever expect to come back to Missouri to live. We have answered, "Yes, some of them will most assuredly come back when the proper time comes; but we can afford to wait until the Lord opens the way."

Several have remarked that immediately after the Civil war would have been a very good time for the saints to return, as lands then could be bought very cheap, nearly the whole country having been reduced to a wilderness. Many holders of imperfect titles on account of original entries being made by "Mormons" who never sold their property, feel somewhat uneasy, thinking perhaps that if these original owners should assert their rights, there might be trouble, and in some instances that may be one reason why people are so anxious to sell.

CHAPTER 22

(1888—continued)

Travels through the Southern States to New York—Visit Palmyra, the Smith Farm, the Hill Cumorah, and Fayette, New York—Observations at Kirtland, Ohio.

Wed., Sept. 19. We left Kansas City for New York. The first 487 miles' travel through the States of Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas, occupying nearly a day and a night, was uneventful.

Thurs., Sept. 20. We crossed the Mississippi River to Memphis, Tennessee, a city of 75,000 inhabitants. The city of Memphis will be remembered by many of the saints in Utah who emigrated from Europe years ago and came by way of New Orleans and St. Louis on their Zionward journey. We continued our journey by rail through the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, to Chattanooga, Tenn., where we arrived safe and well in the evening of the 20th. By looking over our notes we found that we this day breakfasted in Arkansas, dined in Mississippi, lunched in Alabama and took supper in Tennessee.

Having arrived at Chattanooga, we tried to find the office of the Southern States mission, but being unsuccessful,

as it was very late in the evening we put up at the Read House, where we had very comfortable quarters for the night.

Fri., Sept. 20. Elder Wm. Spry, president of the Southern States mission, accompanied by Elder Smith, of Colorado, visited us at the hotel, we having succeeded in informing him by mail of our arrival. He afterwards accompanied us on our journey about 150 miles or as far as Rogersville Junction. He gave us a general outline of the condition of the Southern States mission, which embraced all that portion of the United States lying south of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi rivers. This vast territory was divided into twelve conferences, namely, the East, West and Middle Tennessee, South and North Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina and North Carolina. At present there are 112 Elders from Zion in the mission, mostly young men who were laboring with a zeal and energy worthy of their high and noble calling. There was considerable persecution in some parts of the mission, principally in Tennessee, where four Elders were brutally whipped a short time ago. There are at the present time about fifteen hundred saints in the mission.

We spent half a day in Chattanooga and vicinity, and managed to find just time enough to make a trip to the celebrated Lookout Mountain, where during the late civil war the famous battle above the clouds was fought between the Confederates under General Bragg and the Federals under General Hooker, the latter gaining the victory.

About 11:00 o'clock p. m. we were again comfortably seated in the cars and continued our journey eastward. Just before entering the city of Greenville, East Tennessee, our attention was drawn to a grand monument standing on the right, on a piece of elevated ground, designating the spot where rest the remains of the late President Andrew Johnson. It was

raised by his family and is said to have cost \$100,000.

At 8:00 o'clock in the evening we arrived at Bristol, an important city on the boundary line between Tennessee and Virginia, its main street being the State line.

Sat., Sept. 21. In the evening we arrived safely at Norfolk, having traveled 2,872 miles, mostly by rail, since we left Salt Lake City.

Norfolk is an important seaport town in the old Dominion, and a great deal of business is done here. We enjoyed the privilege of sailing out of the harbor by moonlight on board the steamer *Guyandotte*, and the sights—as we left the Norfolk harbor, and subsequently passed Newport News, Hampton, Old Point Comfort and Cape Charles on the left, and the Rip Raps, Cape Henry and the Virginia shore on our right—were indeed grand and lovely. After leaving the Chesapeake Bay and emerging into the open ocean, the ship commenced to rock a little, and some of the passengers began to feel dizzy, but we had in reality a very fine night.

Sun., Sept. 23. The morning hour found us sailing off Cape May, New Jersey, after which our course lay near the shore of that state, bringing us in full view of Atlantic City, Long Beach, and finally Sandy Hook, which we passed about dark. We landed safely in New York at 11:00 p. m., and put up for the night at Smith & McNell's Hotel. Afterwards we changed our quarters to the Stevens House.

We spent three days in New York City taking in the sights, visiting museums, parks, cemeteries, and also the great Bartholdi statue on Bedloe's Island.

Thurs., Sept. 27. After traveling by rail 387 miles from New York, we arrived at Rochester, N. Y., at 11:00 o'clock a. m. Four hours later we took a New York Central Railway train to Palmyra. The very first man we met after our arrival in Palmyra, was Mr. James M. Ford, 72 years old, who said that he was born and raised in Pal-

myra and had gone to school with Joseph Smith, and had also eaten and slept with him. He showed us the location of the farm which once belonged to Martin Harris, about a mile northwest of Palmyra. The old farm house, a rock building, is still standing, and the place is now owned by a German. In coming in on the New York Central Railway, we passed through one corner of the farm. Mr. Ford told us a number of interesting things in regard to the Smith family, but when he informed us that Joseph at the time he lived in this neighborhood was an old bachelor, we began to think that the old man's memory had commenced to fail him.

Our next man was Major John H. Gilbert, the person who set the type for the first edition of the Book of Mormon in Egbert Grandin's printing office, in Palmyra, 58 years ago. We found him living in a comfortable frame house on Gates Street. He is a remarkably well-preserved man, 86 years old, and withal gentlemanly and intelligent. He seemed to take pleasure in relating to us the particulars connected with the printing of the Book of Mormon. Of the 580 pages which the book contained he himself set in type about 500 pages. The work of printing the book, he remembered distinctly, was commenced in August, 1829, and finished in March, 1830. Oliver Cowdery and Hyrum Smith were the two who generally brought copy to the printing office, and Oliver Cowdery and Mr. Grandin read the proofs together by copy. Mr. Gilbert had, to his best recollection, only seen Joseph Smith twice. On one occasion he came to the printing office and stayed about twenty minutes, arranging something in regard to the work. Mr. Gilbert said that the late David Whitmer had made several mistakes in his pamphlet, where he alludes to the printing of the Book of Mormon. Martin Harris, he said, had given security for the full amount agreed upon for printing, before the work was commenced, and there was no delay

because of financial embarrassment. At the time of printing Mr. Gilbert kept a private copy of the Book of Mormon for his own use, which he sold in an unbound condition a few years ago to P. T. Sexton, a rich banker of Palmyra, for the sum of \$500. Besides this, he has at different times secured a number of bound copies for several parties at the rate of \$15 per copy. We made particular inquiry in regard to the manuscript or copy from which he set the Book of Mormon. His answers went to prove that it was the copy now in possession of the Whitmers in Richmond, Mo. At times, when he was hurried to get a form ready for the press, other compositors would be sent to help him, and on such occasions he would frequently cut the pages in the manner we saw some of them cut while in Richmond. Mr. Gilbert has not followed the trade of a printer for the last sixteen years, but whenever his birthday comes around he makes it a regular practice, and has done for several years, to go to the several printing offices in Palmyra and set up a stick or two of type. He is called the veteran printer of Wayne County, and he thinks he is about the oldest living printer in the United States; he has a wife, 78 years old, living; also five children; six children are dead.

We next visited the house which was once Egbert Grandin's old printing office. Mr. Grandin has been dead many years, but his house, a substantial three-story brick building, is still standing on the north side of Main Street, Palmyra, about half way between Market and Williams streets. The lower story is now occupied as a news depot and novelty store; J. H. Johnson, proprietor. The second story, which Egbert Grandin used as a bookbindery, is now divided into dwelling apartments, and the third story, where the Book of Mormon was set in type, is used as a storeroom for sewing machines and organs. It may be interesting to some to know that the celebrated Mr. Singer, the leading man

of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, who was a native of this part of the country, helped to erect the building.

Palmyra is a fine little town on the New York Central and West Shore railways, 23 miles east of Rochester.

Fri., Sept. 28. This morning we engaged Mr. T. G. Qualfe, a livery stable owner, to take us a few miles on our journey. One mile and a half due south of Main Street, Palmyra, taking

changed; new additions, however, have been made to it. The old lady, mother of the present owner, and her amiable daughter, took considerable pains in showing us the room where Joseph is supposed to have kept the plates after receiving them from the angel. In leaving the old Smith residence we turned east to the Canandagua road, when we, about 2½ miles south of Palmyra, passed the Armington school house, in which Joseph Smith and several of



RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH SMITH, SR., NEAR PALMYRA, NEW YORK

the road locally known as Stafford Street, we came to the old Smith residence, situated in the extreme northwest corner of Manchester Township, Ontario Co., New York, where the youthful Prophet lived with his parents at the time he had his first vision, and was first visited by the angel Moroni. The farm is now owned by W. A. Chapman, son of the late S. T. Chapman, who bought it of a Mr. Absalom Weeks, 28 years ago. But previous to that time and after it was occupied by the Smiths it had changed hands several times, and had also been considerably enlarged.

The frame of the building, originally erected by the elder Joseph Smith and his sons, is still standing, but the interior of the house, a story and a half building, has not been materially

his brothers and sisters are said to have attended school. One and a half miles further, or a little over four miles due south of Palmyra, on the east side of the Canandagua road, stands Cumorah, the highest hill in the neighborhood. It rises abruptly from the more level country north of it to the height of about 150 feet. Climbing it from the north end, the highest point, on which stands the stump of a large tree, is soon reached; south of this the hill gradually recedes until it is lost in the level about one mile distant. There is a number of other hills in this part of the country, and they all extend north and south like so many summits or ridges. Some of them are several miles long, but only a few hundred yards across from east to west. The hill Cumorah is no

exception from this rule. Besidès the north end its eastern and western slopes are quite steep, and the top consists of a narrow ridge, somewhat rocky. Both sides of the north end of the hill have been plowed by the present owner clear to the top, and only a very few trees have been suffered to remain. About 200 yards south from the north end of the hill (on the west side) however, is a beautiful beech grove containing, we should judge, about six acres of land; most of the trees are small, but stand very close together. Into the shade of this little grove we retired in solemn prayer and rejoiced exceedingly in being permitted to be there.

of an aged gentleman by the name of John Marshall, who had attended meetings in Whitmer's house when a boy and had heard Joseph Smith and a number of other early Elders of the Church preach. Guided by his directions we had no further difficulty in finding the exact spot we were aiming for, and about 4 o'clock we arrived at the farm once owned by Peter Whitmer, sen., and now the property of Jesse Snook, a prominent business man of Waterloo, who rents it to Chester Reed, the present occupant. The old Whitmer house, in which the Church was organized and in which the first three general conferences of the Church were held and Joseph received



HILL CUMORAH

We left the hill Cumorah about 11 o'clock Oct. 2, 1888. Two miles south we passed through the village of Manchester, and traveling one mile further we arrived at Shortsville, a small town on the N. Y. C. & H. R. Ry. From here we went by rail to Waterloo, a flourishing little city of 5,000 inhabitants, situated on both sides of the Seneca River, about half way between the north end of Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. After making some inquiries as to directions and locality, we started southwest in search of the old Whitmer farm on which the Church was organized. Having walked about ten miles we came to the house

a number of important revelations, was a one-and-a-half-story log house. It was torn down years ago, but the site on which it stood is well known and was pointed out to us. The old family well is still there; and several of the logs, which once constituted a part of the building, lay along the fence, half decayed.

The site of the old Whitmer residence is about four miles south of Waterloo, and about 40 rods west of the road leading from that place to West Fayette, on the Geneva and Ithaca Railway, in Fayette Township, Seneca Co., New York State. It is about a quarter of a mile northwest of a small

cluster of houses (about six in number) locally known as Jollytown, named after a family by that name, which is mentioned in the early history of the Church. The village formerly called Fayette, about four miles east of West Fayette, is now generally known as Bearytown. We examined the ground very closely, and thought of the past, spoke of the present, wished that certain things might happen in the future, prepared resolutions, made the necessary entries in our note books, and returned to Wa-

testified that Joseph was a true Prophet. Bump was at that time apostatizing. This house, now called the Kirtland Hotel, is situated opposite the street east of the Temple, and is owned by E. L. Kelly, the president of the Reorganite branch at Kirtland. In the evening we were introduced to W. H. Kelley, one of the twelve apostles in the Reorganized Church. During our quite interesting conversation with him in regard to whether Joseph Smith, the Prophet, ever taught or practiced the doctrine of plural mar-



WHITMER FARM, WHERE THE CHURCH WAS ORGANIZED

terloo, whence we traveled 58 miles by rail to Rochester where we stopped over night.

Sat., Sept. 29. We traveled from Rochester to Niagara Falls, where we arrived at 11 a. m., spent the rest of the day, and also the following day sight seeing and stopped two nights at a hotel in Niagara City.

Mon., Oct. 1. We continued our journey by train via Buffalo to Willoughby whence we walked 1½ miles to Kirtland, Ohio, where we arrived at 7 o'clock p. m. and put up for the night at the old Bump House, named after the original owner, Jacob Bump, who is known in Church history as the man who wanted to fight President Brigham Young, because the latter

riage, we named a number of witnesses who had testified under oath that they knew he did, but Mr. Kelley remarked that he could not take their testimony because they were interested parties. Pray, who are not interested parties in connection with a doctrine that concerns the moral condition of the whole human family.

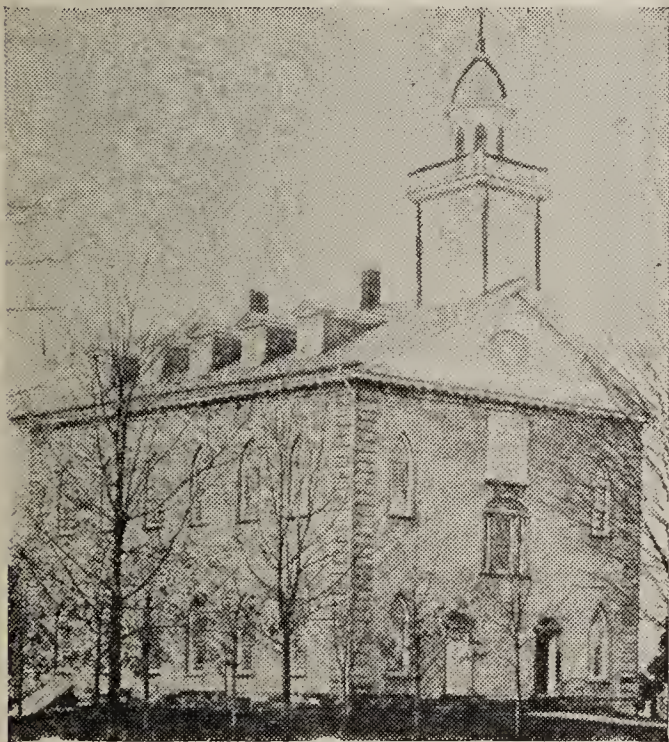
Tues., Oct. 2. This morning we were waited upon by Gomer T. Griffiths, who is also one of the Twelve of the Reorganite faction, and a real gentleman in his bearings. He conducted us through the Temple and waited patiently upon us while we examined every part of the building and took a number of measurements. The lower large room has been carpeted and

nicely fitted up for meeting purposes, while the upper large room, where the School of the Prophets was held in early days, and the Elders studied languages and the sciences, is only partly repaired as yet. The five school rooms in the attic story have been whitewashed and cleaned, but not used for many years. Heating apparatus, sufficient to heat up the whole building in a very short time, has been furnished by the Reorganized Church, who has had possession of the building since 1880, when the court of common pleas, in Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio, gave a decision to the effect that the Reorganized Church was the rightful owner of the building, there being

utaries, on which Kirtland is situated, are plainly marked by the narrow valleys through which they flow, making the country immediately around Kirtland somewhat broken and hilly, while further away it consists of gently rolling prairies and timber land. Westward the tall chimneys of Cleveland, about twenty miles distant can be seen; and the rich vineyards and well cultivated farms, observed in every direction, indicate that Joseph the Prophet and the early Elders of the Church manifested the same good judgment here in selecting gathering places for the saints as they did in Missouri. Had the saints been permitted to remain here in peace, Kirtland would no doubt today have been a flourishing city, instead of an unimportant village, as it is now, with 250 inhabitants.

We spent about three hours in the lower room of the Temple and felt deeply impressed when we reflected upon what took place inside of those walls more than fifty years ago. We stood in the pulpit, upon the breastwork of which the Savior was seen on the 3rd of April, 1836, when He spoke comforting words to the assembled saints, telling them that He accepted of the House, which they had built to His holy name with great sacrifice and in the midst of financial poverty. It was also here that Moses appeared and delivered to the Prophet Joseph the keys for the gathering of Israel from the four corners of the earth, and where Elijah the Prophet gave to this generation the keys for turning the hearts of the children to their fathers and the hearts of the fathers to the children. Furthermore, in this very room, scores of the brethren received the ministrations of angels, saw glorious visions, spoke in tongues, prophesied and rejoiced as only saints of the Most High can rejoice under the influence of the Holy Spirit.

The Temple and principal part of the village of Kirtland stand on high ground—it may be termed a hill as there are lower lands all around it—



KIRTLAND TEMPLE

no defendants represented in court to dispute their claim. Previous to this the Temple had been claimed and occupied without any legal title whatever by various parties whose rights of ownership, if they ever pretended to have had any, were ruled out by the aforesaid court decision.

We ascended into the old wooden tower, and even went outside, where we had a fine view of the village of Kirtland and surrounding country. Lake Erie, six miles distant northwest, is in plain view, and so also are the towns of Willoughby and Mentor. East and southward the course of the east fork of the Chagrin River, and its trib-

but a strip of high land lying beyond the Chariton River, between it and Willoughby, obscures it from view from the railway, and the first glimpse we had of the Temple yesterday was from the point where the road crosses this ridge about a mile from the Temple.

Our obliging guide having showed us all through the building, we took a walk around the village. Near the northeast corner of the Temple stands a little square cottage which once was the office of Oliver Cowdery, but is now occupied by G. T. Griffiths. When Oliver Cowdery used it, it stood west of the Temple, near Oliver Granger's residence, which is standing yet. About a block north of the Temple, on the west side of the Chester road, on the slope of the hill, stands, in a good state of preservation, Joseph the Prophet's old house, now occupied by Milton McFarland, a blacksmith, who has a shop on the opposite side of the street. East of the Temple is Sidney Rigdon's old residence, a one-and-a-half-story frame building on the east side of the road leading to Chester (formerly known as Rigdon Street); this is next door to the hotel where we are stopping. One block south of the Temple, on what in the good old Kirtland days was called Hyrum Street, stands yet Hyrum Smith's old dwelling; a family named Metcalf occupies it now. Two blocks west of the Temple our guide pointed out to us the place where President Brigham Young's house once stood. Opposite the street from the Temple, north, on the brow of the hill, is the village churchyard, in which rest many faithful saints awaiting the morning of the glorious resurrection. Some years ago one of the good Christians of Kirtland undertook to plow a certain part of the graveyard, leveling head-boards, mounds and all, evidently from disrespect to the "Mormons." Later an attempt was made to replace some of the old gravestones, but it is a question whether they were put in the proper places or not. Among the tomb-

stones, which evidently had not been disturbed, we noticed a rude sandstone designating the resting place of the late Oliver Granger. We copied the inscriptions of a few others. Down the hill in a northeasterly direction, on what is called the Kirtland Flats, stands yet the late N. K. Whitney's old dwelling, a one-story frame house; also the building formerly known as Whitney's store, where Joseph Smith, president of the Reorganized Church, was born, in 1832, and other buildings which once belonged to the saints. The old Whitney residence is now owned by Riley Harris, and Whitney's store by J. F. Wells, who still carries on the business of a merchant at the old stand.

The present village of Kirtland contains about 40 dwellings, considerably scattered, and the whole place has a somewhat ancient appearance, and seems to testify of a condition of affairs that has seen better days. Of late years it has been visited by a great many people from all parts of the country, who mostly come out of curiosity to see the "Mormon" Temple. Some of these show all due respect to the building, while others—so Mr. Griffiths informed us—exhibit a wicked and mocking spirit. In looking over the Temple register, in which every visitor is required to sign his or her name, we ascertained that over 600 persons had visited the building during the past year; among them were some of our Elders and other visitors from our mountain home.

Tues., Oct. 2. We left Kirtland with heavy hearts, contrasting in our minds the present with the past. Crossing the east fork of the Chagrin River, on a substantial bridge we saw a short distance up the stream the celebrated Kirtland Mills. We now climbed the hill on the opposite side, from which we took a last look at the Temple, and proceeded on our return trip to Willoughby, from where we took cars to Chicago.

Wed., Oct. 3. We arrived in Chicago early in the morning and secured lodg-

ing at a hotel. Of all the large towns in the United States none has grown so rapidly as has this the grand metropolis of the West. She now claims 800,000 inhabitants. In 1833 it was a mere village. We spent two days sight seeing in Chicago.

CHAPTER 23

(1888—continued)

Visit Keokuk, Iowa—Cross the Mississippi River to Nauvoo—Obtain important Data in Nauvoo—Sad Recollections in Visiting Carthage, Ill. and Montrose and Zarahemla in Iowa—Return Home.

Fri., Oct. 5. Bidding Chicago good-bye we resumed our journey westward in an elegant chair car of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway. About daylight this morning we crossed the Mississippi River from Rock Island, Illinois, to Davenport, Iowa, and at 11 o'clock a. m. arrived at Elden, on the Des Moines River, in the southeast corner of Wapello County. Here we changed cars, and traveled 63 miles to Keokuk.

Keokuk was a city of about 15,000 inhabitants in 1888. Having had rival neighbors, it has not grown as fast as some of her sister cities on the banks of the Mississippi River, but is a lovely place, renowned for its fine residences. Its location on the slope of a hill is also quite romantic.

Having rambled about Keokuk for an hour, we walked up to the lower end of the new government canal, and two of our party had, for the first time in their lives, the opportunity of seeing how a vessel is lifted and lowered by means of locks. A canal, about seven miles long, was built by the United States government in the years 1867-77, at a cost of about four million dollars. There are three locks, one at Keokuk, another at Price's Creek, two and a half miles above, and a third one at Nashville at the upper end of the canal. Each lock is 80 feet wide and 300 feet long, and by means of the three locks, vessels are lifted 19 feet. The obliging captain of the government steamboat *Vixen*, Mr. H. B. Whitney, gave us permission to sail on his boat

from Keokuk to the second lock, at Price's Creek, from where a good-natured farmer took us in his light wagon two and a half miles further to Sandusky. From there we went by rail seven miles to Montrose, thence with the ferryboat across the Mississippi River to Nauvoo, Illinois, where we arrived about 7 o'clock this evening.

We at once proceeded to Major L. C. Bidamon's residence, at the foot of Main Street, where we secured comfortable lodging for the night.

Sat., Oct. 6. On this and following days we were busy sight seeing in Nauvoo and Carthage. The more we see of Nauvoo, the better we like its beautiful site, and admire the taste of the Prophet Joseph and his brethren when they selected this spot for a gathering place of the saints. Of all the places we have seen on the Mississippi River, none, in our estimation, equals this for the location of a great city, and it is an easy matter for our imagination to conceive how magnificent was the view when the beautiful stretch of land between Joseph's mansion, near the river, and the heights, where the Temple reared its lofty spire heavenward, was covered with the neat habitations and lovely gardens of the saints. Even now in its neglected state, when the side is covered with farms, vineyards and orchards, and weeds are contending with pedestrians and vehicles for the possession of the streets and sidewalks, the place has great attractions. What a wonderful change would be brought about in a few years, were a community of saints, possessing their characteristic industrial and stirring habits, to take possession here. And the present population seem to be fully aware of this. In our rambles through town we have met a number of men, and some of them prominent, who have expressed great desires for the saints to return. "It was," said they, "a great mistake to drive the Mormons away from Illinois. Ever since they left, Nauvoo has been but a poor shadow of its former

self, and all our efforts to rebuild the place and increase our population have been in vain. We sincerely wish the Mormons would return. They would now be received with open arms." Such seems to have been the change of sentiment, that a few years ago a petition was formulated, signed by nearly the entire population of Nauvoo, and addressed to Joseph Smith, president of the Reorganized Church, asking him to make Nauvoo his headquarters. He saw fit, however, to locate at Lamoni, Iowa. Whether the saints in Utah would be equally welcome is an open question.

We have since our arrival here met and conversed with a number of the leading men of the town, who without exception have treated us with much courtesy and respect, and seem to be greatly interested in our people. Among those we will make special mention of our host, Major L. C. Bidamon, husband of the late Emma Smith (widow of the Prophet Joseph). He is a remarkably well-preserved man, now nearly 83 years old, and withal sociable and agreeable in his manners, being somewhat inclined to be witty. We asked him a number of questions in regard to his experience among the saints in the time of the troubles in 1846, which he answered in a straightforward manner, and a times spoke with considerable emotion.

In answer to further inquiry, the major described the Prophet as a very good looking man, with light complexion and light brown hair. He was strongly built and well proportioned, was about six feet tall and weighed 200 pounds.

When the beautiful Temple was adorning the most prominent point in Nauvoo, visitors could from its lofty spire obtain a fine view of the city and surrounding country, but as there is no Temple tower to get into now, we obtained permission from the Catholic priest, H. J. Reimbold, to ascend into the spire of the Church building, situated on the block immediately north of the Temple Block. There, from an

elevation of about 150 feet, we were enabled to form a correct idea of the geographical and physical features of Nauvoo. The winding course of the great Mississippi all the way from Fort Madison in the north to Keokuk in the south, is plainly visible, and the beautiful flat country, stretching east-



NAUVOO TEMPLE

ward toward La Harpe and Carthage, dotted with farm houses here and there, presents a view not soon to be forgotten, while westward, across the river, lie the town of Montrose and the tracts of country on which Zarahemla, Ambrosia and other small settlements, founded and inhabited by the saints, once stood. The timber along Sugar Creek can plainly be seen, and on a clear day the woodlands along the Des Moines River, are faintly visible along the western horizon.

Confining our vision to a smaller radius we observed how beautiful the town of Nauvoo is encircled on three sides by the river, which here makes a kind of horseshoe bend. We were also enabled to see that most of the present population of Nauvoo live in clusters of houses lying adjacent to Mulholland Street, the principal thoroughfare in the city, and also on those

blocks extending in a southwesterly direction from the Temple site to the present ferry landing, which is near the foot of Parley Street, a short distance above where the ruins of William Law's old mill are seen as a reminder of the past.

We had quite an interesting conversation with Mr. Reimbold, the Catholic priest, who said he was raised in Nauvoo and had attended school together with several of the Prophet's sons.

By the aid of some of the older citizens and a plat of the city of Nauvoo, we proceeded to locate and visit a number of old residences which formerly belonged to members of the Church. Among these were the residence of the late Parley P. Pratt, standing on the corner of Young and Wells Streets. It is a fine two-story brick building, one of the largest in Nauvoo, and is now the residence of the Catholic priest. Until the church building lying immediately south of it was erected, the Catholics used to hold their meetings in it. On the corner of Knight and Durphy Streets is the old home of the late Edward Hunter, at the foot of the hill. On the top of the hill on the north side of Knight Street stands what was formerly known as the old Mormon arsenal. It is now used as a Catholic

convent and has fine gardens surrounding it. On the south side of White Street, between Durphy and Partridge Streets, stands a fine two-story building on the site of Willard Richards' old home. In making an excavation for a cellar on the premises, about the year 1868, a stone slab covered with about two feet of sand was discovered. By removing the dirt the following inscription was laid bare: "Jeanetta Richards, born at Walkerfold, England, Aug. 21, 1817, married to Willard Richards, Sept. 24, 1838; died July 9, 1845." Due respect was shown the remains, which were carefully removed to the southwest corner of the lot and there interred, where they still remain under the same stone slab which at present is partly hidden in the tall grass. When the remains of Sister Richards were removed they were in an excellent state of preservation. We conversed with at least three persons who had assisted in moving them, and they all described the beautiful, nicely combed hair, and the natural color of the skin of the corpse; also the silk dress, the white kid gloves, and the linen in the coffin, which were all as natural as when first consigned to the tomb more than twenty years before.

The residence of the late President Brigham Young, on the corner of Kim-



RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG AT NAUVOO, ILL.

ball and Granger Streets, is still standing; also Heber C. Kimball's old house on Munson Street, Orson Hyde's house on the corner of Carlin and Hotchkiss Streets, John Taylor's on Main Street, William Law's place near the mill site on the bank of the river, and scores of others. The old Seventies' Hall, on the corner of Parley and Bain streets, has been remodeled and the upper story taken off; it is now used for school purposes, being known as the First Ward School House. The upper story has also been taken off the old Masonic Hall, on Main Street, and the remaining two stories covered with a modern tin roof. The old Times and

facing Main Street, is inhabited by a Mr. Madison and family. The property belongs to David Smith, youngest son of the Prophet, who is still at Elgin, Illinois, being yet somewhat demented, but entirely harmless. Joseph's old brick store, on Water Street, is yet in a pretty good state of preservation, but is not occupied. It belongs to Joseph Smith's eldest son ("Young Joseph"), together with the whole block on which it stands, with other improvements on the east side, including the house where the Prophet lived previous to his moving into the Mansion. Near the center of the block, which is situated on the bank of the



OFFICE OF THE "TIMES AND SEASONS" AT NAUVOO, ILL.

Seasons printing office, a two-story frame building, has been removed from its former location and placed upon a rock foundation near the upper steamboat landing, within the site of what was formerly Commerce City. The building known in the earliest days of Nauvoo as the upper stone house tumbled down many years ago, but the rocks have been used in erecting a new building on the old site, using even part of the old walls.

The Mansion, Joseph's old residence, is fast crumbling to pieces. The east wing, facing Water Street, has not been occupied for years; the west wing,

river, is the private burial ground of the Smith family, where rest the mortal remains of the senior Joseph Smith and his wife Lucy Mack, the Prophet's parents. Here also rest the late Emma Smith Bidamon, Frederick Smith, one of the Prophet's sons, the first wife of "Young Joseph," and two of his children, and a number of others. According to the best information we could obtain, Robert B. Thompson, Samuel H. and Don Carlos Smith, the two latter brothers of the Prophet, were also interred here.

From Major Bidamon we learned that the Prophet's only sister, Cath-

erine Salisbury, resides at Webster, Hancock County, the place formerly known as Ramus or Macedonia. Some time before his death, President Young sent her, as a present, quite a sum of money, toward her support in her old age. She is now 76 years old. Lucy Smith, the Prophet's youngest sister, died some years ago at Colchester, McDonough Co., Illinois. Julia Murdock, adopted daughter of Joseph the Prophet, died from cancer in the breast, six or seven years ago, near Nauvoo. She was first married to Elisha Dickson, who was accidentally killed by the explosion of a steamboat, of which he was partly owner. Later she married a lawyer by the name of Middleton, who is still alive.

We have visited the site of the old grove where public meetings were held previous to the erection of the Temple, where Joseph delivered some of his most powerful sermons, and where Brigham Young was first accepted as the Prophet's legal successor. The lot in which this grove once was is now owned by a Mrs. Newton. It is on Knight Street, east of Robinson Street, in Block 16 of Well's Addition, in the fourth tier of blocks east of the Temple. We had to make many inquiries among the old settlers before we were able to determine the exact location. In the good old Nauvoo days meetings were also held in a grove immediately west of the Temple, and in the hollow south of Mulholland Street.

In visiting the eastern parts of the city, the place where the famous Nauvoo battle was fought was pointed out to us, and the exact spots where William Anderson and his son Augustus, and Isaac Norris fell. The building in which the Nauvoo Expositor was printed is still standing, and is owned by S. M. Walter, a fine old gentleman, who took great pains in giving us particulars in regard to the building. There are ten houses on the Temple Block; the exact spot where the Temple stood is owned by C. W. Reimbold, who runs a little store and keeps a book in which he requests his visitors

to the Temple site to register their names. Mr. Reimbold has taken considerable pains in posting himself concerning the old places, and we found him very correct and reliable. We learned many historical facts in regard to the Temple, the rocks of which have been shipped to nearly every state in the Union, and some have even been sent to Europe. Thus there is a Catholic church in Rock Island, built of the Temple rock, a private residence in Davenport, Iowa, not to speak of a large two-story building standing in the southwest corner of the Temple Block itself, erected by the Icarians, and the many rocks used for ornamental purposes in many private residences in Nauvoo. A pile of picked rock, containing moons and other designs, lies in the south part of Nauvoo, being hauled there by a man who expected to erect a private residence with them.

Of the present population of Nauvoo, 1,700 all told, about three-fourths are Germans, the remainder consists chiefly of French, English and Americans. From a religious point of view they are divided into Catholics, Methodists, Episcopalians, Lutherans and Reorganites. Of the latter there are only a very few, not enough to hold meetings. The German Presbyterians own a snug little church on Young Street, northeast of the Temple; it was built of the bricks taken from the old John D. Lee residence. The German Lutherans also own a respectable church two blocks south of the Temple site, on Wells Street. Dr. Robert D. Foster's old three-story house on the corner of Mulholland and Woodruff Streets was burned down several years ago; a part of the foundation yet remains.

From Phineas Kimball, an extensive landowner, M. M. Morrill, the veteran lawyer of Nauvoo, J. N. Datin, mayor of the city, Thomas Kelley, who claims to be the only member of the original Church at Nauvoo, and a number of others, we learned that Sheriff Jacob Backenstos, who took a noble stand in

defending the saints during the difficulties in 1846, died in Oregon about fifteen years ago as a prosperous and highly respected citizen. On the other hand, Thos. S. Brockman, one of the principal mob leaders in 1846, came to a miserable end in Kansas, whither he removed from Mount Sterling, Adams Co., Illinois, after trying in vain to be elected to office in Hancock County. He was killed during a quarrel, in which he was the attacking party, in 1872. Francis Higbee died in New York, his brother in Pittsfield, Pike Co., Illinois. Robert D. Foster went to California and has not since been heard of by our informants. William and Wilson Law are supposed to be alive yet, as they both visited Nauvoo a few years ago, trying to sell their claims on the islands in the Mississippi River, near Nauvoo. All these will be remembered by the saints as the parties who, more than any others, were the means of bringing about the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum. Levi Williams, the principal leader of the Carthage Jail murderers, died at his home in Green Plains about the year 1858. John McAuley, a notorious mobocrat, died a most miserable death about the year 1872. While lying on his death bed, suffering the most excruciating pains, he told Mr. Morrill, our informant, that he could die a happy man if he could only blot out five years of his life (referring to the time he fought the "Mormons"). Mr. Morrill said that many of the old mobbers came to a miserable end, and he did not remember a single one of them who ever amounted to anything after having persecuted the saints. On the other hand, we heard of several of those who took an active part in defending the saints who have since occupied positions of honor and trust. Prominent among them we may mention Mr. Morrill himself, who has always been on the side of justice and right, and took an active part legally in defending a number of the brethren in times of their trouble; he has served ten years as mayor of Nauvoo and

several terms in the Illinois legislature.

We could relate also what we learned in regard to the "Jack-Mormons," the French Icarians, who purchased the walls of the Temple, after the building was burned by the hands of an incendiary, and others who have figured in the history of Nauvoo since the saints were forced to leave. Suffice it to say that shortly after the exodus and after most of the so-called "Jack-Mormons" got discouraged and moved to other parts, the population of Nauvoo was reduced to about 300 souls, and property sold for almost a song. To illustrate we will simply state that a Mr. Reimbold, father of our informant, who came to Nauvoo in 1848, bought a fine two-story log house—hewed logs at that—with floors and everything complete, for the sum of \$4.00. The present German population, who have come to stay, have done better than any of their predecessors since the saints left, but even they cannot make it a place of any importance.

Mon., Oct. 8. Having hired Mr. C. W. Reimbold with his carriage to take us to Carthage and back, we left Nauvoo at 8:00 o'clock this morning. About a mile and a half east of the Temple Block we crossed the little stream known in early days as Casper Creek, named in honor of Wm. Casper, a member of the Church, who lived near it. It is now called Chandler Creek. A little further out we came to the old graveyard, now locally known as the "Old Mormon burying ground," where

Hundreds of faithful saints have found
A cold, yet peaceful grave,
And there they now are sleeping

Beneath the silent clay;
But soon they'll share the glories
Of a resurrection day.

The ground embraces, we should say, about twenty acres of land, and is covered with a thrifty growth of young trees, mostly hickory, which have grown up since the saints left Nauvoo. Thus, instead of an open prairie, with here and there a clump of hazel brush, there is now a shady grove. As we silently and in deep meditation groped

our way among the trees, examining the inscriptions on the old weather-beaten tombstones, a spirit of sadness came over us, and in beholding the neglected state of the sacred grounds, we thought of the many in far-off Utah who have friends and relatives buried here and would now no doubt be willing to render financial aid toward keeping the grounds in repair. Would it not be in keeping with our general respect for age and our high esteem for our noble predecessors to engage some one among the present residents of Nauvoo to keep the old "Mormon" burying ground in a better state of preservation? If it is neglected much longer the last trace of most of the graves will be obliterated forever. Already a great number of tombstones and headboards have been broken off and scattered all over the grounds, and the few which are still to be found on the spots where they originally were placed by loving hands stand so crooked and so hid up among the trees, brush and weeds, that it almost makes a person weep to see it. In our observations we came across a number of familiar names, and in a few instances we stopped to pull away the rubbish which at first impeded our approach.

About three miles out from Nauvoo we passed Joseph Smith's old farm. It is now owned principally by a German whose name is Ranzmeier, and who lives in the same old farm house that in the days of Joseph was occupied by Father Cornelius Lott. It is one of the finest farms in the neighborhood, and after seeing it we can easily understand why the Prophet lingered to take a last look at it when he went to Carthage to give himself up to the governor on the 24th of June, 1844; and that he said, when some of the brethren who were with him made remarks concerning his tardiness to proceed, "If some of you had such a farm, and knew you would not see it any more, you would want to take a good look at it for the last time." The whole stretch of country between Carthage and Nauvoo, with but very little

exception, is one continuous plain; the soil is generally very rich and productive, and the farms seemed nearly all to be very extensive and well cultivated.

We passed on and arrived at Carthage about 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon. The distance from Nauvoo to Carthage was formerly 18 miles, but as the country has filled up with more settlers, and the farms have been fenced in, the road has been changed so as to conform to the section and quarter section lines; hence the distance is now fully 22 miles.

Carthage is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, but has rather an old and neglected appearance. The streets are kept in a poor state of repair, and the plank sidewalks are full of holes and breaks, which make them quite dangerous for evening promenade. Nearly all the business houses are clustered around the court-house square, which is generally the case with all county seats of the same size both in Illinois and Missouri.

We first visited the old building which formerly was known as Hamilton's Tavern, where Joseph and his brethren stopped before they, contrary to law, were taken to jail. The north wing of the building which faced the street northward has been moved, and the remaining west wing is used by the Hancock County Horse Company, who now owns it, as a carpenter and paint shop. It was continued as a hotel until four years ago, when Mr. C. S. Hamilton, the former owner, sold the property to the present owner. The building stands half-a-block east of the public square, on the south side of North Main Street.

Learning that Thomas C. Sharp, the once notorious editor of the Warsaw "Signal" (who did, perhaps, as much as any other man to incite the populace to murder the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum) lived in Carthage and was editing the Carthage "Gazette," we concluded to pay him a visit. We soon found both him and his office, and also his son, William Sharp, who acts

as assistant editor to his father. We introduced ourselves as Elders from Utah, and shook hands with the old man, whose averdupois sums up to 241 pounds. He complained of being so heavy, saying he was at present gaining a pound a day. Mr. Sharp's features and general build are somewhat peculiar, but we shall not attempt to describe them. He was rather non-communicative, and was very careful in his expressions, but answered a few questions which we asked him in a straightforward manner. We did not, however, deem it wise to refer to what took place 44 years ago, although the scenes of 1844 were uppermost in our thoughts during our whole interview with him. Those who are familiar with the part Mr. Sharp took in the affairs leading to the spilling of the best blood of the Nineteenth Century and the downfall of a once lovely and beautiful city, can easily imagine our feelings.

The junior Sharp treated us like a gentleman. "Do you think," said he, "that the Mormons would kill my father, if he were to visit Utah?" We replied that we were not a bloodthirsty people, and did not seek satisfaction in retaliation. The young man said that he believed his father was sincere in what he did. We did not dispute him. Others, who lived before the days of Mr. Sharp, believed that they were doing God's will when they killed His prophets, and even the Savior himself. Of course they knew not what they were doing at the time, neither did Mr. Sharp.

Mr. Sharp was kind enough to show us a bound volume of the Warsaw "Signal" for 1844, and by looking over the file we soon found that extra number issued in June, 1844, in which the editor called upon the old citizens of Hancock County to exterminate the "Mormons." It was this article which was read to the saints in Nauvoo June 18, 1844, when Joseph delivered his last public address, speaking to the Nauvoo Legion from the frame of an unfinished building.

Bound together with the "Signal" was a copy of the Nauvoo "Expositor," that infamous sheet which was published by the apostates in Nauvoo June 7, 1844, and which three days later was declared a nuisance by the city council and abated as such. We had long desired to peruse a copy, but never saw one until to-day, when we were permitted to see the one in Mr. Sharp's possession. After reading some of its filthy contents, we could not blame our friends who sat in the Nauvoo city council for doing what they did. It was indeed a nuisance. But nasty as the sheet was, it nevertheless contains something which now can be used for altogether a different purpose to that which was originally intended. A number of people now living are inclined to disbelieve certain doctrines, because those who testify to their truth and to their having been taught and practiced by the Prophet Joseph are supposed to be in sympathy with said doctrines. What will those disbelievers do with the following affidavits, made, subscribed and sworn to by some of the most bitter and avowed enemies the Prophet ever had. We copy them from the Nauvoo "Expositor":

AFFIDAVITS

"I hereby certify that Hyrum Smith did (in his office) read to me a certain written document which he said was a revelation from God; he said that he was with Joseph when it was received. He afterwards gave me the document to read, and I took it to my house, and read it and showed it to my wife and returned it next day. The revelation, so-called, authorized certain men to have more wives than one at a time, in this world and the world to come. It said this was the law, and commanded Joseph to enter into the law, and also that he should administer to others. Several other items were in the revelation, supporting the above doctrines. WILLIAM LAW.

"State of Illinois,

"Hancock County.

"I, Robert D. Foster, certify that the above certificate was sworn to before me as true in substance, this 4th day of May, A. D. 1844.

"ROBERT D. FOSTER, J. P."

"I certify that I read the revelation referred to in the above affidavit of my husband; it sustained in strong terms the doctrine of more wives than one at a time in this world and in the next. It authorized some to have to the number of ten, and set forth that those women who would not allow their husbands to have more wives than one should be under condemnation before God. JANE LAW.

"Sworn and subscribed to before me this 4th day of May, A. D. 1844.

"ROBERT D. FOSTER, J. P."

"To all whom it may concern:

"Forasmuch as the public mind hath been much agitated by a course of procedure in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by a number of persons declaring against certain doctrine and practices therein (among whom I am one), it is but meet that I should give my reasons, at least in part, as a cause that hath led me to declare myself. In the latter part of the summer of 1843 the Patriarch Hyrum Smith did in the High Council, of which I was a member, introduce what he said was a revelation given through the Prophet; that the said Hyrum Smith did essay to read the said revelation in the said Council; that according to his reading there was contained the following doctrines: First, the sealing up of persons to eternal life against all sins, save that of shedding innocent blood, or of consenting there-

to; second, the doctrine of plurality of wives or marrying virgins; that David and Solomon had many wives, yet in this they sinned not, save in the matter of Uriah. This revelation, with other evidence that the aforesaid heresies were taught and practiced in the Church, determined me to leave the office of First Counselor to the President of the Church at Nauvoo, inasmuch as I dared not teach or administer such laws. And further deponent saith not. AUSTIN COWLES."

"State of Illinois.

"Hancock County.

"To all whom it may concern:

"I hereby certify that the above certificate was sworn and subscribed to before me this 4th day of May, A. D. 1844. ROBERT D. FOSTER, J. P."

Leaving Mr. Sharp's office we proceeded to the old Carthage Jail, the main object of our visit to the county seat of Hancock. Yes, there it stood, the old rock building, once a prison, but now transformed into a comfortable private residence, owned by James M. Browning, or rather by his wife Elizabeth Matthews Browning, her husband having deeded it to her. Many years ago the county sold the building and the lot upon which it stands to B. F. Patterson, who sub-



CARTHAGE JAIL

sequently sold it to Mr. Browning. Mrs. Browning received us kindly and showed us about the premises. We went upstairs to the southeast upper room, where Joseph, Hyrum, John Taylor and Willard Richards were confined on the day of the martyrdom. We saw the hole through the door made by the bullet that killed Hyrum, examined the corner where Elder Taylor rolled under the bed; raised the window through which Joseph leaped, and were shown the exact place where the blood of Hyrum still stains the floor. The floor being carpeted, we did not see the stain, but Mrs. Browning assured us it was there yet and could not be washed away. The place where the well once was has been planted with flowers (lilies of the valley), and the good lady said she intended to keep a flower bed there continually in order to designate the spot. The building which stands on the north side of Walnut Street, or one block north and $1\frac{3}{4}$ blocks west of the northwest corner of the public square, is 34 feet long from north to south, and 28 feet wide from east to west; the south end stands 18 feet back from the street. The upper room in which the brethren were imprisoned is about 16 feet square. There are two windows on the south and one on the east, the latter being the one through which Joseph leaped. The room, we should judge, is about eight feet from the floor to ceiling; it is now used as a bedroom.

We shall never forget Carthage, nor the scenes enacted there. Although none of us were there when the blood of the Prophet was spilt, yet, with what we have read concerning it, and what we have seen today, we are enabled to grasp the situation thoroughly, and the whole tragedy which took place on the memorable 27th of June, 1844, seems to pass in review before the eyes of our imagination so plainly and impressively that the effects thereof surely will remain with us forever.

We returned from Carthage to Nauvoo and spent the night with Phineas Kimball who, together with his ami-

able wife and daughter, treated us very kindly. Mr. Kimball is the owner of about 800 acres of land in and around Nauvoo, and has a beautiful residence on the site of old Commerce. As a young man he participated in the Nauvoo battle in September, 1846, and has always been a friend to the saints.

Tues., Oct. 9. This forenoon we completed our rounds of observations in Nauvoo, and left at 4:30 o'clock p. m., crossing the river on the ferry boat to Montrose, on the Iowa side, where we arrived about 5 o'clock. The river here is nearly two miles wide. No sooner had we arrived at Montrose than we discovered that we had forgotten an important parcel in the house of Mr. Bidamon. Consequently we procured a skiff and were rowed back to Nauvoo once more, landing on our way on the wooded island in the middle of the river. Returning we had the pleasure of crossing the Mississippi River by moonlight, an opportunity which we enjoyed very much; it was not only romantic, but reminded us of others who years ago crossed the river by night under peculiar circumstances.

Montrose is quite a city on paper, but in reality, its number of inhabitants does not exceed 1000 souls; still it has been on the increase during the last few years. For a long time, after the saints left, the place was almost deserted. It now has the advantage over Nauvoo in being a railway town, and the ferry crosses the river eight times every day. Excepting two or three wells, which are still used by the present inhabitants, there is no trace left of the old military barracks in which the saints at an early day suffered so severely from the effects of fever and ague, but the exact location has been pointed out to us by old settlers. It was near the present railway station, and the site is now embraced in blocks 13, 16, 21 and 22 of the Montrose survey.

A little north of Montrose, on the bank of the Potter Slough, a small arm of the Mississippi, are the grounds

where the last remnants of the saints, consisting of the sick and the poor, were camped after being expelled from Nauvoo, as the final result of the famous battle of Nauvoo. Here it was that the saints, in their distressed condition, were temporarily relieved by the quails which came to the camps of the exiles in large numbers, as if sent through the miraculous interposition of the Almighty to save His people from starvation. One of our party (Bishop Black), who was one of the saints in that memorable camp, caught many of these birds himself. They were so tame that they allowed themselves to be caught easily, and a great number of them in descending struck the wagons and tent poles with such force that they rolled into the tents stunned or dead.

Taking the main street of Montrose, which runs from the river in a south-westerly direction for nearly a mile, we came to a wide road running north-east, to which the dignified name of Grand Avenue has been appended. Turning to the right and proceeding a few rods along this avenue, we came to a somewhat antique looking rock house with a frame addition, standing on the left hand side of the road. This is the only relic left of what once was a flourishing settlement of the saints. It was the commencement of what would have grown to a large city—a sister city of Nauvoo on the other side of the river—had the saints been permitted to remain. We refer to Zarahemla, a place settled under the direction of the Prophet, agreeable to a revelation, in the year 1841. During that year a stake of Zion was organized here with John Smith, Joseph's uncle, as president. In obedience to the revelation the saints in Iowa commenced to gather onto the site, and about thirty houses had been erected when persecution put a stop to any further improvements. It was here also that Joseph and Hyrum Smith and Willard Richards spent the night between June 22nd and 23rd, 1844, having left Nauvoo the evening previous

with the intention of fleeing to the mountains, to escape the murderous plans of their enemies. It has always been a source of regret to some of the saints that the Prophet did not carry out his intention on that memorable occasion, and that he through the persuasion of Emma Smith, his wife, and others was induced to return and trust to the protection of the governor. The idea occurs to many, even to this day, that had Joseph fled to the Rockies at that time, his life might have been spared many years longer. Be that as it may, it was no doubt part of the program that he should seal his testimony with his blood.

Those familiar with Church history will remember the remark Joseph made when he was returning slowly toward the river. "It's no use to hurry, for we are going back to be slaughtered;" "If my life is of no value to my friends, it is of none to myself," are utterances which never will be forgotten by the saints. Joseph's nature was aroused at the merest mention of his being a coward and that he wanted to run away from the flock when the wolves were threatening the sheep. Rather than to lay himself liable to any such accusation he went as a lamb to the slaughter.

Zarahemla, like the great Nephite capital after which it was named, is no more; but we predict, it shall arise phoenix-like at some future day, and that the words of the Lord concerning it shall be honored and fulfilled. The site is most delightful for the centre of a large town, and when a Temple shall have been built on the site which was selected by the Prophet on a neighboring bluff over-looking the lower lands between it and the river, then Zarahemla shall fully come up to the expectation of her original founders, and be numbered among the great cities of the Millennium.

About three miles below Montrose is the town of Nashville, which on the 24th of June, 1839, was bought by the Church together with 20,000 acres of land adjoining it. Here also quite a

number of saints resided in the good old days. After the exodus the place went down like all the other settlements of the saints, but since the completion of the Des Moines Rapids Canal, at the upper end of which it is so pleasantly located, it has rather revived, and now has a population of three hundred souls.

Taking it altogether, Lee County, Iowa, is a fine country, and has now a population of 40,000. There are a number of prosperous towns and hundreds of excellent farms.

We spent only a few hours in Montrose, but found there a number of friends who took a deep interest in giving us all the information they could concerning matters in which we were interested. "Do you ever expect to come back to this country?" has been asked us by several persons. We answered one man, "Yes, most assuredly; we have to come and build Zarahemla, and then we will remember Montrose as one of her suburbs; perhaps we will include it in the new corporation, and call it Lower Zarahemla." Our friends thought there would be no inclination now on the part of the present inhabitants to mob us, should we come back, as they would undoubtedly be in favor of the boom in real estate which we most likely would bring with us. We suggested that the old mobocratic spirit was not dead yet, and would not die as long as the devil had power to tempt the children of men; and that, should the saints return at the present time, the old spirit of hatred would most likely show itself anew.

From Montrose we went to Keokuk where we spent the night.

Wed., Oct. 10. We left Keokuk and traveled 63 miles to Eldon, Iowa, where our little party was dissolved. Seldom, if ever, have three missionary Elders labored together with greater harmony than Elders Stevenson and Black and I did, while we visited many of the important localities connected with the history of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the saints generally in the early

days of the Church. The Lord surely blessed us in our efforts to collect material for Church history.

Separating at Eldon, Iowa, according to previous arrangement, Elder Black proceeded to Council Bluffs to visit some relatives while Elder Stevenson and I visited Richmond and Kansas City, Mo., and other places, on our homeward journey. We arrived in Salt Lake City, Oct. 15, 1888. Elder Black had arrived there the day before.

After returning from my short mission on October 15th I resumed my work at home, but before doing so I called at the Historian's Office, together with Elder Stevenson, and reported our labors. On Sun., Oct. 21st, I preached in the Tabernacle and in the 17th Ward, giving an account of the journey in the East.

I also received the following letter:

Salt Lake City, Oct. 19, 1888.
Elders Andrew Jenson, Edward Stevenson and Joseph S. Black.
Dear Brethren:

I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a photograph of the remains of Liberty Jail for the presentation of which I desire to thank you. It is a place I have never visited but once, and then in the arms of my mother, not long after my birth. She was then enfeebled by long sickness brought on by the terrible persecutions, and the deprivations of those dreadful times and was conveyed upon her sick bed to Liberty Jail to take her last look and farewell, for aught she knew, of her imprisoned and manacled husband. Liberty and Carthage jails are two spots on earth I have never desired to see and have never visited except as stated above, nor will I ever care to visit them until they shall be acknowledged by all men to be monumental spots of some of the most inhuman cruelty and damning crimes of the age, for which the religious bigotry and intolerance of this so-called Christian nation is responsible. I have read with interest your communications to the "News". With very kind regards,

Your brother in the gospel,
JOSEPH F. SMITH.

After my return to Utah I delivered lectures on my trip East, filled a number of preaching appointments, attended circle meetings weekly and finished

my "Historical Record," Volume 7. I made preparations to publish Volume 8 of which the first form of 16 pages was printed on Dec. 24, 1888. I spent Christmas at home with my family and in exchanging presents. The children especially had a good time, being the recipients of a number of toys and games.

CHAPTER 24

(1889-1890)

Lectures on Recent Travels—A Deal in Real Estate—Elected President of a Political Club—The Liberals Capture Salt Lake City—A Settlement Founded on the Sevier—Visit Southern Idaho—Historical Record Volume 9—Scandinavian Celebration in Ephraim—Historical Tour through Millard and Emery Stakes.

Elder Edward Stevenson, who had become enthused over our late mission to the East, suggested that we deliver lectures on our experiences in some of the places we had visited connected with early Church history. We went to the expense of having large paintings made of the Hill Cumorah and Liberty Jail to be used in delivering the lectures. Responding to his invitation for me to accompany him, we visited American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Provo, Lehi, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, and other towns, lecturing to full houses and appreciative audiences. The fact is that we really had something interesting to say.

In 1889 the Latter-day Saints in Utah passed through a peculiar experience. A spirit of speculation was gaining ground among them and the love of money and gain seemed to have taken possession of many to an alarming extent. The general meetings of the saints were in many cases slimly attended and the outside element was getting a strong foothold in Salt Lake City and other large towns, while the brethren who ought to have known better were selling out their property to land sharks as fast as they could.

Up to that time it had been one of the fundamental policies of the Latter-day Saints to hold on to their "inheritances in Zion," but now, since there was an opportunity to get fabulous prices for their land holdings, the

temptation to gain wealth gained the upper hand of many who had heretofore been true to principle. At the general conference held in April, 1889, the speculation in real estate and the love of money were the main topics discussed.

At this time one of the old pioneers, Thomas Jeremy, was about to lose his property through his inability to pay the increased taxes, and on April 15th I purchased some building lots from him, which I was to hold in trust for several brethren who were desirous of building homes upon them. My old friend Elder Nils C. Christiansen had negotiated the purchase, but was unable to obtain the money needed. Hence I stepped in to help him in saving what money had already been paid, and to assist him in his building project in a sort of cooperative way. There was a combination of masons, carpenters, painters and plasterers who agreed among themselves to exchange labor, something that had been in vogue in earlier pioneer days. The plan proved successful, and it not only assisted the brethren to secure homes, but netted me a thousand dollars profit. This became a sort of nest egg for my future financial activities. Instead of spending that money, as most people perhaps would have done, I put it aside, watched it carefully, invested it prudently and added a little to it from time to time. Thus during the many years that followed it naturally accumulated to quite a sum, which put me on a safe financial footing, making it unnecessary for me to go into debt and in due course of time also to lay the financial basis for a regular income and comfortable home with modern conveniences.

In May, 1889, I visited Wasatch County, and, accompanying Elders George Q. Cannon and Francis M. Lyman, attended a stake conference at Heber City. On this occasion I attended to important historical labors in the Wasatch stake and perused several private journals of the old settlers in the interest of local history.

On March 28th I purchased a small piece of property from Angus M. Cannon in the 19th Ward, Salt Lake City, on which I subsequently built a house which later became the property of my wife Bertha, who still owns it.

In May, also, I visited the different settlements of Millard County in the interest of Church history. Later I received a special appointment to visit Millard County on political business, bearing letters of introduction to Ira N. Hinckley, president of the Millard Stake. As the Liberal element of Salt Lake City was scheming to get possession of the city "by hook or crook", and by importing voters from other parts of the country, the People's Party, in order to counteract this scheme, also made a move to import men from other parts of the territory to minimize the underhanded policy of the Liberal Party. In Millard County, where I was sent for the purpose, I obtained the promises of fifty of the brethren to locate temporarily in Salt Lake City and remain there until after election.

On the 2nd of July I entered at the land office in Salt Lake City 320 acres of land in Millard County. Some of the leading men of the Church organized a company for the purpose of taking out the water of the Sevier River onto a number of sections of land lying adjacent to Deseret. Among those who took up land to be irrigated from such a canal were Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, Abraham H. Cannon, Alfred Solomon, Charles H. Wilckin, Angus M. Cannon, Brigham Y. Hampton, myself and others. At a meeting held in the afternoon of July 2nd, at the City Hall in Salt Lake City, Abraham H. Cannon was elected president of the company which was named the "Deseret and Salt Lake Agricultural and Manufacturing Canal Company", William V. Black was chosen vice president, I was appointed secretary and Alfred Solomon, treasurer. About the same time Charles H. Wilckin and Joseph S. Black were chosen as members of the board of directors. Soon after the organization of

the company work was commenced on the contemplated canal which later involved great expense, as the dams constructed in the Sevier river at the head of the canal were washed away one after another. And yet, after a struggle of years, the outcome of the movement were the settlements of Hinckley and Abraham, which are still in existence. In due course of time, however, most of the original land owners and shareholders sold out to more permanent settlers, myself included, with considerable financial loss.

In August, 1889, I moved part of my family into the country, locating temporarily in Herriman. This was partly done for the purpose of giving little Alfred, our baby boy, a chance to breathe the pure air of the country. He, however, became worse and died Sept. 7, 1889, one year, seven months and ten days old. This was the first death among my children. We felt the loss very keenly. Little Alfred, before he took sick, was a healthy, strong and handsome baby. My mother-in-law was particularly broken-hearted because she had lost all of her male children by death and we had all hoped that a great future was in store for this little boy as a representative of the Howell family. Little Alfred was buried Sept. 11th from the 17th Ward meeting house.

As early as September, 1889, the last number of the "Historical Record," Volume 8, was issued from the press. When the four volumes subsequently were bound into one book I ventured to give it the title of Church Encyclopedia, Book One. Supplied with a copious index it made a splendid work of reference which is as valuable today as it was when first published. It may here be explained that the "Historical Record," volumes 5, 6, 7 and 8 contains 1220 pages and that volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4, before that was published in the Danish language under the title of "Morgenstjernen". Among the material published in Volume 8 were articles on Adam-ondi Ahman, Far West, Gallatin, Caldwell County and Daviess

County, Mo.; Nauvoo, Nauvoo Temple, Nauvoo Battle, Quincy and Hancock County, Ill.; the Ship "Brooklyn", Journeyings in the Wilderness, Mormon Battalion, and Zion's Camp.

After commencing to bind the book we went out of our way exchanging the bound books for the separate volumes which had been sold by subscription. This enabled us to preserve a number of loose numbers to be bound into books. I wrote the following letter to the First Presidency.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 20, 1889
Presidents Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith,

Dear Brethren:

Having now finished four volumes of the "Historical Record" in which I promised the public to publish a certain class of information pertaining to the history of the Church, I feel that it is my duty, to council with you before proceeding to lay other plans for the future.

Ever since I commenced my historical labor, about 13 years ago, I have been under the impression that my work ought to be performed under the immediate supervision of the Church authorities, and that everything I publish pertaining to Church history should by them be subjected to the strictest criticism before being printed. Such was indeed the case as long as I published in the Danish language, Elder Erastus Snow being appointed by the late Pres. Brigham Young, and subsequently by the late Pres. John Taylor to supervise my labors. But, since commencing the "Historical Record", four years ago, I have published on my own responsibility, no one having been appointed to supervise my work. This, I may say, has often grieved me, and though I have at times taken the liberty to consult with Bro. Franklin D. Richards and others of the Twelve, I have by no means done this as often as I have felt inclined to, as I did not wish to intrude upon their valuable time as long as I was engaged in a private enterprise. I am however, now able to place my last four years' work before you in such a form that you, in a few minutes, can judge of its merits and my ability as a compiler of historical data and facts. Having done that much, I am now prepared to continue, or discontinue, my publication according to your counsel, but I am under the impression now, more

than ever, that my work ought to be published by authority, or not at all. And in order to make myself plain I will state that I am willing to devote my entire future life in the interest of Church history, and offer you my services from the 1st of January next with or without compensation of a material nature. I am willing to work at the Historian's Office or travel through the country gathering historical information, according to your best judgment. Furthermore I will leave with you to decide what to do with my magazine, the "Historical Record". I offer its title, its list of subscribers and the good will of the saints (which it has gained) as a free-will donation to the Church; and if you accept of it, you may do with it what you like. If it is continued by authority, it has, I think, not a bad foundation to stand on, and if stopped, I trust that its mission hitherto has resulted only in good.

During the last year and a half I have received from the Church fifty dollars a month in tithing orders, it being an allowance made in order to enable me to sustain my family while gathering historical information of the several stakes of Zion. Not having access to the documentary history of the Church, I have deemed it unwise to publish the information thus far gained; and I propose to deliver the manuscripts to the Church Historian, together with a complete index to the history of Joseph Smith as it has been published in the "Millennial Star". This index alone has cost me months of patient labor, and before I am through with my work this year I shall be able to deliver to the Church documents and information that will fully compensate for what I have received when the time (two years) of my allowance expires.

I would be pleased to have an interview with you to make further explanations which may be necessary; and I hope that your numerous other duties will allow this within a few days. This matter naturally is of much importance to me, and I think of some interest to you and the Church. Please peruse the accompanying copy of the "Historical Record" if your time permits.

With kindest regards I remain your brother in the gospel,

ANDREW JENSON.

At a political meeting held in the Social Hall, Salt Lake City, Oct. 9, 1889, a People's Party Scandinavian

Club was organized with the following officers: Andrew Jenson, president; Carl A. Carlquist, first vice-president; F. S. Fernstrøm, 2nd vice-president; Carl M. Nielsen, secretary; Peter W. Madsen, treasurer. After its organization meetings were held frequently by this club, which functioned under the direction of the Salt Lake City People's Party Club. I met regularly with the club to discuss the local political questions of the day.

On Friday, Nov. 1, 1889, my wife Emma gave birth to a daughter whom we named Eva Howell Jenson. This little daughter was a great comfort to her mother and all of us, and did much to allay the grief caused by the demise of little Alfred.

On Sunday, Nov. 3rd, I started by rail for Deseret, together with about twenty other men. We arrived at Oasis about midnight. The next day we were joined by Wm. V. Black, who later in the forenoon brought six vehicles in which we traveled over the desert in a circuit of about 25 miles, viewing the contemplated dam and reservoir site and also the canal in course of construction by the Deseret and Salt Lake Agricultural and Manufacturing Canal Company. The day was exceedingly cold and cheerless, and we all suffered quite severely from the effects of it. We visited the lands lying northwest of Deseret which were to be irrigated by the new canal, including the 320 acres of land that I had taken up some time before. Most of the brethren who went out with us this time had recently joined the company. Returning to Oasis we boarded the special train and after midnight started on our return journey, arriving in Salt Lake City in the morning of the 5th.

In November I paid Thomas Jeremy \$1,900 and thus redeemed the mortgage on the property that I had bought of him the previous spring.

In December, 1889, the prayer circle to which I belonged commenced to meet in an upper room of the residence of Elias Smith. This change was

caused by the erasing of the Endowment House on the Temple Block, where the circle previously had met.

In a special fast meeting held in the 17th Ward earnest prayers were offered under a rich outpouring of the spirit of the Lord. The essence of our petitions was that the Lord would deliver us from our enemies or schemes of wicked men who at that particular time were concocting plans to harm the Church. After returning home we had solemn family prayer in our own house, all the adult members of the family praying in turn. We then broke our fast. The girls Minerva and Eleonore fasted a whole day for the first time in their lives.

On Sept. 21st I conversed with Pres. Franklin D. Richards in regard to my future historical labors and I was led to expect that I would be employed by the Church after New Year.

During the year 1889 I traveled 3,212 miles, delivered 61 discourses and 16 political speeches.

I commenced my activities of the new year, 1890, by baptizing Niels P. Poulsen, a young man who had been boarding with us.

On Jan. 6th, when the regular election of officers for the Scandinavian Political Club took place for the ensuing year, I was re-elected president.

On Friday, Jan. 24th I assisted in waiting on the Old Folks, widows and orphans, who were treated to a free entertainment in the Salt Lake Theatre. The affair was pleasant and without accident.

On January 25th, at the annual meeting of the Deseret and Salt Lake Agricultural and Manufacturing Canal Company, held at the Gardo House, Abraham H. Cannon, Brigham Y. Hampton, Chas. H. Wilkin, Wm. W. Black, Alfred Solomon, Leonard Hardy and I were elected as the board of trustees to serve the ensuing year. In the stock holders meeting, held immediately afterwards, Abraham H. Cannon was elected president, B. Y. Hampton vice president and Leonard G. Hardy secretary and treasurer. I

declined being continued as secretary on account of other business which demanded my attention. In the evening of the same day I took part in the second parade of the People's Party. Considering the bad weather (the rain descended in torrents the entire evening) the parade was a success, but nearly everybody who participated in it was drenched to the skin. I assisted in carrying the Scandinavian banner. On January 28th I attended the convention all day. A good ticket was made by the convention and we hoped that it would win at the election against the Liberals who were determined to "steal the city" and who were resorting to all kinds of trickery and fraud. It is a matter of history, however, that the Liberals came off victoriously on election day, Feb. 10, 1890, but not by honest methods.

After waiting about five months, I received the following:

"President's Office, Salt Lake City,
Feb. 15, 1890.

Elder Andrew Jenson: City.

Dear Brother: Situated as we are with the prospect of additional inimical legislation, and after considering the matter from all points, we have arrived at the conclusion that at present it is not expedient for the Historian to add to his force of employees. You will please accept this conclusion as the result of a very careful consideration of the requests made in your letter of Sept. 20th last.

Your brother,
WILFORD WOODRUFF."

This answer was not unexpected, which will be understood by the fact that I had already made arrangements for continuing the "Historical Record."

In the Scandinavian Club meeting held in the evening of Feb. 13th in the 13th Ward school house, a communication which I had written while away on my latest trip south was read, in which I tendered my resignation as president of the Scandinavian Club. C. M. Nielsen was chosen by ballot as my successor.

Early in March the first number of Volume 9 of the "Historical Record" was printed, the main contents of

which was the beginning of a journal history of the Utah pioneers of 1847. At this time I received the following:

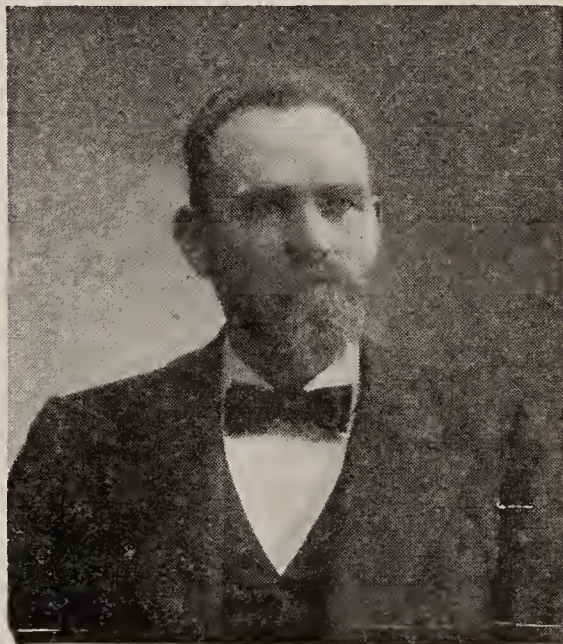
Salt Lake City, Feb. 21, 1890.

Elder Andrew Jenson:

Dear Brother: Your favor of the 20th inst. is before us. In consideration of the proposal you make therein to continue your labors in gathering historical data, with regard to the various stakes of Zion, we are willing to continue your allowance of fifty dollars a month for another year and have so instructed Bro. James Jack.

Your brother,
WILFORD WOODRUFF.

On April 17th, in company with Apostle Francis M. Lyman, I left Salt Lake City to make a trip through southern Idaho. On this trip we visited Pocatello, and Albion, and I attended a conference at Oakley, together with Apostles Lyman and Mar-



APOSTLE FRANCIS M. LYMAN

iner W. Merrill. After this conference I left the Apostles and visited Almo, and Elba, in the interest of Church history. Later I made a similar trip through Oneida County, Idaho, visiting Mink Creek, Mormon Ward, Mound Valley, Chesterfield, Garden Creek, Oxford, Clifton, Weston and other places.

On September 2nd I wrote my valedictory for the next and last number of the "Historical Record." I had grown tired of publishing, mainly be-

cause there was too much expense and trouble attached to collecting dues from subscribers and furthermore because people generally do not seem to appreciate literature of an historical nature at the present time.

On September 14th and 15th I attended what we called a Scandinavian Jubilee at Ephraim, in commemoration of the organization of the first branch of the Church in Scandinavia on Sept. 15, 1850, in Copenhagen, just forty years before. We had a most enjoyable time. The speakers were President Canute Peterson, Anthon H. Lund, C. C. A. Christiansen and many others. I gave in my speech some important statistics pertaining to the Scandinavian Mission during the past forty years. This gathering in Ephraim was the beginning of annual celebrations by the Scandinavian saints connected with the introduction of the gospel into the Lands of the North. Sometimes the 14th of June has been honored in memory of the arrival of Erastus Snow in Copenhagen. At other times the first baptisms in Sweden (July 26, 1850) and the first baptisms in Denmark (Aug 12, 1850) have been honored particularly in these annual gatherings. Sometimes the celebration has taken place in Salt Lake City, and at other times in some of the other larger towns where the Scandinavian element predominates, both north and south of Salt Lake City. Ever since 1890 these gatherings have been classed among the most enjoyable celebrations in the community. They have not only afforded opportunities for interesting and faith-promoting reminiscences, but made it possible for old friends and fellow-missionaries to renew their acquaintance, and in memory live their lives over again. In due course of time permanent committees were created for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the details of these annual gatherings, in which the late President Anthon H. Lund, as long as he was alive, took a prominent part.

I received the following letter:

Salt Lake City, Nov. 7, 1890

Elder Andrew Jenson:

Dear Brother: In reply to yours of the 4th inst. I think it decidedly preferable that you make the tour of the Emery and San Juan stakes and gather in the information necessary to make a desirable history of these stakes before winter comes, and then work up the matter into historical shape when the weather may be too severe to travel.

I also desire that you will make it a point to enthuse into the presidents and Bishops with their counselors the importance of making up to date a correct and faithful history of their stakes and ward presidencies, and it would be a good thing if the presidencies of quorums would help their Bishops and presidents to perfect the information. Then for each to keep a careful account of that which transpires in their jurisdiction. Every visit of the Presidency, or of either of the Twelve Apostles, should be noted, with the leading items of their instructions in their Church records as well as the organization of quorums of the Relief Societies, Young People's Associations, Primaries, Sunday Schools and generally everything that goes on, or is done in their midst. Please turn your mind on it and show up the importance of every stake having a recorder and that he do his duty in keeping a faithful record of all important transactions. Such a record would be of immense value in a few years to come. It should contain not only accounts of baptisms, confirmations with names of the candidates and administration, but particulars of every one that is received by letter and everyone that is removed by letter, where they came from and where they went to, so far as known, or can be ascertained, with every other information touching the welfare of every member of the Church, when married, whom to, where and by whom. Let the spirit supply the deficiencies with good earnest entreaty to have the work done well. Enclosed find letters to Presidents F. A. Hammond, of San Juan and C. G. Larsen, of Emery Stake. Wishing you success in this important work I am

Your fellow laborer,

FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS.

The letters to Presidents Larsen and Hammond were as follows, the only difference being the names:

"Salt Lake City, Nov. 7, 1890.

President C. G. Larsen

Dear Brother: The bearer, Elder

Andrew Jenson, visits your stake to gather historical information of the settlement and organization of your stake and the several wards which compose it. Please render this worthy brother such assistance as shall enable him to accomplish the object for which he is appointed on this mission that proper material may be had for correct and competent Church history. Wishing you great wisdom and power in the Holy Spirit to direct and manage your affairs in the spirit of Zion,

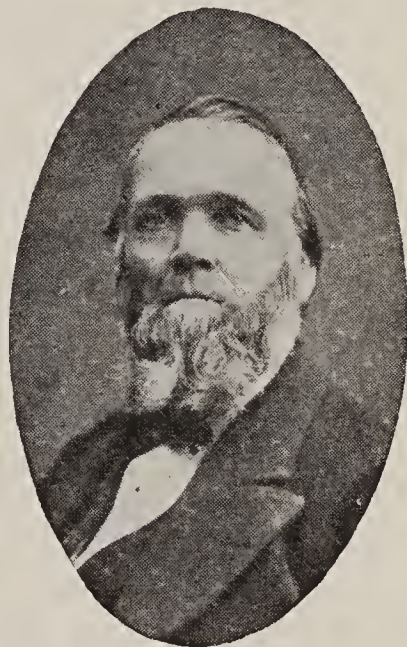
I am your brother in the gospel,
FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS."

As soon as I received the above letters I immediately made preparation to start for Emery Stake. I left Salt Lake City Nov. 8th and traveled to Price, Emery County, 125 miles, where I arrived just before sundown, and lodged for the night with Bishop George Frandsen. In the night presidents Geo. Q. Cannon and John Morgan arrived.

On Sunday, Nov. 9th, Bishop Frandsen, John Morgan and I started in Bro. Frandsen's carriage for Orangeville, 32 miles, where we attended Priesthood meeting in the evening, at which I made a few remarks, followed by Bro. John Morgan and George Q. Cannon. After the conference was closed on the 10th, Bros. Cannon and Morgan returned to Salt Lake City while I commenced my labors, culling material for a history of Orangeville. On the 11th I walked three miles to Castle Dale, where I lodged with Bro. Oluf J. Andersen and perused records. On the 12th I proceeded to Ferron, 11½ miles southwest, where we held a meeting in the evening. On the 13th I finished my labors in Ferron and then proceeded to Emery, 15 miles distant, where I spoke to an appreciative audience in the evening, and attended to my historical labors the next day (Nov. 14th). Returning north I perused records in Molen, Castle Dale, Lawrence, Huntington, Cleveland, Wellington and Price, holding meetings and doing historical work in all the settlements. After leaving Price I visited Spring Glen and Castle Gate. At the last named place Bro. Lamph,

the presiding Elder of the branch, took me into a coal mine, half a mile below the surface of the ground. It was my first visit to a coal mine. On the 24th I attended ward conference at Spring Glen. I returned home Nov. 26th, having been absent on this trip 19 days, during which I traveled 430 miles, wrote the history of the Emery Stake and all its settlements and preached 16 times. The foregoing is a sample of what I subsequently did in nearly all the other stakes of Zion, which I visited.

On Dec. 11th I celebrated the 40th anniversary of my birth. I journalized as follows:



FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS

"I am forty years old—half of my life, according to the life of men who take care of their bodies, is gone—and it seems that I have only just commenced to live. What will the next forty years bring to me and my family and the cause of Christ on the earth? I am a strong, healthy man, and as I have never violated any of the great fundamental laws of nature and have never abused or polluted my body, I expect to live to a good old age. I stand five feet nine inches in my stocking feet and weigh 160 pounds."

At the end of the year 1890 I commented as follows. "The year has been a most eventful one. The fair 'City of the saints', our beloved Salt Lake City, has been turned into a place of

wickedness and abomination since the Liberals came into rule last February. Life and property are no longer secure in the city. Robbers and burglars perform their wicked work nearly every night, and the police seemingly do nothing to stop it. During the year I traveled 3,896 miles and preached 95 times."

CHAPTER 25

(1891)

History of the Bannock Stake published—Blessed and set apart as a Historian by Franklin D. Richards—Visit Box Elder, Sevier, Panguitch, Summit, Morgan, Bear Lake and Cache Stakes in the interest of Church History.

On January 1, 1891, I journalized as follows: "This is the beginning of the year to which so many of the saints have looked forward with much interest and to which they have attached a great deal of importance. I look upon the year, so far as I am concerned, as the beginning of the second chapter of my usefulness in the Church. I expect this year will be one of home missionary experience with me, as I expect to travel most of the time in the interest of Church history. I expect to devote the remainder of my days in mortality for the public good and use what talent and ability the Lord has given me for the upbuilding of the kingdom of God on the earth."

On Jan. 15th I delivered a lecture on the prophetic calling of Joseph Smith before the Students Society in the Social Hall, Salt Lake City. The lecture was published in the "Deseret News" of March 3rd, 1891. Later it was published in pamphlet form.

During the month of January I published a history of the Bannock Stake of Zion which was a sort of continuation of the "Historical Record", Volume 9. It contained a history of the stake mentioned with all its wards, finishing with an article on the Salmon River Mission.

I spent Wednesday, Jan. 28th, in the Utah Penitentiary, culling, by permission, from the Penitentiary records items of interest concerning our brethren

who had been imprisoned in that institution for polygamy or so-called unlawful cohabitation. I was assisted by Warren B. Smith of American Fork, one of the imprisoned brethren who acted as librarian of the Penitentiary library.

On Feb. 9th I had an interview with the First Presidency who now desired to engage me as one of the staff of the Historian's Office and pay me one hundred dollars a month. In answer to their question if I was satisfied with this and would accept of the position, I told the brethren that I had always kept myself in readiness to comply with any call that might be made upon me by the authorities of the Church, and that I would be satisfied with whatever they wanted to give me as compensation. Thus I was permanently engaged as a historian to labor in connection with Franklin D. Richards, the Church Historian.

A month later I received my first monthly allowance of \$100 from the Church, namely, \$25 in cash, \$10.50 in meat orders and \$64.50 in produce orders on the general tithing office.

On Feb. 25th I attended a home missionary meeting and spoke a few minutes. It was contemplated to make a change in the list of home missionaries and release some of the brethren who had served a long time. I had labored as a home missionary since July 2, 1882, but was among those who were retained on the list.

During the year I was constantly asked to deliver lectures on Church history in the different wards and settlements of the saints. In fact this demand has continued until the present time.

At this time my oldest son, Andrew, was in the employ of Samuel Butterfield of Herriman, as a sheep-herder. My second son, Parley, who had attended school in the 14th Ward, commenced to work at the Z. C. M. I. as a cash boy, receiving \$2.50 for his first week's work. He paid 25 cents in tithing and deposited one dollar in the savings bank, in order to make a prac-

tical beginning with his earnings, this being the first money he had earned by his own labor. Commencing thus with the oldest two I have ever since used my influence with my children to pay an honest tithing, and then use the balance of their earnings wisely and economically and always try to spend a little less than they earned.

On April 16th I received a telegram from Apostle Franklin D. Richards, requesting me to meet him at the Historian's Office that day, which I did, and after I had read some letters which he had prepared for me he blessed me and set me apart as a historian in Zion, promising me that I should be the means in the hands of the Lord, and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to do a great work in the midst of the people who would receive me kindly and be pleased to administer to my comfort and welfare. I was promised wisdom and intelligence from above and also physical strength that I should be preserved in my travels and find the way open before me to accomplish all I was sent to do, and that I should have great joy in my labors and become more and more interested and efficient in the great and important work to which my whole attention now would be directed. And when, at some future day, the books should be opened to view, the importance of my labors should become apparent and the good work done by me should bring a blessing and a benefit to all Israel. I was also admonished to cultivate a spirit of humility and meekness, that I, in my lecturing and teaching among the people, might gain the love, good will and confidence of the saints, and be able to make proper impressions upon them and thus benefit them and be the cause of an improved system of keeping records being introduced in the various stakes of Zion. Elder Richards was fervent in his administration and implored the throne of grace earnestly in my behalf that I might be successful in my labors and accomplish my mission faithfully and well.

Bro. Richards also furnished me

with the following letters one of instruction and one of recommendation:

"Historian and Recorder's Office of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, April 16, 1891.
Elder Andrew Jenson

Beloved Brother: At a meeting of the Presidents, Bishops and other authorities of the Church held in the Assembly Hall, at Salt Lake City, on the 7th of April last, President Wilford Woodruff notified those present of your intention to visit them and requested their kind offices to enable you to collect all such information as is necessary to prepare a correct and complete history of the stakes of Zion, and of the wards which compose them. This information should include dates and particulars of the earliest and succeeding settlements of each location with names and dates of the organizations, not only the stake and wards, but of all the different councils and quorums of the Priesthood contained therein, together with those of Sunday Schools, Relief Societies, Young Men's and Young Women's and Primary associations, including the names of each officer sustained in their organizations.

It is particularly desired that you make yourself acquainted with the condition of the stake and ward records generally and that as occasion may require you will advise and encourage such improvement in the keeping thereof as may tend to secure a correct and faithful history of the people in whose interest the record is being kept.

It is especially important that all persons who remove from one ward to any other should take with them recommends from the Bishop where they reside to the ward where they may locate, stating the Priesthood they hold, and also that the Bishops of the wards where new-comers do settle should interest themselves to obtain the recommends of such persons at the earliest convenience, that their membership in the wards may be early secured and known. A great general neglect of this has already occasioned much difficulty to many who have desired admission to the Temples, but failing to establish their membership have been put to grievous disappointment in seeking for their recommends.

"To secure the strictest accuracy possible, it might be well at a quarterly conference in the stake to get the earliest settlers living within reach together and have the manuscript read

and subjected to the most careful scrutiny that may be available.

Your fellow servant in the interest of God's people,

F. D. RICHARDS, Historian.

Salt Lake City, April 16, 1891.
To the Presidents and Bishops of the
Stakes of Zion:

We send unto you our beloved brother, Elder Andrew Jenson, with instructions to gather the information that is necessary to enable him to write a complete and accurate history of the stake over which you preside and of the several wards which constitute the same.

Elder Jenson does not come to you in the interest of his own private affairs but in the interest of the Church and particularly in the interest of the Historian's Office.

We therefore request that you will receive him cordially and with hospitality contribute to his personal comfort, and assist him with the proper conveyances to visit such places as he shall find necessary to obtain the information requisite to make a proper, accurate and complete history of the branches over which the Lord has made you present overseers.

Brother Jenson will render you valuable service in assisting you to inspect your various stake and ward records, and give such suggestions as will enable your clerks to keep their books in the most correct and competent manner—a labor and duty that has in many places been very sadly neglected or too superficially performed. Believing, dear brethren, that your faithful attention to this duty now will result in untold satisfaction to you and to your people hereafter, I subscribe myself,

Your faithful fellow-laborer in the
cause of righteousness and truth,

F. D. RICHARDS, Historian."

On April 22nd I left home on my first tour as a historian after my appointment, and traveled by rail to Brigham City, where on the following day I commenced my labors in the Box Elder Stake by interviewing Apostle Lorenzo Snow and other prominent Elders. The following few days I spent perusing records at the court house and at the tithing office. On April 26th I attended the Box Elder Stake conference and was one of the speakers and in the evening delivered a lecture to Scandinavians in the

Brigham City 2nd Ward. After the conference I resumed my historical labors and besides perusing records I visited a number of old residents and obtained from them valuable information. In the many special meetings which were held in the different settlements I gave instructions on the proper method of making stake and ward records. After visiting Willard and Three Mile Creek (Perry), I left Brigham City on May 6th, in company with Christian D. Fjeldsted, Adolph Madsen and two young ladies (Henrietta Madsen and Mrs. Mary Critchlow) on a visit to the settlements of the saints in the west part of Box Elder County. Thus we visited Park Valley, and Grouse Creek and held several meetings, and while I attended to historical matters, Bro. Fjeldsted gave particular attention to the Seventies and I assisted him in ordaining a number of brethren to the office of Seventy. We enjoyed our trip very much, Bro. Fjeldsted being a good story teller entertained us with interesting narratives, most of the time on the journey, while I, assisted by the sisters, sang to our hearts content, making the mountains and vales echo with our voices as we passed along. We returned to Brigham City on the 14th, after traveling 300 miles by team, well pleased with what we had accomplished.

After my return to Salt Lake City I paid attention to a two story brick building which I had erected on Alameda Avenue in the 11th Ward. The house contained sixteen rooms, besides hallways and cellar, and cost over \$3,000. It was intended for a home to be owned by J. P. Gudmundsen, but he being unable to handle it, the property reverted back to me, which resulted in many unpleasant experiences with tenants who did not pay their rent. The land upon which the building was erected had become mine as a compensation for my labor with Bro. A. W. Winberg on "Bikuben", years before.

On May 23rd I left my home for a trip to the south, traveling by rail

direct to Manti. This was my first trip to Sanpete County by rail; the track having been laid from Indianola to Manti only a few months before. From Manti the trip was continued further south by team. Having made special appointments for the purpose of carrying out the object of my trip, I visited Richfield (where I attended stake conference), Monroe, Marysville Junction, Garfield, Circleville, Panguitch (where I attended stake conference together with Apostle Francis M. Lyman), Cannonville, Clifton, Marion, Escalante, John's Valley (on the east fork of the Sevier), Koo-sharem, Grass Valley, Burrville, Fish Lake, Fremont, Loa, Fish Creek, Carcass Creek, Hank's Place on Pleasant Creek, Gray's Valley, Blue Valley, Glenwood, Richfield, Monroe, Elsinore, Joseph, Annabella, Salina and Redmond. I returned to Salt Lake City, July 9th after traveling 925 miles by railroad and team. During the journey I preached 29 times and attended two quarterly conferences. Most of the meetings I attended were special gatherings appointed for the occasion, in order to give me the opportunity of delivering my message in the different wards and attending to my historical labors. The meetings were generally well attended and enjoyed, and the Holy Spirit was made manifest so that in most cases I spoke with considerable freedom encouraging the people to keep records. On my whole trip I enjoyed the hospitality of the saints who treated me kindly, furnished me with gratis lodging and meals and arranged transportation for me from settlement to settlement. I returned home well pleased with my efforts.

After my return from that trip I spent a short time in the Historian's Office, wrote articles for the "Contributor" on Church emigration, filled a number of home missionary appointments and enjoyed the society of my family.

On August 3rd I left Salt Lake City on a trip to Summit and Morgan counties, traveling with horse and

buggy, accompanied by my wife Emma and our little daughter Eva. On this trip I visited Snyderville, Wanship, Coalville (where I attended stake conference Aug. 9th and 10th), Oakley, Kamas, Upton, Henefer, Morgan City, Croydon, North Morgan, South Morgan, Richville, West Porterville, East Porterville, Littleton, Milton, Peterson, Enterprise and Mountain Green. We returned home Aug. 28th, having had a successful trip. Our baby, who was sick before we started on the trip, received much benefit from the cool climate in the higher altitude. We had traveled 270 miles, mostly by team, attended two quarterly conferences and 24 meetings and I preached in public 23 times. Among the places visited were a number of settlements which I had never visited before. I had gathered material for the history of two stakes and 21 wards of the Church including all the settlements in the Summit and Morgan stakes of Zion, except Evanston, Almy and Rock Springs.

On Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 5th and 6th, I attended the Salt Lake Stake conference and reported the proceedings for the "Deseret News".

After that conference I left home with horse and buggy, again taking Emma and the baby along, for Bear Lake Stake. Our little daughter Eva, who had been sick for some time, commenced to improve as soon as we reached the higher altitude. Leaving home on the 7th we traveled through Parley's Canyon, through Summit County and Echo Canyon to Heiner's Ranch. Continuing the journey we reached Evanston on the 9th, where we held a meeting and then proceeded to Almy, a coal mining town and the largest ward in the Summit Stake of Zion. There were about 900 saints in Almy at that time. From Almy we continued the journey northward, visiting Meadowville, Laketown, Fish Haven, St. Charles, Bloomington, Garden City, Berne, Ovid and Montpelier. Leaving my horse and buggy in Montpelier, I started on Sept. 28th (accom-

panied by wife and child) with Elder Christian Hogensen who was called by the Bishop to take us over the mountains. The distance between Montpelier and Fairview in Star Valley is about forty miles. Leaving Fairview we visited Afton and Grover, and also Glencoe and Freedom in the lower valley. Returning south and going through the canyon which connects the so-called lower Valley with Star Valley, and while traveling on a narrow dugway, our hired buggy tipped over, and Emma and the child were terribly scared by being pitched out into a patch of willows. I stuck to the lines and as good luck would have it the horses made no attempt to run away. Finally I succeeded in getting the buggy right side up, improvised a temporary single tree which we tied to the tugs with wire furnished by a man we met on the road, and we at length returned safely with the damaged buggy to Afton where we spent Sunday, Oct. 4th. From Afton we reached Auburn and a Bro. Davis took us in a lumber wagon over the mountains back to Bear Lake Valley. On my return to Montpelier, I found that my own horse, which had fared well in Bro. Hogensen's pasture, was rested and in good condition to make a fresh start. I finished my tour of the Bear Lake Stake by visiting Preston, Dingle, Montpelier, Bennington, Nounan Valley, Swan Lake and Soda Springs, where I practically finished my historical labors in the north and returned by way of Logan, Brigham City and Ogden to Salt Lake City. We had traveled on this trip 639 miles, of which 599 were by team and 40 by rail. I preached 36 times and visited 29 settlements of the saints in the interest of Church history, among which were many settlements which I had not before visited. This was my fourth prolonged trip since my special appointment in April last. After my return home on October 20th I spent some time working at the Historian's Office arranging the notes which I had gathered during my trip.

On October 30th I left home on the D. & R. G. train on a trip to Cache Valley. I commenced my labors at Five Points, north of Ogden, and thence traveled with team by way of Brigham City to Wellsville, where I commenced my historical labors, after attending the Cache Stake conference in Logan. I visited the following settlements in Cache Valley in the interest of Church history: Providence, Millville, Paradise, Avon, Hyrum (where I spent a pleasant Sunday on Nov. 8th), Wellsville, Mendon, Petersboro, Benson, Greenville, Hyde Park, Smithfield, Coveville, Richmond, Lewiston, Newton, Franklin, Weston and Clarkston. On my return trip from Cache Valley I visited Beaver Dam, Deweyville, Bear River City and Honeyville. I returned to Salt Lake City Dec. 9th.

On this trip to the north I had traveled 355 miles, namely, 315 by team and 40 by rail, attended 41 meetings and delivered 36 public discourses, four of which I gave in the Danish language. I visited 35 wards and branches of the Church, namely, 25 in the Cache, two in the Oneida and 8 in the Box Elder Stake. As usual I had been well received, enjoyed the hospitality of the saints and was assisted with transportation in places where I did not use my own conveyance. Traveling from Beaver Dam to Deweyville I had occasion to drive down a dugway south of the new Collinston Station, when an Indian came along on horseback and unintentionally scared my horse, which jumped over the embankment, tipping over the buggy and emptying me and the contents of the buggy into the mud. I jumped up and saw a sight which caused me to burst out with laughter, for there lay the buggy with the four wheels in the air and the horse sticking his feet upward and kicking with all his might endeavoring to get himself in an upright position, but being unable to free himself from the buggy he lay down quietly until I could loosen the harness and extricate him from this unnatural position. I

next examined the wreck and found the top of the buggy broken all to pieces, together with the dash board and shafts seriously damaged. With the assistance of a man who happened along, I got the buggy back into the road and discovered that it would still roll on its wheels. Gathering up the fragments I continued my journey with a runaway horse, which was nearly scared into a frenzy, and made my way home.

I spent the balance of the year finishing a chronology for 1890 and writing an article for the "Contributor". In compiling a summary of my activities during the year 1891 I found that since April last I had visited all the settlements of the saints in the Box Elder, Sevier, Panguitch, Summit, Morgan, Bear Lake and Cache stakes of Zion. I traveled 3,104 miles, including 787 miles by rail, and 2,277 miles by team. I preached 172 sermons and ordained three brethren to the office of Seventy.

CHAPTER 26

(1892)

The Liberals continue control of Salt Lake City
—My Historical work in the Stakes continued
—Rosenborg Villa—Removed with my family
to Mill Creek, Salt Lake County.

Under date of January 1, 1892, I journalized as follows: "Full of good resolutions and desires I enter upon a new year. My time is to be employed in the service of the Church and in the historical field, and the probability is that I shall have to travel a great deal during the year as I still have twenty stakes of Zion to visit in order to obtain information requisite for the history of the stakes. The prospects before me seem better and brighter. My desires have been gratified, my prayers heard, and I am now permitted to do the work that I love. The Lord being my helper I shall lead a life of continued usefulness and be an instrument in the hands of God to do a good work in my day and generation."

On January 11th I was appointed historian of the Old Folks Central Committee and later the same day sec-

retary and director of the 17th Ward Ecclesiastical Corporation.

On Friday, Jan. 15th, I visited the Utah Penitentiary to peruse the Warden's record in behalf of our brethren who had been incarcerated in that institution; there were only ten of them there in 1892. During the prosecutions which commenced in 1885 nearly one thousand of our brethren had been imprisoned for polygamy and so-called unlawful cohabitation. In the documents of the Church they are known as prisoners for conscience sake.

On January 21st I was called to the President's Office and given a special mission to gather information concerning the Mountain Meadow Massacre which occurred in September, 1857, and received the following from the First Presidency:

Office of the First Presidency,
Salt Lake City, Jan. 21, 1892.

To whom it may concern:

Bishop Orson F. Whitney has been selected to write a history of Utah. Among other important subjects that will have to be mentioned is what is known as the Mountain Meadow Massacre. Many facts have already been published concerning this affair; but there is an opinion prevailing that all the light that can be obtained has not been thrown upon it. Many of those who have personal knowledge concerning what occurred at that time have passed away. Others are passing away; and ere long there will be no person alive who will know anything about it only as they learn it from what has been written. We are anxious to learn all that we can upon this subject, not necessarily for publication, but that the Church may have the details in its possession for the vindication of innocent parties, and that the world may know, when the time comes, the true facts connected with it.

Elder Andrew Jenson, who is the bearer of this letter, has been selected for the purpose of conversing with such brethren and sisters as may be able to impart information upon this subject. We desire to say to you that he can be trusted, and any communication that you wish to make to him will be confidential, unless you wish them published. Much information might be published, but it might be prudent not to mention names. Upon this point

the wishes of those who have this information, if expressed to Bro. Jenson, will be fully respected. We remain your brethren,

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
GEO. Q. CANNON,
JOSEPH F. SMITH.

After arranging my notes, I left Salt Lake City on Jan. 22nd on the Utah Central Railway and traveled all night to Milford, where I arrived on the 23rd in the morning. Then I traveled by stage 33 miles to Beaver where I spent Sunday the 24th, attended meetings, and became the guest of Bro. John R. Murdock. From Beaver I visited Parowan, Cedar City, and other places. The following week I spent in the places already mentioned, and interviewed a number of the old veterans who freely gave me the desired information. I returned to Salt Lake City Jan. 31st and delivered my notes to the First Presidency. As to the information I obtained I can only say this, that while some white people were implicated in the Mountain Meadows Massacre, besides the Indians, I learned nothing that in any shape or form could connect the general authorities of the Church with the affair, but that as soon as Pres. Brigham Young learned of the danger that threatened the so-called Arkansas Company, who were en route from the East to California, he dispatched James Haslem as a special messenger to the south ordering the brethren there to protect said company against the Indians, if it took all the militia of Iron County to do it. The messenger, however, arrived on the scene too late, as the tragedy had taken place two days before his arrival. Bro. Haslem had been instructed to ride at full speed, spare no horse flesh and make no stops on the road, until he could reach the point of danger.

A municipal election took place in Salt Lake City on Monday, Feb. 8th. The Liberals obtained the victory by voting a lot of "colonizers" and elected all the officers except the three councilmen in the Third Precinct who were

elected by a Democratic majority. In the evening of the election "hell" seemed to be let loose in the city, the howling, shouting, blowing of tin horns, yelling, cursing, swearing and profaning by the semi-crazed people of the Liberal Party, exceeded anything I had ever seen or heard in all my life. That was the element which had ruled the city during the past two years and which after this new election now was destined to continue a reign of terror and spoliation for two years more. Of all the wicked places on God's footstool, Salt Lake City, which two years before was a model city for order and peace, was now, perhaps, the worst and, sad to say, this condition of affairs was partly brought about by pretended friends and members of the Church, who had sold out their inheritances to the enemy, and brought all these evils upon themselves and their friends. The result of this election had such an effect upon me that my choice as to politics made me a Republican. I had seen enough of Liberal rule, anarchy, and mobocracy in Salt Lake City to convert me to an educated ballot and a federal government strong enough to put down mob rule and restore safety to life and property.

On Feb. 10th I bought a new buggy from the Co-op Wagon and Machine Company. Thus equipped I was again able to continue my travels in the interest of the Church with my own conveyance.

On Feb. 15th I received a blessing from Pres. Wilford Woodruff and Apostle Richards on the occasion of my starting on a long and somewhat dangerous trip to the southern country. Accompanied by my wife Bertha I left Salt Lake City on Feb. 16th, traveling in my new buggy. We arrived in Richfield on Feb. 21st, where we attended a stake conference and where Apostle Anthon H. Lund and I also addressed a large Scandinavian gathering. Later I attended special meetings at Elsinore and Monroe.

Continuing the journey southward

we arrived in Panquitch, whence we crossed the mountains into Kane County, where I commenced my historical labors in great earnest. I visited Glendale, Orderville, Mount Carmel, Johnson's settlement, Kanab (where I attended a quarterly conference on March 6th and 7th), and Fredonia. Thence we traveled 60 miles over desert, washes and canyons to St. George, where we arrived March 11th, and I immediately commenced my historical labors in the St. George Stake. After attending a stake conference at St. George on March 13th and 14th I resumed my work on local history, and in the evening of March 16th I lectured to a large audience in the St. George Tabernacle on Church history.

In company with Erastus B. Snow, counselor in the St. George Stake presidency, I left St. George to visit the settlements on the lower Virgin and the Muddy, leaving my wife Bertha and my own team in St. George at the home of Anthony W. Ivins. We traveled by way of Beaver Dam and Bunkerville and then continued on to the Muddy where we visited Overton and other settlements. After hard traveling, and sometimes exposed to considerable danger, we returned to St. George March 25th. Traveling with my own horse and buggy, and taking my wife along, I left St. George for the so-called "upper country", going as far as Panacca in Nevada and returned to St. George April 9th, lodging with Bro. Anthony W. Ivins.

After finishing my labors at St. George we visited all the settlements in the St. George Stake and then traveled northward through Iron, Beaver and Millard counties, returning home on May 16th. On this journey I traveled 1,435 miles by team of which 1,350 miles with my own conveyance. During the trip I preached 52 times, attended two quarterly conferences and visited all the settlements and branches of the Church in the Kanab, St. George, Parowan and Beaver stakes of Zion, including the following wards which I had never before visited: Hatch

Branch (Garfield County), Graham, Glendale, Orderville, Mount Carmel, Kanab and Johnson (in Kane County), Fredonia, Pipe Springs and Moccasin Springs and Beaver Dam (in Arizona), Bunkerville, St. Thomas, Overton, St. Joseph, Panacca, Eagle Valley, Spring Valley, Peoche and Clover Valley in Nevada, Hebron, Hamblin, Pinto, Pine Valley, Forsters, Santa Clara, Price, Bloomington, Toquerville, Virgen City, Mountain Dell, Grafton, Rockville, Shonesburg, Springdale, Duncan's Retreat and Harmony in Washington County, Utah, Black Rock and Burned Corall, in Millard County, Cherry Creek in Tintic Valley in Juab County, and Fairfield in Utah County.

During this trip to the south I was treated with much hospitality by the saints in the different settlements. I seemed to be successful in drawing large and appreciative audiences and in some places, where the settlements were close together, some of the saints would follow me from settlement to settlement to listen to my lectures on Church history.

Soon after my return to Salt Lake City I wrote the following to the First Presidency:

"Salt Lake City, Utah,
May 23, 1892.

Presidents Wilford Woodruff, Geo. Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith

Dear Brethren: Having spent upwards of one year traveling among the saints in the different stakes of Zion in the interest of Church history since receiving my special appointment in April, 1891, I feel impressed to present you with a brief summary of my labors: During the past twelve or thirteen months—from April 22, 1891, to May 16, 1892—I have visited every settlement and branch of the Church in eleven stakes of Zion, namely, the Box Elder, Sevier, Panguitch, Summit, Morgan, Bear Lake, Cache, Kanab, St. George, Parowan and Beaver stakes, which together embrace 177 organized wards and branches. To reach these settlements I have traveled 4,684 miles, namely, 942 miles by rail, 3,737 by team and five on foot. I have preached 189 times, mostly in special meetings appointed for the purpose; besides meeting with old settlers and others (in all the settlements visited)

in small gatherings to which such parties as were wanted were specially invited. By this means I have been successful in obtaining information that will enable me to write histories of all the stakes and settlements I have visited so far.

Previous to receiving my special appointment in May, 1891, I had visited for the same purpose as above stated the Cassia, Bannock, Oneida, Sanpete and Emery stakes, containing 71 settlements, which, added to the eleven stakes visited during the past year, made 16 stakes visited so far, embracing altogether 248 settlements of the saints, or just one half of all the stakes as they are organized at the present time.

In visiting the stakes I have generally proceeded in the following manner: First I would go directly to the stake headquarters to consult with the members of the stake presidency, in connection with whom I would arrange a regular traveling program and a string of appointments for visiting the several wards and branches. According to this I would generally hold an evening meeting for the general public, in which I would give instructions and then appoint a special meeting of the old settlers, ward clerks and secretaries of the different associations, with their records, to meet with me the next morning to impart such information as would be required. These historical meetings would last from three to six hours as a rule; and after getting through I would immediately proceed to the next settlement to go through the same routine. Almost universally the leading brethren, and people generally have responded cheerfully when called upon to give information; and I have also been treated with kindness and hospitality wherever I have been, with one or two exceptions. I have paid my own railway fare and other expenses, including the purchase of buggies; and in most of the stakes I have traveled with my own conveyances.

After my experience up to the present, and after getting thoroughly acquainted with the condition of affairs in all the places I have visited so far, I am sorry to report that in most places I have found the Church records in a very deplorable, neglected condition; in many instances no regular records are being kept at all, and those few which are kept are as a rule kept without system or order. Nearly all the early records kept in the several wards and branches have long ago

been lost, misplaced or destroyed entirely, and consequently about half the members of the Church are in perfect ignorance today as regards the dates of their blessings, baptisms, confirmations, ordinations, etc., as most of them have relied on the public records that are lost.

In all my travels I have both in my private and public instructions endeavored to impress upon the members of the Church the necessity of keeping track of their own baptisms, ordinations, etc., and have recommended that each family keep a family record of some kind in which to record all important matters pertaining to the family and every individual member thereof. These instructions have generally been well received and the necessity of keeping records acknowledged generally, although many, including men filling prominent positions in the Church, have said that they never thought of the matter before in the light in which I presented it, and never understood, till their attention was drawn to it, that any such thing was required of them. I have endeavored to follow strictly the instructions I have received from Apostle Richards, the Church historian, but as the memories of most people are in such a condition that only a small portion of what is listened to or learned can be retained for any length of time, I fear that my labors in many instances will only have a temporary effect. And therefore I take the liberty to suggest that a circular letter, issued by the First Presidency or the Church historian, or both, setting forth in plainness what is required of the stake, ward and branch clerks, as well as heads of families and individual members in regard to keeping records, would make a deeper impression and leave a more lasting effect, besides being the means of introducing uniformity and system in record keeping throughout all the stakes of Zion.

Should you desire a more detailed report of my labors, I am prepared to give such either verbally or by further communication.

In the meantime I remain your earnest co-laborer and brother in the gospel of Christ,

ANDREW JENSON.

On June 11th, in company with Apostle John W. Taylor, I left home on a visit to the Malad Stake of Zion, traveling by rail to Collinston, and thence by team to Malad City where

we attended a quarterly conference on June 12th and 13th. After the conference I visited, in the interest of Church history, West Portage, Woodruff (or Muddy Creek), Henderson Creek, Cherry Creek, Four Mile Creek (or Willow Springs) and Two Mile Creek, Malad City, Samaria, Rockland, Neeleyville, Washakie, North Plymouth (or Square Town), South Plymouth, and Beaver Dams, and returned home June 24th. On this trip I traveled 429 miles, namely, 158 miles by rail and 261 miles by team. I spoke in public 13 times besides meeting with small groups in the different settlements in order to obtain historical information.

On June 28th I bought one and a quarter acres of land of Bro. George Saville near Calder's Park in the Mill Creek Ward for the purpose of erecting a country home, as I felt rather crowded on the small lot we occupied in the city. At that time there was also a general desire on the part of many people residing in the city to move their families into the suburbs, where the air was purer and better, and where there were opportunities of having orchards and pretty gardens. I paid \$1,300 for the building spot and soon afterwards commenced to erect a residence which I named "Rosenborg Villa".

On June 29th I accompanied the Old Folks of Salt Lake City on an excursion to Payson, Utah County. On July 2nd I proved up on my desert land entry near Deseret, Millard County, paying \$320 additional for my 320 acres of land. This land claim had now cost me \$1,500. On July 7th, it being the 71st anniversary of my mother's birthday, her three sons with their families and many friends sprung a surprise on her at her home in Pleasant Grove. About 60 people were present, including father, my brother Jens and his wife and seven children, my family (consisting of two wives, mother-in-law and four children) and my brother Joseph and his wife and two children from Richfield. The rest

of those present were neighbors and friends. It was a most enjoyable affair and mother particularly seemed to enjoy it.

From July 16th to 25th I visited the Juab Stake of Zion in the interest of Church history. After attending a stake conference on July 16th and 17th, I visited Nephi, Levan, Mona and Eureka. During this trip I preached ten times and gathered information for the history of Juab Stake. Accompanied by my wife Emma and our little daughter Eva, I left home July 29th on a trip to the Wasatch Stake. We stopped the first night at Snyderville, and on the 30th reached Heber City, where I attended a stake conference on that and the following day. On the 1st of August I commenced my historical labors in Heber City, and continued the same on the following day. On August 3rd we started for the Uintah Stake, leaving Heber City about 10:00 o'clock a. m. We traveled that day 28 miles. According to previous arrangement we met two teams with two families who were to be our traveling companions to Vernal. We camped with them over night. The night was very cold, the altitude being high. Little Eva who was sick disturbed us all night, apparently being scared because of sleeping in the open air. The next day, Aug. 4th) we continued our journey to Strawberry Valley and thence traveled over a very rough country abounding with steep ridges and canyons. We camped for the night on Currant Creek, after traveling about 28 miles. On Aug. 5th we traveled 20 miles without water over a hilly country and nooned on Strawberry Creek. Thence we traveled in the afternoon five miles to the Duchesne River and camped for the night near the bridge where there was plenty of grass, mosquitoes, fuel and water. But the mosquitoes bothered us to such an extent that we scarcely got any sleep that night. The following day (Saturday 6th) we traveled 15 miles over an elevated bench, thence down a very steep

hill, locally known as Blue Hill, and thence down to Lake Fork, where we nooned near an Indian camp. In the afternoon we traveled down Lake Fork to the Duchesne River, where I left my traveling companions and with my family continued the journey to Fort Duchesne on the Uintah River, where we lodged with a Bro. Anderson who kept a dairy at the post. We found it absolutely impossible to sleep as the old log house seemed to be literally alive with vermin. Being unable to obtain the rest we so much needed, we arose from our bed-bug infested couch at 1:00 o'clock in the morning and started out on a 30 miles desert drive to Ashley. But after traveling about seven miles we got so weary and tired that we stopped to lie down in the shad shales. There we slept till the peep of day when we continued our journey over the "bad lands" to Ashley, arriving at the home of Pres. Samuel R. Bennion at 10:00 o'clock a m. After a refreshing bath and a nap we attended the afternoon session of the stake conference, at which I spoke about an hour, notwithstanding a severe cold under which I suffered, having caught the same while contending with the mosquitoes on the Duchesne.

After the conference I spent several days engaged in historical labors, during which I met with the settlers and secretaries of Ashley, Glines, Vernal, Merrill, Riverdale, Jensen's Ferry (on Green River), Mountain Dell and Mill wards. On the 16th we started on our return journey. On the way we visited the old Ashley and reached Daniels Creek in Provo Valley August 20th. I continued my labors in Heber City, Midway, Charleston, and Wallsburg. We returned home by way of Provo Canyon Aug. 26th. During this trip I traveled 525 miles, all by team and mostly by my own conveyance. I preached 14 times, attended two quarterly conferences and obtained valuable historical matter pertaining to the history of the Wasatch and Uintah stakes. Of the wards visited (which I had not visited before) I may mention

Ashley, Mill, Mountain Dell, Merrill and Riverdale in Uintah County and Wallsburg in Wasatch County. Neither had I ever before passed over the Indian Reservation between Provo Valley and the Ashley country. The usual hospitality and good will was extended to us on this trip, especially in the Uintah Stake, where we met a number of former acquaintances. On returning home our little daughter Eva had regained her health and she grew to be an attractive child.

On September 1st I spent the day making arrangements for building on my newly acquired property in Mill Creek. For that purpose I visited rock dealers, brick makers and others and put Bro. Niels P. Gudmundsen to work digging trenches for a foundation. My carpenter, Emil E. Andersen of American Fork, arrived in the city to superintend the erection of my new building. The next day (Sept. 2nd) I ordered lumber from the Tenth Ward Lumber Yard, and the first load of building material (a load of lumber) intended for a kitchen was brought on the ground. Soon gravel and lime and rock were hauled upon the building lot intended for a concrete foundation.

On Sept. 13th I visited my building spot on Mill Creek with Nielsen and Schosted, who were engaged to do the mason work on my house. We laid the southwest corner stone of my contemplated Rosenborg.

On Friday, the 16th, I visited Pleasant Grove where I delivered my maiden political speech on Republicanism in the evening to an appreciative audience. Later I delivered other political speeches elsewhere.

In October I made a tour through Sevier, Wayne and Sanpete counties as a speaker in the interest of politics. I delivered speeches in Vermillion, Annabella, Glenwood, Burrville, Tremonton, Loa, Thurber, Koosharem, Richfield, Inverury, Elsinore, Joseph City, Salina, Gunnison, Mayfield, Ephraim, Mount Pleasant and Spanish Fork. While I was told repeatedly that I did well as a political speaker,

I did not like it myself. It was not like preaching the gospel, and the fact that the saints were being brought under an influence that caused contention was regrettable. Some good Democratic members of the Church expressed regret that I should be on the wrong side of the political fence, as they had hithertofore full confidence in me and my activities. I myself felt sorry, that after delivering my political speeches I usually left the people divided and contending with one another. On my trip this time I delivered 24 political speeches and preached four gospel sermons.

The election on Nov. 8th resulted in a complete victory to the Democratic party in the United States, but in Utah the Republican party had gained much ground. Yet the Democratic nominee, Joseph S. Rawlins, was elected delegate to Congress from Utah.

In November I moved some of my books and documents from my 17th Ward home to Rosenberg Villa, where I commenced to work in the study of my new country home, and I wrote the following:

“Rosenborg Villa, corner of 7th East and 13th South Streets, Salt Lake City, Nov. 26, 1892.

Historian F. D. Richards,

Dear Brother: This morning I have taken formal possession of my new study in my new home, which I have named Rosenberg Villa, after the renowned castle called Rosenberg, situated, as you no doubt remember, in “Kongens Have” (the King’s Garden) in Copenhagen, Denmark. If you have ever visited the place, you will recollect that it is the depository of the antiquities of the old Danish kings for generations back. My Rosenberg is a small affair, to be sure, as compared with that grand old edifice across the waters, but I think there is a comparison between the two nevertheless. While the Danish Rosenberg preserves relics pertaining to one of the small political powers of the earth, my Rosenberg will preserve historical documents and books descriptive of the founding and growth of that grand power and Kingdom which is destined finally to fill the whole earth. Looking upon the matter in this light, I think I may be pardoned for adopting a name

which has possessed a peculiar charm for me ever since I was a little boy and first began to study the history of my native country.

By way of explanation I will say that my study, or the particular room of my new home in which I keep the documents, is 16 feet square and measures 11 feet from floor to ceiling; it is absolutely fireproof, so far as communication from the outside is concerned, being separated from the rest of the building by a cement ceiling; and the two windows and the door will be protected by tight-fitting iron shutters which will be closed every night and whenever I leave home or do not occupy the room.

After a few days, when everything is fixed up in a little better shape, I would like you to visit my modern Rosenberg for the purpose of dedicating my study and to give such instructions as you may deem necessary concerning the documents stored in it.

Your brother and fellow-laborer,
ANDREW JENSON.

P. S. Being about to move the family out here I would like to have my mail addressed to the Historian’s Office box. Is there any objection?

A. J.”

I moved my family from our home in the 17th Ward to our new home, Rosenberg Villa, on Dec. 17th. At that time only two rooms were ready for occupancy in addition to my office, consequently we left some property in the old home, in a room which we re-



ROSENBOG VILLA

served for that purpose. We arrived at our new home about sundown and served our first supper there in the summer kitchen. The frost was quite severe, winter having set in unusually early that season. The house was damp and cold and we were somewhat fearful of the consequences but none of the family took sick. It took some time to get all my documents moved from the old home and properly filed in my new study, but it gave me great satisfaction to have a place in which the precious material I had gathered could be properly handled and protected.

At the close of the year I journalized as follows: "During the past year I have traveled 4,703 miles of which 1,620 were by rail, and 3,073 by team. I have delivered 124 gospel and historical discourses, including a few funeral sermons, and talked politics 25 times. I have blessed two children, baptized two persons and confirmed three. I have also participated in many gatherings for amusements, including social parties and theatrical excursions. I have administered to a number of sick persons in my travels and also around home."

CHAPTER 27

(1893)

Dedication of the Temple in Salt Lake City—Another short mission to the States—At the World's Fair in Chicago—Garden Grove, Mt. Pisgah and Council Bluffs in Iowa and Florence, Nebraska, visited—Labors in the San Juan and San Luis Stakes.

Sunday, January 1, 1893, dawned bright and beautiful on the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Filled with good desires I commenced my activities for another year. The members of my family at home were looking forward to a happy future in our new country home. My son Andrew was herding sheep and Parley was working at the Templeton Hotel.

In January I visited Weber County in the interest of Church history. After attending the Weber Stake conference Jan. 15th I attended to historical labors in Ogden, Mound Fort, Huntsville, Eden and Liberty in Ogden

Valley, Lynne, North Ogden, Pleasant View, Plain City, Farr-West, Harrisville, Slaterville, Marriott Ward, Wilson, West Weber, Hooper, Kaneshville, Riverdale and Uintah, and returned home Feb. 12th. On this trip I preached many times and attended to my historical labors in the same routine and manner as I had done in other places.

In February I wrote articles for the "Contributor" and also wrote a brief history of the Church for the World's Fair in Chicago which when published became a part of the "World's Fair Ecclesiastical History of Utah, compiled by representatives of the various religious denominations", published by Geo. Q. Cannon and Co. in Salt Lake City, Utah.

On March 3rd I moved my printing office from my 17th Ward property to Rosenborg. In March I rented my 17th Ward property to Sister Eva Hasbrouck; Mrs. Caldwell, to whom we had previously rented it, had been unsuccessful in operating a boarding house there.

Our Rosenborg home was still in an unfinished state owing to lack of funds to complete it.

On April 1st, together with others, I was appointed to serve as a committee to receive recommends and distribute tickets to those who should attend the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple. Bro. John Nicholson was chairman of the committee. Our duty was to guard against imposition and, if possible, detect those who might try to get into the sacred edifice on false pretensions or on tickets belonging to other members of the Church. Our work commenced on April 6th in the forenoon when the first meeting of the dedicatorial services was held. On that occasion the Temple was filled to overflowing and besides the 2300 people who were admitted to the first session, a number of others who had been invited were not admitted owing to the lack of space. Under the direction of Pres. Wilford Woodruff the services were commenced by the Tabernacle Choir singing, "Let all Israel join and

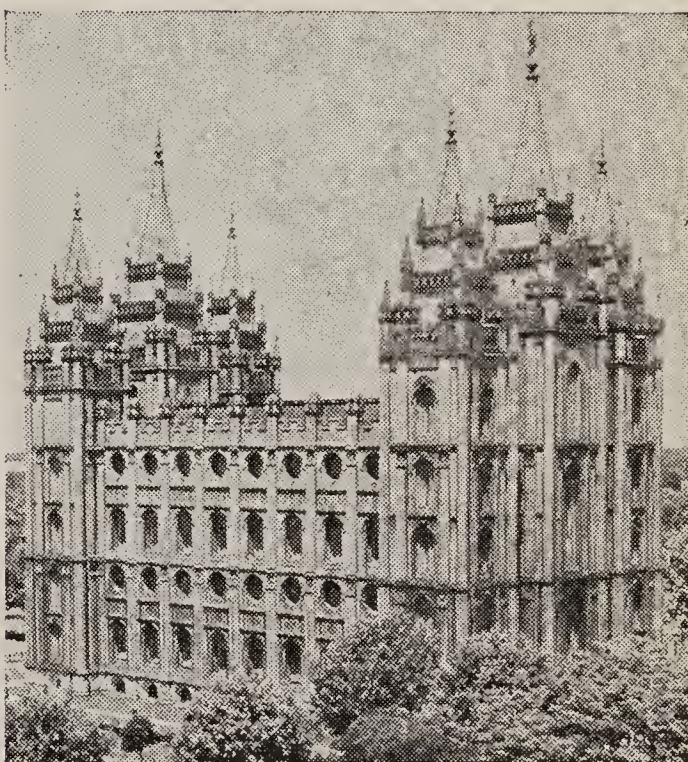
sing", after which Pres. Woodruff made a few opening remarks and then offered the dedicatory prayer, which consumed three-fourths of an hour. After that Pres. Lorenzo Snow led the congregation in the shout "Hosannah. hosannah, hosannah, to God and the Lamb, Amen, amen, amen." These sacred exercises were accompanied by simultaneous waving of handkerchiefs by all the people assembled. The Hosannah Anthem, composed by Evan Stevens, was then sung by the Tabernacle Choir and afterwards the assembly joined in singing "The spirit of God like a fire is burning." Remarks were then made by Presidents George Q. Cannon, Wilford Woodruff and Joseph F. Smith. The latter especially spoke with great emotion and power, alluding in plain terms to the situation of the Church at that time and the great privilege the saints had in dedicating this temple just forty years after the corner stones were laid. He also spoke of the united condition of the general authorities of the Church and of the nature of his own feelings which were deeply stirred, and many of the congregation were moved to tears. In response to a request made by him for an expression as to whether those present felt that the Lord had accepted of the house dedicated, a tremendous and unanimous shout of "Yes" was given. The spirit of God filled the house during the services. The choir sang the anthem "Arise ye Saints," and the benediction was pronounced by Apostle Lorenzo Snow.

Thus was dedicated the largest and most magnificent Temple erected by the Latter-day Saints in the 19th century. Glory to God in the highest.

The prince of the air, as if displeased with what was going on, opened a terrible wind storm, accompanied with hail and sleet; and while the glorious services were going on inside the building, the elements outside roared with such violence and force that the like was not remembered by the oldest inhabitants of Utah. Several buildings were blown down in the vicinity of the

city and much damage done throughout the valley.

In the afternoon, commencing at 2:15, the second dedicatory meeting was held in the Temple, attended mostly by saints from distant stakes of Zion. Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon offered up the dedicatory prayer. Lorenzo Snow led the Hosannah shout, and the choir sang the Hosannah Anthem, assisted by the congregation. Remarks were then made by Geo. Q. Cannon, Wilford Woodruff, and Lorenzo Snow.



SALT LAKE TEMPLE

The dedicatory services were repeated twice a day until April 18th, the different sessions being attended by saints from stakes who had been invited to come on days previously appointed. Some of the sessions were given especially for the benefit of Sunday School children. As an examiner of recommends, I had the privilege of attending nearly all the sessions which were held. Besides the General Authorities of the Church there were a number of others who attended most if not all the sessions, but we estimated that about 2,250 different persons attended each meeting in the Temple, making about 70,000 members, and 10,000 Sunday School children (not admitted on other occasions) who attended. The speakers without any exception spoke with great freedom, and

under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and on many occasions the saints shed tears of joy. Men—strong-hearted men—who had perhaps not wept for years, were melted to tears under the softening and mellowing influence which prevailed, and many whose testimony concerning the Latter-day work was weak previously, quickly waxed strong, and many hearts were led to thank God as they never thanked Him before. The members of the First Presidency, and the Apostles especially manifested that spirit of love, humility and kindness which impressed all who heard their voices. Jos. F. Smith in particular was powerful in all his administrations and spoke (in my estimation) as he had never spoken before. The manner in which he called on the different assemblages to express their feelings in regard to the Temple, and the hearty response which was given, was most impressive. Pres. Woodruff was wonderfully strong in voice and otherwise efficient and inspired during the first days of the dedication, but he finally became exhausted and weary, and was unable to attend the last services. Pres. Cannon, in his logical and original way, advanced glorious doctrines, which made all who heard him rejoice. As to outside manifestations several of the saints testified that they saw angels and heard heavenly voices at different times during the services.

After finishing my labors, Elder John Nicholson told me that I would make a success of anything I undertook to do because of being so thorough in my labors. He also said after we had finished our labors that he never worked with a more faithful crowd of men than those who had assisted during the dedicatory services.

In the beginning of May I planted on my Rosenborg property all kinds of shade trees, such as evergreens, umbrella trees, poplar, ash, elm, walnut and maple; also fruit trees consisting of apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries, almonds, French prunes and quince, together with bushes consisting of gooseberry, rasp-

berry, and grape-vines. If all these trees and bushes grow, Rosenborg Villa will be a lovely place after a few years.

On May 20th I left home on a trip to the Millard Stake of Zion in the interest of Church history. After attending the stake conference in Oasis on May 20th and 21st, together with Elder B. H. Roberts, I visited the following settlements in which special meetings were generally held: Deseret, Oasis, Leamington, Oak Creek, Holden, Fillmore, Meadow Creek, Kanosh, and Scipio. I returned home June 2nd. During this trip I preached thirteen times and obtained historical information. On my return home I discovered that a Bro. Walton, whom I had engaged to sink a well on my Rosenborg property, had struck water on May 30th. We were very thankful indeed for a water supply from that source. The well was 150 feet deep.

In June, after attending a stake conference in Centerville, I visited all the wards in the Davis Stake of Zion, including Bountiful, East Bountiful, South Bountiful, West Bountiful, Farmington, Layton, Kaysville, Syracuse, South Hooper, Clearfield and South Weber, obtaining historical information. I spoke at special meetings and interviewed a number of old settlers.

On June 30th Bro. Franklin D. Richards visited us at Rosenborg, and spent a pleasant day with us. He was pleased with my study and the way I had arranged my documents. From July 20th to Aug. 10th I made a tour in the interest of Church history through the Utah Stake of Zion, on which trip I visited American Fork, Alpine, Pleasant Grove, Lake View, Provo, Pleasant View, Springville, Mapleton, Spanish Fork, Lakeshore, Benjamin, Payson, Salem, Santaquin and Goshen.

On Friday, Aug. 11th, I visited Saltair on the shore of the Great Salt Lake for the first time. This was at that time Utah's most favorite bathing resort. The buildings were erect-

ed on piers four thousand feet out in the lake; it was built by Salt Lake capital, and Salt Lake workmen; its style of architecture was Moorish; its erection was begun Feb. 1st 1893, and it was completed June 1, 1893, at a cost of \$200,000. The total length of all the buildings was 1,115 feet; the width 335 feet; the whole structure rested on 2,500 10-inch piling; the height from the water to the top of the main tower was 130 feet; the lunch pavilion measured 151 by 253 feet; the dancing floor 140 by 250 feet; number of bath-houses, 620; number of electric incandescent lights, 1,250; and 40 incandescent arc lights surmounted by 1 arc light of 2000 candle power. The occasion of this outing was an excursion of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association of the Salt Lake Stake. Pres. Wilford Woodruff and Gov. Caleb W. West were among the speakers.

On August 24th I reported to Bro. Franklin D. Richards, who decided that I had better go to the World's Fair in Chicago and visit some of the historical places in Iowa on my return trip. I wrote the following to Franklin D. Richards:

"Since I last reported my labors to you in writing (Sept. 3, 1892) I have visited the different settlements of the saints in the Weber, Tooele, Millard, Davis, and Utah stakes of Zion, gathering material for the histories of these stakes, including, of course, the different wards and organizations within the same.

I have now visited all the settlements in Utah (the San Juan Stake excepted), Nevada, Idaho, and Wyoming, and there are only six stakes left for me to visit, namely: the four stakes in Arizona, the San Luis Stake in Colorado, and the San Juan Stake in Utah. I was just making preparations to visit the two last-named stakes when you deemed it best to change my traveling program and postpone for a short time my visit to the southern settlements."

Meeting Bro. Richards at the Historian's Office, he set me apart for my special mission to the States, promis-

ing me a successful trip and a safe return, and that the way should be opened up for me to obtain the desired information, and in meeting with leading men of this nation, or other nations, at the World's Fair, I should be blessed with wisdom and intelligence to converse with them with good effect. The next day (Aug. 25), I completed my arrangement for my mission. At the President's Office I was informed that I would be required to assist Bishop Orson F. Whitney with the third volume of his History of Utah. Following is a brief account of this special mission to the United States in 1893:

Mon., Aug. 28. I started on my trip East on a Union Pacific train about 6:30 p. m. After changing cars in Ogden I proceeded on over the main line of the Union Pacific, traveling all night.

Tues., Aug. 29. We arrived at Cheyenne, at 4:00 p. m.; thence I proceeded to Denver, where I changed cars and continued the journey, traveling all night.

Wed., Aug. 30. Arrived in Kansas City at 5:00 p. m.; thence I proceeded immediately by street car and "dummy", 10 miles to Independence, where I lodged with Mr. C. A. Hall, the president of the Hedrickite brethren, who lived in a small house east of Independence.

Thurs., Aug. 31. I went back to Kansas City, after being introduced to the mayor of Independence, and other prominent men in that place. About 11:00 o'clock p. m. the excursion train from Utah arrived, bringing the First Presidency, the Tabernacle choir, and others. I conversed with some of the brethren until after midnight, telling them about the arrangements made for them in Independence; then I secured lodging at a hotel.

Fri., Sept. 1. I went down to the Missouri Pacific Railway yard, where I talked with the First Presidency and others, and then went with the train to Independence, where teams were in readiness to convey the excursionists to the Temple lot. There a hymn, "The

Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning", was sung, after which the audience adjourned to the stone church across the street, owned by the Re-organites, where a short program was carried out, and then the excursion went back to Kansas City. I spent the remainder of the day in the library and returned to Independence in the evening.

Sat., Sept. 2. I went to Westport, now a part of Kansas City, where I conversed with a number of old settlers about the persecutions of the saints. Later in the day we visited Mr. Geo. P. Frisby, one of the Hedrickite brethren, where I remained over night, after administering to his sick daughter. In doing this, together with Mr. Hall and Mr. Frisby, I was led to rebuke the sickness by virtue of the Holy Priesthood I possessed, and the power of God was manifested in a marvelous manner. The next morning the young girl was up and doing well. Before retiring for the night I prayed to the Lord to give Mr. Frisby a testimony to convince him that the "Utah Church", as he called it, was the Church which the Lord acknowledges as His, and that the Elders who represent the same were men of God. We expected that some of the Hedrickites would join the true Church, and I very much desired that Mr. Frisby should be one of them.

Sun., Sept. 3. I accompanied Geo. P. Frisby to Independence, where I preached in the Hedrickite meeting house on the Temple lot. I also spoke a few minutes in their afternoon meeting, in which some extraordinary scenes were enacted. One man jumped upon the stand like a madman, excited in the extreme. Between the two meetings, Mrs. Hedrick, widow of the late Granville Hedrick, refused to shake hands with me because I was a Utah Elder. She said she had made it a rule of her life not to shake hands with any one who differed with her on her views on religion. I retaliated by telling her that I had made it a rule of my life not to argue with any person that would not shake hands with me,

she having made an attempt to introduce a discussion with me. In the evening I attended a meeting in the Re-organite Church building, where Mr. Robinson, the local Re-organite presiding elder made some unfriendly remarks about the saints in Utah by attacking polygamy in a most vehement manner.

Mon., Sept. 4. In the morning I visited the Independence cemetery, after which I traveled 38 miles by rail to Lexington Junction.

Tues., Sept. 5. I took train to Richmond, Ray Co., Missouri, where I met David J. Whitmer and George Schweich and was shown a record book written by John Whitmer. After perusing its pages most of the day, I visited David Whitmer's grave in the Richmond cemetery.

Wed., Sept. 6. I took train at Lexington Junction for De Witt, Carroll Co., forty two miles east, where I arrived about 11:00 o'clock a. m. This is one of the towns where a number of saints resided in 1838, but they were driven out by mobs. From DeWitt I traveled by train 84 miles to Kansas City.

Thurs., Sept. 7. After spending the day at the public library in Kansas City, I took the train for Chicago and traveled all night.

Fri., Sept. 8. Arrived at Chicago, 488 miles from Kansas City, where I immediately boarded a street car and traveled six or seven miles to the World's Fair Grounds. I secured a private room on Drexel Avenue, and then entered the Fair Grounds, visiting the Utah building.

Sat., Sept. 9. I visited the First Presidency who were stopping at the Montreal Hotel on Madison Avenue; and at the Federal Hall I attended the Utah celebration, where Gov. Caleb W. West, Pres. Wilford Woodruff and Geo. Q. Cannon spoke, and some excellent music was rendered.

I spent several days at the World's Fair, and on Sunday, Sept. 17th I called on B. H. Roberts at 1626 Michigan Avenue, and accompanied him to the World's Congress of Religions held in

the Columbus Hall, in the Art Building (not on the Fair Grounds), where I listened to the reading of interesting papers by several very prominent representatives of different religious denominations. I cannot deny that some lofty and excellent thoughts were made by these able speakers on religious points, but after all what do the wise men of the world know about God and true religion without new revelation?

On Sun. Sept. 24th I left Chicago and traveled 416 miles to Lexington Junction, Mo., where I arrived the next day.

I boarded another train which brought me 5 miles to Richmond, where I went to work immediately copying John Whitmer's old record, in the store of Geo. Schweich, who assisted me some in reading proof. Mr. Schweich did not think that the little old book with faded writing was the very book that I had been hunting for, but as I perused it, I came to the conclusion, without telling him so, that it contained all that John Whitmer ever wrote on Church history; hence I was anxious to copy every word contained in it. Mr. Schweich reluctantly allowed me to take it to my hotel where I spent all night copying, and in the morning returned the original to him. I was very pleased indeed to obtain a copy of this old Whitmer record; it is well known that John Whitmer was appointed the first historian of the Church, and it was also known that he, when he apostatized, refused to give up this record to the Church Authorities; and now, when found, we discovered that it contained only a little of historical value. Yet John Whitmer recorded events which are not recorded elsewhere.

Wed., Sept. 27. Mr. Schweich helped me to compare what I had transcribed with the original record, after which I proceeded to the railway station at Richmond, where I boarded a freight train which brought me 69 miles in 11 hours to St. Joseph, the slowest I ever traveled by train.

Thurs., Sept. 28. I took a morning

walk through St. Joseph, visiting among other places the steamboat landing, where I, more than 27 years before, in 1866, had embarked as an emigrant boy on a river steamer, which took me up to Wyoming, in Nebraska. At 10:00 o'clock a. m. I boarded a train on the Burlington Road and traveled 97 miles in a northeasterly direction to Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa, where I met Joseph Smith, jun. (known as "Young Joseph"), a son of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and president of the Reorganite Church. He received me cordially, took me home for supper, and introduced me to his wife, a Norwegian woman by birth. After a long conversation, he took me over to a neighbor, Bishop Kelly, with whom I stopped over night. Lamoni was, in 1893, the headquarters of the Re-organites, who numbered about 900 members in Lamoni and vicinity, almost the entire population of Lamoni.

Fri., Sept. 29. The day was stormy, the wind blowing and the rain descending in torrents. I was told that this was a sample of a genuine Iowa storm. The weather being so cold, Mr. Kelly assured me that Joseph Smith could not be seen on a cold day like this, so I left without seeing him, but learned afterwards that he had been waiting for me. I traveled 29 miles to Garden Grove, one of the settlements founded by the Mormon exiles from Nauvoo in 1846. It is now quite a little town and its location is most beautiful. Here a number of our people died, after their expulsion from Nauvoo. From Garden Grove I traveled 47 miles by rail to Afton Junction, Union Co., Iowa, where I arrived in the evening. I then walked a mile in the darkness of the rainy night along the railway track to the village of Talmadge, where I stopped overnight at a hotel.

Sat., Sept. 30. I boarded a hand-car, and traveled with the section hands on the railway about two miles to the house of Mr. Albert C. White, at old Mt. Pisgah, another one of the temporary settlements located by the

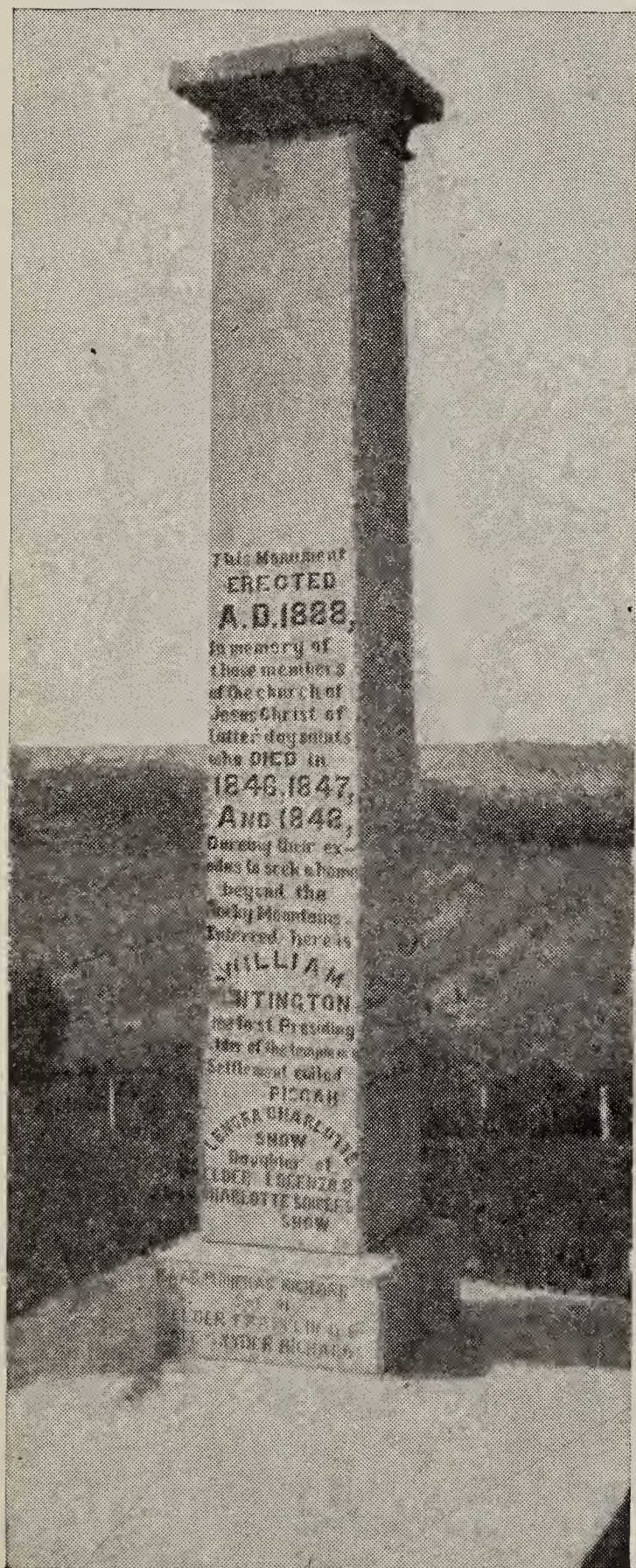
exiled Saints in 1846. On this hill nearly one hundred and fifty of our people lie buried—people who fell as martyrs by the wayside when a wicked and ungodly mob drove the saints away from their beautiful Nauvoo. There is nothing left of Mt. Pisgah, so far as a town is concerned, but about an acre of the old cemetery had been fenced, and in the center of this enclosure a monument was erected by

loving hands, about five years before. Mr. White, who is a friend of our people, and who erected the monument from means gathered in Utah, received me very kindly, together with his family. I hoped they would soon become members of the Church. After walking about on the historical ground and conversing with the family, Mr. White hitched up his team and took me 5 miles to Afton Junction, where I boarded the train and traveled 13 miles to Creston, the new county seat of Union County. Here I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Wm. H. Lock, once a Mormon, and one of the old and first settlers of the country.

Sun., Oct. 1. At 2:00 o'clock in the morning I boarded a train and traveled 103 miles to Council Bluffs, where I arrived at the break of day. I walked about two miles to Graham Avenue, where I found the residence of Frank Holliday, with whom the Elders of the Iowa Conference made their headquarters. Here I met Elder Geo. P. Marshall, president of the Iowa Conference, and two other Elders, and was informed that this was the day of holding conference. The brethren were glad to have me visit them on so opportune an occasion. I then attended the conference which was held in a hall on Broadway. Three sessions were held and I addressed the congregation in the afternoon and evening. About a dozen Elders from Utah were present.

Mon., Oct. 2. I spent the day visiting old landmarks in and around Council Bluffs, and copying from historical works at the public library. In the evening, agreeable to appointment, I lectured on Church history to a small audience in the same hall where we had held conference the day before.

Tues., Oct. 3. Accompanied by Elder Marshall I went by street car to Omaha, crossing the Missouri River; thence I walked several miles to Florence, where we spent part of the day visiting old landmarks, the old Mormon cemetery, the site of the mill built by the exiles from Nauvoo in 1846, and



PIONEER MONUMENT
AT MT. PISGAH, IOWA

other places of interest, and returned to Council Bluffs to spend the night.

Wed., Oct. 4. I spent the forenoon in company with Elders Marshall and Butterworth at the public library at Council Bluffs, and at 2:00 p. m. I left that city homeward bound on the Union Pacific flyer, traveled all night, and arrived the next day at Rock Springs, 833 miles from Council Bluffs, where I stopped several hours to obtain historical information concerning the branch of the Church. Bishop Joseph Soulsby and others gave me the needed data.

Fri., Oct. 6. At 2:00 o'clock in the morning I boarded the Atlantic Express and continued my journey home, arriving in Salt Lake City about noon.

During my absence on this short mission to the United States I traveled in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, covering a distance of about 4,200 miles. I preached four times, namely, once in Independence and three times in Council Bluffs, and was successful in obtaining considerable historical information which was needed for Church history, including the copy of the old Whitmer record. I also conversed with quite a number of people about religion and had an enjoyable time throughout.

On Nov. 5 I traveled by train to Pleasant Valley Junction, on a short trip to the settlements of the saints in Pleasant Valley. Arriving there I learned that there was no train that day for Scofield, the place of my destination, it being Sunday. Consequently I started out on foot to walk 16 miles, but after walking just 12 miles in 3 hours, I was so tired that I could proceed no further without resting. This made me too late in Scofield for attending the afternoon meeting, but I attended meeting in the evening. This walk taught me a lesson. I was supposed to be a good walker in my younger days, and I had met quite a number of people who boasted that they could easily walk four English miles in an hour and keep it up all day, and I thought, in starting out from

Pleasant Valley Junction to walk the 16 miles to Scofield that I could certainly keep up that pace for four hours. After my unsuccessful attempt to do so, I have ever since doubted the possibility of a man possessed of ordinary physical strength and endurance walking at that pace all day. Having completed my labors in Scofield and Winter Quarters I returned home on Nov. 8th.

I received the following:

Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 3, 1893.
Elder Andrew Jenson,

Dear Brother:

Replying to your favor of Oct. 9th, in which you ask if we have any special instructions to give you in relation to your labors in the various stakes of Zion which you from time to time visit, we will say that we desire you in your travels and visits to magnify your calling as a minister of the truth, exhorting the people to righteousness, preaching the gospel, and instructing them in the principles of eternal life. You are a Seventy, and as such should never neglect any occasion of doing good, but should avail yourself of every opportunity to build up the Kingdom of God and to strengthen the saints. We have no special message for you to bear only to have you go in the spirit of your calling, as a herald of salvation, and bless, encourage and correct the saints.

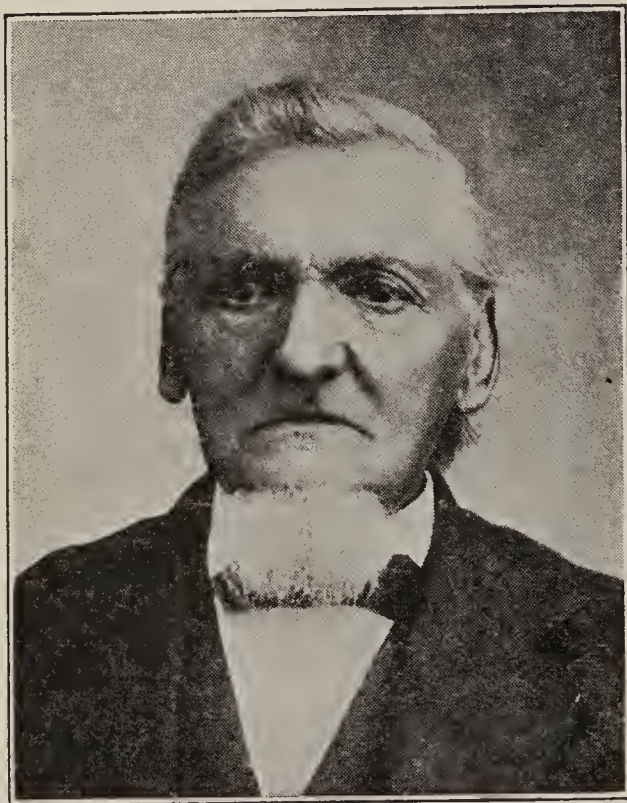
May the Lord make you instrumental of continued good, is the prayer of your brethren,

Wilford Woodruff,
George Q. Cannon,
Joseph F. Smith.

On my return I found great rejoicing in Salt Lake City over the result of the election, the Citizens ticket winning and the Liberals being defeated in the municipal election on Nov. 7th. The vote for members of the next Legislature showed a large gain for the Republicans. In many of the states of the Union the Republicans scored great victories.

On Friday, Nov. 10, I left home on a trip to the San Juan and San Luis stakes. I traveled by R. G. W. train, 213 miles to Thompson's Springs, from which place I traveled by team to Moab, where I arrived in the evening

of the 11th. I attended three meetings at Moab on Sunday the 12th, and commenced my historical labors there on the same day. On the 13th, Apostle Brigham Young and F. A. Hammond arrived in Moab and in company with these brethren I left Moab on the 13th and camped for the night in a grove of cedars, near Hatch's Wash. The next day we arrived at Monticello, where meetings were held. On the 15th we continued the journey; Apostle Young and his companion started for Mancos, Colorado, while I attended to historical labors in Monticello, and then proceeded to Verdure, a small settlement on South Montezuma Creek, where I stopped over night. On the



BISHOP JENS NIELSEN

16th I traveled 44 miles in a south-westerly direction to Bluff, where I lodged with Bishop Jens Nielsen, receiving a full-hearted reception. I spent two days in Bluff, engaged in historical labors, during which we also crossed the San Juan River to visit some remarkable cliff dweller ruins, in one of the canyons. There were sixteen rooms in these ruins. I spent a very pleasant Sunday with the saints in Moab and in my preaching was blessed abundantly. After the evening meeting Bishop Nielsen surprised me by handing me \$11.00 in cash, which he

had collected for me to help bear my traveling expenses, and be it here said to the credit of the good saints at Bluff, that this was the first time that the presiding officers in any of the settlements of the saints had taken steps to raise means to assist me on my travels. God bless Bishop Nielsen and the saints in Bluff for their generosity. I really needed the money, as I had not wherewith to bear my traveling expenses from Mancos to the San Luis Stake of Zion, where I had to go by rail.

On Monday, Nov. 20th, I started from Moab early in the morning, in company with Bro. David Edwards, who had been called on a special mission to take me to Olio, or Burnham, New Mexico, the next settlement of the saints on my route of travel, 90 miles distant. We traveled up the San Juan River about 25 miles, thence across the country to the Mancos River, 30 miles, where we arrived at 10:00 o'clock p. m. We camped in a patch of dry willows, and made our bed in the sand. On the 21st we continued our journey after crossing the Mancos, and after traveling through a romantic country 35 miles, we arrived at the Burnham Ward on the San Juan River in New Mexico at 4:30 p. m. The brethren whom I had expected to meet me there, had not yet returned to Mancos from conference. We lodged at the home of Bishop Burnham, he himself being away to attend conference. In the evening I addressed a young people's meeting at Burnham. The following day (Nov. 22nd) I addressed an appreciative audience of saints and strangers at the Burnham meeting house.

On Thursday, Nov. 23rd I continued my historical labors at Burnham, or Fruitland. In the afternoon Apostle Brigham Young, the stake presidency, and others, arrived, but they, being tired, requested me to address the meeting appointed for the evening. I spoke on the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph and both saints and friends listened with wrapt attention.

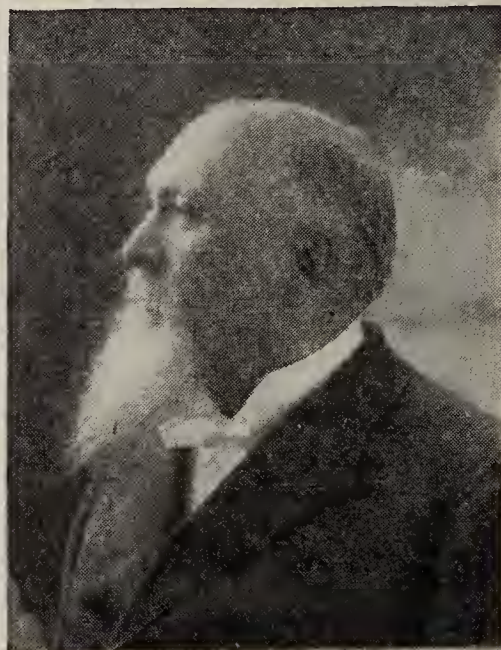
On the 24th, after interviewing Elder Ira Hatch and others, I left Fruitland, in company with Elder Charles Willden, who volunteered to take me to Mancos. We traveled that day 17 miles, and lodged with Elder F. Archie Young, the president of the La Plata Branch. We spent the evening getting information about the branch, and on the 25th we continued our journey and traveled about 37 miles to the sawmill in Cherry Creek Canyon. It commenced to snow in the afternoon, and continued until late in the night, when there was six inches of snow on the ground. The night was very cold, and not having sufficient bedclothes to keep us warm, we sat up by the fire in a tent, part of the night. The tent was occupied by two young men who were logging for the sawmill. This was a rough experience for us. On Sunday, Nov. 26th, we left our cold camping place early in the morning and traveled 10 miles to Mancos, where we were "thawed out" in the hospitable home of Elder Charles Willden, and in the afternoon we addressed the saints in their general meeting. I stopped over night, by invitation, with Elder Søren Jensen. On the 27th we spent all day at Bishop Hall's house, with old settlers and secretaries to get historical information. In the evening I addressed a good-sized audience of saints and strangers in the saints' meeting house at Mancos. On the 28th I traveled with Elder Willden and boy, and two teams, 30 miles to Durango, where we stopped over night with Jos. S. Smith, after spending the evening until a late hour getting historical information from Bro. Smith, who had figured prominently in the settling of Mancos and the La Plata Branch. On Wednesday, Nov. 29th, at 8:00 a. m. I left Durango on the D. & R. G. railroad, and traveled 171 miles over the mountains to Antonito, Conejos County, Colorado, where I arrived at 6:00 p. m. Making inquiries I found a member of the Church, a Bro. Dempsey, with whom I stopped over night. About 3:00 o'clock in the morning we were

awakened by the cry of fire and getting up we witnessed the burning of a two-story building known as the elevator, a grain depository, in which 100,000 pounds of oats was stored. The crowd which had gathered could do nothing to put out the fire, as there was no water in town; the inhabitants were getting their winter's supply of water by hauling it in barrels from the river. In getting too close to the fire and afterwards becoming exposed to the cold, I caught a severe cold with which I suffered for several days. On Thursday, Nov. 30th, after spending part of the day in Antonito, writing letters to the "Deseret News", I traveled with a brother in the Church, 10 miles to Manassa, where I lodged with Pres. Silas S. Smith. Before retiring for the night, Sister Smith gave me a strong dose of cayenne pepper, which made me sweat, and somewhat relieved my cold. On Friday, Dec. 1st, I commenced my historical labors in the house of stake president Albert R. Smith. Still suffering with cold, a second dose of cayenne pepper was taken before I went to bed.

Saturday, Dec. 2nd was a sample day for San Luis Valley winds. It blew hard enough all day to make nearly all old residents keep inside their houses. Walking a few blocks from my lodging place to Pres. Smith's house, I continued my historical labors. During the day I added to my cold, having to face the wind, which was still blowing when I returned in the evening. On Sunday, Dec. 3rd I spoke for about an hour in the afternoon meeting at Manassa, though with great exertion. In the evening I felt somewhat better and again addressed the congregation, (consisting mostly of young people) on the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. I spent the day of the 4th in meeting with the old settlers in the Manassa tabernacle and in Judge Peterson's office. Toward evening Bro. Martin Christensen took me over to Sanford, 8 miles, with a light team, where I, in the evening, addressed an appreciative audience

for nearly two hours. I stopped over night at the house of Bishop Søren C. Bertelsen, though the Bishop was absent from home. On Dec. 5th I met with the secretaries, old settlers and others, at Bishop Bertelsen's house; then, in a light wagon, with Elder Jens Jensen as driver, I traveled 25 miles in a southeasterly direction, crossing the Conejos and Rio Grande rivers, facing a bitter wind nearly all the way, to Eastdale, a small settlement lying near the foot of the Ute Mountain. A meeting was immediately called and although I could hardly speak above a whisper when I commenced talking, my voice gradually came back, and we had a good meeting, held in a small, poorly-lighted log house. We stopped for the night with Sister Jensen, a plural wife of my old friend Christen Jensen. The next day, Dec. 6th, after spending a few hours in meeting with the old settlers of Eastdale, Bro. Jensen and I started on our return journey. We crossed the Rio Grande on a new bridge and took a new road to Cerritos, or Los Cerritos, a village situated three miles southeast of Manassa. Thence we traveled on to Manassa, where we stopped over night with Judge L. M. Petersen. I spent Dec. 7th in Judge Petersen's office in Manassa, and toward evening I traveled by team to Mountain View, where I held a meeting with a small branch of saints in a little log house in the evening. Sister Price, wife of Bro. Price, where I stopped over night, treated me for my cold from which I was still suffering. On Friday, Dec. 8th Bro. Ball, president of the Mountain View Branch, took me 16 miles to Fox Creek, way up in the mountains west of the valley, on the Conejos River, where I spoke to an appreciative audience in the evening, the meeting being held in a comfortable log school house. I stopped over night with a Bro. Vance, the president of the Fox Creek Branch. On the 9th of December, after attending to historical labors in the forenoon at the house of Bro. Vance, where a few invited friends met me for that

purpose, I was taken by Bro. Vance in a wagon 12 miles down the Conejos River to Antonito. On our way we passed through several Mexican villages, and at San Rafael, one of these, I got permission to enter a regular Mexican dwelling in order to see how the Mexicans live. From Antonito I traveled 15 miles by rail to La Jara,



APOSTLE JOHN HENRY SMITH

where Bro. Hans C. Heiselt, an old friend, met me with horse and buggy and took me to Sanford, where I stopped with him over night. I was told that the cold with which I was suffering was a severe attack of the Colorado la grippe, with which the people in this cold windy valley suffered frequently. On Sunday, Dec. 10th, I addressed a large congregation in the Sanford meeting house, at the request of Apostle John Henry Smith, who happened to be in the Valley, and who, together with the stake presidency had come over from Manassa to hear me preach. I spoke about the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph, but labored under a severe cold and hoarseness. After the meeting I asked Bro. Smith to administer to me, and use his influence with the heavens in my behalf, as I was getting tired of this terrific cold, which had made my labors in the San Luis Stake of Zion so hazardous and difficult. Bro. Smith complied with my request cheerfully, and at the house of Bishop Bertelsen, after the

meeting, he blessed me and rebuked the disease, from which administration I found immediate relief. Bro. Smith's sympathy for me was evident, and he felt impressed to rebuke the evil, that preyed upon me, with power. In the evening Bro. Christen Jensen took me to Richfield, where I preached to a good-sized audience for about two hours.

Monday, Dec. 11th was my birthday (43 years old). I spent the day in Richfield, in session with old settlers and secretaries. In the evening one of the brethren took me 8 miles to Morgan, a branch of the Church belonging to the Richfield Ward, where I preached in the evening. On Dec. 12th after attending to historical labors I traveled 35 miles in a one-horse buggy via Alamosa to Mount Blanco, where I spoke to a few people in the evening. On the 13th a team took me about five miles to the so-called Church Ranch, on the Zopato Creek, in charge of Jesse J. Smith. There I spent part of the day getting historical information, and in the afternoon I was taken by team 24 miles back to Alamosa, where I boarded the train, and traveled 86 miles to Salida. Here I changed cars and continued the journey to Salt Lake City, where I arrived on Dec. 15th, in the afternoon.

I had been away on this trip five weeks, during which I had traveled 1532 miles, including 547 miles by team. I preached 22 times, and gathered material for the history of the San Juan and San Luis stakes of Zion. Never before in any of my former travels have I suffered such inconvenience from cold as I did in the San Luis Valley, but I filled all my appointments, delivered my message to the people, and was treated with kindness and hospitality everywhere. There were a large number of southern people in San Luis Valley. Southerners as a rule are very hospitable, and I was the recipient of that hospitality; they gave freely of the best accommodations they had, but their homes were, in many instances, not comfortable,

nor convenient, and their food not always palatable to a man not used to their ways. Not only did these good saints of the San Luis and San Juan stakes show me hospitality while I was with them, but they raised means wherewith to defray my expenses back to Utah. Heretofore I had borne my own expenses, as neither the Church nor any other party had been asked to assist me financially. I had now visited all the settlements of the saints in Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, and Colorado, and partly in New Mexico, and there was now only Arizona left, and the settlements of the saints in Mexico and Canada.

After my return home I attended to some private business and arranged the notes which I had gathered in my travels to be used in the future compilation of history. With the exception of a pain in my side, I was well again at the end of the year, the Colorado la grippe having left me. My family were all well. During the year I had traveled 8,950 miles, including 6,428 miles by rail, and 2,209 miles by team. I had preached 114 times.

CHAPTER 28

(1894)

Visit to the Snowflake and St. Johns Stakes—
Travels in Mexico—In the St. Joseph and
Maricopa Stakes—My first visit to California.

Under date of Jan. 1, 1894, I wrote the following: Another year has dawned and mankind is looking forward for better times.

My family had grown tired of country life and agreed if I would move them back to the city, that they would be content with city life for the rest of their days. On January 13th I reported my labors during my recent trip to the San Luis and San Juan stakes of Zion to Historian Franklin D. Richards, and I offered my Rosenberg property to the Church, if it was needed as a repository for books and documents, which the crowded condition at the Historian's Office made it impossible to take care of properly. My offer in this regard, however, was not accepted. Hence the building of

Rosenborg resulted in a loss to me of something like \$6,000, after a prolonged law suit.

On Feb. 3rd I left home on an extended tour of Arizona and Mexico. I traveled by rail, via Colorado Springs, La Junta, Santa Fe, and Albuquerque, to Holbrook in Arizona, where I arrived Feb. 7th. At Holbrook I found John R. Hulet, the superintendent of the Arizona Mercantile Institution, and two or three other brethren who lent me a horse on which I rode to St. Joseph, 12 miles distant. Here I was kindly received by Bishop Bushman. Jesse N. Smith, president of the Snowflake Stake joined me during the day, and we attended meeting in St. Joseph in the evening. We spent the following day meeting with the old settlers of St. Joseph and the secretaries, gathering historical data. We also visited the site of Obed. On Feb. 10th, in company with Pres. Jesse N.



PRESIDENT JESSE N. SMITH

Smith and his counselor Joseph S. Richards, I traveled 25 miles down the Little Colorado River to the deserted settlements of Sunset and Brigham City to look at the ruins of these places. The day was cold and the wind, blowing fiercely, terminated in a blizzard and snow storm towards evening.

On our journey we called to warm ourselves by the fire of one of the dirtiest and most miserable specimens of humanity imaginable. He hailed from Texas and lived in a deserted engine house near the railroad track. He was traveling from Texas to California, but as his horses had given out, he was compelled to spend the winter in the desert, and when we called on him, he told us that he was waiting for the "grass to rise" before he could continue his journey. He had neither money nor food. We returned to St. Joseph in the evening, having traveled fifty miles during the day. We spent Sunday, Feb. 11th, in St. Joseph, meeting with the saints in their meetings. Traveling with Pres. Smith and Lorenzo H. Hatch I journeyed on Feb. 12th 24 miles via Holbrook to Woodruff, where we attended meeting in the evening. The next day (Feb. 13th) we spent mostly with the old settlers and secretaries at Woodruff, and towards evening we started for Snowflake, 21½ miles from Woodruff, where I stopped with Pres. Smith, who made me welcome. Bro. Smith had filled two missions to Scandinavia presiding over the Mission. He was a true friend of the Scandinavian people, and while filling his missions in northern Europe he acquired a better knowledge of the Danish language than any other man known among the American missionaries who filled missions in that part of the world. In traveling with him, and visiting all the settlements of the saints in the Snowflake Stake, he insisted, that I should do most of the speaking in the meetings which we held. On our travels he caught a cold, and I jokingly remarked that he got hoarse through hearing me speak. In regular succession, and in Bro. Smith's company, I visited Taylor, Pinedale, Juniper, Adair, Ellsworth, Fairview and Woodland in the interest of history but I did the bulk of my historical labors at Snowflake where I was the guest of Pres. Smith.

On Sunday, and Monday, Feb. 25th and 26th, I attended conference in

Snowflake, at which I did considerable speaking. One meeting was held specially in my honor at which a splendid program was carried out. By special request I gave a song entitled "Sam Owens", composed by Elder C. C. A. Christensen, and an acrostic was composed by Sister Ruth Hatch, the beginning of each line perpendicularly commencing with letters to form the following: Andrew Jenson, Church Historian. Another composition, written in my honor, was by Mrs. Annie H. Kartchner. After the entertainment in the stake house nearly all those present repaired to the Flake Brothers Hall, where old and young engaged in dancing until a late hour. I remained with the company until midnight and danced several times. I was practically overwhelmed by the honor which was shown to me in appreciation of my labors and activities in gathering material for the history of the Snowflake Stake. Before I left Snowflake, Bro. Lorenzo H. Hatch, who was a Patriarch and also acted as first counselor in the stake presidency, gave me an inspired patriarchal blessing.

On Feb. 27th I took leave of my warm-hearted friends in Snowflake and traveled with Bro. Wm. H. Gibbons who had come for me from the St. Johns Stake, accompanied by Andrew J. Platt and Bishop C. P. Anderson of St. Johns. With these brethren I traveled 35 miles to Erastus on Concho Creek, where I spoke in the evening to an appreciative audience and spent the night with Bishop Christopher Jensen Kempe. The next day (Feb. 28th) was spent in meeting with the old settlers and others at Bishop Kempe's house at Erastus, getting historical information, and in the afternoon we started for St. Johns, 16 miles distant, where in the evening I addressed a fine audience in the St. Johns meeting house. I made my home with Bishop C. P. Anderson.

On Thursday, March 1st, I commenced my historical labors on the upper floor of the St. Johns tithing office, and on the 2nd met with the old

settlers and secretaries of St. Johns obtaining much historical data. On Saturday, March 3rd, I addressed the young people in their conference and later the Y. L. M. I. A. At St. Johns, as at Snowflake, I was shown attention and honors by the kind-hearted members of the Church, including the presiding brethren, who did all they possibly could do to make me comfortable and feel at home. In the evening a concert and dance was given in my honor in the stake house. The program consisted of songs, recitations and speeches. I again sang "Sam Owens" and during the exercises I was handed a lengthy poem written in my honor by Mary E. D. Farr, wife of Elder Farr, formerly Bishop of St. Johns Ward and an accomplished lady. An old friend, Sister Claudine Jensen, who knew me from my first mission to Scandinavia in 1873-75, handed me the following:

"It affords us great pleasure to meet with our esteemed brother and friend Andrew Jenson on this occasion, and we truly feel to welcome you in our midst. Although our acquaintance perhaps is slight, or of short duration, we feel indeed that there is a tie which binds us closely together. Realizing that we are the children of the same heavenly parentage we fully understand that our interests are mutual, and therefore we are much interested in your welfare as a historian, and we feel in our hearts to say: May God bless you in your labors and in your travels and may your work be made easy by the assistance of kind friends. It is now 20 years since our beloved brother went on his first mission to his native land, and there laid the foundation for his future career, and now he holds a position of responsibility in the Church of Christ. We surely believe that when his history is written it will be of great interest to all. We conclude by saying that we appreciate your visit very much and also your kind advice given unto us, and we hope that you will feel that you have come among your friends and that we may have a time of rejoicing long to be remembered."

The evening was spent in a most pleasant manner. Most of the saints of the settlement and a number of

visiting brethren and sisters from surrounding settlements were present. I addressed the assembly a short time. After the program I joined with the people in the dance until midnight.

On Sunday and Monday, March 4th and 5th, a quarterly conference of the St. Johns Stake was held, during which the spirit of God rested mightily upon his servants who addressed the audiences.

On Tuesday, March 6th, in company with Pres. Wm. H. Gibbons and young David Oveson, our teamster, I started for Ramah, New Mexico, at 9:00 a. m. We traveled that day forty miles in a northeasterly direction and camped for the night in a clump of cedars, ten miles west of the Zuni village. The next day (March 7th) we continued our journey, passed through the Zuni village, and traveled 35 miles to Ramah where we held a meeting in the evening. The next day (March 8th) I met with the secretaries and others at the Bishop's house in the forenoon, in order to obtain historical information after which the Bishop took us up to the reservoir and to Savoie Valley to look at the country. At 2:00 p. m. we started on our return trip, accompanied by Bishop James R. McNiel and Elder Wm. A. Johnson of Mormon Battalion fame. We traveled 25 miles and arrived at the Zuni village about an hour before sundown, where we camped for the night.

The Indians at the time of our visit were having a sort of dance or jollification. These, at times, last three weeks, when no white people are allowed to visit with them. But as I had come a long distance, and was anxious to get acquainted with the interior of an Indian village, I asked the brethren to get permission for us to enter. Some of the Indians could speak Spanish and so also could Bro. Wm. H. Gibbons, one of our party. He approached the Indian chief, telling him that we were "Mormon" missionaries and would like to see the Indians dance. At first he gave no consent, but after counseling with other natives

the Indian chief wanted to know if we were all "Mormons", and if we knew Ammon M. Tenney, who had labored as a missionary among them and had gained their love and confidence. The chief questioned each of us separately. Our answer was that we all knew Bro. Tenney. Then another consultation of the chiefs took place and the word came to us "Yes, if you are all Mormons and friends of Ammon M. Tenney, we will let you in". We then spent some time with these Indians very pleasantly as we watched their dancing and singing until midnight. We camped near the Indian village the remainder of the night. During our visit we studied the aborigines with great interest. The men danced almost nude except for a breech cloth around their loins and moccasins on their feet. The women, wearing skirts, danced barefooted.

On Friday, March 9th, we traveled 40 miles to St. Johns, where we arrived about sundown. We spent the evening with a number of invited guests at the home of Sister Kempe, where games and songs were indulged in until a late hour. We stopped overnight with Bishop Anderson.

On Saturday, March 10th, I left St. Johns in company with Elder Gibbons and others and traveled 20 miles to Walnut Grove, where we met the saints of the village who had already congregated together awaiting our arrival. After eating dinner we held an interesting meeting with them and then journeyed 15 miles further to Union Ward in Round Valley where we lodged for the night with Pres. David K. Udall, spending the time until midnight in conversation and writing history. The following day (Sunday, March 11th) I visited Union Ward, speaking in the Sunday School and in the afternoon and evening meetings, being entertained by Bishop Crosby. The next day I met with several of the old settlers and then traveled to Nutrioso, where a meeting was held in the evening, at which more historical information was obtained. I was ac-

accompanied from St. Johns by Pres. Udall and his wife, Sister Udall being the stake president of the Relief Society. I worked at Nutrioso till late in the afternoon, after which we drove 12 miles over the mountains to Bush Valley, or Alpine Ward, where we held a meeting in the evening, and stopped over night at the home of Bishop Heywood. The next day (Wed. 14th) after writing history in the Alpine Ward, we traveled 12 miles to Luna Valley or Heber Ward, where we held a meeting in the evening and stopped over night with J. David Lee. The following day Presidents Udall and Gibbons, Patriarch Platte and others, who had been my traveling companions for several days, started on their return, leaving me to be taken over the mountain towards Mexico. I had become greatly attached to these friends who had treated me so kindly, and appreciated my labors and public administrations. Pres. Gibbons had traveled with me ever since I left Snowflake on Feb. 27th. In the evening of the 15th I addressed a large and appreciative audience in the Luna Valley, or Heber Ward, thus finishing my labors in the Snowflake and St. Johns stakes of Zion. I had almost worn myself out speaking in public and culling history.

On the morning of March 16th I continued my journey with Bro. Wm. F. Brown, who had been called on a special mission to take me to Silver City, 120 miles southward. We left Luna Valley at 10:00 a. m., traveling in a heavy lumber wagon. Proceeding up a steep canyon on the south for eight miles we reached the top of the San Francisco mountains; thence we traveled down a steep and rocky canyon where there was no road worthy the name into the so called S. U. Wash; thence over the hills southward to the head of the Saliz Wash or canyon, down which a few miles we camped for the night in a grove of pine trees after traveling 25 miles. The next morning we traveled about five miles further down the canyon and then took a cut off to the San Francisco River,

which we crossed three times and traveled to Alma, a small mining supply town situated at the point where Mineral Creek flows into the San Francisco. Thence we traveled to Pleasanton, where the saints once had a flourishing little settlement. Here we camped for the night. The valley at this time was occupied by non-Mormons. The next day we traveled to the Gila river which we crossed and then encamped on the south side. The following day (March 19th) we crossed the Continental Divide to Silver City, a celebrated mining town in Grant County, New Mexico, where we camped for the night.

At Silver City Bro. Brown took me to the railway depot, and then started back with his team to Luna Valley. While I was waiting for the train a severe snow and windstorm came up. It lasted several hours. At 10:00 a. m. I left Silver City on the railroad train and traveled 48 miles in a southeasterly direction to Deming, N. M., where I arrived at 1:00 p. m. Here I was disappointed in finding neither team nor word from Mexico for me, but on making inquiry, I found a family named Brown, members of the Church, with whom I stopped for the night, after spending the afternoon writing letters to the "Deseret News". The following day I called on J. Fewson Smith, who had charge of John W. Young's railway affairs and occupied an office at Deming. In the afternoon Apostles Brigham Young, John Henry Smith and George Teasdale arrived from the "Mormon" colonies in Mexico. They were en route to Salt Lake City for conference. The next day (22nd) the Apostles and Elder Robert S. Watson left Deming for Salt Lake City, and after seeing them off I left Deming for Diaz, Mexico, in a lumber wagon with Bro. Charles Matthews and wife from Diaz. We traveled about ten miles and camped in the mesquite. The following day I crossed the boundary line into the Republic of Mexico. At Palomas, a Mexican custom house town, our baggage was examined, and

having no trouble with the Mexican custom house officers we continued our journey and camped at the south end of the Palomas Lake; day's journey 33 miles. After crossing the Casas Grandes river, and traveling 34 miles, we camped for the night in a grassy valley. On the next day (Sun. 25th), we arrived at Colonia Diaz (90 miles from Deming), where I stopped temporarily with Bishop Wm. D. Johnson, jun. At 2:00 p. m. I attended meeting, where I preached an hour or more and again addressed a large audience in the evening, after which I stopped over night at the home of Bro. Wm. D. Johnson, sen. Colonia Diaz is located in a large open valley and contains over 600 saints.

After spending three days meeting early settlers and association secretaries and obtaining historical information at Diaz I left that settlement on Wednesday, the 28th, with Bro. Joseph B. Jackson for Colonia Dublan. We again crossed the Casas Grandes River, passed through the Mexican towns of La Ascension and Corralitos, to the deserted town of Barranca where young Bro. Wesley A. Norton a few days previously had been murdered and robbed by Mexicans. The blood was still seen on the floor of the old ruin in which the murder was committed. On the 29th we arrived at Dublan where I stopped with Bishop Winslow Farr. In the evening I addressed a good audience in the meeting house, an announcement having been given out for me after my arrival. The following day (March 30th), I met with first settlers and attended to historical labors at the home of Bro. Anson B. Call, and in the evening visited Helaman Pratt and others. On Saturday, March 31st, I traveled with Bro. Lake, 16 miles to Colonia Juarez, where I lodged with Bro. Alexander F. MacDonald. En route from Dublan to Juarez I visited the old ruins known as Casas Grandes (Big Houses) where I found Indian pottery, human bones and other relics. On Sunday, April 1st, I attended Sunday School in Juarez,

spoke first to the Primary class, then to the whole school and preached in the afternoon and evening. The next two days I spent in meeting with old settlers, secretaries and others in the basement of the meeting house. On April 3rd Bishop Sevey and Patriarch Wm. R. R. Stowell took me two miles southeast of the town to the mill and to the spot where the first camp of the saints on the Piedras Verdes had stood. On the 4th, having finished my historical labors in Juarez, I visited Bro. Joseph C. Bentley and also Sister Teasdale and the next day Elder Bentley and wife took me by team 35 miles to Pacheco, in the Corralis Basin, where we stopped for the night with Bishop Jesse N. Smith, jun. En route to Pacheco we visited an interesting cliff dwelling. On the 7th, in company with Bro. Bentley and wife, I traveled seven miles north to Cave Valley, where I spent the afternoon visiting some curious and interesting caves. On Monday, April 9th, in company with Robert Vance and Martin Mortensen, I left Cave Valley on horseback for Oaxaca, the only "Mormon" settlement in the State of Sonora. We used eight horses. After two miles travel we came to Geo. C. Williams Ranch, then in charge of Bro. James Mortensen, and two miles further brought us to the Cliff Ranch, then vacated. At this place Sister Thomasen and son were killed by Indians in September, 1892. Eight miles further we came to the Pedro River, where Lord Beresford had a ranch. Thence, traveling through heavy pine timber we reached the top of the Sierra Madres (mountains), where we entered the State of Sonora.

We then traveled down a succession of very steep hills to the Dos Cabazes mines, 7 miles from the summit, and encamped for the night about three miles below.

On Tuesday 10th we resumed our journey over rocky and steep hills and mountains, covered with cedar, maskal cactus and prickly pears. At length we struck a small stream, a tributary

of the Bavispe River, which we followed through a mountain chain, and then found ourselves in the Valley of the Bavispe. We turned to the right below the mouth of the canyon, and traveled in a northwesterly direction to the river which we struck about 10 miles below the town of Bavispe. We then followed the river down stream 15 miles, crossing it 26 times, and finally reached Colonia Oaxaca in the evening, nearly exhausted. We stopped for the night with Bro. Geo. C. Williams, or "Parson" Williams, the main founder of the colony. We had traveled during the day about 40 miles, and had come 80 miles the way the trails ran from Cave Valley. We spent the next day (April 11th) with friends at Oaxaca, gathering historical information, visiting places of interest, and also holding a meeting with the saints in a small log building. This settlement was founded two years before, and the people, being poor, lived in boweries or temporary dwellings. During the previous month they had been organized into a ward, and had just commenced building on their townsite. I stopped over night with Bro. Williams.

On April 12th we waited till 4:00 p. m. for the mules, which were to haul me back to Diaz, to be brought up. Then, after finishing my labors in Oaxaca, I left that place with Bro. James W. Ray. We traveled 10 miles and encamped for the night on the river under a high bluff. On Friday, April 13th, after traveling three miles, we left the Bavispe River and traveled 7 miles over hills eastward to Cottonwood Springs, thence 4 miles up the rockiest and steepest road I ever saw to what is called the "Rooster's Comb", thence three miles to the summit of the Sierra Madres Mountains, when we re-entered the State of Chihuahua. Here we went down hill three miles to Lost Creek, then five miles to Carrates (a ranch), then 15 miles to Panuela (another ranch), and camped for the night about one mile east of the last named place, having traveled during

the day about 41 miles, part of the way over the worst mountain road that has ever been traveled by team. On Saturday, April 14th, in continuing our journey, we traveled a few miles to Ojitos where the Juarez-Oaxaca road comes in from the southeast. We then traveled 20 miles to Scarety's ranch, on the Palatado Creek, from which stream Colonia Diaz gets its main supply of water. Thence we traveled 20 miles further to Diaz, where we arrived at 4:00 o'clock p. m., having traveled 100 miles in 48 hours. In the evening I addressed a small meeting at Diaz, and stopped over night with William D. Johnson, sen., and on Sunday, April 15th, I attended Sunday School and the general meeting, in which I preached, and in the evening I lectured on the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

On April 16th, after finishing my historical labors in Diaz, I left Diaz for Deming, in company with John S. Harris, two young girls, and a non-Mormon friend who was investigating the gospel. We traveled from Diaz with an ordinary team, 30 miles, and encamped for the night in the shelter of a hill, the day being very windy. On the 17th we continued our journey and reached Palamos at 5:00 o'clock p. m. Thence we traveled 4 miles further to Columbus, just over the boundary line in the United States, having traveled during the day about 34 miles.

On Wednesday, April 18, we traveled 33 miles and encamped for the night in a mesquite grove, about 2½ miles south of Deming. On the 19th we traveled to Deming, where I parted with my traveling companions from Mexico. At 2:40 p. m. I left Deming en route for the St. Joseph Stake. I boarded a Southern Pacific train and traveled 110 miles west to Bowie station, where I stopped off and found lodging with the man who kept the mail station. On April 20th I traveled 40 miles with the mail coach to Solomonville, the county seat of Graham County, Ariz., where the half-witted mail driver left me on foot. I walked

nearly five miles to Layton Ward, whence the brethren took me three miles to Thatcher, where I stopped with William D. Johnson, counselor in the St. Joseph Stake presidency.

In the Gila Valley I found that our people had made great improvements since they first settled in there in 1879. I spent Saturday April 21st, in Thatcher, with the stake clerk, Bro. Moody, perusing and culling from stake records in the house of Bro. Wm. D. Johnson. On the 22nd I attended Sunday School and meetings in Thatcher, speaking in both meetings. In the evening I lectured on Church history to a large congregation. The following two days I was busy with the secretaries and the early settlers and others at Thatcher, and obtained the historical information wanted. In the afternoon of April 24th, I left Thatcher, with Pres. Wm. D. Johnson, who took me in his buggy to Central, 3 miles west, where I spoke to an interested audience in the evening. After I had finished my speaking, Pres. Christopher Layton, who had come from Thatcher to attend the meeting, gave me \$10 in cash to help me on my travels, and Reuben W. Allred gave me \$5. Bro. Layton called upon the people to assist me. Pres. Layton seemed very much interested in my labors, and, being very original in his way, he acted from the impulse of the moment.

On the 25th I met with the first settlers and others in Bishop Cluff's house at Central, culling from the records, assisted by the secretaries. In the afternoon, Bishop Jos. Cluff took me via Pima, 7 miles, to Mathews Ward, where I addressed a good sized audience, and spent the evening culling from the records. The next day, April 26th, I met with the secretaries, early settlers and others in the Mathews meeting house, gathering historical data. In the evening Bro. Mathews took me four miles to Curtis Ward, across the river, where I preached in the evening to the people on the importance of record-keeping. I spent the evening conversing with the early

settlers at the house of Moses Curtis, where I also stopped over night. On the 27th I met with secretaries and first settlers and others in the Curtis meeting house, and found the records badly kept and some of them destroyed by fire. At 3:00 o'clock p. m. I left Curtis with a Bro. Thatcher, who took me in his lumber wagon to Bryce, five miles, where I addressed a congregation consisting mostly of sisters.

On Saturday, April 28th, I met in the Bryce meeting house with old settlers, secretaries, and others, gathering historical information, after which Bishop Bryce took me with his team across the river to Pima, where I met Elders Geo. Goddard and Geo. Reynolds from Salt Lake City, and spoke in the afternoon session of their Sunday School conference. On Sunday, April 29th, I attended the Sunday School conference, and by special appointment I addressed a large congregation in the evening, delivering to them my usual message. On Monday, April 30th, I labored with the secretaries and settlers in Pima, whence I was taken via Thatcher to Layton, where I spoke to a large audience in the evening.

I spent May 1st with the secretaries and others in the Layton meeting house, after which I crossed the river to the Graham settlement, where I stopped over night. On May 2nd I was busy with gathering historical information about the Graham Ward. Toward evening Bro. Skinner took me over the river to Thatcher, where I finished my historical labors in the St. Joseph Stake. On May 3rd I spent part of the day with Pres. Christopher Layton, and at 10:00 o'clock a. m. left with the stage for Bowie station (48 miles); there I boarded the west bound train, and traveled 67 miles to Benson. Here I was met by P. N. Lundgren, who took me to his home near St. David. On the 4th I worked with Bishop Lundgren part of the day, perusing records and culling historical information, and in the afternoon I went 3 miles south to the settlement of St. David, where I spoke to the peo-

ple, delivering my special instructions. I did this with considerable exertion, as I was tired and over-worked, lacked sleep and rest, and felt almost sick while doing my work. Later in the day we visited the Macdonald settlement, 2½ miles south of St. David, where I stopped over night.

I may say that St. David is situated near the trail which was traversed by the Mormon Battalion in 1846, and it was also on the San Pedro River that the Battalion boys had their interesting fight with wild bulls. On the Saturday I met again at the meeting house at St. David and finished my historical labors, assisted by Philemon C. Merrill, who had come all the way from Layton by team to help me. In the evening we visited artesian wells, which were being sunk by the MacRae Brothers in the Marcos settlement north of St. David. Their wells were supposed to be the first successful flowing wells in Arizona; water had been struck on their premises the previous 15th day of February. From the wells we were taken to the Benson station, where I boarded the westbound passenger train on the Southern Pacific Railway, and started at 10:00 p. m. for Maricopa. On Sunday, May 6th, after having traveled during the night 133 miles from Benson, I arrived at Maricopa at 3:00 o'clock a. m.; thence I traveled 27 miles on a branch railway to Tempe, where we arrived at the break of day.

From Tempe I traveled by stage 7 miles to Mesa, where I stopped with Bro. Geo. Passey, and then attended Sunday School and the general meeting, speaking in both. And in the evening I addressed a large congregation in the bowery. Mesa is the headquarters of the Maricopa Stake of Zion, and is located in one of the most fertile and beautiful countries I had ever seen. I spent the 7th and 8th of May in Mesa, perusing records and meeting with secretaries and old settlers. On Wednesday, May 9th, Apostles Brigham Young and John Henry Smith arrived at Mesa to attend a spe-

cial conference, which was held on Thursday, May 10th, at which Collins R. Hakes was sustained and set apart as president of the Maricopa Stake. After the afternoon meeting I went to Lehi, where a large crowd of people had gathered on the premises of Sister Macdonald to celebrate the marriage of Margaret A. Macdonald to Søren Chr. Sørensen. They were married by Apostle Brigham Young. Friday, May 11th, was like several of the preceding days, very hot, the Mesa country being exceedingly warm in the summer. I worked in Bro. George Passey's office in the evening, when he took me in his buggy three miles to Lehi, where I preached in the evening.

I spent Saturday, May 12th, with the secretaries and early settlers in Lehi to obtain historical information, after which the brethren showed me several points of interest in the Salt River Valley. I attended Sunday School and meeting at Lehi, whence Bro. Rogers took me to the Papago school house, where I spoke to the Indian Sunday School children, and also to the general congregation composed mostly of Indians. Elder Valenzuela, an intelligent Indian, acted as interpreter for me, while I spoke with considerable freedom. I spent the evening in Bishop Geo. M. Tiffany's house, getting the history of the settlement. On Monday, May 15th, I went to Mesa, where I spent part of the day finishing my historical labors, after which Bro. Passey took me to Alma, where I addressed an appreciative audience in the evening.

On May 15th I addressed a congregation of saints in the Nephi Ward and worked on the records. I then returned to Mesa, where I took leave of the brethren and went to Tempe, where I boarded the train homeward bound, quite tired through over-work, and also oppressed by the heat. I traveled 27 miles to Maricopa station, where, early in the morning of May 16th, I boarded a Southern Pacific passenger train and traveled via Yuma to Colton, in California, whence I was

taken by a tram-car to San Bernardino, where I stopped at a hotel. In the meantime I found a Mr. T. L. Harris, a Reorganite preacher, who took me to a Reorganite prayer meeting, where I spoke a few minutes to the people, who, although claiming to believe in the divine mission of Joseph Smith, were not friendly to my testimony of him.

The next day, May 17th, I visited a few Latter-day Saints of the true order who resided in San Bernardino, and was also interviewed by other settlers of the place. At 3:00 p. m. I left San Bernardino, going by motor train four miles to Colton, thence 58 miles on the Southern Pacific train to Los Angeles, where I rode street cars for tours through the city and had supper with Sister Wollacott. After spending about three hours in Los Angeles I boarded the evening train for San Francisco, and spent the night traveling. On Friday, May 18th, the sun rose as the train passed through Bakersfield, 314 miles from San Francisco, thence passing on through the great San Joachin Valley, in a northerly direction, with the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the right and the Coast Range on the left. Just as we left Modesto, 114 miles from San Francisco, we passed an Industrial Army encampment, said to contain 415 men and women, en route to Washington, D. C. At length we arrived at Oakland, from where the steam ferry boat took us over the bay to San Francisco, where we arrived at 6:00 p. m., and stopped at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. I had traveled 482 miles from Los Angeles to San Francisco. On Saturday, May 19, I spent the afternoon at the mid-winter fair in Golden Gate Park, where I remained till a late hour and then returned to my hotel. On my visit to the Park I saw the Pacific Ocean the first time in my life. At the Park I also met Brother Karl G. Maeser and others from Utah. On Sunday, May 20, I attended Sunday School at 10:00 a. m. and meetings at 2:00 and 7:00 o'clock p. m., at the

saints' chapel on Elizabeth Street. I spoke in all three meetings. Accompanied by some of the brethren, including Bro. Mortensen, resident of the San Francisco Branch, and two missionaries from Utah, I visited the Cliff House, situated on the beach. On Monday, May 21, I left San Francisco at 7:00 o'clock a. m., crossed the bay on the Ferry, and boarded a Central Pacific train at Oakland bound for Utah and home. We traveled all day and the following night, and arrived in Salt Lake City in the evening of May 22nd, 1894. I found all well at home on my return.

On this trip to the South I had been absent a little less than four months, during which I had traveled 4,860 miles, including 3,500 miles by rail, 1200 miles by team, and 92 miles on horseback, and I had preached in public 74 times, and had visited the settlements of the saints in the Snowflake, St. Johns, St. Joseph and Maricopa stakes and in Mexico, and obtained historical information about every organization of the Church in these places. I preached in public as the Spirit directed me, giving instructions in regard to record-keeping. I generally spoke with considerable freedom and seemed to carry an influence with me that caused the saints to rejoice.

CHAPTER 29

(1894—continued)

Ordinance work in the Salt Lake Temple—Visit the Latter-day Saint settlements in Canada—A Tour through Salt Lake Stake.

After my return home from the South I found many things to keep me busy, and on May 25th I went to Rosenborg where I spent the day arranging my papers, assisted by my wife Bertha. On June 7th I wrote the following report to Apostle Franklin D. Richards:

Salt Lake City, Utah, June 7, 1894.
Historian Franklin D. Richards,
Dear Brother:

On the 22nd inst. I returned from my trip to Mexico and Arizona, and I feel impressed to give you a very brief outline of my travels and labors since

receiving my special appointment in April, 1891,—a little over three years ago. Since that time I have visited nearly every branch and settlement of the saints in twenty-eight stakes of Zion in the interest of Church history, traveling 21,617 miles, namely, 12,335 miles by rail, 8,859 with teams, 92 on horseback, 8 by boat and 223 on foot. I have, during the same length of time, preached 484 discourses, mostly in special meetings called for historical purposes. I have now visited every stake of Zion as they at present exist in the Rocky Mountains, besides Mexico and nearly all the “waste places of Zion” in New York, Ohio, Missouri and Illinois. Before receiving my special instructions from you I visited all the settlements in the Bannock, Oneida, Cassia, Emery and Sanpete stakes. After that, in 1891, I visited the wards and branches of the Box Elder, Panguitch, Sevier, Wayne, Summit, Morgan, Bear Lake, Star Valley and Cache stakes. In 1892 I visited the Kanab, St. George, Parowan, Beaver, Malad, Juab, Uintah and Wasatch stakes; in 1893 the Weber, Tooele, Millard, Davis, Utah, San Juan and San Luis stakes, besides visiting Missouri, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska in the interest of Church History (securing among other things a copy of the old Whitmer record). In 1894 I have visited the settlements in the Snowflake, St. Johns, St. Joseph and Maricopa stakes, and the colonies in the Republic of Mexico.

I have now only Canada left to visit, after I get through in the Salt Lake Stake where I am now laboring. I have material on hand for the histories of all the places I have visited, but in preparing and writing it from notes and documents which have accumulated I shall find it very inconvenient to be separated from the Historian's office, as in preparing the histories I shall have to refer to authorities which I have not with me for dates and other information. Could arrangements not be made so that I might have a room, or at least a part of a room at the Historian's Office? The church papers which I have gathered, together with my private library and the works of reference which I have with me, are at present arranged in a fire-proof room, which I have built for the purpose; but it is four miles out of town. In my travels I have over-hauled nearly all the records of the Church in all the stakes and settlements of the saints. A thorough reformation in record keeping is, in my judgment, a thing of the greatest necessity throughout the entire land;

and proper places in which to preserve the records is another consideration. Many stake and ward clerks are negligent in the performance of their duties, others are incompetent, and still others have caused many valuable records to be destroyed.

With high esteem, I remain your brother and fellow-laborer,
Andrew Jenson.

During the month of June I did considerable historical work in Salt Lake City and also in the country settlements around the city, gathering additional information concerning the Church. In August I did some ordinance work in the Salt Lake Temple for dead relatives. In September I made a tour of Cache County, Millard County and other places.

On Tuesday, Oct. 9th, I left home on a tour to Canada in the interest of Church history. I traveled via Pocatello in Idaho, and Butte in Montana, to the boundary line between the United States and Canada, which I crossed on Oct. 12th, arriving at Lethbridge in the afternoon. Here I found two teams from Cardston ready to return home and I made arrangements with a Bro. Williams to ride with him until a team expected from Cardston could meet me. We left Lethbridge at 4:00 p. m., traveled 13 miles and encamped for the night at Mr. Hanks' coal mine on the banks of the St. Mary's River. Next day we met with considerable difficulty until we had reached what is called the Dry Coulee, about twenty miles from Lethbridge, where I was met by Bishop John A. Woolf of Cardston, who, with a light conveyance, took me to Cardston, where we arrived about sundown. I was made welcome and stopped at the home of Bro. Chas. O. Card.

On the road from Lethbridge to Cardston, I came near perishing with cold, and in my distress I purchased a fur coat, in order to protect myself against further sufferings on that account. At once I became busy at Cardston, meeting with secretaries, and old settlers, gathering historical material from all possible sources con-

cerning the activities of the saints in Canada since the first settlements were founded there by our people in 1886. From Cardston I visited Mountain View and Aetna, spoke in several meetings, and returned to Lethbridge on Oct. 22nd. Continuing the journey from Lethbridge on the 23rd I traveled via Great Falls and Helena to Market Lake, where I arrived on the 25th. Early in the morning of Oct. 26th, I left Market Lake (Idaho) for Rexburg, 22 miles distant, where I arrived at 11:00 a. m., and at once commenced the perusing of records. In company with Pres. Thomas E. Ricks and others, I visited Independence, LaBelle, Menan and Lewisville, and attended a quarterly conference of the Bannock Stake, held at Rexburg, which was attended by Pres. Joseph F. Smith. After the conference I was taken by team to Market Lake, where I boarded the railroad train homeward bound. I arrived in Salt Lake City on the 29th. On this trip I traveled 1,820 miles, viz., 1612 miles by rail, and 194 miles by team.

In November, I again took part in politics with Republican speakers, and this time, the election held on Nov. 5th resulted in a Republican victory, not only in Utah, but throughout the United States.

In this month I made a tour through Salt Lake County adding to my historical notes by culling from the records in Brighton, Hunter, Pleasant Green, Granger, North Jordan, Sandy, South Jordan, Herriman, Riverton, Bluffdale, Draper, Union and East Mill Creek. During the trip I delivered a number of lectures and gospel sermons. In December I wrote an article for the "Contributor" on the introduction of the gospel in Scandinavia. On Dec. 17th I went with my horse and buggy to Rosenborg where I worked all day on the Cache Valley Stake history. This was the last service my good old horse "Tony" rendered me. He had carried me thousands of miles, but having been sick for some time he had become useless, and was killed. It

seemed cruel to do away with him after he had rendered me such faithful service.

Thus ended the year 1894, which had been a somewhat eventful year for me. I had enjoyed my travels among the saints in the different stakes of Zion which I had visited during the year, but I had also had some unlooked for experience in dealing with false brethren. Surely the gospel net, in "dragging" for converts in the world, has found among the good fish caught many poor ones that could have been left where they were without loss to the Church.

During the year I traveled about 9,030 miles, including 6,550 by rail, 2,240 miles by team, 92 miles on horseback, and 8 miles by ferry-boat (between Oakland and San Francisco). I preached in public on religious topics 162 times, and delivered 19 political speeches, ordained and set apart several persons to different offices in the Priesthood, administered to a number of sick persons, and did a great deal of historical research.

In 1894 I visited many places, which I never before had visited, among which I might mention the settlements of the saints in Arizona, New Mexico, Mexico, California, and Alberta (Canada). In my travels this year I have, according to advice from Bro. Franklin D. Richards, called upon some of the stakes to assist me financially in my travels. As a rule, this met with a hearty response, and means were furnished me from that source to the amount of \$130.65. This enabled me to balance my budget at the end of the year, though I had met with financial losses and disappointments by finding it impossible to collect many small amounts due me from subscribers to the "Historical Record".

When not traveling in distant stakes of Zion I filled home missionary appointments in the Salt Lake Stake regularly; it is said to my credit that during the 12 years that I labored as a home missionary in said stake I did

not miss a single appointment through neglect of duty.

When the Genealogical Society of Utah was organized during the year I was chosen as one of the directors. Franklin D. Richards was chosen as president.

On the 11th of December I enjoyed a special meeting with a number of my most intimate friends. My wives, Emma and Bertha, presented me with a gold watch, and friends also presented me with tokens of love and respect.

CHAPTER 30

(1895)

Report to the Church Historian—Set apart for a special mission to all the Missionary Fields of the Church—Farewell Parties.

In January, 1895, I attended quarterly conference of the Weber Stake in Ogden and visited a number of the wards in the interest of stake history. I was also enabled to locate the exact spots where the Goodyear Fort and the so-called Brown's Fort on the Weber River once stood.

On Sunday, Jan. 20th, I filled a home missionary appointment in the 10th Ward of Salt Lake City, on which occasion my sermon was taken down in shorthand, and afterwards published in the "Church and Farm" of Feb. 9, 1895. This was my first sermon published in full.

On March 1st I attended a birthday party in the Temple, it being the 88th anniversary of the birth of Pres. Wilford Woodruff. About three hundred people were present.

In March I finished my historical labors in the Salt Lake Stake of Zion.

Historian Franklin D. Richards desired me to continue my work on the index to the history of Joseph Smith as published in the "Millennial Star." To do this work, I spent much of my time in the Historian's Office. I also wrote a history of the prayer circle to which I had belonged since Nov. 11, 1883. This circle was first organized Oct. 3, 1858, with Apostle Charles C. Rich as president.

On April 3rd I wrote the following:

"Salt Lake City, April 3rd, 1895.
Historian Franklin D. Richards,
Dear Brother:

In my last written report to you I gave you a brief account of my labors up to June 7, 1894. Since that date I have visited the settlements of the saints in Canada and all the wards in the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. This actually completes my visits to the stakes agreeable to the instructions you gave me four years ago. With the exception of the Tuba Ward, in Arizona, the Teton Basin, in Idaho, and three or four wards or branches which have been organized since I visited the stakes of which they form a part, I have now visited every settlement of the saints in the Rocky Mountains and those in Mexico and Canada. I have gathered material for the history of every stake of Zion and nearly every ward, branch, quorum and association which now exists or has existed since the organization of the Church.

In my extended travels I have become geographically acquainted with almost every locality and tract of country connected with the history of the Church so far as its gathering places are concerned, including the historical places in the states of New York, Ohio, Missouri Iowa and Nebraska. In order to reach these different localities I have traveled nearly 40,000 miles, of which about 10,000 miles with teams and other slow conveyances. In all my travels, public discourses and private conversation I have endeavored to follow your instructions to the letter. I find that a thorough reform in record-keeping throughout the stakes of Zion is necessary; the public Church records, in almost every instance, are kept in a very imperfect manner; hundreds of the original records kept in older wards years ago have been lost entirely, and others are found in the hands of private individuals and parties who have no right to them whatsoever. I have made an extraordinary effort in all my visits and intercourse with leading men, and the people generally, to emphasize the importance of not only making records, but also preserving them after they are made; and I have given suggestions to clerks, recorders and others as to what ought to be written and what might be left unwritten. My instructions have generally been well received by all concerned, and as a rule I have also been well received personally and treated with due kindness.

During the four years in which I

have traveled and labored for the Church I have been allowed \$100 per month, partly in cash, and partly in tithing orders. But I have expended much of this in traveling expenses and in building a fire-proof house in Mill Creek, mainly with the view to having a safe place in which to keep the documents that I am accumulating for the Church, as well as my own private library. This place (Rosenborg), together with the grounds on which it is built, has cost about \$5,000. I do not wish anybody to say truthfully that I am "growing fat on the Church". I feel the Lord has greatly blessed me in various ways, and that His cause is entitled to my time and what little ability I may possess.

Your brother and fellow laborer,
Andrew Jenson."

On April 1st I baptized my daughter, Eleonore Elizabeth, in the baptismal font in the basement of the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City.

On April 8th my wife Emma gave birth to a male child, whom we afterwards named Harold Howell, a name which has historical significance.

On April 13th I went to the Rosenborg Villa, where I worked all day packing papers and books preparatory to moving them to Salt Lake City, as I considered it unsafe to leave them at the "Villa". I took the documents to my new study in the second story of my 17th Ward home, and for several days I was busy arranging the papers in the respective shelves and pigeon holes which I had provided. I liked this upper room for an office, as it was private and secluded, well lighted and airy, and from the four large windows, two on the south and two on the west, I could enjoy the beautiful scenery and a fine view of a part of the city. I regretted then, very much, that I had ever built Rosenborg Villa, which was too far away from my work, or my home in the city, and it required quite an outlay of money to pay street car fare, or use horse and buggy every day.

Early in April, after considerable deliberation on the part of leading Church authorities, it was decided that I should take a special mission to all

the countries where Latter-day Saint missionary fields had been established. On my visits I should gather material for Church history the same as I had done in the different stakes of Zion.

In the evening of Thursday, May 2, 1895, the following named brethren and sisters assembled in my home by invitation: Pres. Wilford Woodruff, and wife, Emma; Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon and wife; Pres. Joseph F. Smith and wife, Edna; Apostle Lorenzo Snow, Apostle Franklin D. Richards and wife, Jane; Pres. Angus M. Cannon; Joseph E. Taylor and wife; Chas. W. Penrose; Edward Stevenson and wife and Alonzo E. Hyde and wife. Charles B. Felt and wife, Miss Gwyn Lewis, Sister Hannah Bowring and Miss Lottie Davis were invited as singers. My father and mother and younger brother Joseph were also present. Dinner was served in the dining room, after which the presidency of the Church, Apostle Richards and most of the other brethren went upstairs to see the arrangement of books and papers in my library or study. They expressed themselves highly pleased with the order in which documents, books and papers were arranged. On the suggestion of Bro. Richards I was blessed and set apart under the hands of most of the brethren present for a special mission, Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon being mouth. In the absence of the shorthand reporter, Elder Chas. W. Penrose made a synopsis from memory of what was said. I was told in the blessing that the Lord was pleased with my past labors, and that I had been inspired to do what I had accomplished so far in the historical line. The Lord was pleased with my motives, and would continue to prosper me in my labors in the interest of the Church, and that on my approaching mission I should be greatly blessed and have much joy and success in my labors, and no power on sea or on land should harm me. I should travel in safety on railways, steamers, schooners, canoes, on the backs of animals and even on foot,

while visiting the different nations of the earth to obtain the historical information for which I would be searching. I should find friends wherever I went who would administer to my wants and show me kindness in many different ways. I should be blessed with the power of speech, and my words in public and in private should reach the hearts of the honest. I should prove a comfort and blessing to my brethren whom I should meet in the missionary fields, and return to my home laden with rich and valuable information to be used in the future history of the Church. My memory should be strengthened so that I should retain that which I should see and hear while abroad. The angels of the Lord would accompany me in my travels on sea and on land; the Holy Ghost should also be my constant companion and enable me to carry with me that influence which I would need in the accomplishment of my arduous and varied labors. I should greatly rejoice in my sphere and have the assurance that the Lord was with me and was my friend and the friend of my family during my absence; for on my return I should find those I left behind alive and well, and my own life should be spared for many years to come to be spent in usefulness in the interest of God's cause upon the earth.

At my suggestion, Pres. Woodruff then directed Apostle Franklin D. Richards to dedicate the room in which my papers, books and documents (except some taken to the Temple annex) would be kept during my absence. Like Pres. Cannon, when setting me apart, Elder Richards was very fervent in dedicating the room. He promised that neither fire nor any element should disturb or destroy the papers during my absence or after my return; nor should any part of the house or habitation which should be occupied by my family be destroyed or harmed. The Apostle also invoked the special blessing and care of the Lord upon my family during my absence and

promised under the influence of the Almighty that they should be preserved from death, sickness and harm while I was doing God's service in foreign lands.

We then repaired downstairs and enjoyed an excellent evening; a free and pleasant spirit prevailed.

Our infant child (Harold Howell) was blessed by Pres. Joseph F. Smith, assisted by Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon, Apostle Franklin D. Richards and myself. After this Charles B. Felt and the other singers present sang a hymn, and Bro. Richards made some remarks complimenting me for my past labors, and my accuracy in dealing with historical matters. He was followed by Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon who referred to my natural ability as a historian, and was very much pleased with the arrangement of papers and documents in my study upstairs and bespoke for me a very useful career in the future. Pres. Woodruff, after referring to his own methods of journalizing and record-making, spoke very highly of my labors and addressing me directly he told me prophetically that I should be greatly prospered on my mission and be enabled to accomplish all that I had in my heart to accomplish. I should go in peace, return in safety, and have great joy in my labors. He also told me that I had been prospered of the Lord in doing that which I had accomplished in my past career, and in what I was now undertaking, and that great good would be the result; for it was the Lord's will that I should go on this mission and accomplish much good for the Church; the Lord also knew that my desires were good, and I should realize all the righteous desires of my heart, not only on my approaching mission, but during all my future days. Counselor Joseph E. Taylor of the Salt Lake Stake presidency referred to the importance of keeping records and was much pleased with the labors I had performed in the stake. Elder Edward Stevenson referred to his short mission with me to the waste places

of Zion in 1888, and had believed since that time that I would become a most useful historian in the Church. Pres. Joseph F. Smith also made some very friendly remarks. Interspersed with the speeches the singers rendered several interesting numbers and Pres. Woodruff dismissed the assembly with a spirited benediction. Refreshments were then served and the company dispersed about 10:00 o'clock p. m.

Friday, May 3. This morning we conceived the idea of inviting the members of the Old Folks Central Committee and the Council of the 3rd Quorum of Seventy and others to our home in the evening for a social reunion. As a result a pleasant evening was spent.

Geo. Goddard, who acted as chairman in the evening, called upon the brethren present to express themselves in short speeches. Responding, Charles R. Savage expressed himself very feelingly in regard to my mission, and believed I would accomplish a great work in the future; I would meet with obstacles, but I would succeed nevertheless, and return home in safety. Geo. Goddard said this was an important gathering. Those who were present on this occasion might never all meet together again in this life; his heart was full of blessings for me. Arthur F. Barnes said that since his becoming acquainted with me about 13 years ago, our associations had been of the most pleasant character. He looked upon my approaching mission as a most important one and wished me God-speed. Elder Geo. A. Smith, Wm. L. Binder and Geo. G. Bywater also made appropriate remarks.

My turn came next. I thanked the brethren for the good feeling expressed towards me, and felt assured that their good wishes and blessings would materially benefit me while abroad. I had once thought of having my life insured and making my will before taking my departure, but after becoming the recipient of so many blessings and prophetic promises from my

brethren, I had changed my mind and now felt that I could trust the Lord to bring me back home in safety. I also expressed my appreciation of the fact that the brethren who had spoken sensed the importance of record keeping, and in consequence could see the necessity of my approaching mission. Other speakers were John Kirkman, Bishop Nelson A. Empey, Wm. Edgington and Homer Duncan. My father, as the last speaker, bore a powerful testimony to the truth of the gospel and prophesied in the name of Jesus Christ that his son would have a prosperous mission. The little assembly then sang the Doxology, and benediction was pronounced by Elder Homer Duncan. During the last part of the exercises refreshments were served; and the company parted with the best of feelings, all wishing me God-speed and success on my important mission.

On Sunday, May 5th, I attended prayer circle at 9:00 a. m., where I spoke to the brethren about fifteen minutes. I then attended Scandinavian meeting and spoke about half an hour. Being called to the stand in the Tabernacle I spoke about half an hour, being followed by Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon, who praised my labors and energy. In the evening I preached my farewell discourse in the 17th Ward. This made four farewell sermons delivered by me during the day.

On Friday, May 10, 1895, I spent part of the day at the Historian's Office, and received my Elder's license, signed by the First Presidency, with the following sentence added, "that I, by the General Authorities of the Church, had been duly appointed to a mission to collect Church history of foreign missions, and to preach the gospel and administer in all the ordinances thereof." I took leave of the First Presidency, while they were at lunch. Presidents Woodruff, Cannon and Smith all blessed me and wished me God-speed. Later the following special letter of instruction and appointment was given me:

Missionary Certificate

To all persons to whom this letter shall come: This certifies that the bearer, Elder Andrew Jenson, is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and by its general authorities has been duly appointed to a mission to the various nations of the earth, where said Church is established, to preach the gospel, and to administer in all the ordinances thereof, pertaining to his office and to collect information by the examination of records, etc., essential or desirable for the writing and preservation of the correct history of the various missions of the Church, and we invite all men to give heed to his teachings and counsels as a man of God, and to assist him in his travels and historical labors in whatsoever things he may need, or that may be advantageous in the prosecution of his inquiries. And we pray God the Eternal Father to bless Elder Jenson and all who receive him and minister to his comforts, with the blessings of Heaven and earth, for time and all eternity. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Signed at Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, May 9th, 1895, in behalf of said Church.

Wilford Woodruff,
George Q. Cannon,
Joseph F. Smith,
First Presidency.

I received the following from Elder Franklin D. Richards:

“Historian’s Office, Salt Lake City,
May 11, 1895.

Elder Andrew Jenson,
Dear Brother:

Please accept the enclosed certificate of life membership in the Genealogical Society of Utah from the directory thereof, who not only desire that you shall have success in the mission you are about to take, but hope that while absent you will deem it a pleasure to do everything you can, consistent with your other duties, in promoting and advancing the interests of said Society in such directions as will readily occur to you from time to time.

With prayers and love, your brother and fellow-laborer in the Gospel of Christ,

Franklin D. Richards, President of the Genealogical Society of Utah.”

CHAPTER 31

(1895—continued)

Departure for my Special Mission—Voyage to Hawaii—Arrival at Honolulu—My Introduction to Laie—Historical Labors—Visit the Islands of Maui and Hawaii—The Volcano Kilanea—The Island of Kauai—Lecture in Honolulu.

Sat., May 11, 1895. I left home on my special mission.

My folks packed my valises and lunch basket, and everything being ready, I called the family into the library, where I united with them in earnest prayer. I then placed my hands upon each member of my family and blessed them in the following order: Emma, Bertha, Minerva, Eleonore, Eva, Mother-in-law (Fanny Howell), Andrew and Harold. Andrew had just come in the night previous on his road to Soda Springs. In blessing and praying with the family we were all melted to tears and the spirit of God was with us.

At 5:00 o’clock p. m. I left my home, accompanied to the depot by my family and friends. At 5:20 I gave the parting hand to my loved ones, when the Union Pacific Railway train on which I was a passenger carried me away from my family and friends and the city I loved so well. At Ogden I changed cars and then continued to Pocatello, arriving there about noon.

Sun., May 12. Having waited at Pocatello about three hours I boarded the west bound train and continued the journey through Idaho and Oregon. The night found us traveling through the Blue Mountains in Oregon.

Mon., May 13. At 3:00 o’clock a. m. our train stopped suddenly near Dallas City. We soon learned that the engine had jumped the track in trying to plow through the deep sand which, during the night, the wind had blown over the rails. A wrecking train was sent for and a company of men after working hard for some time succeeded in getting the engine back on the rails so that we could continue the journey. After a pleasant ride along the Columbia River, where the scenery is both grand and beautiful, we arrived at Portland at 10:30 a. m. Here I stopped

at the New Grand Central Hotel and spent the afternoon sight-seeing. In my room I poured out my soul before the Lord in prayers for his preserving care.

Tues., May 14. At 9:00 o'clock a. m. I left Portland on a Northern Pacific train and traveled 184 miles to Seattle, Washington, where I stopped at the Windsor House. I had greatly enjoyed the scenery along the road.

Wed., May 15. Boarding a north bound train I left Seattle at 9:00 a. m. and arrived at 3:00 p. m. at Huntington Junction on the boundary line between the United States and Canada. There I boarded a Canadian train to continue the journey. After crossing the Great Frazer River on a fine bridge we arrived at Vancouver, British Columbia, at 6:00 o'clock p. m. where I took a room at the Waverly Hotel. This was my first visit to the Dominion of Canada. The distance traveled was 1,266 miles from Salt Lake City.

On my arrival at Vancouver I found that the steamship "Miowera" on which I had expected to sail for Honolulu the next morning, would not start until the following Monday. This gave me more time at Vancouver than I needed. I spent the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th of May at Vancouver sight-seeing, writing letters for the "Deseret News" and studying at the public library. I also had an interview with the editor of "The World", a newspaper published in Vancouver, who wrote a fair account of the interview which appeared in the issue of May 19th. The proprietor of the Hotel Waverly invited me to take a drive through Stanley Park and to other points of interest. I purchased my ticket for the steamer, paying only \$35 for a \$75 fare. This was agreed upon before leaving home, through correspondence with the steamship company, as I was supposed to write up the trip to Honolulu for the "Deseret News" as a matter of reciprocity. I was also interviewed by the editor of "The News Advertiser", the other daily paper published in Vancouver, who printed a

long account of the interview the next morning.

Sun., May 19. After visiting the suburbs of Fairview and Mount Pleasant and attending a religious meeting of the Y. M. C. A., I went on board the steamship "Miowera," took possession of my state room and spent the next day on board the ship.

Tues., May 21. At 3:00 o'clock a. m. the "Miowera" left Vancouver. Arising early in the morning I watched the scenery as the steamer entered the Straits of Georgia, and passed through what is called the "Narrows" with heavy timbered islands on both sides. We laid to the outer wharf at Victoria on Vancouver Island at 11:00 o'clock p. m. I took a walk through the town of Victoria, which is the capital of British Columbia and had 23,000 inhabitants in 1895.

Vancouver Island, which is about 300 miles long, is the island that was recommended to the Latter-day Saints as a new gathering place when they were expelled from Nauvoo in 1846. Those who were anxious to get rid of our people thought that this island would be a good place for the "Mormons" to live in seclusion. In 1895 it was thickly populated in the south end, while the central and northern part had scarcely been explored and was covered with a dense forest. We continued the voyage at 8:00 o'clock p. m., and as we awoke the following morning we found ourselves on the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean, this being my first trip over that body of water. During the night we had passed out through the Straits of Juan de Fuca into the open sea.

Wed., May 22. I arose early in the morning to behold the broad watery expanse. The night had been somewhat windy and the sea was rolling considerably. At 12:00 o'clock noon, when the usual observations were taken, we were in latitude 47 deg. 20 min. north and in longitude 126 deg. 59 min. west. We had sailed 183 miles from Vancouver and the distance to Honolulu, Hawaii, was 2,172 miles.

I spent most of the afternoon parading the deck and conversing with passengers and some of the officers of the ship.

Thurs., May 23. The day was misty and rainy and while most of the passengers were sick I ate my meals sparingly and avoided trouble. I conversed with Capt. Stott, the chief engineer and a number of the passengers concerning Utah and the "Mormons".

Fri., May 24. The past night was a stormy one and the wind continued to blow hard during the day. I spent most of the day in my berth.

Sat., May 25. After another stormy night we watched the whitecapped waves rolling high. The "Miowera," being a good ship, weathered the storm well. At noon the distance to Honolulu was 1,263 miles and from Vancouver 1,093 miles.

Sun., May 26. The ship rolled considerably during the night as the sea struck us sideways, but this morning the sun showed itself from behind the clouds, which had hid its face for several days. Consequently, some of the passengers who had not shown themselves outside their state rooms for days, came on deck. At noon we were 970 miles from Honolulu. During the afternoon and evening I had several interesting conversations with passengers. The weather in the afternoon was fine and pleasant, but the sea still ran heavy with long, deep swells.

Mon., May 27. The day was fine and sunny. The noon bulletin gave the distance to Honolulu as 651 miles. During the day I was invited into the captain's room where I had a long conversation with him and the purser. The "Miowera" is a fine sea vessel 360 feet long and can carry 180 first class and 60 second class passengers. On this voyage there were 131 souls on board, namely, 37 saloon and 22 fore-cabin passengers and a crew of 82 persons. I was invited by Capt. Stott to deliver a lecture, to which I readily consented. For several days the same request had been made by a number of the passengers. As usual I spent part

of the day in writing and in conversation. The officers of the ship were nearly all pleasant and sociable young men.

Tues., May 28. I arose at 6:30 and took my daily refreshing salt water bath. The morning was beautiful, but the face of the ocean was still troubled as the wind blew briskly. At noon we were within 334 miles of Honolulu. In the afternoon a large log was seen floating in the water. It was suggested that it had either come from the mouth of the Columbia or the Frazer River. The captain explained that logs and trees from the American shores were seen as far out in the ocean as the Hawaiian Islands. This reminded me of the Book of Mormon story, where it says that a peculiar man by the name of Haggath built ships on the shores of America which after sailing were never heard of afterwards, but were believed to have been carried by wind and wave to Hawaii and the other islands of the Pacific. We can easily believe that if timber passing into the Pacific Ocean from the mouth of the great Columbia and Frazer rivers, could be borne by wind and waves to Hawaii, the ships of Haggath could also be brought to the Pacific Islands.

The lecture came off as announced at 8:00 o'clock in the evening. Nearly all the passengers from both cabins gathered in the Social Hall and listened very attentively while I addressed them for an hour and a half. Most of the ship's officers were present, and the captain, who took charge of the proceedings, introduced me to the people. After I had finished a vote of thanks was tendered me, and the captain and several others expressed themselves very well pleased with the lecture and regretted that more talks of the same kind could not be had. I conversed with passengers and the chief engineer until a late hour.

Wed., May 29. Numerous coast birds, indicating that we were nearing land, flittered about the ship. At 10:00 o'clock a. m. the outlines of the island

of Molokai were dimly seen on our left and soon afterwards the island of Oahu was visible on our right. The day was very pleasant and warm and everybody on board seemed cheerful and happy. Since leaving Victoria, we had not seen a ship or vessel of any description or in fact any object of any special interest, except the floating tree the day before. At noon we were 33 miles from Honolulu and 2,331 miles from Victoria. At 1:00 o'clock p. m. we were sailing quite close to the shores of Oahu. Soon afterwards Makapui Point was passed and at 2:00 o'clock p. m. we steamed into the harbor of Honolulu. A number of native boys came out swimming, meeting the ship and performing curious feats in the water, diving for coins which were thrown out to them by the passengers. By 3:00 o'clock the ship was lying alongside the wharf which was lined with people. I looked in vain for someone to receive me and so I walked into the town and soon found the L. D. S. chapel on Pauwaina or Punchbowl Street, where I met Elder Matthew Noall, president of the Hawaiian Mission, who, together with his wife, had come from Laie a few days before to meet me; also Edwin C. Dibble, president of the Honolulu Branch. These brethren had not heard of the arrival of the steamer, or they would have met me at the wharf. It being late, we ate a light supper and retired.

There has been a branch of the Church in Honolulu since 1853, and in 1895 it was the largest in the mission, containing, as it did, 560 members. The branch had a fine meeting house erected in 1888 under the superintendency of Elder Matthew Noall. The main building was a frame structure, 30 x 50 feet, with a well proportioned tower on the east end. Adjoining it was the missionaries' home with four rooms on the main floor.

Thurs., May 30. Bro. Dibble took me with Pres. Noall and family on a trip to the Waikiki Beach, a suburb of Honolulu, where we visited Sister Koleka, the president of the Relief So-

ciety in Waikiki. The walls of her thatched cottage were covered with photographs of Elders and other Saints. We then drove through Kapioloni Park, extending along the beach, toward Diamond Point, and in returning we ascended the hill or mountain known as the Punchbowl, from whose summit a beautiful view is had of Honolulu and surroundings. The ride, covering about ten miles, was delightful.

Fri., May 31. I accompanied Pres. Noall down town and then went to the government buildings alone, where I was introduced to the Hon. Sanford B. Dole, president of the Territory of Hawaii, and had a pleasant conversation with him. He spoke well of our people on the islands. I found Pres. Dole a tall gentleman, dignified in his bearing and intelligent. At 1:30 p. m. I left Honolulu with a mule team, accompanied by Pres. Matthew Noall, wife and three children, bound for Laie. A six mile ride through a fertile valley brought us to the top of the "Pali" or mountain, where the traveler on an exceedingly steep road drops down from an elevation of 1,200 feet almost to the level of the sea. The ascent at this point was very difficult and the descent dangerous in 1895. From the top of the "Pali" the view to the north is grand beyond description. Continuing the journey from the foot of the "Pali" we soon reached the settlement of Kaneohe, where I saw the first rice field and sugar cane field since my arrival. The country was somewhat rolling, but we soon reached the sea shore which we followed to our destination. Just before dark we stopped for lunch under a royal palm tree and then continued our journey to Laie, the Church plantation, arriving just before 12:00 o'clock midnight, having traveled 32 miles from Honolulu through a number of native towns in most of which there were Latter-day Saints and in one, Kahana, there was quite a branch of the Church. I then felt that I was fairly introduced to the main physical features of the Hawaiian

Islands. The day before on my visit to Waikiki I saw the first banana fields, coconut groves, bread-fruit trees, and palm trees since setting foot on Hawaiian soil. On our arrival at Laie we found Sister Burt waiting to receive us, a telephone message having announced our coming.

Sat., June 1. I was introduced to the white personnel of the plantation or the members of the official family at the mission headquarters consisting of 23 persons, including President Noall and wife, Walter Scholes, foreman of the plantation, Melvin W. Harmon, president of the Laie Branch, Alice C. W. Harmon, store-keeper, and Geo. H. Birdno, traveling Elder in Oahu. At Laie I spent much of my time perusing old mission documents and papers assisted by President Noall. I was also introduced to several natives and ate my first poi and mangos. Peace and union prevailed in the mission home and all the brethren and sisters had their special duties to perform; most of them were making good progress in acquiring the Hawaiian language. Sister Noall with her husband, who had performed a very successful mission to Hawaii in 1885-1889, had acquired such proficiency in the language that she was frequently referred to by the natives as the "white Hawaiian".

Besides those at mission headquarters there were missionaries from America laboring on the islands of Maui, Molokai, Lanai, Hawaii, and Kauai.

Sun., June 2nd was my first Sabbath in the Hawaiian Mission. I attended the Sunday school in the Laie meeting house from 8:30 to 10:00 a. m., the general meeting from 10:00 a. m. to 12:00 o'clock noon, testimony meeting in the afternoon and missionary meeting in the evening. With the assistance of Pres. Noall I addressed the Sunday School and general meeting. After the meeting the natives crowded around me to shake hands and I was greeted with many warm-hearted aloha nui's (much love), to which I soon learned to respond in the native language.

After a preliminary perusal of statistical reports, I learned that the Hawaiian Mission (which embraced all the Hawaiian Islands) at the close of 1894 contained five conferences and eighty-one organized branches of the Church with a total membership of 4,048 including 420 Elders, 144 Priests, 142 Teachers, 122 Deacons and 3,220 lay members. In 41 of the 81 branches of the Church there were meeting houses of which two (those of Laie and Honolulu) were fine and commodious structures, and the rest were small frame houses, excepting one or two which were mere native huts with thatched roofs. There were 40 Sunday Schools in the mission, 39 Relief Societies and 28 Mutual Improvement Associations for both sexes. Two general conferences were held at Laie annually, in April and October, when the Zion Elders laboring on the different Islands and many of the native Saints met and spent two or three days together. On the island of Oahu there were twelve branches of the Church, including the two large ones at Honolulu and Laie.

Mon., June 3. The brethren saddled up their three horses which Elders Noall, Scholes and I mounted and we took a long ride around the plantation, starting out at 10:00 a. m. and not returning until 3:00 p. m.. After visiting Laie Point, the rice fields, the cane fields, the mango groves and several native homes, we witnessed the planting and reaping and boiling of the kalo plant and ate some of it boiled, also several mangos.

Tues., June 4. I commenced my historical labors in earnest at Laie, perusing the mission records, reports and other documents, but I soon discovered that the records were kept imperfectly and that it would require a strenuous effort to make a complete history with the material on hand so far as the Hawaiian Mission was concerned. I continued my research for several days assisted by Pres. Noall, John D. Burt and other Elders.

Thurs., June 6. This day was observed as a fast day at Laie and a fast

meeting was held. In the afternoon the Relief Society met in the prayer room of the mission house where I spoke a few minutes to the sisters with Pres. Noall as translator. The natives were warm-hearted and expressed pleasure in having me in their midst. Their "aloha nui" was freely given with a hearty handshake. On Friday, the 7th, I addressed the Primary Association in the meeting house. In the evening, four native sisters and two of the brethren came to the mission headquarters to sing in my honor and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

Sun., June 9. I accompanied Bro. Noall and wife to Kahana, a native village situated 8 miles northeast of Laie in a romantic little valley. At this place there was a large branch of the Church, and we attended meeting with the saints from 10:00 to 12:00 o'clock. I spoke with Bro. Noall as translator. After partaking of a lunch we returned to Laie and arrived there just as the saints were closing their afternoon meeting. The native saints seeing our carriage coming insisted on having me speak to them again in compliance with a promise made the previous Sabbath. Consequently all entered the meeting house again and I addressed them for an hour and fifteen minutes. After the meeting was closed the natives crowded around me, shaking hands and greeting me with their "aloha nui". In the evening a missionary meeting was held at Lanihuli at which I spoke, addressing the brethren and sisters in English.

Mon., June 10. With a view to visiting other islands of the group I left Laie, accompanied by Pres. Noall and his little son George at 6:10 a. m., traveling by way of Tahuka Wainea, Wailua, where we stopped for dinner, 16 miles from Laie, thence through the center of the island via Ewa, Pearl City and Moanalua to Honolulu, 40 miles, the way we traveled from Laie. We arrived at Honolulu at 6:10 p. m. and lodged at the branch headquarters. We had traveled with one of the plantation teams from Laie to Honolulu.

Tues., June 11. This was a national holiday for the Hawaiian Islanders, known as "Kamehameha" day. Horse racing at a park near Diamond Point was the chief attraction. Bro. and Sister Noall and Bro. Dibble and I went to Waikiki with our Laie team, where we attended the Relief Society anniversary. First a meeting was held at 10:00 a. m. in the meeting house at which many short speeches were made by the leading native sisters present, followed by speeches by Sister Noall, Pres. Noall and myself. Money was donated and disbursed and among the disbursements two dollars were allotted to me. After the meeting we all retired to a grove in front of Koleka's house where a feast was prepared, the food being spread on the green; 85 people sat down to eat with the white Elders, Sister Noall at the head of the "table" or mats serving as tables. The food was exceptionally good, consisting of poi, fish, meat, bread, cake and watermelon. I really enjoyed it and the natives seemed to enjoy it hugely. The Honolulu choir members present entertained us by singing several songs for our special benefit. These natives exhibited a love and tenderness of heart such as is rarely met with among white people and they were all much interested in the "maliheni" (stranger) who had come among them. My little speech at the meeting seemed to please them.

Wed., June 12. At 5:00 p. m. Pres. Noall, wife and child and I boarded the coast steamer "Likiliki" and sailed from Honolulu at 6:30. As soon as we got out of the harbor the vessel began to roll severely as a very strong wind blew. Nearly all the passengers were seasick including myself and Bro. and Sister Noall, and their little boy who suffered dreadfully all night. Sleep was out of the question. I spent one of the most miserable nights of my life on board the "Likiliki".

Thurs., June 13. In the early morning I could observe the bright moonlight on the island of Lanai and on the left the island of Molokai. At 8:30

a. m. we anchored off Kanahui and in a small boat belonging to the ship landed on the coast of Maui at the little town of Kahului at 9:00 o'clock. Here we hired a carriage which took us four miles to the upper part of Wailuku to the house of Kuai Aina, president of the Wailuku Branch in the historic valley of Iao, where we met Elders Wm. H. Mendenhall, president of the Maui Conference, Henry Moss and Lewis R. Jenkins, all missionaries from Zion, who were glad to see us and had been waiting for us all day. After taking a wash in the creek and eating a little rice bread and fruit, we spent most of the day conversing with the natives and writing history and descriptive notes of the Maui Conference and its branches. Toward evening Bro. Noall and I visited an old member of the Church in the lower part of Wailuku to glean historical items.

At 6:30 o'clock p. m. we held a two and a half hour meeting at which I was one of the speakers. The fifty natives present seemed highly pleased. After the meeting they came up to examine the relics which I had brought along and to greet us with their usual "aloha" and handshaking.

Fri., June 14. We attended a meeting of the Wailuku Relief Society, which we reorganized, setting apart a new set of officers. After the meeting we attended to some historical labors and then sent Sister Noall and child on horseback to the neighboring village of Waikapu, three miles south, to which place the rest of us walked and where we held a meeting in the comfortable little meeting house owned by the branch at that place. We (the visitors) all spoke at this meeting. After partaking of the hospitality of Mahele, the president of the branch, we bade Elders Mendenhall, Moss and Jenkins goodbye and hired a hack which took us four miles south to Maalaca Bay, arriving there at 1:30, and then waited several hours for the arrival of the steamer.

Sat., June 15. About midnight the

steamer "Kinau" hove in sight and soon cast anchor and sent boats to the shore for passengers and freight. At 1:00 a. m. we were on board and steamed off for the island of Hawaii. At 2:00 o'clock a stop was made off Makena. Proceeding on our voyage at 3:00 o'clock, we sailed along the south shore of Maui, the beautiful moonlight lending additional beauty to the grand mountain scenery. We were soon far out into the channel which separates the island of Maui from the island of Hawaii, and when daylight came, the mountains of the latter island were plainly visible. The passage across this channel is usually very rough, but fortunately for us the wind blew gently and the sea was more smooth than usual. At 8:00 a. m. the "Kinau" was sailing along the west shore of Hawaii and three grand mountains were in plain view: Mauna Loa (13,675 feet high), Mauna Kea (13,805 feet) and Hualalai (8,275 feet). These three mountains, together with their immense slopes, form nearly the entire ground plan of the island of Hawaii. At 10:30 a. m. anchor was weighed and the "Kinau" reversed her course ten miles and at 11:45 a. m. cast anchor at Mahukona. Here Elder Thomas Brimley, president of the North Hawaii Conference, came on board the ship, accompanied by a native companion, Kainuawa. I landed with him on the island and spent an hour or more while he gave me the needed information in regard to his conference which comprised the north half of the island of Hawaii and contained 22 branches of the Church, with 15 Sunday schools, 11 Relief Societies and ten Mutual Improvement Associations. I returned to the steamer, which at 5:00 p. m. weighed anchor and continued her course.

Sun., June 16. We landed at Hilo, the largest town on the island of Hawaii. On the wharf we were met by Mr. Henry West (a half-caste) and a native who had been waiting there all night for us. We were taken to the residence of Mr. West, whose wife was

a member of the Church, and here we received a hearty welcome. We attended meeting with a number of saints who had secured a Salvation Army quartette to render music for the occasion. Bro. and Sister Noall and I spoke and at the close of the meeting returned to the home of Mr. West who declared himself a believer in the principles of the gospel and expected to be baptized in the near future.

Mon., June 17. We left Hilo to make a trip (for which we had arranged the previous day) to the celebrated volcano Kilauea. The road thither took us through well cultivated cane fields, coffee plantations, and further up a dense tropical forest, in which I saw a greater variety of ferns than I had ever seen before. We arrived at the Volcano House at 5:30 p. m., too late to visit the volcano that evening, but I set out to climb what appeared to me to be a neighboring hill; but judge my surprise, when I was informed that the "hill" was Mauna Loa, the greatest mountain on Hawaii, and its summit 25 miles away. The clearness of the atmosphere caused me to mistake the distance. From the Volcano House Hawaii's other great mountain, Mauna Kea, was in clear sight, although its summit was thirty miles away.

The Volcano House is located 4,100 feet above sea level, 30 miles from Hilo, on the brink of the great crater. The day was stormy, but we had enjoyed our ride from Hilo very much, though it was somewhat tedious as our native driver neglected to whip up his lazy mules.

Tues., June 18. We arose early, and with a guide, descended a steep slope to the black lava bed at the bottom of the crater about 500 feet below the hotel grounds. Thence we walked about three miles to the edge of the terrible abyss, from which hot sulphur vapor arose, but no molten lava had been seen near the surface for several months. From numerous cracks in the lava bed the ground was so hot that pieces of wood, brought by our guide for the purpose, caught

fire. The sight was awe-inspiring indeed, and though we regretted very much that we had not the opportunity of seeing the volcano in its most interesting state of activity we were well satisfied with our trip.

In July, the year before, the molten lake which had been seen by so many tourists, suddenly sank 270 feet and in December following it sank clearly out of sight. At the time of our visit the indications were that it would break out again and that the abyss would be filled with lava to the top. At this time the crater was 1,400 feet in diameter.

We returned to the hotel at 10:30 a. m. and started on our return trip about noon, arriving at Hilo at 7:15 p. m. after being exposed most of the way down to a heavy rain storm. It rains on this side of the island nearly every day. We were again made welcome at the home of Mr. West.

Wed., June 19. Pres. Noall and I took a walk through the town of Hilo to look at a piece of ground which was for sale, and on which it was the intention to build a Latter-day Saint meeting house. We also visited the beautiful Rainbow Falls on the Wailuku river, about one and a half miles above the town, and in the afternoon walked through the woods back of Mr. West's house about half a mile to the lava masses which came down from Mauna Loa in 1891 and caused great consternation among the people of Hilo. The eruption from the mountain lasted nine months during which the molten stream kept coming down until it was within three quarters of a mile of Hilo or had run a distance of about 30 miles.

Thurs., June 20. Pres. Noall, finding that the piece of property suitable for a meeting house site could be had for \$250, decided to secure it and paid ten dollars down.

At 5:30 p. m. a boat took us out to the steamer "Kinau" which sailed from Hilo Bay at 6:30. The evening was windy and we were no sooner on the way till the ship commenced to roll fearfully.

Fri., June 21. Daylight found us at Makukona where we stopped to take in freight. The next stop was at Kawaihae, thence the course was changed to a northwesterly direction toward Maui and across the stormy channel. We rounded the southernmost point of Maui where the ugly masses of black lava rock from a former eruption of Mount Haleakala rise abruptly from the ocean. We lay at anchor at Makukona for several hours on which occasion I witnessed how a number of pigs and horses were taken on board, which afforded much amusement to the passengers. I landed for a short time and attended to some historical work on shore.

Sat., June 22. We arrived at Honolulu soon after midnight where we hired a cab for Sister Noall while Bro. Noall and I walked from the wharf to the mission house. Here letters awaited me from home.

Sun., June 23. I spoke in the Sunday School in the Honolulu meeting house at 8:30 a. m., after which I preached at the general assembly from 10:00 to 12:00 a. m. Next I addressed the M. I. A. meeting and at a special meeting held from 4:30 to 6:00 p. m. I talked for about an hour. Pres. Noall translated for me at all the meetings. The natives seemed highly delighted, especially after the last meeting when I discoursed on Church history. During the day I also obtained some historical information.

Mon., June 24. Bro. Noall and I left the city with the plantation team which had been brought from Laie. We left Honolulu at 1:30 p. m. and arrived at Laie at 10:30 p. m.

Tues., June 25. I resumed my historical labors at mission headquarters and continued for a week, assisted by the missionaries. I spent Sunday (June 30th) in the meetings at Laie. On July 3rd I attended the closing exercises of the Laie school, where a number of recitations were given, mostly in broken English. At the close of the exercises a feast was held in front of the old meeting house, which

was then used for school purposes. The whites who participated used plates, knives and forks, in eating, while the natives used their fingers. They all sat on the ground on which mats were spread under a bowery erected for the occasion. After the feast Bro. Noall and I met with a number of native Elders to obtain historical information.

Thurs., July 4. This day was a national holiday in Hawaii, the same as in America, the Hawaiian republic having been organized the year before. Many of the saints went to Kahuka to witness the horse-racing. Towards evening some of the missionaries and I took a ride to the west coast of the island of Oahu visiting several points of interest. Among these I might mention some caves in the earth filled with water, with which old legends and fairy tales are connected. One of these is the famous water hole situated about a mile north of the mission house, in which a certain woman, fleeing from the warriors of Kamehameha is said to have dived and disappeared. The soldiers watched in vain for her reappearance on the surface and thinking her drowned they bathed at their leisure. While doing so they talked freely of their plans. The woman, meanwhile, hidden in a cave whose entrance was below the surface of the water, listened to their conversation and, after the enemies had left, came out of her hiding place. Making her way to the mountains, where her friends, the braves of Oahu, were concealed, she revealed to them the plans of the enemy.

Sat., July 6. I attended the anniversary meeting of the Relief Society at Laie, at which I spoke, Elder Noall interpreting. After the services, which were held in the meeting house, we all marched across the green to the Relief Society hall, where a native feast was prepared for us. The whites and native visitors ate on the upper floor and the others in the lower story. A beef and pig had been killed for the occasion; this, with the never failing

poi and some fish, constituted the principal bill of fare, besides watermelon and cakes made by the white sisters.

Tues., July 9. Pres. Noall, wife and baby, a native sister (Keluapalana) and I left Laie for Honolulu en route for the island of Kauai. At 5:50 p. m. Sister Noall and child, the native sister and I boarded the steamer "Mikahala" for the island of Kauai.

Wed., July 10. After a voyage of 98 miles from Honolulu we anchored in Nawiliwili Bay at 4:00 a. m. I immediately landed in one of the ship's boats to see what opportunities there were for getting to Kapaa. Finding the stage fare very high I returned to the ship after Sister Noall and the native sister, landing with them at 6:30. Just as we were ordering a carriage, Elders John R. Jolley and Charles L. Rooks rode into the village with a spare horse and a cart to take us on our journey. We were indeed glad to meet these young Elders from Zion who were laboring as missionaries on the island of Kauai. At 7:00 a. m. we left Nawiliwili, Sister Noall riding in the cart and I on one of the horses, traveling in a southerly direction.

After passing through several native villages, we arrived at Kealia, where we were made welcome in the house of Elder James W. Bush, a half caste who had performed a number of missions on the islands. There was a small branch of the Church at Kealia and a number of the saints were hurriedly called together with whom we met in their little meeting house. Sister Noall spoke and also acted as interpreter for me.

Thurs., July 11. Elder Rooks started out early in the morning for Koloa, about 22 miles away, to give out another appointment for the evening, while Sister Noall, Elder Jolley and I spent the afternoon at Kealia and held a meeting with the Relief Society, leaving our native sister companion to labor among the saints for a day or two, afterwards to join us again.

Taking leave of Elder Bush and fam-

ily and the other saints at Kealia, Elder Jolley, Sister Noall and I traveled to Koloa, where we arrived at 6:30 p. m., and were kindly received by Elder Ekeka, the president of the Koloa Branch. We held a good meeting in the evening, well attended by both saints and strangers. Sister Noall did very well as interpreter for me, and then addressed the meeting herself in a very interesting manner. The singing, which was partly done by non-members, was good. After the meeting a glee club commenced to sing in our honor and then led the way to Bro. Ekeka's house, where they continued their singing until a late hour.

Fri., July 12. Elder Jolley and I started out to obtain historical information from the various branches, leaving Sister Noall to hold a Relief Society meeting at Koloa. Passing through several native villages, we arrived at the house of James B. Kohui, president of the Makaweli Branch, where we spent several hours gathering historical information. Returning to Koloa, about 11:00 p. m. we found our faithful brother Ekeka waiting there for us with a good supper, which we relished after our long, dusty ride. During the day, while at Waimea, we obtained a good view of the island of Niihau, lying west of Kauai, and also the two small adjacent islands Kaula and Lehua. I had now seen every island of the Hawaiian group, and had set foot on the four principal ones. At Waimea, which is one of the largest and most important towns on Kauai, I met a number of Norwegians. This place is also remembered as the place where Captain Cook, the discoverer of the Hawaiian islands, first anchored in 1778 and made the acquaintance of the natives who called his ship a moku (island). It was also at Waimea where Elder George Q. Cannon spent several months while translating the Book of Mormon.

The Kauai Conference in 1895 embraced the saints residing on the islands of Kauai and Niihau and consisted of 17 branches.

Sat., July 13. After taking leave of our warm-hearted friends at Koloa, Bro. Jolley, Sister Noall and I traveled about eight miles to Hualea, where we held a meeting from 11:00 a. m. to 1:00 p. m. Sister Noall and I were the speakers and a number of strangers were present. A meal consisting of poi and chicken was served to us in the meeting house. As no spoons, knives or forks were provided and we happened to carry none of these articles with us, the question as to how we were to eat the poi naturally arose. Should we dive into the calabash with our fingers like the natives? It seemed to be that or no poi, and Sister Noall, who had spent several years on the islands, actually commenced to dip out the poi in the true native style. I was about to follow her example when the idea struck me of using the thigh bone of a chicken for a spoon. "Guldregn!" "Happy thought!" The bone process worked well, so we all ate poi with a chicken bone except Elder Rooks who insisted that his long fingers answered the purpose just as well, and it seemed to please the natives to watch him copying their style. After obtaining what historical information we could of the Hualia Branch and its auxiliary organizations, we mounted our cart and said "aloha nui" to our native friends who were particularly fond of Sister Noall. They decorated her with all sorts of wreaths and flowers. Some of them said she was the first lady missionary they had seen; this was also Sister Noall's first visit to the island of Kauai. A three-mile ride brought us to Nawiliwili, where I gave Elder Jolley such instructions as seemed necessary in regard to record making and "date hunting". At 7:00 p. m. we said good-bye to Elder Jolley and Rooks, boarded the steamer "Mikahala" and sailed for Honolulu.

Sun., July 14. At Honolulu we hired a cab and went direct to the mission house on Punchbowl St. There we spent the Sabbath in meetings with the saints. Sister Noall did efficient

work for me as a translator for the last time.

Mon., July 15. Sister Noall and child started for Laie, accompanied by Elder George F. Birdno, who had arrived to take her back to the missionary headquarters.

I remained several days in Honolulu, culling historical information from the library and instructing Elder Edwin C. Dibble in historical matters. I found that since the change of government the Elders, who stood strictly on neutral ground, were viewed with suspicion by both political parties, many of the natives surmising that they were in sympathy with the whites, while many whites declared that they were favoring the natives and opposed to the present form of government.

Tues., July 23. During my sojourn in Honolulu I endeavored to secure the Y. M. C. A. hall for the purpose of delivering a historical and religious lecture on Utah and the Mormons, but the reverend gentleman in charge, a Methodist minister, after consulting with his co-religionists in relation to the propriety of granting such a request, informed me that they had decided not to let me have it. The reason assigned for this was the great prejudice existing in the minds of the people against the "Mormons". Finally, however, I succeeded in securing the Salvation Army quarters for my lecture, which took place on the evening of Tuesday, July 23rd, to a good-sized audience, among whom were many of the saints. Strict attention was paid throughout the entire lecture and I was only interrupted once by the Methodist minister who had refused me the use of the Y. M. C. A. hall, and who no doubt felt grieved to think that his influence was not sufficient to hinder me from addressing the people at the Salvation Army hall. Then the lecture was continued without further interruption. After some usual Salvation Army exercises, Elder Edwin C. Dibble was called upon to close the meeting by prayer. I hoped this lecture was the beginning of a new opening among the

people of Honolulu. For several years no attempts had been made to preach the gospel in public in English in that city. The "Hawaiian Star" of the next day contained a good synopsis of the lecture.

During my visit to the islands I had made a number of suggestions in regard to record-keeping which were kindly received by Pres. Noall and his associates. In regard to certain changes, which I had recommended, Elder George H. Fisher, the secretary of the mission, wrote:

"In June and July, 1895, Elder Andrew Jenson, assisted by Pres. Matthew Noall and George H. Fisher, spent much time in culling from the records important data which is wanted for Church history. The records of this mission in past years have been kept in a negligent manner, but the many good suggestions given by Elder Jenson in regard to proper methods of keeping records will enable the secretaries of the Mission hereafter to record current events and the happenings of the mission in a better way. Elder Jenson's visit is intended to make a thorough reformation in record keeping."

President Noall and his wife came to Honolulu just before my departure to see me off and also because they expected Bro. Noall's successor in the presidency of the mission to arrive on the steamship "Miowera", on which I had arranged to sail to the Fiji Islands, my next point of contact.

CHAPTER 32

(1895—continued)

Voyage to the Fiji Islands—Visit Plantations in Fiji, and the Island of Bau—Cannibalism in Fiji—Voyage to Tonga—Experience on the Tongan Islands—Introduced to the King—Call on the Haapai and Vavan Group of Islands.

Fri., July 26, 1895. At 2:00 o'clock in the night one of our native brethren at Honolulu announced the arrival of the "Miowera". Brothers Matthew Noall and Geo. F. Birdno arose and went to the steamer, but only to learn that the awaited successor to Bro. Noall was not on board. Later Elder Edwin C. Dibble and I walked to the post office to get the mail brought by

the "Miowera", but there were no letters of importance, which was a great disappointment to Brother and Sister Noall, who had packed up their belongings, expecting to return home on the arrival of the new president of the mission. When we boarded the "Miowera" we met four Elders from Zion en route for the Australasian Mission direct from their homes; they were Elders Wallace C. Castleton and Horace W. Barton, of the 21st Ward, Salt Lake City; David Lindsay of Bennington, Bear Lake Co., Idaho, and John Clayson, of Payson, Utah. Early in the morning the native saints began to call and say good-bye to me. At 10:30 a. m. I left the mission house in Sister Makanoe's carriage, Sister Kapela driving. I went on board about noon. On the wharf I met a large number of the saints, among others Sister Makanoe, who decorated me with four beautiful leis. Mr. Fernandez and wife, Elder Pauli, and a number of other native brethren and sisters, who could speak some English, were there also, as well as Elders Dibble and Birdno, the latter having come in from the Laie plantation to get the expected new president.

At 12:30 p. m. the ship steamed off for Fiji. Sisters Kapili, Hanna and Koa and others remained on the wharf, waving their handkerchiefs as long as we could see each other. I shall never forget the native saints of Hawaii. God grant that the promises made to their forefathers long ago may speedily be fulfilled.

Sat., July 27. The weather was fine, and the "Miowera" glided smoothly over the waters all day.

Sun., July 28. I attended Church of England services, conducted by the captain. In the evening, assisted by my four missionary companions, I held a meeting in the Social Hall, at which I spoke about one and a half hours and had the closest attention of all present. We conducted the meeting our usual way, Bro. Castleton performing on the piano and leading the singing.

Mon., July 29. I spent most of the

day conversing with passengers and writing letters. The day was very warm.

Tues., July 30. In the evening I witnessed one of the grandest sunsets I had ever seen. All the colors of the rainbow were exhibited in their most beautiful features upon the over-hanging clouds. Though we were getting so near the Equator, the weather was not very hot.

Wed., July 31. After crossing the imaginary line known as the Equator, I found myself for the first time in my life in the southern half of our earth. The day was pleasant. At 11:00 o'clock p. m. we passed the little isle called Mary Island, one of the Phoenix group; it is a low coral formation, about six or seven miles in circumference, with a lagoon in the center, and uninhabited.

Thurs., Aug. 1. At 7:00 o'clock in the morning we passed Hull Island, another coral isle of the Phoenix group, at the time occupied by guano gatherers. Its size is about 4 x 5 miles.

Sat., Aug. 3. Early in the day the islands of Alofa and Fotuna could be seen very plainly on starboard side. Alofa's highest mountain peak is about 1200 feet above the level of the sea; the highest point of Fotuna is nearly 2,500 feet. Both islands are inhabited. I spent the day writing and playing games with the other passengers. At 11:00 p. m. we passed the Weilangilala Lighthouse on our left, which is the first point of the Fiji Islands. During the night we passed the Nanuku Passage to the eastern group of these islands.

Mon., Aug. 5. On arising this morning we were informed that it was Monday, not Sunday. During the night we had crossed the 180th degree of longitude west and east of Greenwich. Coming with the sun westward, we necessarily lost a day in crossing that particular meridian. After I had finished my lecture the previous Sunday, I had agreed with the officers of the ship and some of the passengers that I would give another talk the following Sun-

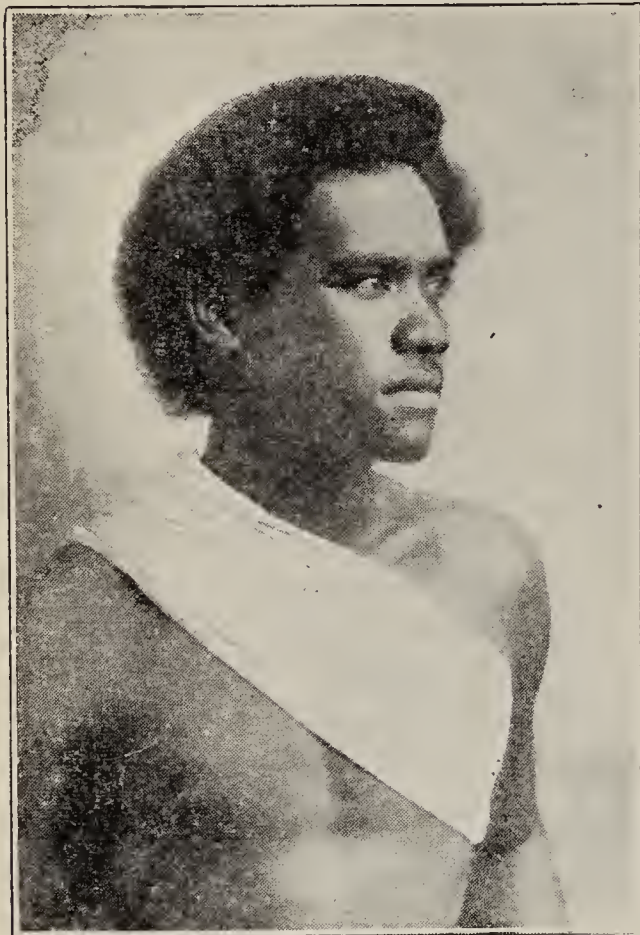
day, but now, as there was no Sabbath, there could be no lecture, which caused a little pleasantry and joking on board. At 8:00 o'clock a. m. we were sailing close to the island of Patiki, on our right, or starboard side, and some distance off on the opposite side were the islands of Gau, and Nairai. Other islands were in sight, among which Vitilevu, the main island of the Fiji group. The outlines of that island could be seen directly ahead. Suva, the capital of the Fiji group, is located there. At 12:45 p. m. the "Mio-wera" cast anchor off Suva wharf, and at 1:30 I landed with Mr. Joske, the agent of the Canadian-Australian Steamship Company, who introduced me to Mr. Duncan, agent of the Union Steamship Company. The latter offered me a free passage to New Zealand, via Samoa and Tonga. I was endeavoring to pave the way for the transportation of our Elders to Samoa and Tonga by way of Fiji. The agent informed me that no steamer would leave for Samoa until about the 28th of August, but that one would sail for Tonga about the 15th. I decided to stay in Fiji and spend my time to the best advantage until the steamer would leave for Tonga. At 4:15 p. m. I bade missionary companions God-speed as they returned to the ship and I was left alone among the strange and mixed population of the Fiji Islands to get along as best I could. I secured lodgings with a Mrs. Johnson, who kept a private boarding house near the center of the town.

Tues., Aug. 6. I spent most of the day making acquaintances in Suva. Thus I introduced myself to Mr. Stewart, the editor of the "Fiji Times", the colonial secretary, who gave me a bundle of literature, and a Mr. Gardner, who was the librarian of the only library in the town. I spent some time in the library reading and copying.

Wed., Aug. 7. I visited the colonial prison, being shown through the same by the jailer, Mr. Sabbin. We passed through the Suva graveyard, where a company of Fijian natives armed

with long-bladed knives met me; they were going to cut grass and not human beings, as in days of old. One of my fellow-passengers on the "Miowera"

the eating of human flesh was forbidden. I asked this fellow-passenger if he thought I was safe in landing upon the islands. He eyed me up and down,



FIJIAN MAN



FIJIAN WOMAN

who had visited the Fiji Islands before, had told me about cannibalism, which had been practiced by the Fijians before the English Government took possession of the islands, when

and as I had subsisted for some time on "poi" as food in Hawaii, which, instead of adding avoirdupois to my body, reduced my flesh considerably, my companion remarked, "No danger



A FIJIAN HABITATION

for you, the Fijians don't eat skeletons; they are looking for fat people to devour." I thought of that when these natives surrounded me with their long-bladed sharp knives. I took a bath in the Tamavura River, and learned afterwards that this stream was infested with alligators, and that I had, unknown to me, been exposed to great danger.

Thurs., Aug. 8. I took another long walk along the beach and through the country out of Suva. I visited the native government village, situated on government land, near Suva, and the Indian village situated on the coast on the opposite side of the peninsula, on which Suva is located. The Indian village contained about two hundred families, who lived in very small, inconvenient huts. I went into several of these dwellings and by the assistance of a young Indian who could talk a little English, I learned considerable about the habits and ways of these people, who have been imported as contract laborers from the East Indies. Both polygamy and polyandry are practised by these people. On the road I saw a gang of prisoners at work. They were naked except for the wrap (sulu) around their loins, and some of them were carrying rocks upon their heads quite a distance.

In the native Fiji village I introduced myself to some of the leading men, who in turn introduced me to others, and showed me around the village, and told me interesting things about the native customs and habits. Among others, I made the acquaintance of Kadavu Levu, a grandson of Cakobau, the former king of Fiji, and his two lady cousins, also grandchildren of the late king. The oldest girl, whose name was Litia (Lydia) Kakova, ranked as the prettiest girl among the Fijians. She was 19 years old, and was about to be married to a chief. Her sister, Tei Mumu Vuikava, 17 years old, was also a handsome young woman. Both girls gave me their autographs.

Fri., Aug. 9. Being given transpor-

tation to the Rewa river in a launch belonging to the Nausori Mill Company, I sailed from Suva at 3:30 p. m., and proceeded 6 miles south to the steamer "Taupo", which was taking in a cargo of sugar from three lighters in the Laucala Bay. When the sugar was brought on board the steamer, we started for the mouth of the river, but had not proceeded very far when the launch ran on a sandbar. It took us two hours to get afloat again, when we returned to the "Taupo" and moored for the night. I slept on board the steamer.

Sat., Aug. 10. We continued our voyage, passed over the sandbar, where we had stuck the night before, and then sailed up the Rewa river about 10 miles, arriving at the Nausori Sugar Mills situated on the east side of the Rewa, 24 miles by water from Suva. Here I was introduced to the superintendent, E. W. Fenner, and Hans H. Thiele, the latter being a Dane, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Suva. I was shown through the sugar mills by the chief engineer, and the mill manager and chief chemist. After this Mr. Wilson conducted me through the Coolie quarters of the native village. In the evening Mr. Thiele and I dined with Supt. Wilson.

Sun., Aug. 11. I left the Nausori Mills at 10:00 a. m., and traveled on a truck pushed along the rails by two coolies, about three miles to a place called Korociriciri, where I was joined by Eardley J. Mare, one of the plantation foremen, and Charles J. Morey, an old resident of Fiji, who understood the language well. The three of us walked four miles through the tropical forest and over a hill to Namala, a native village, situated on the Wai Mamata Creek. Here we had a pleasant visit with Ruta Marika, a native chief, and his family. We hired a boat at this place propelled by four young natives and proceeded down the river to the ocean and thence across to the little island of Bau, the old Fijian capital, where cannibalism was

practised to a very great extent in years gone by. We visited every place of interest and person of note. Thus we called on Epeli Nailatakau, the oldest living son of old King Cakobau, and the present head (Fijan chief), and also saw his sister, and sister-in-law, the widow of the later Timoci, and mother of the two princesses whom I visited in the native village near Suva. She was a good-looking Tongan woman of rank. We also conversed with Mr. A. J. Small, the Wesleyan minister of the place, and a Mr. Acraman, the village merchant. These two, with their families, are the only white inhabitants on the island, which contains a population of about three hundred, and embraces an area of about 25 acres. Toward evening we left the island after visiting old King Cokabau's grave, and the old heathen temple. Ruta Tuissevura, the district doctor, and a grandson of King Cakobau, accompanied us from Mamata to Bau and back. Returning to Korociriciri, we took supper with Mr. Mare, and later a coolie pushed me on a truck back to the Nausori Mills.

Mon., Aug. 12. I accompanied Mr. Henry T. Moltke, the manager of the Nausori plantation, on a horseback tour through the plantation. I saw the several companies of laborers, both men and women, at work in their various capacities, and was led to think that these contract laborers were actual slaves during their five years servitude, and I noticed that they received harsh treatment at the hands of the manager and overseers. I spent a pleasant evening with Mr. Moltke, and wife. Mr. Moltke was a native of Kjøge, Denmark.

Tues., Aug. 13. I spent the entire day writing, and in the evening conversed lengthily with Mr. Thiele, Mr. Moltke and Mr. Wilson about religion and the people of Utah. In the night I was seized with a terrible bilious attack. I suffered dreadfully until I sought the Lord in earnest prayer, when I was immediately relieved and slept till morning.

Wed., Aug. 14. I felt weak from my experience last night, but I ate a light breakfast. At 10:00 a. m. I took leave of my friends at the Nausori Mills, Mr. Thiele and Mr. Wilson. I took passage on the same launch which had brought me up a few days before, and went with it about 10 miles to the anchorage in the Lancala Bay, from where I was taken in a sailing boat three miles to the landing opposite the Indian village which I had visited on the 8th. From there I walked 3 miles across the peninsula to Suva, where I arrived at 3:00 p. m., but only to discover that no preparation had been made for the lecture which I had agreed to deliver in the evening in the Mechanics' Hall. The reason was, as alleged, the arrival of a circus in the place.

Thurs., Aug. 15. The steamer "Ovalau" came in to the Suva harbor bound for New Zealand. I decided to go with her to Tonga; it was expected that she would sail on the morrow. I visited the native government buildings near Suva and renewed my acquaintance with some of the leading men with a view to paving the way for some of our missionaries who might perhaps be called to labor on these islands at some future day. I especially interested myself in Kadavu Levu, a son of the old chief whom I visited at Bau and a grandson of King Cakobau, who promised me that he would be kind to one of our missionaries, should one be sent to the islands. I found the white population at Suva very selfish and narrow-minded, and most of them not religiously inclined. The natives appeared to have negro blood in their veins, as they were much darker than the Polynesian race.

Fri., Aug. 16. The "Ovalau" did not sail this day. Mr. A. M. T. Duncan, agent of the Union Steamship Company, presented me with a free ticket from Suva to Auckland via Tonga and Samoa.

Sat., Aug. 17. I boarded the "Ovalau" and sailed from Suva, Fiji, at 11:45 a. m., and we were soon out of sight

of land. The wind blew hard directly against us and the sea rolled high. During the night we passed the island of Matuku on our right and Totoya on our left.

Sun., Aug. 18. I arose at 7:30 a. m. just as we were passing the island of Kabara. At 11:00 a. m. we were sailing opposite the island of Vulaga, also the islands of Ogealevu and Ogea Driki, which were the last of the Fiji Islands to pass in the direction we were going. I conversed with the second officer, Mr. G. Halford, who knew some of our Elders in Tonga.

Mon., Aug. 19. I began to make the acquaintances of the other passengers. At 11:00 o'clock we could see land ahead which proved to be the volcanic island Lette, which is about 10 miles in circumference, consisting of a mountain whose peak is about 1790 feet high and whose slopes are covered with a tropical forest. The island is not inhabited, but people go there occasionally from neighboring islands to pick coconuts. Soon the outlines of the Vavau group could be seen directly ahead, and at 5:00 p. m. we entered the strait or passage, with the main island of Vavau on our left, and the smaller islands of Hunga, Nuipapa, Kopa and others on our right. The shores are very steep in places, the ocean having undermined the rocks so that there are numerous coast caves and many overhanging rocks. The land is covered with tropical trees and shrubbery and is very beautiful. The coconut palm groves, orange groves and bread-fruit trees are very numerous. The islands are not high, the most elevated points perhaps not being over 600 feet above sea level. Winding around between the islands we at length sailed up an inlet, or "fjord", to the landing place Neiafu, a village beautifully situated in the midst of fine groves of coconut palms and oranges, it contained in 1895 about 200 inhabitants, of whom about 30 were whites. In the evening I took two rambles on shore, spoke to several of the natives, some of whom could understand English, and tumbled into a na-

tive Wesleyan prayer meeting, where I quickly noticed a similarity between the Tongan and Hawaiian languages. By calling at the post office I learned that there were no L. D. S. Elders in the Vavau part of the Tongan Islands, but that there were some at Haapai, and at Tongatabu. I intended to land at the last named place.

Tues., Aug. 20. The ship having laid by the wharf all night at Nei-afu I arose early in the morning of the 20th and took a long walk all alone to the hill Talau, from the top of which (two miles distant from the town of Nei-afu) I obtained a magnificent view of the harbor, bays, straits and different islands of the Vavau group. Finding myself in so solitary and lonely a place I sought the Lord in secret and earnest prayer, and returned to the ship happy and glad. The ship sailed from Nei-afu at 12:00 o'clock noon, after stopping at that port to take on a cargo of oranges and copra about 18 hours. We left the Vavau group the same way that we had come in, but having reached the ocean we stood off to the left and had a fine voyage, the sea being smooth and the wind easy. In the evening we passed on our right the two mountainous islands of Kao and Tofoa of the Haapai group. Kao is 5,000 feet and Tafoa 2,800 feet high. The latter is the island on which John Norton, one of Captain Blight's men, was killed by the natives in 1789. The crew on the British ship "Bounty" having mutinied, forced Captain Blight and some of his men into a small boat. After a most extraordinary and perilous voyage the party reached the Dutch settlements in New Guinea having lost one of their number (Mr. Norton) on the Friendly Islands.

Wed., Aug. 21. In the morning we arrived at Nukualofa, the capital of the Tongan kingdom. The fine white washed lumber houses, which line the coast, give the town a beautiful appearance from the sea, and the extensive coconut and orange groves produce a picture that the eye never tires of seeing. Among the public and

private dwellings, which are strung along the beach, the king's palace, a fine two-story building with a lofty tower, and the royal church by its side are the most conspicuous. During breakfast the ship's purser, Mr. A. C. Walker, introduced me to two of our Elders who were laboring on the island of Tongatabu. They were Alfred M. Durham of Parowan, Utah, and James R. Welker of Layton. I joined these Elders, and, sending my valises by boat, the three of us started for Mua, the name of the village where the L. D. S. missionary headquarters were located.

A two-mile walk through coconut and orange groves brought us to a lagoon, or an inland bay, where the missionaries' boat was anchored, and in this little craft (13 feet long) we set sail for Mua, about four miles distant. On landing I was introduced to four other Elders from Zion, namely Charles E. Jensen of Riverton, Utah; Amos A. Atkinson of Lyman, Idaho; George W. Shill of Lehi, Arizona, and George M. Leonard of Farmington, Utah, all laboring on Tongatabu and the adjacent islands of the Haapai group. The brethren made me comfortable in their tropical home and I ate a hearty supper with them consisting of "ufi" or yam. The main native articles of diet are, coconut sauce, rice bread and oranges. After supper I read Tongan scripture together with the Elders and found that my little introduction to the Hawaiian language, while on the Sandwich Islands, enabled me to pronounce Tongan words quite correctly, the vowels having the same sound as in that language, as also most of the consonants.

The Tongan Mission was established in 1891. Since that time seventeen missionaries (among whom two sisters) had labored on the group; but only fifteen persons had been baptized so far, of whom three were on the Tongatabu part of the mission and twelve on the Haapai group. Two of those baptized on Tongatabu had been excommunicated for apostasy

which left only one member at this time on that island. But the brethren told me they had quite a number of friends, some of whom had acknowledged a full belief in the principles advocated by the Elders, but who nevertheless lacked courage to obey. The Elders were supposed to spend most of their time among the natives in their respective villages; but it was often hard to get food and lodging, especially for the new Elders who were learning the language and who, until they could speak it, would not fare well among the natives. The young Elders when at their mission headquarters were by no means idling away their time. They were studying hard to learn the language and to post themselves in regard to the principles of the gospel, and their hearts were in the work before them, and it would be unjust to ascribe the little success attending their labors so far in Tonga to any lack of energy and earnestness on their part. The usual daily routine at the mission house was to rise about 6:00 o'clock in the morning, and have prayer at seven. Before prayer was offered a chapter or two was read from the Tongan translation of the Bible, and a hymn sung; this was repeated in the evening prayer being offered at 8:00 p. m. Between breakfast and dinner, the only two meals taken, the brethren attended to their general labors. The evenings were usually devoted to some public duty or other. Thus Tuesday nights were devoted to testimony meetings, conducted in the Tongan language, and Thursday evenings to singing practice. The general meetings were held on Sundays, at 9:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. In the evening a testimony meeting was held, the English language being used. Most of the natives were more or less educated; nearly every person over ten or twelve years of age could read and write the native language; but only a very few of them could speak English.

Mua, where the mission house was located, was the largest native village on Tongatabu. It was beautifully situ-

ated on the south side of the lagoon and surrounded by coconut groves. It had in 1895 a population of nearly one thousand. There were only six white men in the village, five of whom were traders. Three of them had families. By all of these the Elders were treated with kindness and consideration, and one of them at least was investigating the principles of the gospel. The island of Tongatabu contained about sixty native villages altogether, all of which had been visited repeatedly by the Elders, and meetings had been held in most of them. According to a census taken in 1891 the native inhabi-

He suggested that their aim should be to gain the chiefs for the "Mormon" doctrines, in which instance the common people would be sure to follow. In the evening a testimony meeting was held at the meeting house at which I gave the young Elders some timely advice, which they gladly received.

Mon., Aug. 26. I spent the day at Mua busy with historical labors.

Tues., Aug. 27. I attended a council meeting at the mission house, seven Elders from Zion being present. It was decided that Elders James R. Welker and Chas. E. Jensen should proceed to the Vavau group and try to



TONGAN MISSION HEADQUARTERS

tants numbered 19,186. On the whole group were 353 whites, giving a grand total of 19,539 for the whole kingdom.

Sun., Aug. 25. The usual forenoon meeting was held at the mission house at Mua, at which Elder Durham and I were the speakers, and Bro. Durham also translated for me. The natives present seemed well pleased with what they heard. Among them were the native who had been baptized and another native member from Haapai, also a man whom the brethren called Selasi (Charley) Tonagamolofiaivailahi, an intelligent person and a free Church minister, who expressed himself as being a firm believer in the principles which the "Mormon" Elders advocated.

open up a new field of labor in that part of the Tongan mission.

Fri., Aug. 30. I delivered a lecture at Nukualofa on the island of Tongatabu. Accompanied by all the Elders (six in number) about 3:00 o'clock p. m. I boarded the little missionary boat and had a most pleasant trip across the lagoon, and after a two mile walk we arrived at Nukualofa at 5:00 o'clock. We repaired at once to the large dining hall which the Premier had kindly granted us for a lecture in the evening. At 7:30 p. m. about 160 people, including most of the white population of Nukualofa and some from other places, assembled and we commenced the first Latter-day Saint meeting ever held for

white people in the Tongan capital by singing "Arise, O Glorious Zion". Elder James R. Welker offered a short prayer and the hymn "Redeemer of Israel" was sung. My lecture occupied one hour and ten minutes, all present listening with the greatest attention. Among those present was the German consul, Mr. W. Treskow, through

it would be visited by thousands of people.

Wed., Sept. 4, After spending a most enjoyable two weeks with the Elders on Tongatabu, Elder James R. Welker and Charles E. Jensen, bound for Vavau, and I bound for Samoa, (accompanied as far as Nukualofa by Elders Durham and Atkinson) left Mua



A TONGAN VILLAGE

whose influence we had secured the hall, and who expressed himself as being highly pleased with what he had heard. "The Gospel Standard High is Raised" was the closing hymn and the benediction was offered by Bro. Durham. After the meeting the Elders and I returned to our pleasant little home at Mua.

Sat., Aug. 31. I visited a most interesting cave. The entrance was so small that we had to crawl on all fours to get in, but it opened out into the most magnificent rooms and grottos, further on. We explored several very large rooms, which abounded with curious and fantastic water formations, and we would have gone farther had we had more lanterns. The natives claim that the cave is several miles long. If such an attraction were located in a thickly populated district

early in the morning and crossed the lagoon. We walked to the capital, from whence we sent a vehicle back for our luggage. On nearing the wharf we noticed a great gathering of people there and were informed that the young king of Tonga was about to pay a visit on board the British man-of-war "Penguin", which was lying at anchor off the wharf. This gave us an excellent opportunity of witnessing a display of royalty on a small scale. About one hundred men, dressed in white coats and pantaloons, did service as a guard of honor for the occasion. In front of the custom house sheds, about half way between the palace and the pier, twenty armed soldiers were stationed. They were dressed in red coats and blue pants and wore dark caps with a gold colored band around them. Their leather belts with

brass fastenings, together with their brass coat buttons and the metal ornaments on the front of their caps gave them quite an imposing appearance. Then there was the royal band, consisting of eighteen members and that many instruments which rendered music that in sweetness and harmony could compare favorably with some American bands I had heard. After a short time the king was seen leaving the palace, accompanied by five other gentlemen. The king, who was rather a good-looking young man (only 21 years of age, but weighing nearly 275 pounds and measuring 6 feet 2½ inches in height) was dressed in a tight-fitting suit of navy-blue, and on his head wore a light-colored helmet, while his shoulders and breast were appropriately decorated. He walked with regular firm step, carrying himself in strict military style. By his side walked Mr. Leefe, the British consul at Tonga. Immediately behind them walked Mr. J. B. Watkin, the king's special adviser, and George Finau (a very stout native), the crown prince of the kingdom, and another native chief made up the rear. Due honor was paid "his majesty" as he passed along the lines and among others the "Mormon" Elders present on the occasion, lifted their hats respectfully to the "greatest Tongan alive". At the wharf his royal highness and escort boarded the boat which was waiting for them, manned by ten royal oarsmen and a helmsman. Just before the king stepped on board the ten oarsmen arose and raised their oars to the perpendicular, remaining in that position until the six distinguished passengers had taken their seats. Then, at a given signal from the commander of the boat, the ten men with one accord dropped the oars into their proper positions and taking their seats commenced their graceful rowing towards the British man-of-war, whose crew, in honor of the occasion, stood erect in the yardarms like so many statues until the king and escort had boarded the vessel.

As the steamer "Ovalau", which was

due from New Zealand, had not arrived, we returned to the mission house at Mua and in the evening Bro. Durham and I visited a Mr. Lombard, one of the white merchants of Mua and an old resident of the place. We also witnessed a most beautiful total eclipse of the moon.

Thurs., Sept. 5. Elders Welker, Jensen and I, accompanied by Elder Alfred M. Durham (who presided over the mission) and Amos A. Atkinson returned to Nukualofa, leaving Elders George W. Shill and George M. Leonard at the mission home. We found the ship "Ovalau" lying at the wharf, and after giving the parting hand to Elders Durham and Atkinson, who returned to Mua, we (Bros. Welker, Jensen and I) boarded the steamer and spent the night on board.



KING GEORGE OF TONGA

Fri., Sept. 6. As the steamer still remained at the wharf, Elders Jensen, Welker and I, through the courtesy of Mr. Watkin, the king's adviser, had a pleasant interview with King George (Jioji Tubou II) at the royal palace. We were introduced by Mr. Watkin who acted as my interpreter as I conversed with the king about fifteen minutes. I endeavored to convey to him a

correct idea of Utah and her people, and explained briefly our methods of preaching the gospel throughout the whole world and also told him that ten of our Elders were then laboring in his kingdom. I showed him some Salt Lake views and a specimen of the rock of which the Salt Lake Temple is built, all of which seemed to please "his majesty" very much.

At 4:00 p. m. Elders Welker, Jensen and I again boarded the steamer "Ovalau" and a few minutes later we were under way.

Sat., Sept. 7. At 8:00 o'clock we cast anchor at Bangai, on the island of Lefuka, Haapai, and soon afterwards Elders Thomas D. Adams, Albert L. Jones, Robert A. Smith and Alfred A. Kofoed, who were laboring as missionaries on the Haapai group, came out on a small boat to meet us. As the vessel was to remain at this place until the next day we landed and walked a short distance to the house in which the missionaries made their home in a rented room. We spent the forenoon culling history from the local missionary record, and then walked to the residence of Bro. James E. Giles, the only white convert to "Mormonism" in the mission. I lectured to them over an hour on the religion and history of the Latter-day Saints and had very good attention. We then conversed with some of the people who remained for the purpose after the meeting was closed, and sang hymns until a late hour. Then we returned to the missionaries' room, where we worked on the history of the mission. The Elders on the Haapai group had been a little more successful than those laboring on Tongatabu as they had baptized twelve persons since the mission was first opened on the group in May, 1893. But otherwise it was the harder field of labor of the two.

Sun., Sept. 8. Having worked all night, we repaired to the beach at 5:00 a. m. where the three of us who were going away said goodbye to Elders Jones and Kofoed, while Elders Adams and Smith rowed us out to the steamer.

There we exchanged "God bless you" with these brethren, who returned to the shore with the boat, and Elders Jensen, Welker and I repaired to our respective rooms to sleep a little just as the native passengers on board were singing their morning hymns and offering their customary prayers. Whether or not they were really sincere or devoted to their religion, this much can be said of the Tongan "Christians"



A TONGAN WOMAN

that they as a rule are very attentive to the outward forms of their religious duties. Whether in their villages or on board ships, they always sing and pray morning and night, and they are also close observers of the Sabbath day, making it strictly a day of rest. If they do not attend their Church services, they sleep the day away and would consider it a great wrong to pick fruit, eat or make the least stir during the day. Were every second day a day of rest, it would no doubt suit them even better than every seventh, for if there is any one thing the Tongan people seemed to excel in, it is their ability to rest. Rest appears to be their watchword; work is a burden.

At 7:00 a. m. the "Ovalua" lifted her anchor and steamed off for Vavau,

about 80 miles away. After a pleasant voyage we arrived at Neiafu, Vavau, at 3:00 p. m. Elders Welker, Jensen and I immediately landed, met a German trader to whom we had a letter of introduction and at once hired a room for the two Elders who were to open up a mission here. The house of which this room constituted a part stood on the edge of a coconut and orange grove on the hill overlooking the harbor. The brethren were to pay \$5.50 per month. Our next move was to secure a hall in which to give a lecture in the evening. In this we were also successful. A small school house, in which the white residents at Neiafu educate their children, was placed at our disposal. Some of the traders, who at once became interested, sent word around to all the others, and at the appointed hour for meeting nearly all the white residents of the village and quite a number of the passengers and crew of the ship—about fifty persons altogether—had gathered and we held a successful meeting during which I spoke an hour and fifteen minutes, being listened to with the strictest attention. The religion and history of the Latter-day Saints were the subjects dwelt upon. This was the first “Mormon” meeting ever held on the Vavau group.

Mon., Sept. 9. We arose at 6:00 a. m. and took a morning walk through the “bush”, going two miles to the top of the hill Talau, the one I climbed alone on August 20th. Here, after singing “We Thank Thee, Oh God, for a Prophet”, we knelt in humble prayer to the Almighty, and dedicated the Vavau group of islands and its people to the preaching of the gospel. The spirit of God rested upon us, and we rejoiced as servants of the Lord only can rejoice when they know they are in the line of their duty.

Returning to Neiafu, I saw Elders Welker and Jensen located in their hired room. I bade them goodbye and a heartfelt God speed and boarded the steamer, which at 1:00 p. m. proceeded on her voyage to Samoa.

The steamer was stopped opposite the island of Palevai on Kapa; a boat was lowered and a number of passengers, myself included, were taken into a large and beautiful cave, opening into the sea near the north end of the island. Passing the next island west (Niupapa), the captain showed us the point where the historical cave described by Wm. Mariner, is located, the entrance to which is about six feet under low water mark. Soon after passing this cave the good ship “Ovalau” brought her passengers out into the open ocean and took a northeasterly course toward Samoa. The night was windy and the surface of the sea disturbed.

Tues., Sept. 10. The wind continued to blow from the east and the high rolling waves caused the steamer to shake, pitch and heave in a manner which made it most uncomfortable to all on board except the sailors, who only laughed at such trifles and poked fun at the complaining passengers.

CHAPTER 33

(1895—continued)

Arrival at Apia, Samoa—Pleasant Associations with Elders—Visit the Islands of Savaii, Manono, Upolu, Tutuila and Aunua—Hiking through the Brush and Wandering into the Mountains—Becalmed at Sea.

Wed., Sept. 11. Having spent a sleepless night in my state room because of the merciless pitching and rolling of the ship which tossed me to and fro in my berth, I arose to see the dim outline of Upolu, one of the Samoan Islands on the larboard side. The morning was misty and rainy, and thick, heavy clouds hung over the mountain of Upolu. After rounding the eastern point of that island we changed our course and sailed in a westerly direction near its northern shore and at 9:00 o'clock a. m. the ship cast anchor off Apia, about a quarter of a mile from the shore. A little boat took me to one of the numerous landing piers. I noticed a tall man with a dark beard and smiling countenance, dressed in a light suit, whom I instantly recognized as a “Mormon”

Elder. He also saw in me the outlines and features of a fellow-missionary and called me Brother Jenson without any introduction. That is how I met Elder John W. Beck, the president of the Samoan Mission, who had come in from the mission headquarters at Fagalii, distant from Apia two and a half miles, to meet me with a horse and cart.

On landing I found that I was twenty-four hours younger than I had been a few minutes before, as this was Tuesday, September 10th, at Samoa. It took me a few minutes before it was perfectly clear to my mind how I could get up on a Wednesday morning, travel fifty miles and arrive in a place the day before! The fact, however, is simply this, that Samoa keeps American or western time, and Tonga eastern or New Zealand time, though both groups are on the same side of the 180th meridian. Both should keep western time, but Tonga, on account of its close business relations with the Colonies (Australia and New Zealand), finds it more convenient to conform to the same calendar time as her more powerful neighbors. I was introduced to Mr. Christian Hellisoe, a Danish merchant in Apia, with whom our Elders did most of their trading, and who in turn was very kind and obliging to them. Elder Beck and I mounted a two-wheeled vehicle, and rode two and one half miles to Fagalii in the midst of a pitiless rainstorm from which our umbrellas afforded but little protection.

At the mission house at Fagalii I was introduced to ten other Elders which constituted the entire strength of missionaries laboring on Upolu at that time. They had all come in from their respective stations to get their American mail which had just arrived. Their names were as follows: James B. Barton, William G. Sears, and Jabez W. Dangerfield of the 11th Ward, Salt Lake City; Joseph A. Rasband of Heber, Utah; Silas Hutchings of Springville, Utah; Alexander A. Demos of Avon, Cache County, Utah;

William A. Moody of Thatcher, Arizona, who recently had lost his wife by death in Samoa; Duncan Kippen of Bountiful, William Jeppson of Brigham City, and Joseph Quinney, jun., of Logan, Utah.

It was quite unexpected to meet with so many Elders at once and the day and evening was spent in pleasant conversation. I perused the mission record, which I found well kept, and commencing with the beginning. Elder Joseph H. Dean, the founder of the mission deserves much credit for writing a detailed account of his pioneer missionary labor in Samoa. I ate a hearty supper consisting of "Kalo" (or taro), rice and bread, and enjoyed my first night's rest in Samoa very much.

Wed., Sept. 11. This was my second Wednesday this week. I spent the day and also the following day at Fagalii, culling historical data from the mission records, assisted by Elder William G. Sears, the secretary of the mission.

Thurs., Sept. 12. I continued my labors and visited the private graveyard located on a hill about 300 yards southeast of the mission house, where the earthly remains of Elder Ransom M. Stevens, Sister Ella A. Moody and three children of Elder Thomas H. Hilton and wife are resting. Elder Stevens died April 28, 1894, and Sister Moody May 24, 1895. Elder Stevens is buried in the grave that was formerly occupied by the remains of Sister Kate E. Merrill, who died in 1891, but whose remains were taken to Utah by her husband when he returned from his mission in 1894. Sister Merrill was the first of our missionaries who died in Samoa. Compared to time and number, the Samoan mission history recorded more deaths among the missionaries than any other mission so far established by the Church: one Elder, two missionary sisters and three children in seven years out of eighty missionaries who since 1888 had been sent from Zion to labor on Samoa and Tonga.

The Samoan Mission in 1895 embraced two important groups of the

South Pacific Islands, namely, Samoa, or the Navigator Islands, and Tonga, or the Friendly Islands. In 1895 thirty-three Elders from Zion were laboring as missionaries on the two groups: 23 in Samoa and 10 in Tonga. Of these engaged in the ministry in Samoa 11 were laboring on the island of Upolu, 6 on Savaii and 6 on Tutuila. There were 11 regularly organized branches of the Church, which also constituted that many permanent missionary stations at each of which two Elders were

6 on Tonga. Since the mission was first established in Samoa in 1888, all the villages on the three principal islands (Upolu, Savaii and Tutuila) had been visited, most of them several times. Tracts had also been distributed and meetings held in almost all. As a rule the natives were kind and hospitable to the Elders. When visiting in the outlying villages, they were always invited in and treated to food and lodging—the best the people had, free of charge. When at their regu-



SAMOAN MISSION HEADQUARTERS

located, except at headquarters at Fagali, where there were three missionaries, including the president of the mission. At all these stations or branches regular Sabbath meetings, and, in some, Sunday schools were held, conducted by the Elders who, however, were assisted by the native saints. According to the statistical report for 1894 there were 263 native saints in the mission at the beginning of 1895, namely, 147 males and 116 females. Of this total number of native saints 97 were on the island of Upolu, 84 on Tutuila and Aunuu, 71 on Savaii and 11 in Tonga. To this might consistently be added 107 children belonging to members of the Church, namely, 42 on Upolu, 27 on Tutuila, 32 on Savaii, and

lar stations, the Elders made their home in the respective meeting houses, which were generally partitioned off into two rooms, the smaller of which was occupied by the Elders as a private apartment, and the larger one reserved for meeting purposes. When at their stations the natives always brought them the necessary food, which generally consisted of taro, bread fruit, bananas, yams, fish, oranges and other kinds of fruit. The Elders had learned from long experience that this kind of diet was healthier and better for them while in the tropics than imported or foreign food. In visiting on the different islands the brethren generally traveled on foot; occasionally also in small

boats along the coasts, but the latter mode was fraught with considerable danger, and had of late years been discouraged. In going from island to island, passages were often obtained

tized in Samoa. In this connection I may also state that from 1888, when the mission was opened, to the close of 1894, 342 persons were baptized in the Samoan Mission, namely, 37 on



MISSIONARIES IN SAMOA

Left to right:—John W. Beck, Duncan Kippen, William G. Sears and Andrew Jenson.

on trading schooners and other small crafts, free of charge, at other times pay was required. There were no inter-island steamship accommodations in Samoa. The white traders, most of whom had married Samoan wives, were generally good to the Elders, and had shown them numerous acts of kindness. Germans constituted the bulk of the white population in Samoa. After these came English and Americans, rated as to number, and there were also a few Scandinavians. Seven white men were among those bap-

the island of Aunuu, 103 on Tutuila, 111 on Upolu, 78 on Savaii and 13 in the Tongan part of the mission.

The natives of Samoa are a fine race of people physically and as fair skinned as the natives of Hawaii and Tonga. But while the Tongans are compelled by law to cover their bodies from shoulder to knee, no such law exists in Samoa. Hence, the natives on ordinary occasions confine their clothing to their "lavalava" or waist cloth. On Sundays, however, the men wear shirts, and the women a sort of

sash in addition to the "lavalava". The opportunities of obtaining a livelihood in native style in Samoa are very good. It requires barely any effort to obtain the necessary food. Taro or kalo grows with but a very little cultivation, and this is the staple article of food for the group. Bread fruit is picked from the trees as it ripens for several months during the year, and the coconut is always to be had. Its meat is used by the natives in the preparation of many of their "rare dishes". When the bread fruit is out of season, and the people have neglected to plant taro, they are sometimes compelled to subsist for months together on bananas. At different times in past years, when the islands have been visited by hurricanes which have blown down all the bread fruit and coconuts and often pulled up or broken down the trees themselves, the people have been reduced to a point of starvation until they could plant and reap bananas, or until the next crop of bread fruit would ripen. The group of Manua is an exception to this. There the people always keep a year's supply on hand and by this precaution have always escaped famine.

On the same principle that food is obtained so easily on Samoa, the natives also desire to secure salvation on as easy terms as possible. Hence, our Elders, with their practical religion and their "faith and works" doctrines have a hard time in making converts. The sectarian "way to heaven" by faith alone is, as a rule, much preferred by the South Sea islanders.

Fri., Sept. 13. One of the brethren who visited Apia reported on his return to Fagalii that a Mr. David Kenison was about to sail for the island of Savaii on his schooner and would be pleased to take any of the Elders with him free of charge, a favor which he had extended to them on many former occasions. As Savaii was one of the islands on my traveling program, Elder Beck and I decided to avail ourselves of the proffered opportunity, for which purpose we left Fagalii late

in the afternoon. We spent the evening in the reading room at Apia and the night with our friend Mr. Hellesoe. Our bed consisted of a single mat spread on the hard parlor floor with a small pillow for each of us, and a sheet for covering. I shall never forget that unyielding floor. Lie as I would, the boards underneath the single mat would not conform to the shape of my body. How often during that restless night did I wish for more flesh on my bones, the change of diet and climate having deprived me of ten pounds of the scanty supply with which I left home four months before. How I felt like punching myself in the morning when I discovered a soft parlor sofa standing in the room, just long enough for a man of my size to stretch out in! Why didn't I get up in the night and occupy it? My companion assured me in the morning that he had slept well during the night, but I imagined I saw a mischievous smile on his face when he said so. This was my introduction to a Samoan bed. The natives, however, sleep on their gravel or pebble stone floors, instead of lumber.

Sat., Sept. 14. Quite early in the morning we boarded Mr. Kenison's schooner, a fine little craft of ten tons capacity. It was generally manned by Mr. Kenison and his son Thomas when there was no "Mormon" Elder on board to assist. At 9:00 a. m. anchor was lifted, and I started out on the first schooner voyage of my life. The wind blowing gently from the north, we had to tack out of the Apia Bay, but at 10:30 a. m. we found ourselves outside the reef and were able to steer straight for Savaii, whose mountainous heights were seen in the west. For some time our progress was very slow owing to a calm, but after "Tommy" and a native lad had whistled repeatedly for wind, a pleasant breeze arose from the east which at once filled the sails and sent us toward our destination at good speed. While Elder Beck tried his hand at the rudder, Captain Kenison and I

talked Bible, religion and history until the good captain lost his reckoning and gave Tommy the wrong word of command, which resulted in running the schooner aground on the rocks just as we had safely crossed the dangerous reef at sundown to the smooth waters inside. And there she lay until the tide arose and lifted her off about midnight. But in the meantime Bro. Beck rowed himself and me to shore in the little boat carried by the schooner. The distance was about a mile and we landed at Mr. Kenison's pier at Salelavalu, near which one of our meeting houses stands. Knowing that the two Elders stationed here were at home, I conceived of the idea of playing smart by leaving Elder Beck behind and introducing myself to the brethren as a stranger. But I either played my part clumsily, or my assumed looks and actions could not hide my true identity as a "Mormon" Elder, for as soon as I appeared at the door, Elder Lewis B. Burnham, though he had never seen me before, greeted me with, "Come in, Brother Jenson". We spent a pleasant evening with the brethren, after feasting with them on bread fruit and fish. It was the first time in my life that I partook of bread fruit. Being hungry I ate it with such relish that I called for bread fruit again at the next meal. Elder Lewis B. Burnham presided over the missionary work on the island of Savaii, and also had charge of the station at Salelavalu, assisted by his cousin, Elder George S. Burnham.

Sun., Sept. 15. Meeting was held at the meeting house at Salelavalu at 8:00 a. m. Owing to the stormy weather—the rain descending in torrents—only about a dozen people attended. Elder Beck and I were the speakers. After the meeting we walked over to the residence of Bro. Fred Kenison, the only white member of the Church at Salelavalu and partook of a splendid meal prepared by Bro. Kenison's native wife. At 1:45 p. m. we four Elders boarded a little boat manned by Fred Kenison and his

younger brother George and sailed along the coast five miles in a northerly direction to the residence of Bro. David Kenison, jun., at Tuasive Point. The rain descended unceasingly while we were on the water, but the boat sped on at a rapid rate, the wind blowing from the right corner, and in about three quarters of an hour from the time of starting, we landed at Tuasive Point happy and cheerful, though drenched to the skin, and received a warm welcome by Bro. Kenison and his native wife, whose kind hospitality we soon shared. Commencing at 4:00 p. m. we held a good little meeting at Bro. Kenison's house, quite a number of natives attending notwithstanding the bad weather. Bro. Beck and I were again the speakers. And now came a request from a prominent chief residing in the neighboring native village for us to hold a meeting in his house in the evening. The chief's name was Lauate and the village Fogapoa. Of course the request was complied with. We found on our arrival nearly one hundred people assembled, who listened very attentively to my brief remarks, interpreted by Bro. Beck, and then to a powerful gospel discourse from Elder Beck. Quite a number of chiefs, some from a distance, were present who after the meeting expressed their friendship by throwing at our feet a large piece of ava which was grated and made into a drink, that was partaken of by all the white people present and the chiefs. The short customary speeches were made and a good feeling prevailed. We also showed the chiefs some Church relics and album views and left at a late hour.

Mon., Sept. 16. Elder Beck and I were bound for another missionary station, about twenty-five miles away, and in order to shorten our walk it was decided that we should be taken a few miles by boat, as our course lay along the coast. Consequently, we sailed from Tuasive Point at 8:00 a. m. but after sailing about four miles our boat ran aground, the tide being out,

so we were forced to land at the village of Lano, where Elder Beck and I on foot set out on our long tramp, the other brethren returning with the boat. Each of us packed a little satchel containing a few books and some indispensable articles of light clothing. After walking about three miles through a number of villages, we reached the edge of the "bush", through which the distance is about twelve miles, and there were no human habitations of any description. Just as we entered that lonely tract, a rain storm opened its fury upon us, and Elder Beck suggested that we strip off all unnecessary clothing in order to keep it dry, and put it on again after the storm. The suggestion, though a queer one to a man who had been used to put on an extra coat in order to keep dry in a rain storm, was acted upon, and I am sure our friends in Utah would gladly have paid to have seen us in something akin to nature's own traveling costume. Yet we were richly attired compared to the native pedestrians whom we met on the road. They were absolutely nude, walking with their only article of clothing, the "lavalava", in their hands, but on meeting us they hurriedly wrapped this article around them, only to take it off again as soon as they had passed. I pitied their bare feet; but they appeared to be tougher than my shoes, which gave out on me through their rough usage on the hard and sharp-edged volcanic rock that abounds all the way through the bush. In fact, the whole tract of country is nothing but an old lava bed or a lava flow, commencing in the mountains far inland, (where some terrible eruptions took place in past ages) and extending clear to the sea. Subsequently, trees and shrubs took root in the cracks of the cooled lava, and hence the present bush. The path leading through it is narrow and winding. Horse-back travel is impossible, and a footman has enough to do in places to scramble over the big rocks and fallen timber. Notwithstanding the rain, it was not

miry. One could always find a rock to place his foot upon; and I believe that in walking the twelve miles we never took a step without either putting a foot upon a rock or upon roots, or fallen trees. There was no soil there either to make mire or dust. On this long, dreary walk we only emerged from the bush once, and that was an opening on the rock-bound seacoast where the waves did beat themselves to foam and spray against perpendicular walls. No sandy beach at this point to blend the sea and land gently together.

We got through at last, and found ourselves in a Catholic village, where we entered a native house and sat down to rest, which is the custom of the country. An old woman placed food and water before us, of which we partook, while eating half a loaf of bread which we had brought along. For the other half we induced a boy to climb a tree and get us some young coconuts. We opened them and drank the milk. As we were very thirsty, this tasted very good, and I felt sure that the veterans of Salt Lake City did not drink lemonade on Old Folks' day with greater relish than we drank our coconut milk in the village of Lealatele.

After resting a little, we tackled the last six miles of our journey, which led through a number of villages. At length we reached our destination, and surprised Elders Christian Jensen, jun., and James C. Knudsen at Saleaula by suddenly appearing in their midst as they were earnestly engaged in teaching a class of boys and girls some of the rudiments of an English education in the meeting house. The meeting with these Elders was a happy one, and they gave us a hearty welcome, as also did the native saints who dropped in one by one, and a few at a time, to greet us with their usual talofa. The natives brought us some splendid food which was spread for us on the floor; and we enjoyed the meal immensely.

The next on the program was an evening meeting. Nearly all the people of the village gathered, about 150

in number. The little house was filled to overflowing and many were unable to gain admittance. My sermon was ably translated by Elder Beck. After the meeting six native girls entertained us with their peculiar "siva" dance and singing, followed by the same number of boys. To me this exhibition was most interesting, and many of their movements were truly graceful.

history, conversed with the natives, sang English, Samoan and Danish hymns, talked of things past and present and the good times to come, ate native food and were happy. It was a rather strange coincidence that four direct descendants of the old Scandinavian "Vikings" should by accident be brought together on one of the South Sea Islands so far, far away from the land of their forefathers.



SAMOAN DANCING GIRLS

Saleaula is one of the principal missionary stations in the Samoan Mission. Among the members of the Church here there are a number of leading and influential chiefs. The meetings and Sunday school sessions were well attended, as was also the day school. Strenuous efforts were being made by the Elders to teach the gospel to the young and keep them in the paths of virtue. In order to guard and protect them, about a dozen half-grown boys sleep with the brethren in the meeting house. After conversing till a late hour, we retired to forget our long walk and to dream of our loved ones in Zion.

Tues., Sept. 17. This day was pleasantly spent at Saleaula. We culled

But so it was, and while visiting a very interesting cave or underground passage over half a mile long, situated in the bush immediately back of the village, we raised our voices and caused the rocks to echo our attempt at singing "Underlige Aftenluft," or "Ohlenchlæggers Hjemve", for the first time, at least, at that particular place—in the bowels of the earth. In the evening we held another good meeting, Elder Beck being the principal speaker.

Wed., Sept. 18. At 7:30 a. m. Elder Beck and I gave the parting hand to Elders Jensen and Knudsen and left Saleaula on our return trip. We stopped to eat bread fruit and drink coco-milk in Lealatele. We met Elder

Lewis B. Burnham at Puapua, the first native village reached after getting through the bush, and then walked with him three miles further to a point where the boat sent to meet us was anchored. There we met Elder George S. Burnham and our young friend George Kenison, who were in charge of the boat. We boarded the little craft and rowed about four miles to Tuasive Point, where we partook of the hospitality of Bro. David Kenison, jun., and wife, and at 5:00 p. m. we continued our travel by boat, going five miles to Salelavalu, where the native saints, under the direction of Brother Fred Kenison, prepared a feast for us. Thirty-five people sat down upon the meeting house floor to eat with the Elders who were seated at the head of the "table". Nearly every variety of native food was provided, most of which was good and palatable. After the feast we attended a meeting, according to previous appointment, at which I spoke first and was followed by Elder Beck.

Thurs., Sept. 19. The day was stormy, and at times the rain descended as it only can in the tropics. At 4:00 p. m. Elder Beck and I, accompanied by the two Elders Burnham and Bro. Fred Kenison, boarded a boat belonging to Mr. David Kenison and pulled out for the island of Upolu. The wind being contrary, we had to row all the way and that, too, while the rain was literally pouring down on us. In order to shorten the distance we ventured through a narrow and somewhat dangerous passage over the reef into the open ocean. We then pulled straight for the little rocky island, Apolima, intending to land there and spend the night; but on nearing the island the breakers were seen to roll very high at the only landing place, and the darkness of the night also having settled down upon us, Bro. Kenison considered it unsafe to attempt to land. Consequently, we changed our course and pulled for the island of Manono, lying about two miles further northeast. Having reach-

ed the west coast of that island, we were told that the village in which we expected to spend the night was situated on the opposite side. Hence the rowers tired as they were, continued their labors. At length, tired and hungry, we landed at the village of Saleatauna, situated at the extreme southeastern point of the island. We had come a distance of about twelve miles. We entered a native house, where a family belonging to the Church lived. Here we ate our own food for supper, after which we went to a neighbor's house to sleep. There we stretched ourselves on the mats provided for us, and used our shoes and satchels for pillows. The master of the house being told about my special mission showed me additional attention by throwing me a white sheet to cover myself with. The other brethren slept without covering.

Fri., Sept. 20. We arose at daylight, prayed and took a morning promenade around the island. By walking at an ordinary gait, it took us one hour and twenty-five minutes. There are nine small villages on the island and we passed through all of them. We were offered no breakfast by the natives, though we had divided with them the evening before. At 8:00 a. m. we continued our voyage by rowing two miles over to Lalovi, one of our missionary stations, situated on the west end of Upolu. Here we met Elders Joseph A. Rasband and William A. Moody, who held the missionary fort at this point, and I started to work at once to obtain the needed historical information and to give the usual instructions in regard to record-keeping. By and by the natives brought us a splendid meal consisting of breadfruit, shark, chicken, devil fish, and another kind of fish called "matu" by the Samoans. At 2:00 p. m. the two Elders Burnham and Fred Kenison started by boat on their return trip to Savaii, and we who remained held a good little meeting with the saints at Lalovi. Bro. Beck and I were the speakers. Towards evening Elders Beck and

Moody started on foot for Fagalii, leaving me to follow alone on horseback the next day.

Sat., Sept. 21. Elder Rasband and I arose at daylight and called on a neighbor who had promised us the use of his horse. After some difficulty the animal was found, saddled up and mounted; but the brute insisted on going backward instead of forward and cut up quite a number of capers, when he found that we wanted him to leave his master's premises. It was not until Elder Rasband had belabored him somewhat roughly with a "fraction" of a small tree that he could be induced to start for Apia. The ride proved more tiresome to me than the walk would have been, but I got there at last. Counting the numerous villages that I passed through, getting on and off the horse to climb fences, kept me busy as I pursued my lonely ride along the narrow, winding path leading alternately through village and bush. I stopped in a native house to get lunch and obtained a coconut to drink from a native boy who could talk a little English. At 2:30 p. m. I arrived at Apia, about 30 miles from Lalovi, and after partaking of refreshments at Mr. Hellesoe's place I continued to Fagalii, where I found that Elders Beck and Moody had preceeded me a few hours. After this trip to Savaii, with its variety of experiences, I consider myself properly initiated into Samoan missionary life.

Sun., Sept. 22. I attended two meetings at Fagalii, one early in the morning, and one in the afternoon. The branch of the Church at the mission headquarters was a small one. The mission record reported my visit as follows: "Elder Andrew Jenson addressed the Fagalii congregation, with Pres. Beck as interpreter. He has a stone from the hill Cumorah, rocks from the Nauvoo and Salt Lake temples, a piece of wood from the house in which the Church was organized in 1830, and other trinkets. These he frequently exhibits to the people where he attends meetings."

Mon., Sept. 23. At 3:00 o'clock p. m. Elder John W. Beck and I left Fagalii to make a trip to the island of Tutuila. Elder Kippen took us in the mission cart to Apia, where we boarded a schooner "Tutuila", belonging to Thomas Meredith, an Apia merchant. The little craft was manned by a German (who could boast of a Samoan wife of more than ordinary attractions) and a slim, long-legged native of Savage Island, who became all attention when his master called out "Jim!" which he did at very short intervals indeed. At 5:00 p. m. the schooner, loaded with ballast and two "Mormon" Elders besides the captain and "Jim", some boiled bananas and other necessities, left the Apia harbor, and after beating against the wind for some time, succeeded in reaching the open ocean, where the waves rolled high and the brisk trade wind threatened to blow us to Savaii instead of helping us on toward Tutuila, in the opposite direction. Oh these blessed trade winds in the South Seas! Everything must conform to them. Hence a trip to Tutuila from Apia generally means beating against a southeast wind for three days, while the return trip is often accomplished in a few hours. Though the little vessel was tossed to and fro upon the face of the great waters, while doing her best to obey the rudder which kept her close up against the wind, Elder Beck and I stood the rocking well. We were only a short distance from Apia when the sun went down, and the darkness closed in so thick on the lonely craft that even the outline of the nearest mountains of Upolu could not be discerned. The captain offered us a place in his little cabin to rest our heads during the night, but the odor from below sickened us, and we chose to take our chances on deck. Elder Beck stretched himself on one side of the main hatchway while I crawled into the little boat which was tied on board, and it was not until the astonished captain launched it in the Pago Pago harbor three days later that the dis-

covery was made that the weight of my body had very nearly separated the bottom from the rest of the boat. It filled with water so fast that Elder Beck and I nearly reached Tutuila swimming.

Tues., Sept. 24. The early morning found us beating against a very gentle breeze off Fagaloa Bay about fifteen miles from Apia and there we remained all day enjoying the "sweet pleasure" of a genuine Pacific calm, while exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun shining in a cloudless sky. In vain did we wish for more wind, even if it would blow from the wrong point of the compass, for with a brisk wind some little progress could always be made by tacking against it, but a calm leaves a sailing craft absolutely helpless and drifting. Half sick and sleepy, through not having rested the night before, we were unable to read, talk or sing with any sense all that long dreary day. The heat nearly stupified us and deprived us of all ambition. One suggested a swim in the ocean, but "Jim" told us that he had a great respect for the sharks which abounded there. He added, however, that we could do as we pleased. As I still remembered very distinctly the peculiar shape of the shark's jaw and teeth which I had seen at Nukualofa, Tonga, I felt no particular desire to expose my body to the tender mercies of such a jaw in the employ of a real live shark; nor did Bro. Beck. So we remained on board and I only dipped my feet and head in the water alternately. "But man", said the captain, "don't you know that to wet your head thus with salt water will make the skin sore and produce severe headache?" No, I did not know then, but I soon found out. About midnight, when the wind freshened up a little from the north we succeeded at last in clearing the east end of the island of Upolu and the two small islets lying off the east point, about thirty miles from Apia, and we then headed for Tutuila, thirty-five miles away.

Wed., Sept. 25. As the sun arose the

outlines of Tutuila could plainly be seen toward the eastern horizon. We breakfasted on fish and boiled bananas, and then spent another day on the ocean in perfect inactivity. My face and neck being exposed to the heat, pained me all day and the time passed wearily away.

Thurs., Sept. 26. The breeze which sprang up during the latter part of the night had sped us somewhat onward so that the still hours of morning found us tacking against the trade wind a short distance southward from the extreme westward point of Tutuila. After tacking a number of times we succeeded in rounding a rocky headland on which stands a needle-shaped rock which is called "the lonely fisherman" by navigators. Thence we steered straight for the mouth of the Pago Pago harbor, and at 1:00 o'clock p. m. we anchored safely off the village of Fagatoga, one of the native towns situated on the harbor just named, after coming a distance of 75 miles from Apia, but I am sure that 200 miles would not cover the mileage for us who came beating against the wind much of the distance.

From Fagatoga Elder Beck and I walked a mile around the head of the harbor to the village of Pago Pago where there is a Latter-day Saint missionary station. Here our arrival surprised Elders D. Foster Cluff and Abinadi Olsen, two of our Utah Elders laboring on Tutuila; they had not been apprised of our intended visit at this particular time. We spent a pleasant afternoon with these brethren and we held a meeting in the evening, at which Elder Beck and I were the speakers. After taking a refreshing bath in the harbor after night fall, we drank awa with the village chiefs, some of whom were members of the Church, and culled history from the records till a late hour.

Fri., Sept. 27. According to arrangements made in council with two native chiefs the previous evening, we arose very early intending to start for the island of Aunu'u. Following a faithful

native brother who led us in the darkness around the head of the harbor, we came to a point where one of the village boats was lying in a shed. Five natives, all members of the Church except one, were called out by our friend, Elder Viali. We Utah Elders, four in number, helped them to launch the boat and gather the tackling, and at 7:00 o'clock a. m. we sailed from Pago Pago, the natives and Elders rowing three miles to the mouth of the harbor, where sails were set, and the beautiful boat—for such it was after the sails were spread—sped quickly over the water out into the open ocean, tacking heavily, however, against a pretty strong southeast wind. After several hours sailing we at length reached the one mile wide strait which separates the little island Aunuu from the larger island of Tutuila, and after taking in the sails, the natives, assisted by the Elders, rowed in to the north shore of Aunuu, passing safely through the breakers. We landed on the sandy beach in front of the only village on the island.

We were kindly received by the head chief, whose name was Lemata. He was one of the few members of the Church left of the large branch which was organized here by Elder Joseph H. Dean in 1888. After drinking coconut milk and partaking of a meal in regular native style, we visited Manoa, one of the two Hawaiian Elders, who first introduced the restored gospel in Samoa about thirty-three years before. From him I obtained some valuable and interesting data for the mission history. Elder Manoa kept a journal during his missionary days, and could give accurate information about his labors and those of his fellow-laborer, who now rests beneath the sod of Tutuila. In the evening we held a meeting in one of the largest houses in the village. About seventy-five of the two hundred people that constitute the population of the village and island, attended, and Elder Beck and I were the speakers. The natives seemed to revive in their spirits while we addressed

them. After the meeting the usual greeting and awa drinking—tasting only on our part—followed, according to Samoan custom.

Sun., Sept. 28. We arose early, took leave of our native friends on Aunuu, some of whom made us small presents, launched our boat, boarded it, rowed it safely through the breakers, set sail and headed for Pago Pago. The wind was good and brisk, and the sea rolled high, but the voyage proved interesting. Our little craft, which bore all the canvas it possibly could stand, literally flew along the water, cutting through the waves and sending the spray at times half way to the top of the mast and over crew and passengers. But we cared not. We were in the tropics. If we did get wet, we should not freeze nor catch cold, provided we took care to change our clothing. It took us just one hour by my watch to sail from Aunuu to the mouth of the Pago Pago harbor. To sail the same distance the day before required five long hours. Just as we reached the mouth of the harbor, we spied our old friend, Captain Brandt, with his wife and "Jim", and some other passengers coming out with his schooner on his return to Apia. The captain was to have left the evening before and we were to join him at Leone on the west end of the island, but as the weather was rough in the evening, he had concluded to wait till morning. This was providential for us, as we thereby escaped a long tramp over the mountains of Tutuila.

Our native friends, instead of taking in sails and "laying to" at once, could not withstand the temptation of trying the schooner in a race, in which they beat, as they expected, their craft necessarily being a swifter sailor than the heavy-built schooner. After considerable labor and some little danger the two vessels came down together and we sprang on board the schooner at an opportune moment when the waves lifted us to a proper elevation. Bidding Elders Cluff and Olsen and our native saints and friends goodbye, we (Elder Beck and I) continued our voy-

age on the schooner from the mouth of Pago Pago harbor. In two hours and a half we sailed twelve miles with a good wind and over a rough sea to Leone, off which town we cast anchor at 11:00 o'clock a. m. As the schooner was to take on a cargo of copra at this place, all hands landed, and Elder Beck and I stopped with Brother James Mackie, a European member of the Church. He and his native wife made us very welcome. We spent the day and evening in pleasant conversation and in taking a walk through the village, which is the largest on Tutuila. It is beautifully situated on the bay and looks like a little city when one approaches it from the sea side. The houses scattered along the beach and the fine steeped Catholic church in the center of the village present a most enhancing picture. The church can be seen a long way off at sea and serves the navigators as a conspicuous mark. The place reminded me very much of the little city of Sæby, situated on the coast of the Cattegat, in Denmark.

Contrary to our expectations, we were obliged to spend two nights at Leone, as the natives who were to put the cargo on board the schooner flatly refused to work till Monday. There was a marriage feast going on in an adjoining village, to which nearly all the young people of the town were invited, and the Samoans are so much more fond of feasting, eating and drinking than work, that our captain and the merchants who were interested in the cargo pleaded in vain for having the schooner loaded on Saturday.

Sun., Sept. 29. As we unexpectedly had to spend a Sunday in Leone, we concluded to hold a meeting; but, through the influence of the London mission priest, who resided there, we were unable to obtain the large native building, which might properly be termed the town hall and in which the chiefs meet together for council. We were thus obliged to hold our meeting in Bro. Mackie's native house, where only about twenty people met with us. In the afternoon I attended services

in the Catholic church and also in the London mission church, where the native minister endeavored to influence his flock against the "Mormons". Of course he got his inspiration from his white chief. We spent another pleasant evening at Bro. Mackie's house, Edward Hahn, a German brother, who also had a Samoan wife, being among those present. Brothers Mackie and Hahn and one native were the only members of the Church at Leone.

Mon., Sept. 30. At 3:00 p. m. Bro. Beck and I boarded the schooner, after taking an affectionate leave of our friends in Leone, and set sail for Apia. Before leaving, Bro. Mackie made me a present of a fine Samoan mat to take home. We spent the night crossing the thirty-five mile wide strait which separates the islands of Upolu and Tutuila. The captain's wife and two other natives were the other passengers on board.

Tues., Oct. 1. Having spent an uncomfortable night rolling to and fro on the deck of the schooner, the morning hour found us sailing off the coast of Upolu and as the wind soon afterwards died out, or nearly so, it took us all forenoon to get to Apia. On our landing at Apia, we learned that the steamer "Taviuni", with which I should have taken passage to New Zealand, had come and gone during our absence, and that for a month to come no other Union Steamship Company's vessel would leave for Auckland. This was somewhat disappointing to me, but I decided to secure a passage on the next mail steamer from America, which was expected in a day or two.

Thurs., Oct. 3. In company with Elder Beck I visited Malietoa, the king of Samoa, who lived in a neat little frame cottage standing near the beach immediately west of Apia. He was an ordinary looking man, possessing only average intelligence and he appeared to be very slow and guarded in his conversation. His clothing consisted of a plain shirt and the ordinary lavalava, (breech cloth) worn by the natives. He could not tell us how old he was; but

we noticed that his hair was quite gray. His best room, in which he received visitors, was kept tidy and neat. The floor was covered with fine mats and the walls ornamented with pictures; among them we noticed good portraits of Queen Victoria of England and Wilhelm I of Germany. The king was very reluctant in expressing his opinion in regard to "Mormonism", but he showed us a neat copy of a large type edition of the Book of Mormon in English which he had received some years ago as a present from the First Presidency in Zion.

On our return to Fagalii we called on Mr. Mulliner, the American consul in Samoa, who was about to return to his country. He had no great love for either Samoa or its people.

I spent the remainder of the day and evening at Fagalii, finishing my historical notes. About midnight we sighted the mail steamer "Monowai" entering the Apia harbor.

Fri., Oct. 4. I arose at daybreak and roused up the other Elders. We had early prayer and breakfast, after which Elder John W. Beck and I boarded a little boat which belonged to a European brother (Christopher Pike) who, together with Mr. Fischer, both from Tutuila, had stopped at the mission house over night. Exposed to the drenching rain, against which our umbrellas afforded us but little **protection**, we rowed three miles to the Apia harbor where the steamship "Monowai" was anchored, and after securing passage and berth I landed once more in Apia to finish up my labors in connection with Elder Beck, of whom I took leave at 12:00 o'clock (noon) to be rowed a quarter of a mile (while exposed to another drenching rain) to the "Monowai", which about an hour later steamed off for New Zealand. We rounded the east end of Upolu at 3:00 p. m. and before nightfall we had enjoyed the last glimpse of the Upolu mountains far away to the north.

My experiences and associations with the Elders and natives of Samoa will never be eliminated from memory.

CHAPTER 34

(1895—continued)

Arrival in New Zealand—Labors in Auckland—Visit the Whangarei and Bay of Islands Districts, attending Conferences and other Meetings, besides gathering data for Church History—My Introduction to Maori habits, customs and language—Travels on horseback—Guided by barking Dogs.

Sat., Oct. 5, 1895. The sea was rough and the wind blowing hard, seasickness was king and kept nearly all the passengers in humble submission below.

Sun., Oct. 6. I had an interesting morning conversation with the commander of the ship, Captain Michael Carey, who accepted with thanks my offer to give a lecture in the evening in the ship's social hall. At 8:00 o'clock p. m., as duly announced by a neat little notice, most of the saloon passengers and quite a number also from the fore cabin, as well as some of the officers and men belonging to the ship, assembled in the beautiful hall and listened very attentively while I addressed them over an hour on "Utah and her people", taking particular pains to tell them what the "Mormons" believed in. In answer to earnest prayer the Lord strengthened His servant, who spoke with considerable freedom and plainness. After I was through, one of my fellow-passengers, who expressed himself as being much pleased with what he had heard, made a neat little speech, in which he, in his way, bore testimony to the truth of what I had said; and a hearty vote of thanks was next in order. A Swedish clergyman (Methodist), who was making a tour around the world, and who had never heard a "Mormon" Elder speak before, was very much surprised to learn that, notwithstanding all he had heard to the contrary, the "Mormons" believed in Christ and the Bible, and were actually Christians.

In the evening we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn into the South Temperate Zone.

Mon., Oct. 7. I had a number of interesting conversations with officers and passengers on Utah and religion, my lecture the previous evening hav-

ing created a desire within many to learn more.

Wed., Oct. 9. When I arose in the morning, I was informed by Captain Carey that Wednesday, Oct. 9th had dawned upon that part of the world. What had become of Tuesday, Oct. 8th? At 4:00 o'clock that morning we had crossed the imaginary line known as the 180th meridian. That explained all. I had crossed that line twice before; first between Hawaii and Fiji which robbed me of a Sunday, and second between Tonga and Samoa which gave me two Wednesdays in one week. The day was quite cold and windy.

Thurs., Oct. 10. The cold and cloudy day made my extra underclothing quite comfortable. At 11:00 o'clock a. m. land was seen ahead with the naked eye, and those of the passengers who had never been in New Zealand before were informed by those who had, that this particular land was the mountainous island known as the "Great Barrier", which is distant from Auckland about sixty miles. Soon after this a heavy gale struck the ship which made her rigging groan and crackle and the hull shake and tremble. One of the furled sails became undone and flapped with great violence against the cross spar and mast. One of the most experienced sailors was sent up to fasten it, and after much exertion he succeeded in doing so, but it looked very dangerous, and many of the passengers who watched him trembled with fear lest he should be knocked overboard. At noon we were 1531 miles from Apia and 59 miles from Auckland. At 4:30 p. m. we entered the beautiful harbor of Auckland and at 6:00 o'clock we lay along side of the wharf.

In looking over the big crowd of people which had gathered on the wharf to watch the steamer come in and to meet friends and relatives, I noticed a man with a long sandy beard and distinguished from all the rest by that smiling and pleasant countenance characteristic of a true "Mormon" Elder. Nor was I mistaken, for he turn-

ed out to be Elder William Gardner, president of the Australasian Mission, who together with Elders John Johnson of Elsinore and Thomas S. Browning of Ogden, Utah, had come down to meet me, as they had reason to expect me in by the "Monowai". The meeting with these Elders was very pleasant to me and so was also the mail from home which awaited me at Auckland. For three months I had not heard a word from my family or anyone else in Zion, my route of travel having been such that no letters could reach me.

The Australasian Mission had no permanent headquarters at that time, though Auckland was understood to enjoy that distinction. But the president spent nearly his entire time traveling in the different districts, paying particular attention to the Maori part of the mission; and when in Auckland he roomed with Elders Johnson and Browning who rented a small apartment on Gray St. No. 145. These two brethren, appointed to labor in Auckland and vicinity, were endeavoring to raise up a branch of the Church. I made my temporary headquarters with these Elders while I perused the records of the mission.

Fri., Oct. 11. I commenced my historical labors in Auckland, pertaining to the Australasian Mission, assisted by Elder John Johnson, who was secretary of the mission.

Sat., Oct. 12. I continued my labors and was introduced to Elder Charles Hardy, president of the scattered fragments of what was once the Auckland Branch.

Sun., Oct. 13. Pres. Wm. Gardner and I addressed a small meeting of saints held at Sister Harding's in Auckland. A peaceful spirit prevailed and much encouragement was held out before the saints. A few visiting strangers were present and were much interested.

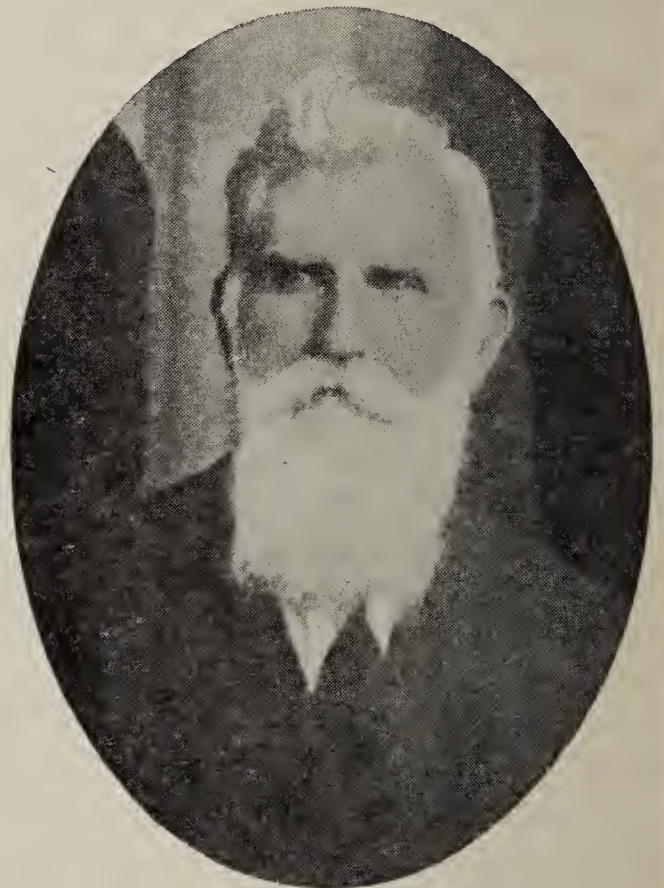
Elder William Gardner and I took a walk on which we ascended the famous Mount Eden, an extinct volcano situated about three miles from the busi-

ness part of Auckland. Auckland, contained in 1895 a population of about 51,000, including the suburbs. Since October 27, 1854, Auckland has been known to Latter-day Saint history. On that day Elders Augustus Farnham and William Cook landed in Auckland from Australia, as messengers of truth and salvation to the people of New Zealand, which at that time contained a population of only about 30,000 whites. The first branch of the Church in New Zealand was raised up by William Cook early in 1855 after the return to Australia of Augustus Farnham, at Karori, near Wellington. In the latter part of 1871 Elder Henry Dryden and Bro. Joseph Fawsett, with their respective families (eleven souls altogether) sailed from New Zealand per steamer Nevada. This little company, which seems to have been the first Latter-day Saints to emigrate direct to Utah from New Zealand, arrived in Salt Lake City Feb. 10, 1872.

Mon., Oct. 14. In perusing the records of the Australasian mission I found that no account of the labors of the early missionaries had been preserved. Nearly 200 missionaries from Zion had landed on the shores of New Zealand since 1881 to the time of my visit in 1895, of whom upwards of sixty were pleading the cause of truth in New Zealand then, the larger half among the Maori people. The Australasian mission embraced New Zealand and Tasmania, with a total membership of 2,465. Adding 933 children under eight years of age, the grand total was 3,398 souls. Only 110 of these were in Australia and Tasmania at that time. The rest were in New Zealand.

The colony of New Zealand, which is a British possession, consists of three main islands with several smaller clusters of isles lying at some distance from the principal group. The main islands, known as the north and south and Stewart islands have a coast line 4,330 miles. New Zealand is firstly a pastoral and secondly an agricultural country.

The estimated population of New Zealand on Dec. 31, 1894, was 686,000, exclusive of Maoris, who, according to the census of 1891, numbered 41,993. According to the census of 1893 the religious complex of New Zealand was as follows: 250,945 of the inhabitants were members of the Church of England; 141,477 Presbyterians; 87,272 Catholics; 63,415 Methodists; 14,825 Baptists; 6,685 Congregational Independents; 5,616 Lutherans; 3,928 Pagans, etc., 1,463 Hebrews; 308 Unitarians; 315 Society of Friends and the last and smallest of all, 206 Latter-day Saints.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM GARDNER

Tues., Oct. 15. For the purpose of visiting the two districts of the New Zealand Mission which embrace the branches of the Church on the north end of the North Island, Elder William Gardner and I boarded the small steamer "Wellington" and sailed from Auckland at 8:00 p. m. bound for Whangarei, about 90 miles away and spent the night upon the ocean sailing along the east coast.

Wed., Oct. 16. At 6:30 a. m. the "Wellington" landed her passengers at Opau, or the railway wharf two miles below the town of Whangarei. We then traveled six miles by rail to

Kamo, a small coal mining town, where Elder J. H. Willard Goff, who presided over the Whangarei district, met us with two extra horses. We rode about four miles inland to the residence of Bro. Percy S. C. Going, who lived in a very hilly district of country, known as Ruatangata. Here we received a most hearty welcome by Bro. Going and family, who were the only members of the Church in the neighborhood and constituted a part of what was known as the Opuawhanga Branch. Here we also met Elder Hial B. Hales, who was Elder Goff's missionary companion in the Whangarei district. We spent the afternoon perusing records, and in the evening we held a cottage meeting in Bro. Going's house. Besides his family and the Elders, four non-members were present.

Fri., Oct. 18. Bro. Going, Elder Gardner and I set out on a twenty-five mile horseback ride to the native village of Te Hore, where a conference of the Bay of Islands District had been appointed for the following Saturday and Sunday. The day's ride gave me a fair introduction to the clay hills of New Zealand. There are only a few wagon roads through this sparsely populated part of the island, and hence only a few vehicles cross the country. Most of the traveling is done on horseback. The face of the country consists chiefly of hills and mountains, the slopes of which generally present a somewhat scarry appearance, having been dug again and again in search of kauri gum. Gum digging has in times past been a very profitable occupation in this part of the country, and according to government reports there were still 7,000 persons employed in that business in 1895. Since 1853 more than 169,000 tons of kauri gum had been gathered, most of which had been sent abroad, to be used in the manufacture of varnish, etc.

We arrived, about the middle of the afternoon, at the village of Te Hore, situated in the heavy woodland on the

Hikurangi river and were welcomed by president Charles B. Bartlett and Elders Thomas J. Morgan, Joseph Markham and Milo B. Andrus, traveling Elders in the Bay of Islands district. There being a flourishing branch of the Church at Te Hore, about thirty saints were there to receive us. As soon as we emerged from the timber they commenced to call out "haere mai, haeri mai" (come, come) and after we had forded the river they strung



MAORI CHIEF

themselves out in a long line in front of the meeting house to receive our undivided greeting, which meant both shaking hands and rubbing noses. This certainly was a new and novel experience to me. I had learned a great number of new departures and native ways during my sojourn among the Hawaiians, Fijians, Tongans and Samoans; but none of these indulged in that particular mode of greeting which the Moaris call "hongī" (nose rubbing). Well, I made a failure of the first attempt. Elder Gardner, evidently forgetting that I was a new hand, started out in such good earnest for himself that he was half-way down the line before I had unsaddled my horse and was ready to commence. I

was just getting my nose ready to start in when my courage failed me. All at once I seemed to forget the verbal instructions I had received about this same "hongi" business. Was I to press with the tip of the nose, or the left or right side or all around? I had forgotten all. The president of the branch, who was also a chief, stood at the head of the line; and he was the first to be greeted, as a matter of course. There he stood with his large Grecian nose ready for action. No, I could not, I had forgotten how or rather I had not learned yet. I simply gave him a hearty regular "Mormon" hand shaking and passed on to the next, while he gave me a sympathizing look. He seemed to take in the situation; but this was not the case with all the rest. What was the matter with the new Elder, or the "kaitubituki" (writer) as they called me from the beginning. Did I feel above "hongi-ing" with them, else why didn't I do like the rest of the Elders. Well, I made a public confession before conference was through, and in the absence of a better excuse I tried to make them believe that I was a bashful young man who feared that I would be laughed at, if I shouldn't do it just right, and so I postponed the experiment. But I assured them that as I had been practising with the president of the branch and others between meetings that I would "hongi" with all of them before I left them. That was satisfactory and according to latest accounts none of the Te Hore saints apostatized through my neglect of etiquette.

Our first official act after arriving at Te Hore was to administer to a sick woman. We were then conducted through the fallen timber and up a steep hill to a neat little farm house owned by Ern Reweii, second counselor to the president of the branch, who vacated the house with his family in order to let us occupy it during our visit. We had only been occupying our new temporary home a short time, when the bell rang and soon after-

wards a message in the shape of an open-faced little native boy came running up the hill and called to the top of his voice "Haere mai ki te kai" which meant: Come to food, or in plainer English, Come to supper. All right, we had come twenty-five miles over a rough, muddy, hilly, dangerous road and were hungry, so we responded cheerfully. Our horses were already feeding on the green grass which abounded on the hill side. The meal to which we were invited was served in the meeting house; the food was placed on mats which were spread on the floor and reached from the door to the inner end of the building; and all must sit on the floor in regular native style. For me, however, a small box was provided, because I was "a new hand" and not accustomed to Maori ways. But as I was anxious to impress my Maori friends with the fact that I had passed through months of careful training on the smaller islands of the Pacific and had learned to sit on my crossed legs in genuine native style, I respectfully declined the use of the box, and insisted that Elder Gardner, who was the oldest man, and besides the president of the mission, was the most proper person to perch upon this seat of honor. And I suggested further that it be placed at the head of the "table" (mat) for that purpose. Both Elders and Maoris seemed to relish the food, which consisted chiefly of well cooked meat, potatoes and bread.

After supper we commenced our historical labors, the district and branch records of the Bay of Islands district having been brought in for that purpose.

After evening prayer in the meeting house, which was preceded by the singing of a hymn, and the reading of a chapter in the Bible, the gathering was turned into a genuine Maori "poroporo", during which numerous speeches of welcome were made, chiefly directed to Elder Gardner and myself, to which we briefly responded, but as every leading man present seemed to have

something to say, the meeting was prolonged till about 11:00 o'clock at night. This did not mean that all present kept awake all that time; many slept, and some even snored. Even we missionaries were half asleep part of the time and no doubt I should have gone far into dreamland had not one of the Elders paid particular attention to me by whispering a translation of the speeches in my ear as they were delivered. At length the last speaker was through, and we Elders, after shaking hands with all who were not asleep, betook us to our quarters on the hill.

Sat., Oct. 19. The semi-annual conference of the Bay of Islands District commenced in the large and commodious Te Hore meeting house at 10:00 a. m. Elder Chas. B. Bartlett and I were the speakers in the forenoon, Elder Gardner doing the translating for me. President Gardner was the principal speaker in the afternoon, while a number of the native brethren, Elders Gardner and Milo B. Andrus addressed the congregation in the evening.

Sun., Oct. 20. The conference was continued and three interesting meetings held. I occupied the time in the forenoon, Elder Bartlett translating for me. In the afternoon Elder Gardner, two native brethren and Elder Bartlett were the speakers and in the evening the assembly was addressed by Elder Thomas J. Morgan, myself and several natives. Between the forenoon and afternoon meetings I baptized two converts in the beautiful, clear water of the Hukurangi river. All the saints and strangers present in the village had assembled on its bank, to witness the performance of the sacred ordinance and as Elder Gardner stood upon the green bank and addressed the assembly on the subject of baptism, it caused one's mind to revert to John the Baptist preaching to the multitude on the banks of the river Jordan. The scene certainly was very impressive. After the singing of a suitable hymn, the

offering of a prayer and Elder Gardner's speech, which was all done in the Maori language, I administered the sacred ordinance of baptism for the first time in my life in the southern zone. The two converts were confirmed in the afternoon meeting, which gave Elder Gardner a good subject for a powerful sermon on the first principles of the gospel. Thus the first conference which I attended in Maoridom proved a very interesting one to me.

Mon., Oct. 21. I spent the day attending to historical labors at our quarters on the hill, assisted by Elders Morgan and Markham. Another meeting was held in the Te Hore meeting house in the evening at which Elder Gardner was the principal speaker. News of the good time we were having at the conference had spread to the surrounding villages, and the people kept coming in, some to be baptized.

In culling from the records I experienced great difficulty in keeping trace of Maori names. The natives of New Zealand are in the habit of changing their names repeatedly in the course of a life time, and thus we often find that a native has been baptized in one name, ordained to some office in the priesthood in another and perhaps set apart to preside over a branch in still another. I have used my utmost influence against this practice both in public and in private and instructed all record-keepers to see that these mixtures of names do not occur in the future, as such a practice would destroy the value of records for historical purposes. Another trouble that I have also encountered is that a number of Elders from Zion have been guilty of writing their names in a half a dozen different ways, thus making it impossible to trace them without an interpreter.

Tues., Oct. 20. At an early hour a messenger arrived at our apartments on the hill at Te Hore, announcing that several persons were waiting at the meeting house to be baptized before breakfast. Consequently we all pro-

ceeded to the banks of the river once more; another interesting meeting at the water's edge, another hymn and prayer, and then Elder Bartlett entered the stream, followed by one young man, two women and a boy, all of whom were baptized in full view of the people standing on the banks of the stream. We then repaired to the meeting house where a confirmation meeting was held. On the same occasion three children were blessed, after which I delivered a short parting address to the people with Elder Bartlett as interpreter. The next thing on the program was a late breakfast, then the exchanging of a few small presents as tokens of love and remembrance, then goodbye and rubbing noses with about fifty natives who placed themselves in a row for that purpose. We also gave the parting hand to Elders Bartlett, Morgan, Markham and Andrus, and at 10:45 a. m. Elders Gardner, Goff and I mounted our horses and rode off the same way we had come. While we were crossing the river the saints stood on the bank wishing us goodbye and uttered many words of good will, while they swung their hats and waved their handkerchiefs to us, until we disappeared from their view in the bush. We then rode twenty-five miles over hills and through valleys and streams and arrived at Brother Going's house in Ruatangata at 4:00 p. m.

Thus ended my introductory visit to the Maori people, to whom I at once became attached because of their full-hearted devotion to the gospel and the servants of the Lord.

Wed., Oct. 23. We spent a pleasant time at Ruatangata with Bro. Going and family. Bro. Going and wife were young people having four nice little children; they were also young in the Church but enjoyed the spirit of the gospel. Martha Ruffle, a young, unmarried sister, lived with them.

At 10:00 o'clock a. m. Elders Gardner and Goff and I left Ruatangata on horseback and rode nineteen miles by way of Kamo and Hikurangi to a

neighborhood known as Opuawhanga, to the residence of Elder Thomas Finlayson, president of the Opuawhanga branch, who with his large and interesting family was about to emigrate to the land of the Saints in far-off America. He had quite recently sold his farm at a fair price and rejoiced very much at the prospect of gathering with the saints. We took a three-mile walk into the bush, piloted by Elder Finlayson, to see one of the largest kauri trees in New Zealand. It stood on the farm of Mr. G. Foden (formerly a member of the Church) and on the immediate borders of the great Puhipuel forest. Its circumference was about 45 feet with a gigantic trunk of nearly sixty feet below the branches, and 75 foot for lumber, exclusive of the top. It was estimated that its top was about 150 feet above the roots. We experienced considerable difficulty in reaching this interesting product of nature. Not only was it hard climbing, but the road or path leading to it was very miry and wet in places owing to the recent rains; it also led through a thick undergrowth through which we had to grope our way with care.

Thurs., Oct. 24. I spent the day at Bro. Finlayson's perusing a number of records pertaining to the Whangarei district, Bro. Finlayson's home being the district headquarters at the time. About 3:00 p. m. Elders Gardner and Goff started on horseback for Takahiwai, leaving me to follow the next day, in company with Elder Finlayson and others.

Fri., Oct. 25. We arose early and at 7:00 a. m. I bade Bro. Finlayson's family goodbye and started in his company for Takahiwai. We walked two miles across some lowlands beyond which we were overtaken by two of Bro. Finlayson's boys with horses, which they had brought around the swamps that we had crossed on foot. We mounted the animals and rode four miles to Waro, a coal mine and railway terminus. We then walked along the track one mile to Hikurangi, a neat little town with 200 in-

habitants, where we boarded the train at 9:45 a. m. and rode ten miles to Whangarei, having been joined at Kamo by Bro. Percy L. C. Going, his nephew and Hoane Tautahi Piti, a native Elder. While they continued by rail to the wharf, Bro. Finlayson and I got off at Whangarei and afterwards walked two miles to the wharf. Soon afterwards young Robert Going, from Grahams Town, came across the water with a little boat to take us to his father's house; but there being too many of us to be accommodated at once, three of us got in first and had a pleasant two-mile sail down the tidal river. We landed at the foot of some hills on the left, across which we walked during a heavy fall of rain, while the boat returned for the other passengers. After first paying a visit to Limestone island, we held an interesting little meeting at the house of Mr. Henry H. Going of Grahamstown at which I spoke for over an hour and, after partaking of the hospitality of Mr. Going, he furnished us with two boats, in which Bro. Finlayson and son, Bro. Going and nephew, the native Elder and I embarked at 10:30 p. m. and set out for Takahiwai, some eight miles away, and across the wide tidal river. Our object in starting at this late hour of the night was to take advantage of the high water, as the river was very shallow in many places. There being no wind we rowed all the way. The night was dark and cloudy and several times we lost our reckoning being unable to see either the shore or the mangroves which were growing thickly in the shallow parts of the river, and in fact lined it all the way. At length we lost our way in sailing up an inlet or narrow opening in the mangroves through which we were to reach the village of Takahiwai. We ran aground again and again, unable to see or keep in the channel. At last we could get no further which ever way we turned and so decided to leave our crafts and make the shore on foot, though we did not know where the village was.

It was then 2:00 o'clock in the morn-

ing. Stripping ourselves of part of our clothing and picking up our baggage we started in single file on our wading expedition. Though the water was not deep enough to float our boats, we found both water and mud in many places much deeper than we thought necessary for wading purposes, but no one complained as we were all brave and would not show the white feather by referring to the cold, the mud or the rocks and shells which cut our bare feet, or the deep holes in the sand or clay into which we plunged now and then. At length we reached higher ground, where we could feel the green grass under our muddy feet. But where were we? We shouted long, loud and often and called out in English, Danish and Maori, but for a long time all our signals of distress were unheeded. At length the friendly response of a dog was faintly heard in the distance, and we immediately set out in the direction of the sound, and soon found ourselves climbing a hill. More dogs began to howl and finally a whole regiment (a small one) of canines met us; then we saw a light, and next we found the village. Oh, those blessed dogs! This friendly act on the part of the Takahiwai canines on this occasion made me forgive all the dogs in New Zealand for all their former trespasses against me, and I have not kicked a dog since. While our good brethren and sisters slept the sleep that would have known no awakening until morning, had we not disturbed them, these uneducated dogs instinctively responded to our calls, and saved us from the unpleasant experience of wandering in the mud all night.

On our arrival at the village we found Elders Gardner, Goff, Bartlett and Markham together with a number of natives who had accompanied the Bay of Islands Elders from Te Hore, sleeping in the meeting house. Room was also made for us, and after shaking hands all around (for all the natives as well as the Elders arose to hear the hurried report of our midnight adventure), we retired to obtain a little

rest before assuming the responsibilities of another day, which was about to dawn upon us.

Sat., Oct. 26. We commenced our conference at 10:00 a. m. Elder Goff was the first speaker, followed by myself and Wike Te Pirihi, the president of the Takahiwai branch. Bro. Goff interpreted for me, while I brought the saints greetings from their co-religionists in Zion, the Hawaiian saints and others and gave them some items of Church history.

Sun., Oct. 27. The conference was continued and closed, three well attended meetings being held. The spirit of God was poured out in rich measure both upon speakers and hearers and we all had a season of rejoicing. The



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natives seemed to be in the best of spirits and manifested much interest. During our stay we were treated to the best the village afforded, four meals a day being served. The food was prepared in a neighboring cook house and the meals spread on the floor of the meeting house. Among the visitors was Elder Peter J. Nordstrand, who had been a member of the Church since 1876 and took an active part in the affairs of the mission on the South is-

land years ago. He gave me important information about the early doings of the missionaries in Christchurch and vicinity.

Mon., Oct. 28. Bro. Finlayson and son, Bro. Goings and nephew and Hoani Tautahi Piti took their departure early in the morning. Soon afterwards the bell rang for morning devotion, and after prayers we ordained Tetahi Honetana to the office of a Priest. The next on the program were speeches of greeting by a number of the leading native brethren present, to which Elders Gardner, Bartlett, Goff and I responded. The native speakers all expressed their appreciation of our visit and the good conference just ended, and their great love and respect for us as the servants of God. At 11:30 a. m. Elder Gardner and I took leave of the Elders and native saints, mounted our horses and made seven miles to Marsden Point, where we boarded the steamer "Wellington" and sailed for Auckland at 4:00 p. m.

Tues., Oct. 29. We landed at Auckland and found Elders John Johnson and Thomas S. Browning awaiting our arrival. I now spent the remainder of the week in Auckland busily engaged in historical labors assisted by Elder Johnson. On the Thursday evening we attended a lecture given by a preacher of the Irvingite persuasion. As his lecture was characteristic of its many truths and correct principles, I approached him after the meeting and complimented him on his lecture. He at once became all attention and no doubt thinking I would be a good subject for conversion to his creed, gave me a pressing invitation to attend the remainder of his lectures and even offered to give me special private instructions. But when I told him that I was an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, his interest in me suddenly gave way to a spirit of contention. I never knew before that the Irvingites or so-called Apostolic Church were so bitterly opposed to the work of God, though Joseph Smith, in recording its origin, fully

warrants that such naturally would be the case.

Sun., Nov. 3. Elders William Gardner and Thomas S. Browning remained at Auckland to hold a Maori meeting with some visiting natives. Elder John Johnson and I walked out into the country to fill appointments.

Mon., Nov. 4. I resumed my historical labors in our rather uncomfortable quarters, being obliged to write by a little table in our small room with the bedstead for a seat.

CHAPTER 35

(1895—continued)

From Auckland to Gisborne—In visiting the different districts of the Mission we traveled mostly on horseback, held meetings and gathered history—Visit the Poverty Bay, Waiapu, Mahia, Hawkes Bay, Manawatu, and Wairarapa district—On the South Island we visited Christchurch and Dunedin and the Wairau district, landing at Blenheim.

Tues., Nov. 5. After spending the forenoon doing historical work, Elder William Gardner and I boarded the steamer "Tasmania" and sailed from Auckland at 2:30 p. m. to make an extended tour to all the districts of the New Zealand mission lying southward. The Huddard, Parker and Company's agents were kind enough to give us both free transportation from Auckland via Gisborne, Wellington and Lyttleton to Dunedin and back again.

Wed., Nov. 6. About 8:00 o'clock a. m. we rounded East Cape and changed our course from a southeasterly to a southwesterly direction. At 3:00 p. m. we cast anchor in Poverty Bay, off Gisborne, almost on the same spot where the great navigator, Capt. James Cook anchored Oct. 8, 1769, having discovered New Zealand only a few days previously. But instead of being greeted by savage warriors in canoes ready for fight like Capt. Cook was, we were soon approached by a steam launch, tugging a lighter after it for the purpose of landing passengers and freight. As the wind and waves blew and rolled towards land the little craft labored hard to reach the steamer. Getting there at last it was no easy task to transfer the pas-

sengers. The little launch was tossed up against the side of the steamer repeatedly only to be lowered quite a number of feet the next moment; but by careful manipulation of ladder and hoisting apparatus the passengers who were to land in Gisborne, Elder Gardner and myself included, at last were clinging hard to the tackling and railing of the launch, which finally landed us safely at the Gisborne wharf at the mouth of the Turanganui river.

We met Elders Chas. H. Embley and Jacob E. Teeple who were laboring as missionaries in the Poverty Bay district. They conducted us to the house of Werihana Tupeka, who presided over the Waikanae branch and with whom the Elders made their headquarters in the Poverty Bay district. We spent a pleasant evening with the family and the Elders. I also commenced my historical labors, the various branch and district records having been gathered there for that purpose. Just before night Elder Joseph C. Jørgensen of Logan, Utah, rode in with horses for Bro. Gardner and me to ride up to his field of labor—the Waiapu district—where we expected to hold conference the following Saturday and Sunday.

Tues., Nov. 7. In the morning I was introduced to Hami Te Hau, a sick brother who lived in a tent on the premises of Werihana Tupeka and who was the first Maori I ever met who was tattooed all over his face. After spending the forenoon culling from the records, Elders Gardner, Jørgensen and I left Gisborne on horseback about 1:00 o'clock p. m. for the Waiapu district. A few miles brought us to the coast and thence we followed the beautiful sandy beach for several miles until we reached the mouth of the Papare river, which travelers generally cross on a ferry. But as Elder Jørgensen knew of a place some distance up the stream where the river could be forded in safety, we concluded that we would not patronize the ferry. After fording the river we rode about three miles inland to the little Maori village Tepune

(20 miles from Gisborne) where Tamati Waka, a non-member, received us kindly, gave us boiled potatoes, corn and cabbage for supper, and made us as comfortable as he could over night. We had quite an interesting time with the family at evening prayer, and during the conversation which ensued Tamati Waka related some of his experiences in the land courts, and denounced the actions of the Church of England missionaries, who, he said, had taught the Maori to pray to God, but while the confiding Maori was engaged in his devotion, the missionaries and the pakehas (Europeans) stole his land from under him.

Fri., Nov. 8. We arose early from our beds on the mats in the smoky and dismal quarters where we had spent the night, partook of bread and warm water (with sugar) for breakfast, mounted our horses, and rode away. First we passed through a picturesque valley, thence we crossed the mountain to the sea beach, which we followed for several miles, thence turned inland again, crossing another mountain to Tolago bay, where the town of Uawa is pleasantly situated at the mouth of a river of that name. This place is about thirty-five miles from Gisborne. We now turned inland once more, following the general course of the Uawa river about four miles to Mangaheia, a native village situated on a stream of that name—a tributary of the Uawa.

At this place there was a branch of the Church and here we were to hold our conference for the Waiapu district. Here we also met Elders Rouzelle E. Scott and Joseph M. Jacobsen, who were laboring as missionaries in the Waiapu district, in connection with Elder Jørgensen. The native saints who were at home, also greeted us with their usual warmth of heart. I commenced my historical labors at once, assisted by Elder Joseph C. Jørgensen. In the evening, after prayer, speeches of welcome were made by the natives, to which Elder Gardner and I responded. We also administered to a sick sister, who lay at death's door and

was raving under the influence of a peculiar spirit, which we rebuked by the power of the Priesthood, after which she became quiet, and rested well during the night. Instead of calling for the administration of the ordinance for the sick in the first place, the young woman had sought the advice of the Maori priests, but this had only made her worse and was, in our judgment, the cause of the evil spirit taking possession of her. Bro. Tehira Paea, the president of the Mangaheia branch, placed a room in his house at our disposal during our stay in the place.

Sat., Nov. 9. I spent the day perusing the district and branch records for historical purposes, which proved quite a task, as most of the entries in the branch books were made in the Maori language. In the evening we held our first meeting in a low and rather dismal looking meeting house. Elder Gardner and I were the speakers, Bro. Jørgensen translating for me. About sixty people were present—all natives except the Elders.

Sun., Nov. 10. We held three good and interesting meetings at Mangaheia. I occupied most of the time in the forenoon, Elder Jørgensen again being my interpreter; in the afternoon Elder Gardner spoke. The evening session was mostly devoted to bearing testimonies. Excellent testimonies were given, and the natives were so anxious to speak that two or three sometimes arose to their feet simultaneously. The meeting was a long one, as nearly all who were present—both men and women—had something to say. The Holy Spirit was poured out to such an extent in all our meetings that we left the people feeling well and the saints full of determination to renew their efforts in serving the Lord faithfully and truly.

Mon., Nov. 11. After taking leave of Elders Scott and Jacobsen and those of the native saints who had not already taken their departure, Elders Gardner, Jørgensen and I mounted our horses and started on our return trip

for Gisborne at 7:30 a. m. At Uawa we took leave of Rutene Kuhukuhu and resuming our journey at 1:30 p. m. we forded the river, which was a somewhat dangerous undertaking, as the water was quite deep, the tide being in. Tired and weary after our long ride, we arrived at Mr. Adolph Hansen's house near Gisborne at 6:00 p. m. Here we spent a pleasant evening with the family and some invited relatives. Mr. Hansen's wife was a member of the Church, and he himself was a good friend to the Elders. At a late hour we finished our long day's journey by walking and riding to our former quarters on the premises of Wirihana Tupeka.

Tues., Nov. 12. We settled down to hard work copying and culling from the district and branch records, assisted by Elder Embley, whom we had met again the evening previous at Mr. Hansen's house. In the evening we held a meeting in Bro. Wirihana Tupeka's house.

Wed., Nov. 13. We arose early and I worked on the records till 10:00 o'clock a. m. when we commenced another meeting at Wainae, near Gisborne, I spoke through Elder Jørgensen as translator. Immediately after closing that meeting, Elders Gardner, Embley, Jørgensen and I took leave of Elder Teeple and the native saints, mounted on horses which had been provided for us and rode sixteen miles over a good, though roundabout road, and through a beautiful and fertile tract of country to Muriwai. In this native village, situated on the lowlands near the beach, the oldest and best branch of the Church in the Poverty Bay district was located. We stopped with Te Peepa, the president of the branch who received us very kindly.

Thurs., Nov. 14. Our time at this place being very limited I worked with the records part of the preceding night. At 9:00 a. m. Elders Gardner, Embley, Jørgensen and I and a native brother continued our journey from Murawai, and traveled thirty-five miles

over mountains and valleys, through gorges and timber, following a genuine New Zealand bridle path to Mahanga. This native village was situated at the foot of the mountains on the seashore, and near the narrow neck of land which separates the Mahia peninsula from the rest of the island. We arrived at this place at 5:30 p. m. and were bade welcome by Elder Lewis G. Hoaglund of Salt Lake City, who presided over the Mahia district, and also by the native saints residing at Mahanga, which constitute one of the seven branches of the Church in the district named. In the evening we held a little meeting at which Elder Gardner and I were the speakers. We then retired, but not to sleep, though we needed that as well as rest after our long, tiresome ride over the mountains. The mosquitos and fleas had apparently formed a conspiracy against us. Even Bro. Embley who always carries a flea sack with him for protection during night, found that extraordinary apparel altogether inadequate to afford his person protection on that occasion. It might serve a good purpose elsewhere, but not in Mahanga.

Fri., Nov. 15. We resumed our journey at 9:00 o'clock and rode four miles, part of the way along the sandy beach, to Kopuawhara, a native village situated on the isthmus which connects the Mahia peninsula with the main land. Here we received a hearty welcome by the native saints. I settled down to my usual historical work, assisted by Elders Hoagland and James N. Lambert. We also met Elder James C. Allen, who was laboring in the Mahia district, and was soon to succeed Elder Hoagland in the presidency of the district. In the evening we held a good and well attended meeting. Besides the members of the Kopuawhara branch, quite a number of saints from the neighboring branches of Mahanga and Waiwhara were present. Elder Gardner and I were the principal speakers. After the meeting the natives indulged in

the usual speech making. It was a welcome to Brother Gardner and me and farewell to Elder Hoagland, who was visiting there for the last time prior to his departure for home.

Sat., Nov. 16. Elders Gardner, Embley, Jørgensen, Hoagland, Allen, Lambert and I mounted our horses and rode about 14 miles to Nuhaka, a native village situated inland about a mile on the right bank of the Nuhaka river. We were warmly greeted by the saints, who saluted us with the usual "haere mai" (come) as soon as we came in sight. This was a fine village, and nearly all the people were saints. There was a good meeting house with a little tower on it which gave the place quite an attractive appearance as seen from a distance. Here also the Elders laboring in the Mahia district had their headquarters and occupied the former home of Hirini Whanga, who emigrated to Utah in 1894. Soon after our arrival I sat down to work with the district and branch records and continued this till a late hour. In each of the seven branches in the Mahia district there was a Sunday school, and at Waiwhara, Kopuawhara, Nuhaka and Mangatike there were good and commodious meeting houses.

Sun., Nov. 17. At the morning "karakia" (prayer meeting) a chapter was read from the Book of Mormon, each person present reading a verse. I was afterwards complimented on reading mine well, considering that I was a new arrival in New Zealand. But when it is understood that the vowel sounds in the Maori language are almost like the Danish and that the Maori language is strictly phonetic like the Danish, it might be expected that my early training in my native tongue would enable me to read a phonetic language easier than those who have been used to speaking English only. In this connection it may be said that experience has taught the presiding Elders in New Zealand that Elders of Scandinavian birth and training acquire the Maori language

quicker than those of other nationalities, everything else being equal. This rule also holds good among the Elders who have labored in the Hawaiian, Samoan and Tongan missions.

I will here explain once for all that at the time of my visit the Maori saints in nearly all organized branches met together for prayer morning and evening in their respective meeting houses or usual places of worship. First a hymn was sung, followed by a chapter from the Bible or the Book of Mormon, the presiding officer calling upon whomsoever he would to read. This was followed by all natives present chanting in pure Maori style an article from "Ready References", which had recently been published in the Maori language. Then came the prayer, which as a rule finished the exercises. Nearly all the male members took part in these proceedings, as they were called upon in turn to do so, and as a rule they cheerfully responded. In fact most of the members would have considered it a great slight, if they had not been called upon in their turn to read, or pray, or take the lead in the chanting and singing. That peculiar timidity with which every young American or European Elder is so well acquainted, seems to be almost unknown among the Maoris, who generally arise with an air which would indicate that they consider themselves perfectly able to do anything in the line of singing, preaching or praying that is required of them. Before the fulness of the gospel was preached to the people of Nuhaka, most of them were members of the Church of England, but now the Church of England chapel, which occupied a central position in the village, stood unoccupied on Sundays as well as week days, and its timbers were fast decaying. We held three interesting meetings in Nuhaka during the day and evening, blessed three children, and administered to several sick persons.

Mon., Nov. 18. I worked several hours on the records in the morning

and at 10:00 a. m. Elders Gardner, Hoagland, Embley, Jørgensen, Allen, Lambert and I bade farewell to Nuhaka and its saints and rode three miles to a little neighboring village known as Tahenui where we visited several families of saints. Here Elders Embley and Jørgensen took leave of us to return east and the rest of us continued the ride to Wairoa (20 miles from Nuhaka), where we arrived at 3:00 p. m. in the midst of a genuine New Zealand rain storm. Here we met a hearty welcome by the native saints with whom we held a meeting in the evening.

Tues., Nov. 19. We worked on the records till 4:00 p. m. when we rowed ourselves across the Wairoa river to the European town of Clyde or Wairoa. After paying a hurried visit to the only Latter-day Saint family in the town (Brother Hans M. Mortensen), Elder Gardner and I took leave of all the Elders who had been our last traveling companions (Hoagland, Allen and Lambert) and boarded the little steamer "Te Kapu" and sailed from the Wairoa wharf at 6:45 p. m. After sailing down the river about three miles we passed over a dangerous bar into the open ocean. We had a pleasant voyage across Hawkes Bay to Napier, 35 miles from Wairoa and landed at the Spit wharf at 11:30 p. m. We remained on board till morning.

Wed., Nov. 20. Accompanied by Sister Jane Mortensen, who was a fellow-passenger with us from Wairoa, Elder William Gardner and I visited her brother, Samuel Mortensen, who lived across the river in a little town called West Spit. He was the only member of the Church left of a small branch which Elder John P. Sørensen of Salt Lake City raised up in Napier and vicinity in 1880. The branch was organized Oct. 17, 1880, with seven members and Samuel Hansen as president.

After our visit, we took passage in a bus for the Napier railway station, two miles distant, where we met Elder

Wilford P. Nebeker, the presiding Elder in the Hawkes Bay district. The little city of Napier with about 8,000 inhabitants, had quite a romantic situation on the sea coast. The business part, which had somewhat regular streets, nestled at the foot of a hill which rises almost perpendicularly from the sea to a height of over 300 feet. Some of the finer residences were built on the top and slopes of this remarkable hill which is separated from the main land by a swampy and low country and the ground on which Napier stands was evidently once a separate island. The people of Napier and vicinity were in 1895 busily engaged in building a breakwater far out into the ocean, commencing at the foot of the hill or bluff.

At 1:30 p. m. Elders Gardner, Nebeker and I boarded the train and traveled 25 miles through a beautiful and apparently fertile country to Te Hauke, a native village situated in a romantic little valley with a lake in its center abounding with eels of all sizes. There was quite a branch of the Church at this place. Here we met Elders Thomas J. O'Brien and David Lindsey, who together with Elder Nebeker form the missionary strength from Zion in the Hawkes Bay district. The natives at Te Hauke lived in comfortable lumber houses, and the Elders, whose headquarters were here, occupied a neat little room in one of the largest dwellings. The place had a fine meeting house which was nicely furnished with a stand and seats.

Thurs., Nov 21. This was letter-writing day for the Elders at Te Hauke. The American mail was to leave in a day or two and we all had something to say by means of the pen to relatives and friends in the land of the saints—"Zion, dear Zion, far o'er the sea." In the evening we spoke in a native prayer and testimony meeting.

Fri., Nov. 22. I worked all day on the district record, assisted by Elder Thomas J. O'Brian. A number of native saints arrived in the evening to attend the conference, appointed for the two following days.

Sat., Nov. 23. I took a morning walk alone upon the green grass-covered hills lying immediately back of Te Hauke. The view was beautiful. The peaceful village, the romantic lake, the thousands of sheep grazing upon the hill slopes, the waving grain, the cozy groves of fruit trees, weeping willows and shrubbery and the finely graded roads winding through the valley all combined to make a picture at once grand and enchanting. At 10:00 o'clock a. m. we commenced our first meeting at which I occupied a portion of the time, Elder Hoagland acting as translator for me. Another meeting was held in the afternoon when Elder Gardner spoke. These two meetings were held in the meeting house; in the evening a meeting was held at the large lodging house where most of the visiting natives slept at night.

Sun., Nov. 24. Conference was continued and two meetings held. Two persons were baptized during the day. We also administered to a number of sick persons.

Among the conference visitors was Hohepa Otene Meihana of Taonoke, who was the first Maori baptized in this part of the country. Most of the people in his village followed his example and for several years the Taonoke Branch, over which he presided, was one of the best and liveliest Maori branches in New Zealand; but finally he quarrelled with the Elders from Zion which led to his excommunication from the Church in 1892, since which the Taonoke branch had gone down, until it had almost ceased to exist. This circumstance serves as a good illustration of what the influence of a Maori chief means. The Maori people are great sticklers for the rights of their rangatira's or chiefs. Whatever an influential chief does is generally endorsed by his people. Hence if a great chief embraces the gospel, numbers of his people will generally follow, and on the other hand, as in the case of Hohepa Otene Meihana, if a chief is severed from the Church, it often means the dissolution of a

whole branch, or the turning away of most of the people in his village. The probability was that this particular chief would soon return to the Church, which would undoubtedly mean the resurrection of the Taonoke Branch.

The saints of the Hawkes Bay district, as a rule, were well off as to this world's goods. Many of them were also well educated and lived in European style. As a rule they appeared superior to the average of their race in different ways.

Mon., Nov. 25. We, the Elders from Zion, met with the people of Te Hauke for morning prayer, and then said goodbye. I also sang to them the Hawaiian "Aloha Oe" which seemed to please them very much. Elders Gardner, Nebeker and I then left in a buggy, which the good saints of Korongata had furnished for our special convenience, for Te Hauke. We traveled 15 miles in a southwesterly direction through the heart of a beautiful country to Waipawa, a European town situated on a river of that name, which we forded, and made our way to the Maori village lying on the lowlands on the other side. Here we were kindly received by Bro. Arapata Meha and family, who lived in a comfortable frame house, in which we held a meeting in the evening. Some Europeans being present, the speaking was done in English.

Tues., Nov. 26. It rained very heavily the previous night; and as it continued to pour down this morning Elder Gardner and I concluded to continue our trip by rail, while Elders Hoagland and Nebeker faced the storm in the buggy. Taking leave of Elders O'Brien and Lindsey at the railway station at Waipawa, we traveled forty-three miles to Tamaki, a native village situated in a clearing of the so-called seventy-mile bush, about two miles southwest of Dannevirke, a settlement founded principally by Scandinavians a number of years previous. At Tamaki we were made welcome in the elegant home of Bro. Wiremu Takana, a leading man of the village.

All the natives in Tamaki lived in comfortable lumber buildings, and the only thing that distinguished the village from an ordinary European town was the long, iron-covered Maori meeting house, in which the general conference of the Australasian Mission was held the previous April.

Wed., Nov. 27. At 10:00 o'clock a. m. we commenced a well attended meeting in the large meeting house. Nearly all the village people attended and Elders Gardner and I were the speakers. Taking leave of the good people of Tamaki, Pres. Gardner and I boarded the train and continued our journey at 3:30 p. m. A fourteen mile ride brought us to Woodville, a little European town with about 800 inhabitants, situated in a timbered valley between mountains and hills. Here we followed the Wanamatu gorge, abounding with beautiful scenery on every hand, to Ashurst (eight miles from Woodville), another European town, where we met Elder Heber C. Jex of Spanish Fork, who was laboring among the Europeans in the Manawatu district, and also old Brother George Menzies, who took us in a buggy to brother George Wilson. Bro. Wilson and his family were the only members of the Church in Ashurst. We held a meeting in the evening with the few saints present.

Thurs., Nov. 28. Elder Heber C. Jex and I started out on foot on a short trip to Bunnythorp, a European town seven miles from Ashurst, leaving Elder Gardner to proceed by train to Palmerston North. We visited several Scandinavian families, some of whom had shown considerable interest in the gospel and had been kind to the Elders, and in the evening we held a meeting in the house of a Mr. Jepson who lived about two miles from Bunnythorp. I addressed the little congregation in Danish and spoke with considerable freedom.

Fri., Nov. 29. Elder Jex, who got an overdose of Danish in the meeting the night before, was sick this morning, and it was with considerable

difficulty that he walked with me to Palmerston North. We were treated with much kindness by Sister Mette Katrine Jepsen, who together with Bro. Jepsen had waited several days for us. Here we again met Elder Gardner, who had arrived in Palmerston North the day before. After being administered to, Elder Jex felt much better and was able to resume his journey with us before night. He afterwards explained that he could stand the Maori tongue unmixed, but when it came to a mixture of Danish and Maori he got more than he could conveniently digest, not being a man of great physical strength! After a pleasant visit with Sister Jepsen, who was a devoted saint and enjoyed the spirit of the gospel, we proceeded by team to the Maori village called Te Awapuni, situated about two miles south of Palmerston North. Here we held a meeting in the evening with the Maori saints, who seemed to appreciate our visit very much. We were well taken care of during the night at the home of Elder Henari Apatari, who presided over the branch.

Sat., Nov 30. Elders Gardner, Jex and I, accompanied by Henari Apatari, boarded the train and traveled 73 miles southward to Porirua (14 miles from Wellington), where we arrived at 11:45 a. m., having enjoyed the beautiful scenery both along the coast and inland. At Porirua we met Elders William S. Dimond and Horace W. Barton, who were laboring in the Manawatu district, and we then walked a mile to the native village of Takapuhia, pleasantly situated on the Porirua Bay. Here there was a lively branch of the Church. We were made welcome at the home of Wiremu Neera Kanae, who presided over the branch, and we also met Elders James S. Abbott and John H. Ellis, the other two missionaries who were laboring in the Manawatu district. The saints at Takapuhia had made splendid preparations for the reception of their visitors. They were well provided with food which they served in a large tent

raised for the purpose adjacent to our quarters.

There were some fine Maoris at this place, most of whom could speak and understand English, and were otherwise above the average of their race in intelligence. They belong to a historic and brave branch of the Maori people of which they seem to be justly proud. Bro. Wiremu Neera showed us a genealogical chart which gave his forefathers for thirty-six generations back. We commenced our first meeting at 3:00 p. m.

Sun., December 1. Our conference at Takapuahia was continued and three meetings were held. In response to written invitations a number of Europeans attended the first two meetings, at which the preaching was done in English. We had a good time, the Holy Ghost giving the servants of the Lord utterance.

Mon., Dec. 2. I commenced my historical labors in good earnest, being assisted by Elders Jex, Abbott and others of the brethren. By way of finishing our conference another meeting was held in the evening. The following two days I attended to historical work while Pres. Gardner and other Elders wrote letters and conversed with the saints.

Tues., Dec. 5. Elder Gardner and I bade farewell to the good saints of Takapuahia, or Porirua, and also to Elder James S. Abbott, president of the Manawatu district, who accompanied us to the railway station. We traveled fourteen miles by rail through a hilly country to Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, where we spent the remainder of the day attending to business connected with the transportation of our Elders and visiting the museum and public library.

Wellington, the capital or "Empire City" of New Zealand, and the government seat of the colony, is situated at the head of Port Nicholson—a fine harbor, circular in form, and one of the safest and most commodious in New Zealand. Wellington is hemmed by hills, which has necessitated the

reclaiming of large areas of land from the harbor or bay on parts of which some of the finest buildings were erected. Most of the fine residences were perched on the hill sides, which gave the city a very picturesque appearance as one approached it from the sea. At the Thorndon end of the city was the residence of the governor of the colony—a handsome building of the Italian style of architecture. Adjoining were the houses of Parliament, and nearer the business part of the city were the general government buildings, which enjoyed the distinction of being the largest wooden structures in the world. Elder Gardner and I went through these buildings, which were full of government offices and the depository of valuable books and documents. Immediately behind Wellington lies the suburban town of Karore, where the first branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in New Zealand was organized.

Fri., Dec. 6. Our hearts were made glad by the reception of American mail which had been forwarded to us from Auckland. All was well at our respective homes when the letters were written. The public news from the land of the saints was also of a cheering nature. If there is anything that causes more than ordinary joy in the heart of an Elder in a foreign land, it is the reception of good news from home, and in New Zealand, where there was only a monthly mail from America, the arrival of the mail steamer always was a red letter day with the Elders. At 3:00 o'clock p. m. we boarded the good steamer "Tasmania", one of the Hudson and Co.'s vessels, and sailed for Dunedin, South Island. The day was cloudy but not stormy, hence we had a pleasant voyage. The coast scenery which presented itself to view as we sailed out of Wellington harbor was very interesting.

Sat., Dec. 7. At 5:30 a. m. the "Tasmania" reached the mouth of the inlet on which Port Lyttleton is situated about six miles up from the ocean. At 6:00 a. m. we arrived at the harbor,

175 miles from Wellington, and as the steamer was to remain there for several hours, Pres. Gardner and I landed and boarded a train which in twenty minutes brought us to the beautiful city of Christchurch, six and a half miles from Lyttleton. Nearly two miles of this distance through a tunnel which has been bored through the heart of the mountain that separates Port Lyttleton from the Canterbury plains.

We walked through the lovely artificial park lying adjacent to the museum and were particularly interested in the fine ponds and the scenery along the Avon river which passes through both the park and the city and abounds with fish. We also visited the public library, and on returning to the railway station we unexpectedly met Elders Edgar O. Best and Wallace C. Castleton, who were laboring as missionaries in Canterbury with headquarters at Christchurch. Many years ago there was a flourishing branch of Latter-day saints in Christchurch, and other branches in the immediate vicinity, but their members had long since emigrated to Zion, or had strayed off, with the exception of one or two who still remained and were only counted as scattered members. In 1894 missionary labors were renewed in Canterbury and the prospects were now good for a successful work to be done. Quite a number of people were investigating the principles of the gospel and a few months previous Elder Best baptized two converts. Returning to Lyttleton we again boarded the "Tasmania" which sailed at 2:00 p. m. After rounding the heads at the mouth of the inlet the ship headed for Dunedin, about two hundred miles away, and as the weather was good and the sea smooth, we spent another pleasant night on the briny deep.

Sun., Dec. 8. At 6:00 a. m. we entered the picturesque inlet which leads up to Dunedin and at 7:00 o'clock we were lying alongside the wharf. Here we met Elder John G. Young, one of the missionaries from Zion laboring

in the Otago district on the south end of the South Island of New Zealand.

Mon., Dec. 9. Elders Gardner and Young and I called at the Union Steamship general offices in Dunedin and succeeded in making arrangements for a reduction of ten per cent in the regular fare for our Elders traveling from port to port in and between New Zealand, Australia, Samoa, Tonga and Fiji, or on all the Union Steamship Company's steamers. Theretofore our Elders had received no reduction, though such an allowance had been given to ministers of the gospel belonging to other denominations. The main object of my visit to Dunedin was to secure a concession of that kind from the steamship company. At 4:00 p. m. Bro. Gardner and I took leave of Elder Young who returned to his field of labor in the south.

Tues., Dec. 10. After attending to some transportation business with the steamship companies, Elder Gardner and I repaired to the harbor, arriving just in time to see the "Tasmania" swing out from the wharf as she was leaving for Port Chalmers, the bridge having been taken in already. But by watching our chance, we sprang on board, an undertaking that was not accomplished without some danger. We were anxious to meet John Murrell, Esq., general New Zealand agent for the Hubbart Parker Company, who was on board. We had no difficulty in effecting with him the same reduction for our Elders that the Union Company had granted.

Leaving Dunedin at 10:00 a. m. we arrived at Port Chalmers (eight miles down the inlet) an hour later. Here we spent several hours. At 4:00 p. m. we boarded the "Tasmania" once more and steamed off for Lyttleton. Owing to the heavy current considerable difficulty was experienced in turning the ship in the narrow channel. We reached the open ocean at 5:00 p. m. and wind and waves being favorable, we had another pleasant voyage.

Wed., Dec. 11. At 6:00 o'clock a. m. we arrived at the mouth of the Lyttle-

ton inlet and an hour later we arrived at the wharf. Being informed that the ship would not sail till 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon, Elder Gardner and I landed, and walked to the top of the mountain lying immediately back of Lyttleton. Its highest point is about 1,600 feet above sea level and from that lofty summit we enjoyed a grand view of the surrounding country. At 4:15 p. m. we again boarded the "Tasmania", and at 5:00 o'clock we continued our voyage, now bound for Wellington.

Thurs., Dec. 12. At 1:00 o'clock a. m. the "Tasmania" reached Wellington. We sought our former quarters on Willis St., and then called at the post-office where we received additional mail matter from home. I also called on government officials to obtain literature and maps of New Zealand.

Fri., Dec. 13. At Wellington we visited a family which had formerly belonged to the Church. Then Elder Gardner and I boarded the little steamer "Waihi", bound for Blenheim on the South island, fifty-seven miles from Wellington.

Sat., Dec. 14. We arrived at Blenheim on the South Island, where we met Elder Joseph W. Linford with a horse cart in which we rode to Te Hora, where the Wairau district conference was held on this and the following day. Of Elders from Zion there were present: Wm. Gardner (president), Joseph W. Linford, R. Leo Bird, Walter Bunot, Hyrum Cook and myself. Good meetings were held, though some little trouble occurred through the actions of some drunken parties. I spoke in English as there were a number of Europeans present.

Sun., Dec. 15. Conference at Te Hora was continued. Elder Linford and Pres. Gardner spoke in the forenoon and I addressed the congregation in the European session in the afternoon. Quite a number of whites were present. In the evening, while Elders Gardner, Linford and Bunot remained at Te Hora and held another meeting with the Maori saints there, Elders

Bird, Cook and I went to the European settlement (Canvastown) and held a cottage meeting in the house of a Brother Witney. On our way there we visited a Sister Simonsen, who treated us to fresh raspberries and strawberries. Our European meeting was attended by several strangers besides the saints who constitute the membership in this neighborhood. We stopped overnight with Bro. Witney.

Mon., Dec. 16. We arose early and assisted by Elder Bird I attended to historical labors in the forenoon, after which we walked back two miles to Te Hora, where we finished our labors and then took leave of the saints. On our way down the valley we took leave of the European saints and also Elder Cook, while Elders Gardner, Linford, Bird and I proceeded in a cart and Elder Bunot on horseback, forty miles to the native village of Wairau, situated on the Wairau river, about four miles from Blenheim. At this place there was a small branch of the Church and we held a meeting there in the evening at the home of Mehaka Watere.

The Wairau missionary district embraced the north end of the South Island and consisted of four organized branches of the Church with a baptized membership of 113 and 31 children under eight years of age—a total of 144 souls, 15 of whom were Europeans. The Wairau Branch, organized July 17, 1887, by Elders Nelson S. Bishop and Joseph S. Groesbeck, was the oldest branch in the district.

Tues., Dec. 17. We spent the forenoon at Wairau attending to historical labors and at 2:30 p. m. Elders Gardner, Linford, Bird, Bunot and I started off with the cart and traveled about ten miles to Para, where Elder Bunot took leave of us and returned with the cart while the rest of us boarded the train and traveled eight miles to Picton, a fine little town with 1,000 inhabitants, where we boarded the steamer "Wainui", together with quite a number of native saints from Te Hora and

other places who were going over with us to attend the Christmas conference to be held in the Wairarapa Valley.

Wed., Dec. 18. At 2:00 a. m. the steamer "Wainui" sailed from Picton and after a pleasant voyage of 53 miles we arrived at Wellington at 8:00 a. m. We spent part of the day at Wellington, visiting the museum, and the parliament buildings, and also attended to some business. At 3:30 we boarded the train and started for the Wairarapa Valley, arriving at Woodside, 50 miles from Wellington, at 6:30 p. m. Here we changed cars and traveled three miles on a branch railway to Graytown, where Elder George Bowles, president of the Wairarapa district, and Lewis G. Hoagland, from the Mahia district, were on hand to receive and conduct us to the elegant residence of Aporo H. Kumeroa, president of the Papawai Branch.

Thurs., Dec. 19. After breakfast we walked from Graytown about two miles to the village of Papawai, situated on the Ruamahanga river, in the open Wairarapa valley. Here we were met by friends and conducted to the largest dwelling house in the village, which was placed at our disposal during our sojourn there, as was the large meeting house. Nearly all the native visitors slept there during the conference. The records of the Wairarapa district and of its respective branches having been brought there for my perusal, I gave them my attention at once.

Sat., Dec. 20. The Elders and native conference visitors began to arrive, some coming in with fine carriages, others on horseback, and some on foot. Whenever a visitor came in sight, it was announced through the village by some woman calling out "Haere mai, Haere mai", at the top of her voice, and immediately on their arrival they were shown their quarters. The number of Zion Elders increased to fifteen. I spent the day culling historical matter, assisted by Elders Bowles and Bird. In the evening, after prayer, Hamuera Tamahau Mahupaku, the

head chief of the village, who ranked as one of the best informed Moari chiefs living, made a long speech of welcome; it was replete with fine sentiments and expressions of great friendship to the Elders, though he was not a member of the Church, but an investigator of our principles. When "Mormonism" was first introduced in the Wairarapa valley he was one of its bitter opponents; on one occasion he gathered all the sick and maimed of his village together and brought them to Te Oreore, where the Elders were holding meetings and demanded of them as a sign and a proof of their being sent of God, to heal all his sick. When he was questioned in regard to his faith and the nature of the promise, "These signs shall follow **them that believe**", was explained to him, he returned rather crestfallen but after that he grew less and less bitter.

Sat., Dec. 21. In company with Elder George Bowles I made a trip in a buggy to Graytown, where I had a long conversation with the editor of the "Wairarapa Standard". Returning to Papawai I resumed my historical labors. About noon Elders Wilford F. Nebeker, Thomas J. O'Brien and David Lindsay arrived by rail from Hawkes Bay district, accompanied by quite a number of natives. Elder William L. Dimond arrived during the day. We were then nineteen Elders from Zion at Papawai and no more were expected for the conference.

Sun., Dec. 22. The conference at Papawai was commenced and lasted two days. It was one of the largest and most spirited ever held in that part of New Zealand. Tamahau, the influential chief, entertained all the Elders at his house. George Bowles, and Aporo H. Kumeroa and I (with Louis G. Hoagland as translator) spoke in the forenoon, Pres. Gardner in the afternoon and in the evening Arapata Meha, Lewis G. Hoagland and I (with George Bowles as translator) occupied the time.

Mon., Dec. 23. We celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of the Prophet

Joseph Smith's birthday by continuing our conference at Papawai, three well attended meetings being held. Among the speakers in the forenoon was Hoani Turi Whataboro (also called A. Jury), one of the assistant translators of the Book of Mormon into Maori.

Tues., Dec. 24. The day being very warm, it was deemed wisdom to hold only an evening service. Some of the Carterton saints (Europeans) visited Papawai and in the afternoon Mr. Price, a photographer from Masterton, took a large picture of the Papawai meeting house and conference visitors, the Elders from Zion and chief Tamahau occupying a central position. A photograph was also taken of the Carterton Sunday school. In the evening the closing meeting of the conference was held. It was commenced at 7:00 o'clock and continued for fully four hours and a half. I was one of the speakers, Pres. Wm. Gardner translating. This was the largest meeting I attended in New Zealand and towards the latter end of it the Deacons were kept busy poking away at the sleepers with their long sticks. Whenever these officers, of which there were quite a number, saw anyone dozing off, or even nodding, they would step up close to the sleeper, and if this was not sufficient to awaken him, they would apply the point of the stick to the limbs, body or head of the sleeper until an awakening was effected.

Wed., Dec. 25. The village bell rang at the usual hour—5:00 o'clock a. m.—and though most of those who did not sleep in the meeting the night before, had by no means obtained sufficient rest, we rose cheerfully and exchanged the compliments of the season with one another. It was the first time that many of us Elders present spent a Christmas in the southern zone—in the middle of summer and hot weather. The early morning hour found Tamahau, the village chief, out greeting his visitors. A committee, consisting of both Elders and Maori

brethren, had been appointed to arrange a program for Christmas day. The people gathered at the meeting house at 10:00 a. m. to listen to the exercises, which consisted of speeches, recitations and musical numbers. At noon 270 persons sat down to eat Christmas dinner, the chief and his wife occupying seats of honor at the head of the missionaries' table. In the afternoon the scene of activity was transferred to the adjoining green, when nearly all the people in the village and the visitors—perhaps upward of one hundred—assembled to witness sport activities. A most excellent program was carried out, in which the young Elders from Zion took a leading part. The exercises consisted of racing, jumping, throwing heavy weights, diving in a tub for coins by the children, playing ball, etc. And when finally the darkness of the night necessarily put an end to the interesting proceedings, all the natives seemed unanimous in the opinion that Papawai had never seen such a pleasant and happy day before. On all former occasions, when the people had gathered to enjoy Christmas games, there had always been drinking, jarrings and contentions to a greater or less extent. After supper and evening prayer, a long "poroporo aki" (farewell greeting) meeting was held at which all the speakers uttered words of praise regarding the very interesting conference and Christmas proceedings. Even a Church of England Maori minister who had come from a neighboring village to attend the meeting, clad in the white ministerial robes of his church, praised the "Mormons" for what they had done and were now doing among the Maori people. He believed they were teaching the people true doctrines, and felt to endorse their labors.

Thurs., Dec. 26. The chief had two vehicles prepared to take Elder Gardner and me to the railway station at Graytown, and after "hongi-ing" with about one hundred natives and exchanging words of love and greeting,

we bade the Elders and saints at Papawai goodbye. Elder Gardner rode by the side of the chief in his carriage and I followed in the next vehicle. At Graytown we boarded the train at 10:15 a. m. and rode three miles to Woodside where we changed cars and rode 16 miles to Masterton, a European town of about 3,000 inhabitants. Here we attended to some business and thence walked out in the country to Hione (Zion), a little Maori village situated one and a half miles from Masterton, where Toi Te Haatabi, president of the Te Oreore branch, and other native saints resided. Here we took dinner with the saints and then walked to Te Oreore, 1½ miles further, where we visited saints and friends. Then we walked back to Masterton, where we boarded the train at 5:15 p. m. and rode nine miles to Carterton. Here we met several of the Elders who had returned that far from the conference, and also some saints, there being a small European branch of the Church at this place. Saying goodbye to Elders William S. Dimond, John H. Ellis and H. Lee Bradford—who continued their journey northward on horseback—Elders Gardner, Bowles, Jarvis, Clayson and I walked two miles out into the country to the house of Bro. Charles Jensen. Here a sort of Sunday school review was held, in which all the Elders present also took part. At a late hour we returned toward Carterton where we stopped over night with saints. Elder Gardner and I met Bro. Jacob C. Peterson who was about to emigrate to Utah with his family.

Fri., Dec. 27. Elder Gardner and I took leave of the Carterton saints and boarded the train at 7:40 a. m., bound for Wellington, where we arrived at 11:30 a. m. After attending to some transportation business at the office of Huddart, Parker and Co., we took leave of Elders Best, Castleton, Lindsey and Barton, who expected to take a train for Porirua and thence go to their respective fields of labor, while Elders Gardner, Hoagland, Nebeker,

Abbott, Linford, Bird, Jex and I boarded the "Anglian" and sailed from Wellington at 4:00 p. m. Elders Nebeker, Hoagland and Abbott were returning to their homes in Zion, after filling good and faithful missions, while Elders Linford, Jex and Bird were going with Elder Gardner and me to Te Aroha, to attend the January conference. The evening and night were beautiful and clear, the sea smooth and the ship better than we expected, and thus we had a good voyage.

Sat., Dec. 28. At 10:00 a. m. we arrived at Napier (203 miles from Wellington) where Elder Thomas J. O'Brien and twenty-one native saints from the Hawkes Bay district came on board, most of them going to attend the Te Aroha conference. We were now thirty saints on board, of whom nine were Elders from Zion. We spent the following day (Sunday) on board the "Anglian".

Mon., Dec. 30. At 1:30 p. m. we arrived in Auckland, where we met three Elders (George F. Burnham, Schuyler E. White and Joseph F. Derbidge) who had just arrived from home as missionaries to the Australasian Mission. Some of the Elders stopped at our Gray St. room, while Elder Gardner and I and three other Elders engaged board and lodging at a private boarding house on upper Queen Street. Since Elder Gardner and I left Auckland eight weeks before we had traveled 2520 miles. We had visited nine districts of the Australasian mission and held two days' conferences in seven of them. Almost invariably we had good meetings and our associations with the Elders and saints in the different districts and branches, as a rule, had been of the most pleasant and agreeable nature. I had been the means of introducing certain reforms in record-keeping. We also felt in duty bound to acknowledge in a public manner the courtesy of the Huddart, Parker and Co., which gave us both free transportation on their steamers from Auckland to Dunedin and back, and for other courtesies extended to

our Elders and saints, who had traveled in vessels of the company.

Tues., Dec. 31. The last day of 1895 I spent in our upper room on Queen Street in Auckland, preparing correspondence for the "Deseret News" and finishing my private journal for 1895. I had been imminently successful in my historical labors. Assisted by mission clerks and other competent Elders, I had been able to gather a vast amount of information on Church history data in a short time. My acquaintance with the native races inhabiting Polynesia had been of a pleasant nature and the kindness and hospitality which they had shown me and my traveling companions will always be remembered. I had yet three more Maori districts to visit, namely, the Waikato, Hauraki and Tauranga. At the close of 1895 there were 64 Elders from Zion laboring in the Australasian Mission and one missionary sister, Mrs. Loui Presendia Pond, who was laboring with her husband, Elder Ly-sander C. Pond, in Tasmania.

CHAPTER 36

(1896)

Attend Conference in Te Aroha, New Zealand—Ritorua, Whakarewarewa and Tarawera visited—A midnight tramp—Voyage to Tahiti, Society Islands.

Wed., Jan. 1, 1896. I commenced the new year full of good desires and hopes for the future, and spent most of the day in my room on Queen's Street, Auckland. In the afternoon I visited the other brethren on Gray Street. The day was warm and pleasant.

Thurs., Jan. 2. Thirteen Elders from Zion and sixteen native saints left Auckland per railway train in a special car on a 115 mile ride to Te Aroha. Our number was augmented by more Elders and native saints as we passed through the Waikato district, and when we arrived at our destination we numbered sixty souls. On our arrival at Te Aroha, which is the Maori word for love, we were met by still more Elders and saints.

Fri., Jan. 3. Our three days confer-

ence was commenced at the new meeting house at Te Aroha. The building was crowded at our first meeting. President Gardner and I were the speakers in the forenoon meeting, Elder Jørgensen translating for me. At noon Elders Charles B. Bartlett, Thomas J. Morgan and Joseph Markham arrived, together with some saints from the Bay of Islands district. They had come by steamer by way of the Thames to Paeroa, from which place some of the brethren had walked and others traveled in a cart. The number of Elders from Zion in attendance at the conference was now 28. In the afternoon meeting the speakers were Elders J. H. Willard Goff, Arapata Meha (of Hawkes Bay), Charles H. Embley, Wiremu Kakana (of Hawkes Bay) and Joseph W. Kinford. The day was very warm and the heat in the little meeting house so oppressive that the evening meeting was held out of doors in front of the branch president's house.

Sat., Jan. 4. The morning meeting was held on the lawn. Elder Joseph C. Jørgensen reported the Waiapi District, Elder Louis G. Hoagland the Te Mahia District and Elder Christian Petersen the Tauranga District, when rain began to pour down in torrents and the assembly was compelled to adjourn to the meeting house. Here native orators and Elders from Zion addressed the conference both in the afternoon and evening.

Our conference being held so close to Te Aroha, a European town, a hall was rented and a meeting held in the evening. Elders R. Leo Bird and Thomas L. Browning were the speakers, but only a few people attended, and most of those did not seem to become interested. While the meeting was in progress I stepped quietly in, accompanied by another Elder, and we both took our seats among the congregation, acting as strangers. After the services were closed I asked for permission to propound a few questions, and then followed quite a dialogue in which the congregation seemed to take

considerable interest. Without any previous understanding the brethren caught on, and thus quite a number of doctrinal points were cleared up which had not been fully explained during the meeting. Getting along so well inside, I continued my observations after getting out on the street, where a number of people were lingering around discussing the merits of the meeting. But a young man who might have passed for a Yankee anywhere so far as cheek was concerned, stepped up with an air of importance and asked me if I was "not one of them". I told him I belonged to the Latter-day Saints. "The same thing", chipped in another—and he was right. And then the conversation took another turn. The cheeky man offered some abuse, and just as we were ready to reply, another young man stepped to the front and championed our cause in a most earnest and spirited manner, until the first fellow went away confounded and beaten. I complimented our unknown friend for standing up for truth and right as he had done. He was evidently a genuine Englishman who believed in fair play. He said he did and that he had enjoyed the meeting and would as soon hear the gospel preached by "Mormons" as by any others. Such is the life of "Mormon" missionaries. How diversified is the experience of an Elder in a foreign land. I felt justified in doing what I did after the meeting as the only thing I could think of at the moment to counteract the sleepiness and indifference of the little audience.

Sun., Jan. 5. This being the first Sunday of the month, the day was observed as fast day. A spirit of peace prevailed among the saints at Te Aroha and all seemed to be of one heart and mind. Pres. James M. Folkman of the Hauraki Conference, was the first speaker, after which I occupied the remainder of the time, dwelling on the origin of the Maoris and their history and portraying the blessings that were promised to them as a branch of the house of Israel. At the

close of my remarks I exhibited a number of curios which interested the natives very much. In the afternoon meeting I specially stressed the importance of keeping records and genealogies, and Pres. Gardner gave timely advice to his "sons", as he called the young Elders. In the evening the usual testimony meeting was held, it taking somewhat the form of a "poro-poroaki" or farewell to several of the missionaries released to return home. Thus closed one of the most interesting conferences ever held in the Australasian Mission. About 200 natives were present.

Mon., Jan. 6. Most of the Elders and visiting Saints returned to their different fields of labor or to their respective homes, but I remained to finish up historical labors in the Hauraki district, being well taken care of by Reha Aperahama, president of the Te Aroha branch.

Tues., Jan. 7. Several other Elders left Te Aroha during the day, leaving only Elders James M. Folkman, Moroni Lazenby, Joseph W. Linford and myself there. I continued my historical labors in my room, assisted by Elder Folkman. In the evening, after prayer, I addressed the local saints for half an hour. Elder Folkman translated for me. We also sang "Aloha Oe" which pleased the natives very much.

Wed., Jan. 8. I finished my labors in Te Aroha and at 10:00 a. m. Elder Joseph W. Linford and I gave the parting hand to Elders Joseph M. Folkman and Moroni Lazenby and the native saints who still remained at the village, and Bro. Rewi Mokena took us in a cart fourteen miles over the lowlands to Morinsville. Here we took the train for the famous health resort Rotorua, which is beautifully situated at the foot of the mountains. The sanitarium reserve here comprises an area of some fifty acres bordering on Lake Rotorua. Twelve years previous this was a howling wilderness, covered with manuka scrub and diversified only by clouds of steam rising from the various hot springs. Here

the adventurous invalid of years ago pitched his tent and derived what satisfaction he could from digging a hole in the ground for a bath. In many instances he immortalized himself by giving his name to the spring, and thus the visitor of the present day has pointed out to him such places as "Cameron's Bath", "McHugh's Water Hole", "The Priest's Bath", etc. The acid waters in the latter are said to have nothing equal to them in any part of the world. Other springs have received their names from some real or imaginary quality, and thus we hear of the "Madam Rachel", "The Rain Killer", "The Coffee Pot", "Blue Bath", etc. The former desolation has been changed to gardens, intersected by walks and drives, lined with evergreens and grasses. Fountains and flower beds also delight the eye, and commodious bathing pavilions are built over the principal springs.

Thurs., Jan. 9. Elder Linford and I walked from Rotorua two miles south and visited the renowned Maori village Whakarewarewa, where we spent the afternoon taking in the sights and admiring the natural wonders which are grouped together here on a few acres of land. There were numerous small lakes in some of which the water was boiling hot, in others tepid and in some cold. The geysers, which were the greatest attraction years ago, were not so active in 1896 and hence not so interesting. One that used to send boiling water a hundred feet into the air was dormant now. Immediately in front of the Maori village was the hot pool Parekohuri, in which the natives cooked nearly all their food. They also baked their bread in skillets which they buried in the hot soil adjacent to the pool. This cooked the bread without making any crust whatever and we truly enjoyed eating some of it cooked in this manner, while taking dinner with Erueru Wikiriwhi, who, together with his family were the only members of the Church at Whakarewarewa. He also acted as our guide. His wife was a daughter

of Sophia, an intelligent woman who was well and popularly known to tourists as a guide. After enjoying a bath in one of the tepid springs, Elder Linford and I returned to Rotorua where we tried to get horses and ride to the once famous village Wairoa, situated about ten miles away, but the stable man assured us that it was too late in the day to start on so long a journey. Now we were both anxious to see the scene of the terrible eruption and earthquake of ten years previously and our only chance perhaps in a lifetime to see Mount Tarawera that afternoon, as we were compelled to return northward the following day, in order to fill other appointments. So I told Elder Linford that I could walk to Lake Tarawera and back that night if he could. Without hesitation he expressed the opinion that he could walk any distance that I should attempt to tramp. So off we started at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Our road led over mountains and through gorges, over ravines and dugways, and through forests and bush. We also passed two good sized lakes, namely Tikitapu and Rotokakahi, in which the water was nearly as white as milk, on account of the great quantity of pumice stone which was thrown into it at the time of the eruption. At length we reached the ruins of Wairoa, which lie in what was once a beautiful but now a desolate valley through which the Wairoa river courses its way from Lake Rotokakahi to the celebrated Wairoa Falls, where the stream takes a leap over a precipice about 200 feet high into Lake Tarawera below. The eruption of Mount Tarawera, which took place June 10, 1886, covered this valley with volcanic stones and ashes to a depth of five feet on an average. It destroyed everything, and one hundred Maoris, besides a number of white people, lost their lives. The whole country within a radius of fifteen miles was changed from a beautiful landscape to absolute desolation. Though the trees and shrubs and all vegetation were also

destroyed during the eruption, some of the more thrifty trees, which were not buried so very deep, commenced to grow afresh, and thus a number of weeping willows and several fruit trees were now ornamenting the old townsite. We found three cherry trees laden with most delicious ripe fruit. Of this Elder Linford and I partook freely. Having examined the ruins of Wairoa, we had a fine view of Lake Tarawera, but as we wanted a better view of the mountain of that name standing on the opposite side of the lake and which we were prevented from seeing by intervening hills, we descended to the banks of the lake or to a point where the black old giant, which sent forth its deadly messengers of destruction ten years previously, was in clear sight, about twelve miles away across the lake. The mountain, which is 3,370 feet high, was almost rent in twain at the time of the eruption and from our point of observation the chasm thus formed could be seen quite distinctly. A thin covering of vegetation had grown out upon the mountain slopes, particularly near its base.

While still gazing upon the wonders of nature, the fast falling shades of the hills upon the placid and cream-colored waters of Tarawera reminded us that the day was spent, and the overhanging clouds gave us reason to believe that the night would be a dark one. And here we were in a strange, uninhabited volcanic country, eleven miles away from the nearest human habitations. So we beat a retreat at an hour when we, according to the stableman's idea, ought to have been at our quarters, as he had assured us that it was a very "unpleasant thing" to be found out on the steep mountain slopes of the Tarawera country after night fall. We soon reached the top of the hill or divide, thence passed down to the site of the ruined village, feasted once more on cherries, and then walked briskly back to Rotorua, in the darkness of the night, arriving at our destination at

10:00 p. m. We met with no accident and had not sat down to rest once on our twenty-two miles walk, but our soft European bed felt unusually comfortable that night.

Fri., Jan. 10. We visited the government sanitarium and other points of interest. The country around Rotorua has been the scene of several hot contests and battles between different tribes of Maoris and hundreds of people have been slain at different times. The Rotorua country was included in that L. D. S. missionary division of the North Island of New Zealand known as the Tauranga district. This district comprised three branches of the Church.

Having spent a short but profitable time at Rotorua, Elder Joseph W. Linford and I started on our return northward by rail. While Bro. Linford continued to Auckland to return to his field of labor on the South Island, I stopped at Hamilton, a European town of 4,500 inhabitants, situated on the Waikato river, 86 miles from Rotorua, to visit a family who were members of the Church.

Sat., Jan. 11. Accompanied by Elder John Johnson I walked two miles to Hamilton West, where I boarded the train for Ngaruawahia. Here I was met by Elder Jens K. Nelson, president of the Waikato district, who took me across the Waiapa river and introduced me to Brother Paora Hopere, the president of the Ngaruawahia branch, and in whose house I was made comfortable for several days while I perused the records of the district and its respective branches.

Sun., Jan. 12. I attended Sunday school in the forenoon and general meeting in the afternoon in the Ngaruawahia branch, Elder Nelson translating for me as I spoke.

Mon., Jan. 13. After working 16 hours, culling historical items from the mission records at Ngaruawahia, I took a canoe ride on the Waiapa river with Elder Nelson.

Tues., Jan. 14. I continued my labors at Ngaruawahia and in the evening

confirmed Auingarui Paki, one of two little girls baptized in the Waipapa river earlier in the day by Elder Nelson.

Wed., Jan. 15. I attended a testimony meeting in the little branch and addressed the assembly through Elder Nelson as interpreter.

Thurs., Jan. 16. Early in the morning I took leave of the good Saints at Ngaruawahia, crossed the Waikato river in a canoe and left at 10:30 by train for Auckland, 74 miles distant. On my arrival there I was met by Pres. Wm. Gardner and John Johnson and repaired at once to the mission room on Gray Street, where I spent the rest of the day and also the following day (Jan. 17th) perusing records.

Sat., Jan. 18. I finished eleven letters for the "Deseret News", working on them from early dawn until late in the evening. I worked until I was almost sick, being determined to get through with the work. This finished my correspondence for the "Deseret News" to the end of 1895. I had written forty-five letters altogether for publication since I left home in May, 1895.

Sun., Jan. 19. In company with Pres. Wm. Gardner I visited Sister Machiy and family (half-casts) and later we spent some time in the Auckland museum and library.

Mon., Jan. 20. I worked most of the day in the mission room at Auckland on the history of the New Zealand Mission. During the day Pres. Gardner, Elder Johnson and I had our pictures taken together, we three having worked in harmony on the records as well as doing missionary work, much of the time since my arrival in the mission the previous October.

Tues., Jan. 21. I worked nearly all day and evening at the public library in Auckland, proving up historical data from the old Auckland newspaper files.

Wed., Jan. 22. Having finished my historical labors in Auckland, in the evening I attended a social gathering

at the home of Sister Harding, the affair being a sort of farewell in my honor.

Thurs., Jan. 23. Getting ready for my trip to the Society Islands I boarded the little steamer "Richmond" at 5:00 o'clock p. m. and sailed for Tahiti, an hour later. The weather was fine, and the voyage commenced under favorable auspices. There were only four passengers on the ship, besides myself, namely, three Frenchmen and a man from Auckland, who was a part owner of the ship. The captain was a Scotchman, whose name was Robert G. Sutton. Besides him there were two officers, nine sailors, three engineers, six firemen, two cooks, and two stewards, but no women on board. Adding the five passengers, we were thirty souls all together. The ship was loaded with merchandise for different islands. The "Richmond" was a vessel of 750 tons, built in Dundee, Scotland; she could carry fifty passengers, and had the reputation of being a good sea-boat.

Fri., Jan. 24. I spent my first day on board the "Richmond" reading a history of New Zealand.

Sat., Jan. 25. The weather continued fine and the sea smooth. At noon usual observations were taken. We were in latitude 33 degrees, 24 minutes, south; longitude 178 degrees, 20 minutes, west. Distance from Auckland 415 miles, and to Roaratonga 1235 miles.

Sun., Jan. 26. The weather was rather windy, and the sea a little rough. I spent the day reading.

Mon., Jan. 27. The weather continued pleasant. In the evening I introduced myself to the captain, and Mr. Edenborough (part owner of the vessel) as a "Mormon" Elder. Hitherto I had traveled incognito and nobody suspected who I was; but I found myself curtailed in my conversations with my fellow-passengers, traveling in this manner, so having a good opportunity I told them who I was and then had a long conversation with the two gentlemen. My object in traveling

incognito at first was to avoid any possible difficulty with the French authorities on my arrival at Tahiti.

Tues., Jan. 28. The weather continued fair and pleasant. I had quite a conversation with a Danish sailor, one of the crew, and also conversed with several of the officers.

Wed., Jan. 29. The wind blew gently from the east, and the weather was getting warmer. In the evening I conversed with the chief engineer until midnight, about religion, and other subjects. We were a peculiar conglomeration of different religions on board: the Church of England, Catholics, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Lutherans, Jews and Free Masons were all represented, and as a Latter-day Saint I was holding my own with all I had conversed with so far, and was making friends.

Thurs., Jan. 30. During the past night we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, and the morning found us in the tropical zone. At 6:00 p. m. the mountainous heights of the islands of Raratonga were visible ahead, which did away with the monotony of the voyage for some time. The evening was beautifully clear, and the bright full moon beamed in majestic grandeur upon us and the broad expanse of the ocean. The island came nearer and nearer, and its rugged mountain peaks, which in some places attain the height of nearly three thousand feet, possessed an attraction in that fine tropical night that riveted our eyes on them. Soon we saw lights on the shore, then we beheld the white breakers spending their fury on the coral reef, and finally at the rounding of a point anchor was cast off the village of Avarua, on the north side of the island, at 10:00 o'clock p. m., about half a mile from the landing place. There is a little harbor at this place, protected from the ocean by a coral reef, through which there is an opening about one hundred yards wide, but the water in the harbor is only deep enough for smaller vessels than the "Richmond". Soon after anchoring a

boat manned by about a dozen natives came out, and it was decided to unload the freight which was booked for this place, at once. I spent three hours on shore, during which I introduced myself to a number of white people, among whom was Mr. Fred G. Moss, the British resident, or representative, John J. K. Hutchin, the principal London Society missionary on the Cook Islands, and Henry Nicholas, the editor of a weekly paper called "Te Torea", and others with whom I conversed freely about the islands and their people.

Fri., Jan. 31. The "Richmond" resumed her voyage at 4:30 o'clock a. m., and when I got up on deck the island of Raratonga was only visible as a little speck against the western horizon. A number of passengers had come on board among whom was Hubert Case a Reorganite missionary, who was returning with his wife and child from an unsuccessful mission to the island. About noon land was seen ahead, and at 4:00 p. m. we came to a standstill off the west coast of Mangai, about 114 miles southwest of Raratonga. Mangai is a coral island about 28 miles in circumference, with about two thousand inhabitants. Natives and traders came out in canoes for the mail and freight. We stopped one hour, and then continued our voyage in a northeasterly direction toward the island of Raiatea. During the day I had long conversations with Mr. Case, the chief engineer and others.

Sat., Feb. 1. The day was cloudy and there was a little rainfall. In the afternoon the outlines of the mountainous island of Raiatea were seen straight ahead, and later the islands of Tahaa and Boroboro to the left of Raiatea. The evening was dark until the moon arose, about 10:00 p. m., when the voyage around the south end of Raiatea became very interesting. I stood upon the bridge conversing with the captain till a late hour.

Mon., Feb. 3. The dawn of the day enabled the "Richmond" to pass through the narrow opening in the

reef. We laid to the stone wharf at Uturoa, the main village on Raiatea, situated on the northeast coast of the island, looking over to Tahaa. On landing we found that it was Sunday, the 2nd of February, and not Monday, Feb. 3rd, as we had it on shipboard, and the local was the correct time, but as the people on the Cook Islands keep New Zealand or eastern longitude time, we could not consistently change our time on board until that group was passed, though we crossed the 180th meridian several days before. I took a long walk on the island of Raiatea, which was in a state of rebellion against the French Government, and I noticed a number of French soldiers parading the streets.

At 9:00 a. m. we continued our voyage, and after sailing in an easterly direction about 25 miles, we arrived off the northwest coast of Huahine, where a boat came out from the principal village to communicate with the ship. After passing around the north end of the island we stood off in a southeasterly direction for Tahiti, about one hundred miles from the point where we lay to off Huahine. The day was windy and wet, several squalls occurring during the day. About 3:00 p. m. the island of Moorea could be seen ahead. We passed it in the evening and at 10:30 p. m. we anchored in the harbor of Papeete, Tahiti. As the doctor did not come on board, we remained at anchor till morning.

Mon., Feb. 3. (not Tuesday 4th). About 6:00 o'clock a. m. the doctor came on board, the mail was landed, and the ship was moved to the wharf. I found Elder Frank Cutler, the president of the Society Islands Mission, who lived in a rented cottage in Papeete. He expected me, but had not learned of the arrival of the steamer.

I commenced my historical labors by reading letters and reports from the several brethren who were laboring in the mission at that time. We also took a walk through the town, and I had my first experience in a French colony. Elder Cutler had labored in Tahiti

alone for some time, the other eight Elders laboring in the Society Islands Mission being engaged in pairs on the Tuamotu and the Austral archipelagoes. There were only a few members of the Church in Tahiti, and no branch organization. A native brother from Takaroa, Toamotu, called on us.

CHAPTER 37

(1896—continued)

Historical Labors in the Society Islands Mission—Travels in the Tuamotu Archipelago—My short sojourn on the island of Takaroa—Experience on the island of Tahiti.

Sat., Feb. 15. From the 3rd of February, 1896 (the date of my arrival in Papeete, Tahiti, from New Zealand) till the 15th of the same month I was busily engaged gathering historical information, assisted part of the time by Elder Cutler. As no mission records of any kind had been kept so far, it was no easy task to compile history. There were only a few letters on file from the different Elders now in the field, principally for the year 1895. According to the reports that had recently been forwarded from the different Elders to the president of the mission there were 984 souls, including children, belonging to the Church in the mission at the close of 1895. Of these 57 were on the island of Anaa, 85 on Faaite, 50 on Fakarava, 14 on Aratika, 130 on Takaroa, 32 on Kauchi, 13 on Raraka, 59 on Katiu, 51 on Makemo, 114 on Hao, 8 on Amanu, 3 on Tauere, 75 on Marokau, 128 on Hikuero, 153 on Tubuai, 5 on Rurutu, 6 on Tahiti, and 3 scattered. The mission was divided into three conferences, namely, the Lower Tuamotu, presided over by Carl J. Larson; the Upper Tuamotu, with Elder Thomas L. Woodbury as president, and the Austral Conference over which Elder Frank I. Goff presided.

The Society Islands Mission embraces three groups of islands, namely, the Society Islands, (consisting of the so-called Windward and Leeward islands), the Tuamotu Archipelago and the scattered Austral Islands of which Tubuai is the principal member. The

Society Islands lie between latitude 16 and 18 deg. south and longitude 148 and 155 deg. 30 min. west of Greenwich and consist of fourteen islands exclusive of islets.

Tahiti is by far the most important island of the group. It is about 32 miles long from southwest to northwest and is an elongated range of high land, which being interrupted in one part forms an isthmus about three miles wide which connects the two peninsulas. From a low margin of sea coast the land rises to a very considerable height on both extremes of the island. Some highly fertile valleys intersect the ranges at different parts. The loftiest mountain on the northern peninsula is Orahena, 7,339 feet high. Tahiti had 10,113 inhabitants in 1892, of whom 4,288 resided in the city of Papeete; the area of the island is 260,000 acres.

On the above date (Saturday, Feb. 15) Pres. Frank Cutler and myself started on a missionary and historical tour of the Tuamotu Islands, boarded the fine schooner "Teavaroa" and left the Papeete wharf on the island of Tahiti. The wind being contrary and a very little of it at that, it took us two hours to get out of the harbor, having to tack a number of times. The American mail vessel "Tropic Bird" had most of her sails set as we passed her, ready to go to sea, but could not get out against the wind. The island of Tahiti and also the neighboring island Moorea, with their grand lofty mountains look majestic and imposing from the sea. Having cleared the reef at 2:00 o'clock p. m. we soon struck the trade wind, which filled our sails nicely, and enabled us to take a northeasterly course.

Sun., Feb. 16. We had kept a northeasterly course all night and at 10:00 a. m. we sighted the island of Makatea straight ahead. Failing to make the windward side we passed its extreme northwest point within a distance of 300 yards at 2:00 p. m., which gave us an excellent opportunity of studying the formation and vegetation of the

island. The only village on the island of Makatea is situated on the northeast coast; the inhabitants, numbering about 150, were now nearly all Reorganites. The island had recently been visited by Elders Eugene M. Cannon and Alonzo F. Smith, but with what success I did not know at that time. The west coast of Makatea was very interesting to look at, as we sailed by; its nearly perpendicular walls rise to a height of about one hundred feet and they abound with caves and numerous strange formations—the work of corals and the action of water during past centuries. Leaving Makatea, we continued our voyage in the direction of Ragihoa.

Mon., Feb. 17. The early morning hours found us beating off the south coast of Ragihoa, which is the largest of all the Tuamotus, extending as it does from northwest to southeast about 42 miles and is twenty miles wide on an average. This island, like most of its sister islands, consists merely of a coral reef which here and there is covered with trees. Some of these patches are several miles long and from a few yards to half a mile or more in width; but others contain only a few acres, some of them as seen from a distance looked like huge bouquets of flowers. The lagoon inside the reef abounds with sea shells for which the natives dive whenever the lagoon is open for that purpose. Coconut trees are plentiful on this island and the export of copra amounts to something like 400 tons a year. Ragihoa, which translated means "long heaven", is one of the islands of the Tuamotu group where Elder Benjamin F. Grouard and other Elders at an early day preached the gospel with success and branch organizations were kept up till 1885. Then the Reorganites interfered and caused the natives to identify themselves with their organization.

Tues., Feb. 18. Early in the morning the island of Kaukura was seen straight ahead and we were making good speed towards it when the wind

suddenly died out and left us drifting helplessly at sea. About noon, however, a breeze sprang up which enabled us to reach that particular part of Kaukara which is known as Raitahiti where some of the people are located temporarily to gather and dry coconuts for the markets. At 2:00 o'clock p. m. the ship's boat was launched and Elder Cutler and I landed together with a part of the crew who were going to work with the copra. We met a number of natives who greeted us warmly and invited us into one of their huts, where we were given coconut milk to drink. We then engaged in long conversations with some of the leading men present. Elder Cutler talked a long time to the people who gathered to see us, and they all seemed very much pleased with what they heard, and when we left they presented us with two baskets of coconuts and two live chickens. We spent the next day on the ship reading and writing while a cargo of copra was taken on board.

Thurs., Feb. 20. We awoke early enough to behold a beautiful sunrise, at which time we were only half a mile off Panau, the only village of any importance on the island of Kaukura. At 6:00 o'clock a. m. Elder Cutler and I landed with the ship's boat which brought goods on shore. The boat landing here is quite safe and consists of a break in the reef through which a small vessel can approach the dry sandy beach within one hundred feet or so. As soon as we landed the inhabitants of the village flocked around to shake hands and bid us welcome, and we were at once conducted through the main portion of the village to the house of Teura, the native trader, whom we had met before on the neighboring "motu". The principal men of the island soon gathered or rather followed us there and we now spent about an hour in lively conversation, telling them something about Church history, and showing them views, specimens of rocks from some of our Temples, and other relics, which seemed to interest

them very much. When we were ready to leave, some of them made us presents of shells. Among the natives with whom we conversed at Panau was an old man by the name of Tehopea, who claimed to have met the late Elder Benjamin F. Grouard on the island of Ragiroa about the year 1852, or just before that Elder returned to America. He also said that there was a continuous branch of the Church on Kaugura from the time the American Elders left till the Reorganites came. About 7:30 we returned to the ship which set sail about half an hour later for the neighboring island of Arutua, 20 miles distant. About 10:00 a. m. the tree tops of that island were seen ahead, but as the wind was contrary it took us till late in the afternoon to reach a point of Rautini, the name of that particular motu of Arutua, where the village stands and the people live. About 3:00 p. m. the ship's boat was launched and left for the village. I jumped in at the last moment, but Elder Cutler who was not ready, was left behind. As the wind blew toward the island the ship dared not go in close to the reef; hence the crew had to row the boat a long distance to the place of landing and as the sea had a very heavy swell on, the rowing was difficult and we were tossed about considerably before we got through the passage and reached the stone wharf in front of the village. Here I was in a fix without interpreter as the few saints temporarily located on the island fishing for shells soon gathered around me at the house to which I was first conducted, but with the help of a native brother, who was our fellow-passenger and who also landed, and could talk a little broken English I got along as well as I could. Before I left the village, Marerenui, a brother in the Church, made me a present of a fine pair of shells, and we returned to the ship about sundown, reaching it with much difficulty, as the rowing had to be done against the wind and high rolling waves.

Fri., Feb. 21. We had sailed to and

fro all night, and when the light of the morning dawned upon us we were coasting along the west line of Apatika. Just as the crew was getting the boat ready to go ashore, a drenching rain set in, which continued all day, and thus we were compelled to spend a very dull day in an inactive manner at sea. We remained on board the schooner, and witnessed the catching of a large sword fish which had been following the ship for some distance. The fish weighed several hundred pounds and was a beautiful specimen of its kind. It was successfully hauled

Consequently about sundown we set sail for that island and the wind being favorable and the weather good, we sped toward Manihi at the rate of ten miles an hour during the night.

Sat., Feb. 22. Some time after midnight the "Teavaroa" arrived in the vicinity of Manihi, after which she "stood off and on" till morning when we approached the passage by the village. The boat was lowered and among those who landed were Elder Cutler and myself. The inhabitants, who were nearly all Reorganites, were out in force and lined the stone wharf as



TAHITIAN BOYS



TAHITIAN GIRLS

alongside the vessel, where it was harpooned almost to death; but just as the crew, who were considerably excited, were in the act of lifting it bodily on board, the fish made one last desperate struggle and thus jerked itself loose from the hands that held it and was lost, as it sank in the ocean.

In the afternoon, notwithstanding the rain, Mr. Mervin and part of the crew landed in the boat. On their return it was decided to sail at once for the island of Manihi, distant about sixty miles in a northerly direction.

we landed. After the usual handshaking all around, we were conducted to one of the houses where the people gathered around and a religious conversation was soon commenced and kept up for hours. Wirimau, a native Reorganite missionary of considerable ability, took his side of the question of succession, but was badly whipped on every point which he himself acknowledged, as he was confronted with historical evidences that he had not known before. Judging from his statements the white Reorganite mission-

aries, in order to carry their point with the natives in the Tuamotu islands, had made use of such misrepresentations and glaring falsehoods in regard to the true Church as would have put a Missouri mobocrat to shame in the thirties. These poor natives, who for so many years had been left to themselves without a single Elder from America to advise them, were not in a position to judge as to the correctness of what they were told by these emisaries, who represented themselves as Elders of the same church to which Elders Addison Pratt, Benjamin F. Grouard, and co-laborers belonged. But they evidently forgot to tell that their so-called reorganized church did not have an existence till 1860, while Elder Pratt and his companions, representing the true Church, performed their missionary labors on the Pacific islands from 1844 to 1852.

One instance was related to me by Elder Cutler, where some money was gathered by the natives for missionary purposes. Both our Elders and the Reorganite missionaries were represented. When a donation is made by the natives it is customary for the leading men to make a little speech explaining the donation about to be made and the motive that has prompted the same. On the occasion referred to, the man who made the speech was very particular to explain that the donation was intended for the representatives of that Church which Elder Addison Pratt and companions had established upon the islands, upon which the Reorganite preacher deliberately stepped forth and claimed the money, received it and kept it. If this is not getting money under false pretenses, I would like to know what is!

The Reorganites were making great preparations in 1896 for holding a conference on Manihi the following April. They had built a large eating house, and expected a great feast on the occasion. They claimed a membership of 202 on Manihi, which was nearly all the inhabitants of the island. Elder Cutler and I returned to the ship for

dinner, but we landed again in the afternoon when we took a long walk around the motu on which the village stands, and also looked for shells on the seashore. We had another long conversation with Wiriamu and others, and went on board with the last boat just after sundown. Soon after that we sailed toward the south, returning to Apataki. The wind was again in our favor, and we made good time.

The island of Manihi (also called Waterland island) is sixteen miles long from southwest to northeast and six miles wide. It is 60 miles west of Takaroa, 90 miles northwest of Rotoava, on Fakarava, and 280 miles northeast of Tahiti. The coral reef at the west end of Manihi is quite broad, some of the motus are half a mile wide and several miles long and well covered with coconut trees. The boat passage is near the west end of the island on the south side; it is the only passage leading from the ocean to the lagoon.

Sun., Feb. 23. About 1:00 o'clock in the night we had arrived off the coast of Apataki, which island lies about 20 miles northeast of Kaukura and 25 miles southeast of Arutua, and we now stood off and on until morning. About 8:00 o'clock we passed through a narrow passage between two motus on the west side of Apataki and near the north end of the island into the lagoon; thence the ship turned to the left and cast anchor close to a motu where the ship's boat landed with thirteen of the natives, and Elder Cutler and myself. While we Elders took a bath in the ocean and read from our books under the shade of a coconut tree, the natives gathered about 300 dozen kaveka eggs, filling eleven or twelve good sized boxes and barrels. The bird called kaveka is considerably smaller than an ordinary pigeon; it is very plentiful on some of the Tuamotus. Its eggs are spotted and extremely large (nearly the size of chicken eggs) for a bird of its size; and each bird only lays one egg at each breeding season which it deposits in the coral sand in places where the brush growth is small and

scattered. This being the season for hatching the islet seemed literally covered with eggs, and as the natives approached with their boxes and barrels, bent on robbing the poor birds, these flew up by the tens of thousands and then kept flying to and fro overhead until the sun was virtually darkened by their great numbers. Some of them, while making hideous noises, came in uncomfortably close proximity to the heads of those who were wilfully destroying their prospects of offspring. Some of the birds, which are good for eating, were killed by the sailors, who also caught some fish and gathered a quantity of coconuts to take on board.

After spending about three hours on the uninhabited islet we returned to the ship about 3:00 p. m. Soon afterwards anchor was weighed and we sailed back to the ocean the same way that we came; and now spent the remainder of the day and the following night sailing to and fro, off the west coast of Apataki.

Mon., Feb. 24. Early in the morning Elder Cutler and I landed with the ship's boat at Pakaka, the only village on the island of Apataki. The island is triangular in shape and embraces a large number of motus, covered with trees and other vegetation. Its west-shore runs nearly due north and south. There are two passages through which vessels can pass from the ocean into the lagoon, both on the west side of the island. The village lies by the south pass on a small motu containing less than twenty acres of land, where a stone wharf has been built. Pearl fishing in the lagoon is quite dangerous, on account of the many sharks that infest it.

At 12:00 'oclock noon, Elder Cutler and I returned to the ship together with about seventy natives, who were returning from their diving on Arutua to their more permanent homes on Takaroa and other islands. Most of them were members of the Church, and just before stepping on board the boats to go to the ship they gathered on the beach, where they sang a hymn, after

which one of the native Elders stepped to the front and offered up a short and appropriate prayer, invoking the blessings of God upon us all during our voyage to Takaroa.

Tues., Feb. 25. We were beating against the contrary wind all day and made but slow progress toward our destination. In the morning Toau, an uninhabited island belonging to the people of Fakarava, was seen on our right. We spent the evening singing, and listening to the melodies of the natives, who kept up their inharmonious selections till a very late hour.

Wed., Feb. 26. We experienced almost a perfect calm and the ship made next to no heading at all during the day. In the evening the natives caught a shark weighing about seventy pounds. I was given the jaw as a relic, and the natives had a good feast on the flesh, which, together with the kaveka eggs gathered on Apataki, and boiled rice, was the principal diet of the seventy-odd passengers during the voyage.

After evening prayer, Elder Cutler addressed the saints on the evidence of the existence of God. We also sang hymns and songs, and enjoyed a good night's rest on deck, where the moon smiled on ship and ocean with all its tropical loveliness.

Thurs., Feb. 27. What little wind we had the previous night was favorable and we made good headway toward the northeast. In the morning the island of Takapota was seen against the eastern horizon and later in the day we were sailing along its northwest coast. Beating continually against the head wind, we found ourselves within a mile of Teavaroa, the village on Takaroa, about 4:00 p. m. when the wind died out entirely, and we were drifting slowly away from the mouth of the passage with the current. The ship's boat was landed and the crew, by rowing very hard, succeeded in pulling the schooner very slowly toward land. A favorable breeze finally sprang up and helped us in. When near the reef a number of the native passengers

sprang overboard and swam to the reef pulling a rope after them, and when once standing firmly upon the reef they walked along and pulled the ship up to the wharf where we were safely secured by 6:00 o'clock p. m. We had been twelve days coming from Tahiti, a distance of about 420 miles, but in beating against the wind as we had done, we had sailed at least seven hundred miles. On landing on Takaroa, we shook hands with nearly all the inhabitants who had been left on the island. They came down to the wharf to see the schooner come in and welcome their relatives and friends who were returning home. The natives who had come with the ship gathered on the wharf, where they again sang a hymn and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving before proceeding to their respective homes in the village. This devotion is nearly always attended by the Tuamotu saints when they leave and arrive at the different islands that they visit. After taking supper on board Elder Cutler and I went into the village and attended a native gospel school in the meeting house. We both spoke a few words by way of greeting the saints and then went to the home of Bro. Mapuhi, where a comfortable little room was assigned to our use, and here for the first time since my arrival in the Society Islands Mission I slept in a real bed. While in Tahiti we had slept on the floor in our rented cottage, and on the schooner we had used the hard deck. How thankful we felt for our safe arrival at this island where there was a good branch of the Church and where we expected to spend a few days.

Fri., Feb. 28. After enjoying a good night's rest in Mapuhi's house, Elder Frank Cutler and I prepared to spend the day in our little room engaged in historical labors, but soon a representative from the few Reorganites on the island called on us and desired us to accompany him to the house where they held their meetings. On our arrival there we were greeted with a nice little speech and presented with

two live chickens and two baskets of coconuts. Soon after our return to Mapuhi's house, a delegation from our own Church waited on us and conducted us to a dwelling where a number of saints had gathered. A speech of welcome and a presentation of a small pig, a number of chickens and several baskets of coconuts were next in order. Elder Culter responded for both of us, having done the same in the Reorganite meeting. All the food was sent to Mapuhi's house where we, according to appointment, met with half a dozen old men, three of whom had been personally acquainted with the late Elder Alvarus K. Hanks, but the natives on the Pacific Islands seem to have no conception of dates, so we obtained only very little information from them. At 4 p.m. we attended the regular Friday testimony meeting with the saints, at which Elder Cutler and several natives were the speakers. In the evening Brother Mapuhi, who had been away planting trees on another part of the island, returned home. He ranks as the leading business man on the Tuamotu Islands. He owns three schooners, and stores on nearly all the principal islands. Since the re-opening of the mission in 1892 he has given our Elders free transportation on his vessels and provided a good home for them whenever they have stopped at Takaroa. The French officials at Tahiti called him the king of the Tuamotu. He is a half-caste.

Sat., Feb. 29. We spent the day gleaning historical information from all possible sources pertaining to Takaroa and its ecclesiastical history. The island is about eleven miles long from southwest to northeast and five miles wide on an average. The only village on the island, which is called Teavaroa, covers all of a small motu containing about thirty acres of land. This lies on the northwest side of the island on the north side of a narrow passage through the reef which is deep enough for smaller vessels to pass in and out. A substantial stone wharf has been built in front of the

village, about half way through the passage coming in from the ocean. The houses of the village are generally neat cottages built in European fashion and some of them are very comfortable and even stylish, Mapuhi's house being the best of them all. Nearly all the buildings are surrounded with verandas or porches, which are so essential for comfort in a tropical zone. The streets are laid out regularly so as to conform to the shape of the motu, and the whole town plat is covered with a thrifty growth of beautiful coconut trees. In all matters pertaining to progress and improvement, Mapuhi is the leading spirit. Takaroa is situated about 350 miles in a straight line northeast of Tahiti, and 100 miles north-northeast of Fakarava. Takaroa was seen by the navigator Jacob Roggeveen in 1722, when Cook subsequently discovered that and the neighboring island, Takapoto. The first Latter-day Saint Elder who preached the gospel on Takaroa was the late Alvarus K. Hanks. Accompanied by a native Elder, he first arrived at the island in 1851, being sent from a conference at Anaa in August, 1851, agreeable to the request of some of the leading men of Takaroa and Takapoto, who attended the conference and some of whom were baptized on that occasion. Elder Hanks on his arrival was well received by the people and he soon baptized most of the inhabitants of both islands and organized them into branches of the Church. He made Takaroa his headquarters and from there he made successful missionary tours to other islands. Elder Hanks left a good name behind him and is remembered as an industrious man who not only preached but by example showed the natives how to make their homes comfortable and to take proper care of their animals and other property. In the first organization of the branch on Takaroa, Marere Tepo was made president. In due course of time he was excommunicated from the Church for drunkenness, and Maru succeeded him about

1870. Maru perished in the great cyclone of 1878 while on a visit to the island of Kaukura. Pehutinui was the next president. He acted till Oct., 1890, when Tearike, the present incumbent became president. During all these years meetings were held regularly and Church matters attended to as correctly as the natives understood them.

When the Reorganites came they were not received, as the natives doubted the correctness of their statements, and the saints now rejoiced that they did so, as the Takaroa Branch is one of the few branches of the Church on the Tuamotu which remained firm and did not yield to the Reorganite delusions. When Elders Joseph W. Dameron and Thomas Jones arrived in Takaroa Nov. 1, 1892, they found a branch of the Church numbering about one hundred members; its numerical strength was 130 in 1896, including children. This constituted the great majority of the permanent residents of the island, the few others were Catholics and Reorganites. The saints were, in 1896, engaged in erecting one of the finest Church buildings on the Tuamotu Islands. The coral rock walls were completed in September 1895 and were now waiting for the roof. The building is 69 feet long by 34 wide and 20 feet high to the square. Meetings were then being held in a smaller house built in native style with thatched roof.

The islands and archipelagoes in the Pacific ocean are susceptible of classification into three well-marked types, namely, first the atoll or lagoon islands; second, the raised coral type, and third the high mountainous ones.

Sun., Mar. 1. We attended three general meetings, one gospel school and a Priesthood meeting with the saints on Takaroa. We also partook of the sacrament, using sprouting coconut meat instead of bread and coconut milk instead of wine or water. The saints in this mission are faithful meeting-goers. In most of the branches they hold three meetings and a

gospel school every Sunday. Then gospel schools are held again on Monday evenings; general meetings and gospel schools on Wednesdays, Sister's meeting on Thursday afternoons, and gospel schools on Friday afternoons and evenings. The Elders have tried to cut down the number of meetings, but the natives object, it having become an old habit with them to hold meetings and schools in that order. The exercises in the gospel schools generally consist in questions and answers on gospel subjects, Bible and Church history. The one conducting the school gives the questions out to the several students in a previous school session. These schools are generally interesting and lively, as they stimulate the minds and energies of the natives who are very anxious to excel in giving correct answers. The Elders from Zion, whenever they are present, usually conduct these schools.

Mon., Mar. 2. We spent most of the day culling historical items from some native-kept books, but they contained only very little which could be of any use to us. As the schooner "Hitinui", one of Brother Mapuhi's vessels was about to sail for Tahiti, I decided to avail myself of the opportunity of returning with it, and delegate the remainder of my historical labors to Elder Cutler. I was told that if I did not take advantage of this chance, I might be compelled to stay on the Tuamotu Islands for months, and still not be able to visit many of the islands.

The natives were making preparations all day for going "inside" into the lagoon, to fish for mother of pearl shells. On the lagoon side of the reef are caverns and cavities, in which the large pearl oysters breed. Attached to the rock by their powerful beards at depths of five to fifteen fathoms they adhere so firmly that a stout knife is often needed to sever their hold. The pearl shell is itself valuable, and occasionally a rich pearl is found within. The one for which her Majesty Queen Victoria of England is said to

have paid 6,000 pounds sterling to Storr and Mortimer, came from one of the Tuamotu lagoons. Pearl shell in large quantities and of considerable value has always been and is still a product of the Pacific lagoons. Pearl shell is now in use for purposes formerly unknown and the price ranges from \$300 to \$500 per ton, while larger quantities than ever are demanded. The great difficulty is to obtain good divers. The diving dress has been tried by Europeans, but the uneven, rocky bottom and the oyster's habit of breeding in caverns or hollows, renders the dress unsuitable. Native divers who use no dress or protection around their bodies, are indispensable. Their skill is proverbial. They work hard, but require long rests at intervals and cannot stand the work of diving for more than a few years altogether.

Tues., Mar. 3. Most of the natives left the village in boats for the lagoon inside the island to dive for shells, orders having been received from the government to open the lagoon for shell diving. Only five adult members of the Church were left in the village, though a few returned in the evening to remain over night. I spent most of the day measuring off the village and making a plan of it. I also measured the meeting house, and finished my historical labors on Takaroa.

Wed., Mar. 4. Arose early and made ready for my departure. About 7:00 o'clock a. m. we attended a general meeting with the remaining saints, at which a native brother and I were the speakers. After this I called on some of the saints to say goodbye. Among them were Maruaki and his wife who gave me two fine pearl shells and a small pearl. Another brother and Mapuhi's wife also made me presents. We next called on the French gendarme, whom I had neglected to see before. He said jokingly that he was about to have me arrested as a spy when he saw me the day before "surveying" the town plot. A gendarme on the Tuamotus is a sort of government policeman and general represen-

tative. There is usually one of them on each island of importance, and they feel terribly slighted if white visitors do not call on them upon their arrival.

At 9:30 a. m. I gave the parting hand to Pres. Cutler, who expected to remain on the island for a little while and then proceed to Paaire, where the April conference was to be held. I boarded the little schooner "Hitinui" which immediately left her moorings and went to sea. The wind blowing briskly from the east we made splendid progress, and by noon were sailing close to the southeast coast of Takapoto. By that island the wind died out and it commenced to rain most violently, which drove all hands, except the man at the helm, down into the small and sickly smelling cabin which swarmed with ants, cockroaches and other vermin. With the insects crawling all over me, and scarcely getting a breath of fresh air, I spent one of the most miserable nights of my life. I had been waiting for the break of day for some time when the man at the helm called out 12:00 o'clock midnight.

Thurs., Mar. 5. Morning dawned at last, but the rain continued to descend in torrents; it was nearly 10:00 o'clock a. m. when it ceased, and thus made it possible for us to emerge from our uncomfortable positions in the cabin. I was the only passenger on board. At 11:00 a. m. a good breeze sprang up and soon afterwards we sighted the island of Aratika, which lies about sixty-five miles southwest of Takaroa. Continuing our southwesterly course we saw the island of Fakarava at 10:00 p. m. and a little later we sailed through a wide passage into the lagoon and came to anchorage off Rotoava, the main village of the island.

Fri., Mar. 6. We landed at Rotoava early in the morning, and I first called on an English trader by the name of George S. Smith, who had a native wife and family, and next on the great governor of the principal part of all the Tuamotu islands. His name was E. A. Martin, and he is the man who

caused all the late troubles for our Elders and forbade them to preach. I presented my professional card, which perhaps caused him to treat me respectfully, though he had no doubt been informed before I called that I was a "Mormon" Elder. Having only Tapu of the "Hitinui" crew for interpreter, and he loosing his wanted courage in the presence of so great a dignitary as the governor, I could only tell "his excellency" where I came from and where I was going. He thanked me for calling on him and I withdrew. He was rather a short and insignificant looking man, appeared very conceited and capable of acting very small if he were crossed. How I wished I could have talked with him, but his language was French and mine English.

After visiting the governor I was conducted to the home of a native brother (Tetumu), where I spent most of the day conversing as well as I could with the natives who came to see me. I tried to use to the best advantage the few Tahitian words I had learned, and made up the balance with signs and gestures. I also showed them my pictures and temple rocks, and managed to interest them in that manner. I believe most of those who called were members of the Church, as there were two small branches there—one at Rotoava and the other at Tetamanu, on the other side of the island. I also sang hymns, ate chicken and bread, drank coconut milk, set an inactive clock going, took a walk across the motu and back, and finally enjoyed a good night's rest, sleeping on new clean mats placed on a bedstead, with my own blanket for a covering.

Fakarava is one of the largest and most important of all the Tuamotu Islands. It is thirty-two miles long and thirteen miles wide. The two villages, Rotoava and Tetamanu, contain together about 150 inhabitants, of whom the greater number reside at Rotoava, which is the capital of the group, and contains the residence of the gover-

nor. Religiously, the people are Latter-day Saints and Catholics, the latter being in the majority. Our two branches had a membership of about fifty all told. All the Tuamotu islands, except Makatea, Tikei and Rekareka, are low and flat lagoon islands, consisting of ring or bowshaped coral reefs, of which the widest range from 1200 to 1500 feet across, and the lagoons thus formed. The inside of these reefs abound with pearl oysters. The largest lagoons are those of Ragi-roa 100 miles and Fakarava 90 miles in circumference. The inhabitants of these islands belong to the Polynesian race and are most civilized on the westernmost islands, where the majority of the people have been converted to Christianity. The Catholics are particularly strong on Anaa, Mangareva or Gambeer. The Reorganites were next in number and about 800 were members of the true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Some of the natives are dark-skinned and resemble the Fijians in their figure and ferocity. Others have the more gentle character of the Tahitians.

Of the vegetable kingdom on the Tuamotus, the most important is the coconut palm, the fruit of which serves as the principal food of many of the natives, while the surplus is transformed into copra and shipped abroad. The animal kingdom on the group is represented by swine, dogs, cats, goats, and fowls, besides rats and numerous insects. On the coast there is an abundance of tortoises or turtles and on the coral reefs pearl oysters.

Sat., Mar. 7. I boarded little "Hitinui" once more and at 8:30 we sailed from Rotoava, Takarava, after taking on board Hotea a Maru, the native governor of Temarie, Anaa, and his wife; and after getting out of the lagoon we "stood off" direct for Tahiti, distant about 250 miles to the southwest.

Sun., Mar. 8. With only a little wind we made slow progress toward Tahiti.

Mon., Mar. 9. Early in the morning the dim outline of mountainous Tahiti

was seen against the southwestern horizon, but as the wind died completely out we were still ten miles from the island at sunset.

Tues., Mar. 10. A gentle breeze having sprung up during the night, we found ourselves nearing Point Venus when the morning dawned, and about 6:30 a. m. we passed through the opening in the reef into the Papeete harbor, where a large French man-of-war, and the American mail ship "City of Papeete" lay at anchor. We came to an anchorage about 8:00 o'clock and I at once sought our rented mission cottage on Rue de l'Est, where I expected to make my home until the arrival of the steamer "Richmond" from New Zealand, on which I was to return to Auckland.

Having obtained permission from Pres. Cutler to open his printed mail I hastened to the postoffice, as the American mail had just arrived per "City of Papeete", and I was soon busy reading the papers from home, and thus I received my first news of Utah's admission into the Union as a State on the 4th of January, 1896. Papeete has monthly connections with San Francisco.

The city of Papeete is the seat of government of the French possessions of Oceania and the chief port; it lies on the northwest coast of Tahiti, at the foot of the highest mountains of the island. Papeete is a town of modern construction, possessing both water works and an electrical light system and a few fine business blocks. Its streets are more regularly laid out than common and the houses nestle in the midst of orange, coconut and guava groves. The aspect in general is extremely pleasing and picturesque. The background is filled up with a number of pinnacled mountains, jutting in a great variety of forms. The harbor of Papeete can accommodate at least thirty large vessels; the entrance to it from the sea through the coral reef is only 320 feet wide. The city of Papeete faces the harbor in the shape of a crescent, with the con-

cave side to the water, making a coast side of nearly a mile and a half. The principal business street is the one facing the harbor. The Catholic Church is the most imposing structure in the city; its spire can be seen a long distance off. From the church front all distances to the different towns and localities of the island are measured. The complete circuit around the island by the road is 108 geographical miles. The population of Papeete numbering about 4,200 in 1896, is a mixed one, consisting of natives, Chinese, French, Americans, English, Germans, and others, the great majority, however, being natives.

Mon., Mar. 23. I made a visit to Point Venus, an interesting spot about seven miles northeast of Papeete, where Mr. Cadansteau, a French half-caste, who has charge of the light-house, took me up in the tower, from the top of which the view is very good and quite interesting.

After my arrival in Papeete on March the 10th I spent my time on the island of Tahiti, and though I feared beforehand that I should find it tedious I had no occasion to spend a single day in idleness. Busily engaged in arranging and copying my historical notes, perusing and culling from works of authority on the South Pacific Islands, writing letters and visiting, the time passed quickly. Among those I visited while staying at Papeete was Mr. J. Lamb Doty, U. S. consul to Tahiti, who gave me a detailed account of his actions in connection with the attempt of the government to stop our missionaries from preaching in the French possessions in the Pacific. He said that only five forms of religion were acknowledged by law in Tahiti and its dependencies, namely, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Buddhists and Mohammedans; and furthermore, that all the United States consuls and representatives in foreign lands were ordered by the Secretary of State in Washington, D. C., in 1884 to extend no protection whatsoever to "Mormon" missionaries.

This order was still in force when the trouble arose early in 1895 and the Tuamotu Islands' governor forbade our Elders to preach. Hence, when Mr. Doty was appealed to by our people to intercede in their behalf it placed him in a rather awkward position, but he felt it was his duty to protect them, and he did so, and was pleased afterwards to learn that his actions were indorsed by the government in Washington.

CHAPTER 38

(1896—continued)

Return to New Zealand—Voyage from Auckland to Sydney, Australia—My sojourn in Australia—Historical Labors in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Ceylon—Across the Indian Ocean—Up the Suez Canal to Ismailia, Egypt.

Wed., April 1. I boarded the steamer "Richmond", at 4:00 p. m., together with six other passengers, among whom was the Governor, Papinaud, of Tahiti, who was returning to France, being recalled, according to rumor, in disgrace, not having conducted the affairs of the colony in a manner satisfactory to the French Government. He brought with him a black man-servant, a white maid-servant, and two soldiers. We sailed from Papeete at 4:30 p. m., and after getting through the passage, a westerly, and afterwards southwesterly course, was taken, keeping close to the Tahitian reef and passing to the left of Moorea. As I had subsisted on scanty fare while at Tahiti, I could appreciate a good supper on board the "Richmond". The weather was fine, and the sea smooth.

Without going into details of this voyage, I want to say that we followed approximately the same course sailing westward as on the former trip we had sailed eastward. On the return voyage we again landed at Raratonga, where I was introduced to the head Queen (Makea) of the Cook Islands. She was a rather corpulent woman, 56 years old, spoke a little English, lived in a plain two-story lumber palace, and seemed to be real good-natured. She was clothed in a plain European dress.

Near the palace were the Parliament buildings, a Protestant Church, a school house, and a hospital. The village of Avarua, where the Queen resided, nestled in a beautiful coconut grove, and had only one principal street. Resuming our voyage from Raratonga to New Zealand, we arrived at Auckland on Monday, April 13, 1896. Taking leave of my fellow-passengers on the "Richmond", I walked to the mission house on Grey Street to find that all the brethren were absent from the city, attending a general conference at Hawkes Bay.

Tues., April 14. Pres. William Gardner and others returned to Auckland from the conference at Hawkes Bay. During the following week I completed my historical labors in Auckland, and also visited Brother Charles Hardy and family, who lived in the Horseshoe Bush, about twenty miles from Auckland.

Mon., April 20. I boarded the steamer "Anglian" and sailed for Sydney, Australia, together with the following Elders and saints: Elders Fred W. Ellis, Lysander C. Pond and Sister Louie K. Pond, returning home from missions to Tasmania, Elder Edgar O. Best, on his way home from a mission to New Zealand, and Elder Robert H. Bodily, homeward bound from a mission to Queensland, Australia. There were also Brother Robert Menzies and wife, old members of the Church, Brother George Wilson, wife and six children and Brother Thomas Finlayson, wife and ten children, emigrating to Zion. These, together with the sister emigrating from Tasmania and Brother and Sister Pond's two little children (both born in Tasmania) made a company of thirty souls, who went to Australia on the "Anglian," there to re-embark for America. I lectured twice on board, once in the second cabin, and once on the quarter deck in the first cabin department of the ship. Our meeting in the second cabin, when Elder Ellis also spoke, was conducted in the usual way of holding Latter-day Saint services,

while that in the first cabin deck was purely a lecture, at which the captain of the vessel presided and introduced the speaker.

Sat., April 25. We arrived at Sydney, where we were met by Elders Jedediah Goff, who had charge of the missionary work in New South Wales, and George W. Lewis, who was returning home from a mission to the colony of Victoria, Australia; also seven brethren from Zion, who had arrived the previous Wednesday (April 22nd) to labor as missionaries in the Australasian Mission. Elder Goff, after securing quarters for the other Elders and saints who had arrived on the "Anglian," took me to his missionary headquarters on Jesson street, Alexandria, one of the suburbs of Sydney. Later in the evening I had the pleasure of accompanying Elders Goff and Park to a secluded spot "where there was much water", just outside of the suburbs of Alexandria, and witnessing the sacred ceremony of baptism administered by Elder Goff to eight persons, who through the labors of the missionaries had been converted to the truth of the everlasting gospel.

After the baptism, we all repaired to the home of Sister Alice Andrews, where we held a confirmation meeting; and in laying hands upon the new converts for the reception of the Holy Ghost, the influence of heaven rested upon us, and we all rejoiced exceedingly in the Lord and his mercies. Elder Goff and his missionary companions had labored with great zeal and perseverance in Sydney and vicinity for quite a while, and these baptisms, together with about a dozen others previously performed, bade fair to lay the foundation for a flourishing branch of the Church in the metropolis of Australia, where the work of preaching the pure Gospel had been neglected for many years, though it was here that the Elders of the true Church of Christ first commenced successful operations in Australia. It is generally known among the older members of the Church that Elders John Murdock

and Charles W. Wandell were the first Latter-day Saint Elders to preach the fulness of the gospel to the inhabitants of eastern Australia. On October 30, 1851, these two Elders landed as strangers in a strange land in the city of Sydney, and soon afterwards began their preaching in the public parks.

Sun., April 26. We held Priesthood meeting at the Bellevue House, Sydney, where most of the Elders were lodging, and the newly arrived Elders were assigned to their several provinces. In the evening we held a public meeting in a rented hall in Alexandria, where Elder Pond and I spoke to an appreciative audience of Saints and friends.

On the following day I rendered the brethren some assistance in their arrangements for transportation, and obtained a concession of 20 per cent reduction from the Orient steamship company in the fare of our Elders, who thereafter might desire to return home by way of Europe. Only the presentation of their missionary license signed by the First Presidency of the Church was needed to secure the reduction.

Fri., May 1. The steamship "Warri-moo" sailed from Sydney for Vancouver, British Columbia, with thirty-two Latter-day Saints on board. This included the thirty souls already mentioned as passengers on the "Anglian" from Auckland to Sydney, and in addition to them Elder George W. Lewis and a Brother Brooksby, who was emigrating to Zion from the Harrow branch, in Victoria, Australia. In saying goodbye to our brethren and the departing saints those of us who remained behind felt a peculiar sensation around the region of the heart, and tears obstructing our visionary organs, notwithstanding our best efforts to repress them. And as a parting word to our fellow-laborers, in connection with our heartfelt "God bless you," we requested them to remember us to our friends in the land of the saints, and that when their eyes should gaze once more upon the majes-

tic heights and snowclad peaks of the mountains of Utah, to give three cheers in behalf of Utah's patriotic sons who were laboring as ministers of the gospel in foreign lands.

After the departure of the company for Zion and most of the newly arrived Elders for their respective fields of labor, Elder Goff and I turned our special attention to historical labors; but as none of the old records were on hand we could accomplish only very little. I was much more successful in gaining information about New South Wales and Australia in general. Thus I obtained from colonial officials and others some excellent books and maps to aid me in writing something about the condition and resources of the country.

During my stay in Sydney I paid a visit to Five Dock, a suburb of Sydney, where Elders Walter Baker and David A. Nelson had established their headquarters, and from there they went forth daily among the inhabitants to distribute tracts and bear testimonies to the people concerning the truths of heaven.

The colony of New South Wales contains an area of 309,175 square miles, being nearly three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, or about the size of France and Great Britain combined. It is larger than Sweden, Norway and Switzerland, and larger than any single country in Europe, except Russia.

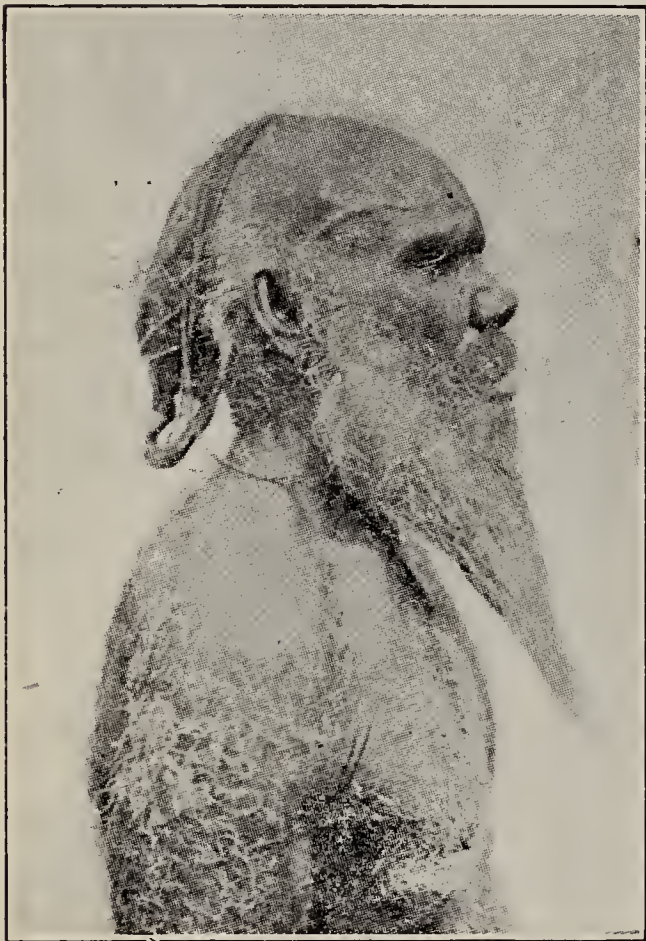
Sydney, situated in 33° 31' south latitude, is the capital and seat of government of the colony of New South Wales, and is also the parent city of Australia.

Like Victoria, in British Columbia, Sydney is strictly an English town. The linguistic peculiarities of the inhabitants at once remind one of the provincial dialects of England, and it seems that the people of New South Wales are copying the customs and characteristics of the parent country.

Mon., May 4. Having secured passage to Naples, Italy, on the Orient Company's fine steamer "Oroya", I

sailed from Sydney, New South Wales, bound for the "old world." Among the thousands of people who came down to Circular Quay to see friends off, the only one for whom I had any special interest was Elder Jedediah Goff, who kept me company to the last. I had a pleasant passage to Melbourne, Victoria, a distance of nearly six hundred miles, where we arrived in the afternoon of Wednesday, May 6th. The next day I found Elder Joseph Stephenson, who had been laboring alone in the colony of Victoria since Elder George W. Lewis, his former companion, left a short time previously.

In 1885 the late Elder John L. Blythe reopened the field, assisted by other Elders. He reorganized the Melbourne branch, and raised up a new branch at Harrow, far to the northwest, which had an organized existence till 1895 when the president of the branch (Brother Cox) emigrated to Zion with his family. In 1896 there was only one family belonging to the Church in that locality. The present branch in Melbourne was small, but regular cottage meetings were held and the prospects were fair for a further growth. An old Elder, Robert D. Beauchamp, who never returned to Utah, from whence



AUSTRALASIAN CHIEF

During my three days sojourn in Melbourne I culled from the old branch records, and proved up historical dates from old files of newspapers at the public library. Elder John Murdock was the first of our Elders who brought the fulness of the gospel to the colony of Victoria. He arrived in Melbourne in December, 1851. From Melbourne the work also spread to South Australia and Tasmania; but the calling home of the Elders, in 1857 and 1858, stopped the further progress of missionary work for many years.



AUSTRALASIANS

he was sent as a missionary about 1869, died in a benevolent institution, at Geelong, Sept. 7, 1890.

Melbourne is the metropolis and seat of government of the colony of Victoria.

Sat., May 9. I parted with Elder Joseph Stephenson in Melbourne and again boarded the steamer "Oroya" which sailed from Port Melbourne (three miles from Melbourne) at 1:30 p. m. The distance across that large sheet of water known as Port Phillip Bay is about forty miles. At 4:45

p. m. we passed the "heads" into the great Southern Ocean, whence we took a southwesterly course in order to round Cape Otway, which is one of the southernmost points of the continent of Australia.

The following day (May 10th) was rather stormy, and a number of the passengers failed to show up at meals. My own state of health was exceptionally good.

Mon., May 11. Early in the morning we passed through the strait called Backstairs Passage, which separates Kangaroo Island from the main land. Kangaroo Island (85 miles long by 30 wide) is the largest island belonging to Australia. Thence we changed our course to the north, and steamed up the gulf of St. Vincent. At 10:00 a. m. the "Oroya" cast anchor about three miles off Largs, which place is about nine miles from Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. Soon after anchoring I landed at the Largs pier, and thence took train for Adelaide, where I visited parks, museums, libraries and other places of interest. I stopped at a hotel over night, and returned to the ship after calling on some of the government officials from whom I obtained maps and literature on the colony of South Australia.

South Australia proper contains an area of 380,070 square miles, which is about four times the size of Utah, and had on December 31, 1894, a population of 347,720.

Wed., May 13. The "Oroya", after taking on board the Australian mail for Europe and some more passengers, left her anchorage off Largs, and continued the voyage. Sailing in a southwesterly direction down the St. Vincent Gulf and through Investigator Strait, with the heights of Kangaroo Island visible on our left, we soon reached West Cape, the extremity of York's peninsula. After passing that noted geographical point our course was changed to an almost westerly one across the Great Australian Bight, which is a part of the South Pacific Ocean. It is known to navigators as

a stormy and dangerous body of water.

Sat., May 16. After a prosperous voyage we came in sight of the West Australian coast about noon. At 2:00 p. m. we passed through a channel with Breaksea Island on our left and Michaelmas Island on our right, into King George's Sound, where the ship cast anchor immediately east of Possession Point. We had come about 1,010 miles from our former place of anchorage off Largs. A number of steam launches came out from Albany about three miles distant, and I was among those who landed to spend an hour or two on West Australian soil.

Albany is one of the principal towns of Western Australia. It is beautifully situated on rising ground on the north shore of Princess Royal harbor, between two elevations, called respectively Mount Clarence and Mount Melville. It is about 254 miles by road and 352 miles by railway from Perth, the colonial capital. The Princess Royal harbor is one of the finest on the Australian coast, and most steamers en route between Australia and Europe call here. The town, which was first settled in 1826, is one of the oldest settlements in Western Australia and had a population of about 3,000 in 1896. The harbor is about 4½ miles long and about two miles wide, and together with King George Sound, further out, is well fortified, so that it could easily be defended in case of war.

After spending about two hours in Albany, I once more boarded the steamer "Oroya", and at 6:00 p. m. we sailed for Colombo, on the island of Ceylon.

The "Oroya" was a fine modern vessel built at Barrow, England, in 1887, and had all the latest conveniences invented for passenger transportation. On the present voyage she carried 428 passengers. Most of these traveled for pleasure, some to improve their health, a few on business and a limited number were returning to England, displeased with their fortunes in the "Colonies." Among the passengers

were clergymen, merchants, sportsmen and people of leisure. Some of them were "religious" beyond a "sensible limit", while others professed no religion at all.

Sat., May 16. The day was somewhat cold and showery. Our course since the day before at noon had been due west, and at noon we were 28 miles from Albany. For some time the western coast of Australia had been visible on our right, and at 2:00 p. m. we passed through a channel with Breaksea Island on our left, and Michaelmas Island on our right, entering King George's Sound, where the "Oroya" had anchored. Soon afterwards a number of steam launches came out and I boarded one of them, which landed me and other passengers at Albany, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, situated on the north side of Princess Royal harbor. I spent two hours on shore, and then returned to the ship.

Sun., May 17. About 7:00 o'clock a. m. we passed Cape Leeuwin on our right, and soon the coast of West Australia grew dim and by 8:00 o'clock we had our last glimpse of the continent of Australia, we being far out in the Indian Ocean.

Mon., May 18. The weather was getting warmer as we were sailing towards the tropics.

Tues., May 19. The day was warm and pleasant. About 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn and thus I was once more within the limits of the tropics.

Wed., May 20. This was another fine day.

Thurs., May 21. I sang a song and gave a recitation to entertain the passengers.

Fri., May 22. I participated in several sports taking place on the deck.

Sat., May 23. At noon we were in latitude 7 degrees, 11 minutes south, and longitude 90 degrees 52 minutes east.

Sun., May 24. Having suffered from the heat during the night, I found relief in the early promenade on the

deck. During that Sabbath day I attended both Catholic mass and Church of England services on board.

Mon., May 25. Very early in the morning we crossed the Equator, and I was once more in the northern hemisphere.

Tues., May 26. We arrived at Colombo, on the island of Ceylon. Here the harbor was literally alive with natives, who approached the ship with their boats and canoes prepared to trade. Among some fellow-passengers I landed at Colombo, which at that time was an oriental tropical city of 130,000 inhabitants. I spent the night in a hotel.

Our voyage of 3,285 miles from Albany to Colombo was very pleasant, the weather being fine and the sea smooth nearly all the time. I spent most of my time in reading and writing and conversing with fellow-passengers. I also took lessons in German from a young lady. As we approached the Equator, which we crossed on May 25th, the heat became somewhat oppressive, and the nights were so sultry and hot that many of the passengers preferred to sleep on deck. Two concerts, in which songs and recitations predominated, were given in the saloon and on the upper deck, and the time passed quickly.

From the moment we landed at Colombo until we hid ourselves behind the doors of our hotel we were besieged almost at every step by natives, who wanted to act as guides and wheel us around in their jinrickshaws, light, two-wheeled carts pulled by one man, which were used very extensively on the island of Ceylon, and particularly in Colombo. They were not only used by the white people, but also by the native business men and others of the higher castes. The next morning I took a five-mile ride in one of these little vehicles, which I thoroughly enjoyed for the novelty of the thing. To travel on wheels where human flesh was the propelling power had never fallen to my lot before. As there were also a great variety of horse vehicles, which could be hired at the same rates as the

jinrickshaws, this was a clear case of competition between human flesh and horse flesh. On my ride I visited the celebrated Cinnamon Gardens, the museum, the native market, the general market, the railway station, government buildings, and public parks. I also took a walk through the fortifications near the wharf, where a great body of men and women were employed in packing rocks for a new road running along the seashore. We were told by one of the native foremen who could speak English that the government paid these people only one quarter of a rupee—equal to about 7 United States cents—each for a day's work of from ten to twelve hours, and even that was considered good wages. The value of an Indian rupee is 14 pence, or about 28 U. S. cents.

Ceylon is the largest, most populous and most important of all British crown colonies. One enthusiastic poet says it has long been

Confessed the best and brightest gem
In Britain's orient diadem.

It is believed that Ceylon was known to ancient navigators as far back as the time of King Solomon, of whose Ophir and Tarshish many believe Ceylon to have formed a part. Its jewels and its spices were familiar to the Greeks and Romans, who called it Taprobane, and to the Arab traders, who first introduced the coffee plant. It was also known to the Mohammedan world at large, who to this day regard the island as the elysium prepared for Adam and Eve to console them for the loss of Paradise. On the basis of this story the reef running between the island and India has been named Adam's Bridge, while the most conspicuous and majestic, though not the highest, mountain on the island has been known as Adam's Peak.

Ceylon proper is about 250 miles long from north to south and about 150 miles broad in its widest part. Its shape is very much like that of an egg and it is nearly surrounded by coral reefs.

The principal products of Ceylon are rice, tea, coffee, cinnamon, coconuts, cardamons, nutmeg, clove, pepper, vanilla, ginger, bread fruit, sugar cane, gum, chocolate plants, cacao, cinchona, cotton, tobacco, rubber trees and blue gums. Ceylon cinnamon is considered the finest in the world. It was known through Arab caravans to the Romans who paid in Rome the equivalent of \$40 per pound for the fragrant spice. Ceylon is sometimes called the "mother of cinnamon," and "Cinnamon Isle."

The bread-fruit tree, the jak, orange and mango, as well as gardens of plantains and pine-apples, melons, guavas and papaws are also among the products cultivated and of great use to the people of Ceylon. There is scarcely a native land owner who does not possess a garden of palms, or other fruit trees besides rice fields.

I found Ceylon one of the most interesting islands of the sea that I had visited so far on my mission.

Wed., May 27. Together with my companions, I arose early. We hired a "jinrickshaw" each, in which we rode about five miles to the Cinnamon Gardens, the museum, the native market, and other places of interest, and also passed through the principal parts of the town. Returning from this ride, I called on some of the government officials for literature. At 12:00 o'clock noon we boarded the ship again, very pleased with our short visit to Colombo. Quite a number of the passengers were swindled in buying curios and precious stones which were not curios at all. The traders who came out with their wares for sale would ask fabulous prices at first. Resuming our voyage at 1:40 p. m. we sailed in a northwesterly direction toward Aden, Arabia. The feelings among the passengers were quite animated and everybody seemed full of delight over what they had seen and heard on shore. It was the first time that many of the passengers had seen oriental and tropical life. At 1:40 p. m., I continued my voyage from Colombo, Ceylon, still a passenger on the steamship



TROPICAL FOREST, CEYLON

"Oroya", and we were now bound direct for Suez. The voyage over the upper part of the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea, the Gulf of Aden, the Red Sea and the Gulf of Suez was uneventful; the weather was exceptionally good, and we only encountered one monsoon, in the Indian Ocean, and that was of a mild character and only lasted two days.

Our general course from Colombo to the mouth of the Red Sea was west northwest; up the Red Sea we went in a more northerly direction.

Thurs., May 28. We learned in the morning that a consumptive fellow-passenger had died in Colombo, and also that an infant child had died soon after we left Albany.

Fri., May 29. We spent another hot day on the "Oroya", and in the evening we saw the polar star for the first time after crossing the Equator.

Sat., May 30. I arose very early as the air was very oppressive in the state room.

Sun., May 31. A strong wind, which increased in strength till it assumed the character of a genuine monsoon, rolling from the southwest, prevailed all day. The sea became quite rough, and the ship pitched and rolled worse than ever before on this voyage. All the portholes had to be closed, which made the atmosphere below unhealthy and oppressive.

Mon., June 1. We had spent another oppressive, storm-tossed night on board as the monsoon continued to blow, though not quite so hard as the previous evening. Owing to the monsoon, we had only made 267 miles in 25 hours. About 10:00 a. m. the island of Socotra was visible on our left far ahead. This island is 82 miles long.

Tues., June 2. When we arose we found ourselves in the smooth waters of the Gulf of Aden, but there was no land in sight, though we were passing to the right of Cape Guardafui, also called Ras Asser, which is the northeastern point of Africa. It consists of a precipitous rocky cape 900 feet high.

In the evening we were near Aden, in Arabia. Formerly the Orient steamers called at Aden, but there being so little business to do, the ships now steamed proudly by. Aden is 2094 miles from Colombo and 1308 miles from Suez. This British seaport is sometimes called the Indian Gibraltar.

Wed., June 3. At about 6:00 o'clock a. m. we were sailing almost abreast of Aden, on the Arabian coast, several miles off our right. This was the first point of Asia that I had ever seen. At noon the coast of Africa was plainly seen on our left, and about 1:00 p. m. we passed through the straits of Babu 'l Mandib (the Gate of Tears), with the island of Perin on our right. Perin has an area of 7 square miles, and it had 250 inhabitants in 1896. After passing this island we were in the Red Sea. The day was very warm. During the day we met a number of steamers and overtook and passed others. We also saw a number of coast vessels. About sundown we were sailing abreast of one of the Hanish Islands, a volcano group, with rocky eminences of fanciful shapes. One of these islands (Jebel Zukur) rises to a height of 2000 feet. Arab fishermen go to these islands (which are lying near the south end of the Red Sea) between February and June, when they lay in cargoes of shark's fins and turtles.

We had been led to believe that we would suffer terribly with the heat in passing through the Red Sea, but such had not been our experience to date, as we were favored with a cool north wind, which blew almost continuously while we passed over that historic body of water.

Thurs., June 4. This was the hottest day of the voyage on the "Oroya" to the present time, and it was impossible to keep cool anywhere. Sometime in the afternoon we passed the latitude where the sun stood straight overhead at the time we passed. We saw, during the day, quite a number of steamers on the route, some going towards and others coming from the

Suez Canal. The sea was almost as smooth as a mill pond. No land was seen all day. I conversed with passengers on Utah and the "Mormons". By this time I was well known as a "Mormon."

Fri., June 5. In the afternoon we crossed the geographical line known as the tropic of Cancer, and I for one was much pleased to get back into the North temperate zone once more.

Sat., June 6. As we arose early in the morning the low coast of Africa was seen dimly far away on our left, and at 9:00 a. m. we passed on our right the two rocky islands called the Brothers, which rise from a depth of 250 fathoms. There is a light-house on one of them. At noon we were only 220 miles from Suez. Early in the afternoon the mountains and desert sands of Egypt were plainly seen on our left, and soon afterwards the heights of the Sinai Mountains on our right were in plain sight. As we approached the north end of the Red Sea, we passed a number of islands. From this time on the voyage was very interesting indeed, as the peaks of the Sinai range on our right, and the Ethiopian Mountains on our left were seen plain and plainer. I took my first kodak snap at the Sinai range. The passengers became much animated, conversation concerning the historic theme, the Sinai range, was indulged in freely.

About sundown we sailed through the Straits of Jubal, which is the entrance from the Red Sea proper to the Gulf of Suez. Later in the evening we were sailing close to the African coast, which at this point is quite mountainous.

The Red Sea proper is about 1,200 miles long, with an average width of perhaps 250 or 300 miles. Aside from its historical importance, this sea has a number of peculiarities, one of which is that not a single permanent stream of any size empties into it, the lands on either side being sandy deserts.

As we sailed up the Gulf of Suez, which is only about twenty miles wide

on an average, land was in plain view on both sides, but that on the right, though farther away from us than that on the left, was most interesting, as the landscape there included the Sinaitic mountains and the wilderness of Sin of Bible fame.

The Sinaitic mountains, comprising the triangular peninsula between the two arms of the Red Sea, consist of an innumerable multitude of sharp rocky summits thrown together in wild confusion, rising to different heights, leafless and barren without the least trace of verdure to relieve the stern and awful features of the prospect. The rocks which bound the deep, narrow, tortuous ravines between the mountains, are basalt sandstone and granite variegated with an endless variety of hues from the brightest yellow to the deepest green. The view from one of these summits is said to present a perfect sea of desolation without a parallel on the face of the earth. The valleys or gorges between the summits sink into deep and narrow ravines with almost perpendicular sides of several hundred feet in height, forming a mass of irregular defiles, which can be safely traversed only by the wild Arab, who has his habitation in the cliffs of the valleys amid these eternal solitudes. Toward the north the wilderness of mountains slopes down in an irregular curvilinear line which turns outward like a crescent, and runs off on the one hand toward the head of the eastern gulf of the Red Sea, and in the other northwest toward the western extremity of the sea itself, near the Gulf of Suez, at the head of which is the modern town and port of Suez and the south entrance of the Suez canal. This long, irregular crescent marks the outline of a high chain of mountains, Et Tih, extending eastward from the Red Sea south of Suez in a continued range to the Ailanitic gulf, or Gulf of Akaba, a distance of 120 miles, which forms the southern abutment of a high table land, a vast desert utterly desolate and barren, with a slight inclination to the north

toward the Mediterranean Sea. The surface of this elevated plain is over-spread with a coarse gravel mingled with black flint stone, interspersed occasionally with drifting sand, and only diversified with occasional ridges and summits or barren chalk hills. In the time of Moses it was a great and terrible wilderness, and from times immemorial it has been a waste, howling desert, without rivers or fountains or verdure to alleviate the horrors of its desolation. The supposition is, however, that this desert was once supplied, in some measure, both with water and with vegetation. The brothers of Joseph repeatedly traversed it from Hebron in the land of Canaan to Egypt, with asses (Gen. 42:26; 43:24). When the country was suffering with extreme dearth, Jacob and his sons went down with their flocks and their herds (Gen. 47:1.) But no animal except the camel is now able to pass over the same route. The Israelites with their flocks and their herds (Ex. 10: 9) inhabited portions of this wilderness for forty years where now they could not subsist a week without drawing supplies both of water and provisions from a great distance.

As most of the passengers of the "Oroya" were professed Christians and consequently interested in Bible geography, all hands were out with opera glasses, telescopes, kodaks, etc., to get glimpses of and take snap shots of the mountains and deserts on our right. Besides the mountains we could see nothing but sand which seemed to extend from the seashore up to the base of the mountains and even to penetrate as far into the gorges and defiles as we could see. This desolate region has been clearly identified by biblical students as the wilderness of Sin, where the Israelites traveled. (Ex. 17: 1; Numbers 33:11). It extends in a long, narrow plain, between the coast and the mountains, almost to the termination of the Sinai peninsula and is memorable as the place where, in answer to their murmurings, the Israelites were for the first time mi-

raculously fed with quails, to appease their lusting after the flesh pots of Egypt (Ex. 10). Here also they were fed with manna, that bread of heaven, which they continued to eat for forty years, until they reached the land of promise and ate of the corn of that land.

Sun., June 7. At 4:00 o'clock we anchored off the mouth of the Suez canal and near the town of Suez where we waited about three hours before we commenced the passage through the canal. Soon after sunrise a number of boats rigged in Egyptian style and managed by Arabs and negroes came out to the steamer, and we soon had a repetition of our experience in Ceylon. Among the wares offered by the natives were some excellent figs and other fruits; but the curios offered for sale were far inferior to those bartered by the natives of Colombo, Ceylon. Some of the vendors, dressed in oriental garbs, came on board.

Suez is a town of about 20,000 inhabitants and is situated on the desert about two miles from the mouth of the canal. It has a mixed population of natives and Europeans and is connected with Cairo by railroad.

The mountain from which the law was given is denominated Horeb in Deut. 1:6; 4:10, 15; 5:2; 18:16. In other books of the Pentateuch it is called Sinai. Modern Horeb is a frowning, awful cliff at the northern extremity, overhanging the plain Er Rahah. Sinai, the Mount of Moses, rises in loftier, sterner grandeur at the southern extremity. This overlooks the plain at the south, and on the supposition that this was the station of the Israelites it must be the summit on which the Lord descended in fire to give laws to Israel. The distance between the two summits of Sinai and Horeb is about three miles. The former is more than 7,000 feet above the level of the sea.

From our anchorage off Suez we had a fine view of mountains, deserts, canal and sea. The rising of the sun on the Arabian desert was also very in-

teresting to those who had never seen it before.

One jocular passenger cast out a hook for the purpose, as he said, of fishing up one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels. This introduced the story of the sailor who on returning home from a long voyage told his mother about the flying fish he had seen in foreign seas. His mother disbelieved him and rather rebuked him for telling her what she believed to be a silly story, as she knew that fish do not fly; they were created to swim. But when the young man subsequently returned from another voyage on which he had navigated the Red Sea and told his mother that the sailor in passing through had run against one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels, she believed him readily!

At 7:00 a. m. (June 7th) the "Oroya" lifted anchor and entered the Suez canal, which connects the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. For the first four miles the canal is cut through the marshes bordering the head of the Gulf of Suez, then through the higher desert; next it passes through the Bitter lakes; thence through another narrow cut, and next enters the smaller lake called Lake Timsah on which the town of Ismailia, the canal half-way house, is located. Here I broke my voyage in order to visit Egypt and Palestine, and left the "Oroya" by steam launch at 1:30 p. m. I shall always remember the "Oroya" which carried me safely over the billows for a distance of nearly nine thousand miles.

CHAPTER 39

(1896—continued)

Arrival in Cairo—Interesting Sojourn in Egypt—The Great Pyramid—The River Nile—The Sphinx—Port Said.

On landing at Ismailia I was politely treated by a representative of Thomas Cook and Son, the great tourist firm, whose name is known for good all over the world.

The town of Ismailia is forty-four miles from Suez, and forty-three miles from Port Said; by rail via Zagazig

and Benha it is ninety-seven miles from Cairo. It is an artificial oasis in the desert, and one of the most charming spots imaginable—an ideal French town—and its founders predicted that it would soon become one of the important commercial centres of Egypt; but in this they were at least temporarily disappointed. The location proved to be unhealthy and consequently most of its people left. It had in 1896 only a population of about 10,000, mostly Arabs. Before the town could be a possibility a fresh-water canal had to be dug from the Nile, which for that purpose was tapped near Cairo. This canal furnishes fresh water for both Ismailia and Port Said and some of the intervening country. Ismailia consists of two towns; the French city and the native town. The French part is laid out with regular streets; trim houses, and beautiful gardens form a characteristic picture of French taste and neatness, and stand out in bold contrast to the surrounding desert. A public park and several long esplanades are found along the fresh water canal. As this was my first introduction to Egyptian life and scenery, everything I saw was new and interesting. The oriental dress of the people, the long caravans of camels, the little donkeys, the shepherds with their flocks, the African buffaloes, the artificial vegetation of the oasis, were all new features to me. I also found a few people who could speak English, among whom was Aziz Marraggi, the local director of the American Mission school at Ismailia. He took great pains to tell me all he knew about the American schools in Egypt, and said he labored under the direction of the white missionaries, of whom there were several in Egypt. In his own school, which was kept in the native town, there were in 1896 sixty students. At Ismailia I drank Nile water for the first time, got my eyes full of desert sand, and was annoyed by Arabs who wanted to act as guides when I did not need any such service.

The town of Ismailia is situated on the Isthmus of Suez, which is a neck of land about 72 miles wide in its narrowest part that extends from the Mediterranean on the north to the Gulf of Suez on the south and separates the continents of Asia and Africa. It is a desert of sand and sandstone, whose dreariness is occasionally relieved by a salt lake, or saline swamp, but which is almost entirely destitute of fresh water. The principal interest, however, which from a remote antiquity has attached to the region, lies in the possibility of opening up communication through it by means of a ship canal, so as to save the long and often dangerous voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. The route to India, so far as concerns passengers—and to a moderate extent merchandise—had been greatly shortened by the construction of a line of rail from Chang to Suez; but it was obvious to every observer that a ship canal would be an infinitely more important boon to commerce. And so the canal was built.

At 6:30 p. m. I left Ismailia by train for Cairo, the capital of Egypt, distant about 97 miles from Ismailia. It being night I was able to make only a few observations in regard to the country which we passed through; but I noticed that the first part of the route lay through a barren desert land though following the banks of the fresh water canal; while the latter part took us through a thickly populated and fertile country—a part of the great Nile delta, including, as I afterwards learned, the land of Goshen of Bible fame.

On my arrival at Cairo at 10:30 p. m. I put up at the Khedivial Hotel, where I appeared to be the only European or American guest, the tourist season being over for the year.

Mon., June 8. After enjoying a good nights rest I arose early and hired a native (Said Mahommed) with a gray donkey to take me through the city and out to the great pyramids beyond the Nile. I left the hotel at 7:30 a. m.,

being mounted as gracefully as possible on a donkey whose neck was richly decorated with Egyptian brass jewelry, but whose constant abuse of his braying powers made me perfectly disgusted with him before the day was over. His master, who ran behind me, could talk a little broken English, so I dispensed with the additional luxury of a special guide, though one, who styled himself the guide of Cairo, offered his services for six shillings a day, provided I hired a carriage for both of us which would cost me sixteen shillings extra. Believing in economy through necessity I decided to get along with Said Mohammed and his donkey for four shillings per day.

As we rode through the streets of Cairo, I saw much to admire and many things to disgust me. Most every visitor to the capital of Egypt, I believe, is at first bewildered, the same as I was, by the novel scenes which crowd upon him; and some time elapses before he is able to disentangle his confused impressions and realize each feature of the marvelous picture. After awhile one begins to understand that he is indeed in a purely oriental city. As he examines its bazaars and passes through its streets he seems carried back to the days of antiquity. There are a few straight and regular streets in Cairo, but most of the thoroughfares are too narrow to admit two camels to pass abreast; some of its bazaars glow with the richest productions of the looms of the East, and its mosques and minarets are apparently innumerable. Many of the richly-carpeted shops are enclosed in front by a divan, and in the midst sits a venerable Turk or a wealthy Arab, smoking his pipe—often a splendid narghileh of gold and silver—and surveying with complacent gaze his costly wares, which embrace jewelry from Paris, chibougues from Constantinople, tobacco from Latakia, dainty muslins from India, keen bright swords of "Damascus steel" and rustling silks from the land of the Celestials. Meanwhile the ways are thronged in many

parts, and it is often with difficulty the pedestrian escapes a rude jostle from the donkeys which pass him every moment, laden with sand, flour, water, or occasionally with a happier burden in the shape of some Egyptian beauty of the harem, closely veiled and attended by watchful guards. With my best endeavors to make it otherwise the braying donkey that I rode ran headlong against several persons and also against other donkeys, though his master claimed that his donkey ranked very high in the scale of good behavior as compared with Cairo donkeys in general.

Cairo is situated on a sandy level between the right bank of the Nile and the range of the Mokuttam Hills. One of the most remarkable edifices in Cairo is the Cathedral which dominates the whole town from its elevated position on a bold ridge of sandstone. Its walls are of great solidity and, in some places, one hundred feet in height.

The Cairene minarets are justly eulogized by travelers as the most beautiful of any in the East. They rank as exquisite creatures of the strange dreamy Arabian genius; towering to an extraordinary height, built of courses of red and white stone and ornamented with balconies from which the Muezzins announce the hour of prayer.

After passing through several streets, viewing a number of palaces and parks, I soon found myself crossing the great bridge of Kasr-el-Nil spanning the Nile. It is six hundred feet long, built on six spans; and at either extremity, facing the shore, two colossal lions of bronze stand perched upon stately pedestals. The traffic across the bridge is immense at all hours of the day, and it was here that my donkey made himself particularly conspicuous by frequently coming into collisions with the long caravans of camels, the peculiar shaped vehicles, the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, not to speak of other braying asses, all of which moved across the great bridge

both ways in two continuous "streams". Never before in my life did I see so many people traveling on donkeys as I witnessed here.

After crossing the Nile we were in the suburban town of Gizeh, and the road now turned to the left and followed the bank of the river for two or three miles until the museum and zoological gardens were passed; then it turned to the right and ran straight to the Pyramids about seven miles from the river and the desert which are reached after traveling about ten miles from Cairo. The road is raised several feet above the general level, is well macadamized and lined on both sides with regular rows of sycamore trees. There are five mills on the road, where wheels of various kinds are used to raise the water that is utilized for irrigation purposes and for sprinkling the road. There are also several native mud villages on the way out, all of which are built very compact and on raised ground. Then there were several ponds containing dirty water in which some of the natives were washing clothes and others plunging in headlong trying to catch the few remaining fish, which would otherwise soon die a natural death by the evaporation of the pools of water. The making of bricks by the natives as in the days of the Israelites, the cutting of grass, the cultivation of the soil, the methods of irrigation, and various other kinds of employment, on which the natives were engaged, constituted the most interesting features of sight-seeing on our ride from Cairo to the Pyramids. At length we arrived in front of the hotel lying adjacent to the three Pyramids of Gizeh, where I was surrounded by a herd of Arabs, who wanted to act as guides, aids, water carriers, and I don't know what else; they soon began to quarrel among themselves and with me because I would only engage one man, when they insisted that I needed at least a dozen. It seems strange that I got along at all, as I was the only white man among that motley crowd

of semi-civilized beggars and fleecers. Their custom is to get as much as they possibly can from every stranger; and as there were only a few visitors now that the tourist season was over, they were all on hand to double up on the few stragglers who came along; but as I had posted myself in regard to the proper fees and lawful charges before leaving Cairo, they found me a stubborn customer to deal with; and when they learned that they could not fleece me for large fees, they were satisfied with the smallest compensation possible; so after all I got through reasonably cheap notwithstanding their number. This was partly due to one of their number—an old man who styled himself Doctor Mahmut, and who pretended to be my friend. This he did undoubtedly for selfish motives, as he expected me to pay for his friendship, and in this he was not disappointed. Finding out that I understood him, he really did both befriend and defend me against the others; and when at times I looked at him as if I doubted his words, he pointed toward heaven and said that Allah should witness that he was an honest man who told me the truth; and I believe he did. He and two young men accompanied me all through the inner passages and chambers of the great Pyramid, and afterwards climbed with me to the top; then I rode his camel down to the Sphinx and back again; and he also got me both milk and water to drink at reasonable prices. The day was hot, and the exertions of climbing were so great that I was sore for a long time afterwards. I climbed to the top and descended, and also passed through the inside without the least assistance from any one. This I did to disprove the statement made at the hotel, before I started out in the morning, that it was absolutely impossible for any white man to climb to the top of the great Pyramid without assistance; and the steep inside passages, I was told, were still harder to ascend and descend. But though I found it quite possible, I shall never wish to repeat

the exercise. I went through the inside first, and afterwards climbed to the top; but before reaching the top I was dragging myself slowly upwards on all fours, drawing on all the physical strength I possessed. I would, undoubtedly, have fainted with thirst and fatigue, had not a young Arab appeared on the scene with a calabash of water. Before I left the "Oroya", a doctor and fellow-passenger warned me repeatedly against drinking water



THE SPHINX OF EGYPT

in Egypt of any kind, on pains of being stricken with cholera at once, but the combined efforts or advice of all the doctors in the world could not have induced me to refuse taking a drink of water while on the top of the great Pyramid in my exhausted condition.

I may here explain that at the time of my visit cholera was raging in Cairo to such an extent, that three hundred fatalities per day was not unusual. Hence the doctor's advice was timely.

The view from the top of the great Pyramid is grand beyond description. It includes the Nile Valley for many miles up the river, the Delta in part, the city of Cairo, the site of old Mem-

phis with a number of pyramids near by, and the great Libyan desert on the edge of which all the pyramids of Egypt are erected. It is asserted by some historians, on pretty reliable authority, that 100,000 men were employed for twenty years, building the Pyramid of Cheops, the one I climbed, and the one generally visited by tourists. This is supposed to have happened 4,000 years ago. The original

the Mokuttam Hills, which I crossed, and then descended to a veritable city of the dead, known as the "graves of the Khalifs". Here lie the nobility of Egypt for many generations, many of them in costly and ornamental buildings which are crowned by domes in regular mosque style. I was permitted to enter the finest building I could see, after the doorkeeper had carefully tied a pair of sandals on my feet. The



PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT

height of that great pile of rocks was 480 feet 9 inches, and its base 764 feet square. Its slope was $51^{\circ} 5'$ but its external effects were much injured by the spoliation of the exterior blocks for the erection of Cairo, and several feet of the original top are missing entirely.

Tues., June 9. After spending a second night in Cairo, Egypt, I arose early in the morning and took a long walk through the city without guide or donkey. Passing through Rue du Muski, one of the principal streets of the city, I found myself at the eastern boundary and at the foot of a spur of

Arab attendant took great pains to tell me all about it in a language of which I knew not a single sentence; but I was led to understand that I was in the open tomb of one of the late Khedives of Egypt.

From the graves of the Khalifs I walked to the great citadel, where I fell in conversation with some English soldiers, one of whom (William Cox) said he was related to Thomas C. Patten, of Salt Lake City. He desired very much to go to Utah himself, and hoped to have the privilege of doing so after he had served his term as a soldier. Following my directions, he opened a

correspondence with his relative, with whom I was well acquainted.

From the citadel I drove to the station in a carriage, and left Cairo by rail about noon. Arriving at Ismailia, I changed cars for Port Said, distant fifty miles from Ismailia by rail, where I arrived at 7:30 p. m., and lodged at a hotel. At Ismailia a fellow passenger—a German—voluntarily took my part against an impudent Arab who insisted on acting as my guide, though I had told him repeatedly that I did not want him. My German friend, whose name was Constantin Fix, seeing that the fellow tried to impose upon me, arose, fired with indignation, and deliberately knocked the Arab down. The station police was soon on the spot, but my friend, who talked good Arabic, was able to give satisfactory explanation, and the impudent native scampered off with a sore head instead of the money which he wanted to extort from me.

Port Said is a new town which had no existence before the building of the Suez Canal. It has regular streets, one small artificial park, some respectable and good-sized buildings, but otherwise no particular attractions. It is only important as the Mediterranean port of the Suez canal, where all canal dues are paid by south bound ships. Port Said gets its supply of fresh water from the Nile through the previously mentioned canal.

Everything alive that I have seen in Egypt relies upon the Nile for its very existence. It certainly is one of the most remarkable rivers of the world.

The spots where Joseph served Potiphar, the village where the child Jesus dwelt with his parents during their exile in Egypt, and many other localities of historical note, are pointed out to the tourist as he passes through the land of the Pharaohs, but like many similar places in Palestine, Syria and other countries, the information thus given is not reliable, and the exact spots of these biblical events are, as a rule, not known to mankind at the present time.

CHAPTER 40

(1896—continued)

Arrival in Beyrout, Syria—Quarantined—
Across the Lebanon Mountains to Damascus
—Down the Coast via Sidon and Tyre to
Haifa, Palestine.

Wed., June 10. I sailed, in the evening, from Port Said, Egypt, bound for Syria and Palestine, and arrived off Beyrout the following day at 2:00 o'clock p. m. The ship and all on board were almost immediately put under ten day's quarantine on account of coming from Egypt where cholera was raging at the time. From our place of anchorage we had a beautiful view of Beyrout, a city of about 100,000 inhabitants, and the mountains of Lebanon, the higher summits of which were still covered with the snow of the previous winter. Villages were seen on the lower mountain slopes everywhere. On the morning of our arrival off Beyrout we had a good glimpse of Mount Carmel, in Palestine, as we passed by; also the sites of old Tyre and Sidon of Bible fame, lying on the Mediterranean coast and at the foot of the Lebanon range.

Sun., June 21. This day will always be a day of more than ordinary importance in my life's history, for it proved a day of deliverance to me from a ten days' quarantine imprisonment off Beyrout, Syria. At 10:30 a. m. the quarantine doctor—a Frenchman—came on board, and after passengers and crew had been "duly exhibited" before him, he declared everything all right; but, true to Turkish and Arabian ingenuity combined, an attempt was made to collect from the passengers the quarantine fees which we had already paid on the occasion of purchasing our tickets in Egypt. One of the passengers, however, stepped forth and explained the situation in pretty plain terms in Arabic, which had the desired effect, and we all escaped a repetition of that extra tax of ten francs per head. Soon after the doctor had returned to the shore, the ship obtained its final papers for communicating with the land, and at 12:00 o'clock noon

I left the ship, in company with Costa Abrahamides, an English speaking Greek, whose friendship I had gained during our ten days' "imprisonment." With his aid I made easy progress in my dealings with the boatmen, custom house officers, passport examiners, runners, and the many Arabian "mobocrats" and vagabonds which lined the shore watching for a chance to fleece anybody. For the first time after leaving home my American passport did me no service.

After taking leave of my friend, Costa, I still refused the aid of the many unprincipled Arabians (who offered their services) and walked about half a mile, through the heart of the city, to the office of the American consul, Mr. Thomas R. Gibson. How I found the way through the narrow and winding streets puzzled me afterwards; but I arrived there without walking twenty steps out of the way, I believe. Mr. Gibson received me very kindly and subsequently assisted me in arranging a good itinerary for traveling through Syria and Palestine.

I stopped at the Victoria boarding house, kept by an English-speaking Syrian lady, who made me quite comfortable in her rather elegant establishment.

My first act after retiring to my room was to render due thanks to a kind Providence, who had permitted me to land safely in Syria; and though I found myself alone, when I had expected to meet one or more Elders from Zion in the Turkish Mission, I felt confident that I would get through all right. Before I left New Zealand, Pres. Anthon H. Lund wrote me from Liverpool, England, to the effect that he had instructed the American Elders in the Turkish mission to come to England; and Mr. Gibson now informed me that they had left several months ago. Under those circumstances the good advice and aid of Mr. Gibson were doubly appreciated.

Beyrout is beautifully situated on the slopes of the peninsula terminating in the point called by the Arabs Ras

Beyrout. The main part of the city faces the sea to the north. The plain to the east and southeast is covered with luxuriant gardens. Beyond them the mountains of Lebanon rise, overtopped by the snowclad summits of the Sannin and Keneisch. The hills are furrowed by several deep ravines, but are cultivated to a considerable height. "The rosy tint of the mountains contrasted with the deep blue of the sea presents a most picturesque scene by evening light." The climate of Beyrout is genial and seldom oppressively hot. Much rain falls in winter. The heat is generally tempered by a fresh sea breeze during the greater part of the year. Still many of the Europeans, settled in the city, remove to the heights of Lebanon for the summer months.

The population of Syria is estimated at about two million, of which about 650,000 live within that area of country which is generally called Palestine. Ethnographically the population consists of Franks, Jews, Syrians, Arabs and Turks, or, according to religions, of Mohammedans, Christians and Jews and several sects. The "Franks" (Europeans) who are residents of Palestine form a very small proportion of the population.

Mon., June 22. I called again on Mr. Gibson, the American consul in Beyrout, and he assisted me in drawing up a contract with a muleteer for taking me through Syria and Palestine in twenty-five days for a reasonable sum of money; but after every preparation had been made for starting in the afternoon, the man—an Arab of course—backed out, pretending that he had been drafted for a soldier; but the truth was, no doubt, that he was afraid on his own account to undertake the long journey, as we would have to pass through one corner of the country inhabited by the Druses, who at that time were at war with the Turkish government. The news had just reached Beyrout that six hundred Turkish soldiers had been surprised and killed on the desert south of Da-

mascus, in consequence of which there was great excitement in the city. The Druses had been in a state of rebellion for some time, and the government was calling in its troops from Armenia, Smyrna and other places to go to the Syrian desert to give the rebels dreadful punishment.

Tues., June 23. The muleteer having gone back on his bargain, for which I

climbed very slowly, the speed at times being that of an ordinary American ox-team, we passed a number of Arabian villages perched on the mountain slopes, some of them surrounded with extensive vineyards, olive groves and orchards. Many of the slopes were irrigated, and nearly everywhere were seen traces of a dense population from past ages, as the slopes were terraced



ARABIAN MAN (A BEDUIN)

afterwards felt thankful, I decided to make a visit to Damascus by rail. A French company had built a railroad over the mountains of Lebanon from Beyrout to Damascus, which had been in active operation for over two years. I left my hotel early in the morning and proceeded to the station, which is situated immediately east of the city of Beyrout. The train left at 6:45 a. m., and after skirting the bluffs on the right with their fine mulberry groves and oriental country residences on our left, we soon reached the base of the Lebanon range. The train climbed with considerable difficulty, as the grade is very steep. The road is a narrow gauge one, and there are rack-and-pinion sections at different points where the grade is steepest. As we



ARABIAN WOMAN

for irrigation purposes nearly to their summits.

After traveling about 25 miles we reached the summit of Lebanon. The railroad here passes through a long tunnel right under the Kahn Mizhir, which stands on the top of the Lebanon Pass, 5,060 feet above sea level. Standing on the top of this summit, and looking back, we saw the Mediterranean for the last time; and as we now proceeded down a steep grade we soon obtained a fine view of the broad valley of the Beka'a. Beyond rises the Anti-Lebanus, and to the south the snowy peak of Mount Hermon, 9,050 feet above the sea level. To the north the eye ranges as far as the regions of Ba'albek, where interesting ruins exist. We soon reached Shtora, a town of

some importance situated at the eastern base of the Lebanon mountains, and in the renowned Beka'a valley. This is a fine, fertile valley, resembling a table land, lying between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanus. It is about 40 miles long from southwest to northeast and perhaps 8 miles wide on an average. Towards the southwest it is bounded by the spurs of the Tomat Niha (twins of Niha) through the rocks of which the Litany, the main river of the valley, forces its way with difficulty on its run toward the Mediterranean, into which it discharges its waters at a point about five miles north of Tyre.

From Zebedani the railroad turns to the east across the valley, and after crossing the Litany we soon commenced to ascend the slopes of Anti-Lebanus. Following the windings of a small stream through a canyon we soon reached the top of the range, which is less lofty than the Lebanon mountains, and in descending on the east side we followed the headwaters of the Barada river which at first is very small, but becomes a stream of about the same size as the Ogden river in Utah before it leaves the mountains to water the thirsty lands of the great desert. As we traveled down the valley of the Barada we passed through a number of villages surrounded by fruitful fields and fine orchards.

We arrived at the Baramki station, immediately west of Damascus at 4:00 p. m., having spent about ten hours in traveling the 122 miles from Beyrout to Damascus. By the wagon road the distance is only $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which is still traveled by passengers in carriages in one day, the same as in the railway cars. This is the only place in the world that I know of where horses can compete successfully with the locomotive engine in point of speed.

On my arrival at Damascus I stopped at Hotel d'Orient, and took a long evening walk to the top of the noted mountain Jebel Kasium, which is situated back of the suburban village of Salihien, about four miles northwest

of Damascus. I reached the top of the mountain just as the sun disappeared beyond the summits of Anti-Lebanus. The barren Jebel Kasium, which is 6,940 feet above sea level, or 1,680 feet higher than Damascus, is held sacred by the Moslems, as they claim that Abraham here learned the doctrine of the unity of God.

The city lies stretched out at one's feet encircled by its broad green belt of heavy vegetation. To the west and north extend the barren heights of Anti-Lebanus; in the distant east appear the Tubul and the volcanic peaks of Lafa; to the south, in the extreme distance, are visible the mountains of Hauran, where the Druses were defying the Turks and nearer are Jebel el-Hani and Jebel Aswad; to the northwest lies Mount Hermon.

After returning to Damascus, I lost myself in the labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, but after wandering quietly about for a couple of hours studying the mysteries of the first real oriental city I ever visited, I found my way to the hotel, and enjoyed a good night's rest. My cozy little bedroom, which was on the ground floor, opened to a magnificent inner court nicely paved; in the center played a beautiful fountain surrounded by trees and flowers.

Wed., June 24. I took a long morning walk through that part of Damascus which is called the Meiden, consisting mainly of one street about a mile long. The low one-story buildings lining the street, the long caravans coming in from the desert, and the noisy demonstrations of drivers and shop-keepers were all features new to me. The camels, donkeys, mules, and horses seemed to be almost innumerable as they, with heavy burdens, passed up and down that long street, not to speak of shepherds leading their flocks of sheep and goats as in days of old. The barking dogs, the veiled women, the peculiarly clad Beduins, the ragged children begging for "bakshish," and many other things made up a picture never to be forgotten.

I next took a walk through the more central part of the city, going all through the Moslem and far into the Christian quarters. In trying to go over the grounds of the great mosque called the Omayyade Mosque, or Jami-el-Umanio in Arabic, I was turned back by the soldiers who allow all Moslems to pass, but no Christians. The mosque was partly in ruins, being much damaged by a fire in 1893. After visiting the American Vice Consul

the dirtiest part of the city, and showed me the inside of a most elegant private residence in the Christian quarters. Finally I went through the street called Straight, which is over a mile in length and reaches two-thirds of the way through the main city from east to west; and I continued to ramble through the streets, visiting bazaars and other places of interest till a late hour.

Damascus is the capital of Syria and



HERDERS OF DAMASCUS

who, by the way, was clerk of the British Consul, I engaged a dragoman to pilot me around in the afternoon. In his company I visited the supposed house of Ananias, where there is a small Roman Catholic chapel; also the premises outside the city wall supposed to have once belonged to Naaman, the Syrian (2 Kings, 5). It was in 1896 occupied by lepers, one of which ran after me, trying to lay hold of my coat-tail in order to get more "bakshish." We also visited the Greek cemetery, and passed the traditional spot where Paul was let down over the town wall in a basket by the disciples. My guide also took me through the Jewish quarters, which seemed to be

lies on the west margin of the great Syrian desert. Mountains are near on three sides, but eastward the flat desert extends as far as the eye can reach. From the mountain gorges of Anti-Lebanus on the west several brooks descend to the Ghuta, the most important being the Barada (cold), or, as it was called by the Greeks, the Chryorroas (golden stream). All the streams which water the plain of Damascus flow into the so-called Meadow Lakes, lying about 18 miles east of Damascus. In spring and summer these lakes are of considerable size and are visited by numerous Beduins. In autumn and winter they are mere morasses. The Barada corresponds with the ancient

Amana or Abana, while the southern creek El Awaj (the crooked) is the ancient Pharpar whose waters were considered by Naaman better than all the waters of Israel (2 Kings, 5:12). At the outlet of its gorge the Barada divides into seven branches, two of which are used for distributing water in numerous conduits throughout the city, while the rest are employed in irrigating the orchards. The numerous fountains in the interior of the houses are supplied from the Barada, besides which many houses have wells sunk with a view to obtain water for drinking purposes. In summer most of the inhabitants live on fruit; hence, the number of fruit stands in the city at this time of the year I judged to be "legio." Most of the fruit was small as compared with American fruit of the same sort; melons and plums, however, being an exception to the rule. Owing to the lofty situation of the town, frost is not uncommon in winter, but fire-places are unknown. The city contains several different quarters. The Jewish quarters, in the southeast part of the town, still lies, as in the days of the Apostles, near the "street which is called Straight", or as it is still called Derb el-Hustakim (Acts 9:11). To the north of this extends the large Christian quarters, where the lanes are narrow and poor and many of the houses are in a ruinous condition, partly owing to the events of 1860. The other parts of the town are Moslem, including the Meidan, which is occupied by peasants alone. The form of Damascus is not unlike that of a spoon, the handle being the long Median street just mentioned. The ancient walls have been removed except on the east and southeast sides, where they still stand in a more or less perfect state of preservation. According to the government statistics Damascus had 120,750 inhabitants in 1888.

From a very early period Damascus has been regarded by the Arabs as an earthly reflection of Paradise, where a foretaste of all the joys of

heaven is obtainable. In accordance with the description given in the Koran, the Arabs picture to themselves Paradise (following the original meaning of the word) as an orchard, traversed by streams of flowing water, where the most delicious fruits are ever ready to drop into the mouth.

"As the city lies 2,260 feet above the sea level, spring does not begin here until March, and it is not until May that the walnut tree is in full leaf, and the vine climbs exuberantly from tree to tree, or still later when the large apricot trees in the midst of their rich carpet of green herbage bear their countless golden fruits, and the pomegranates are in the perfection of their blossom, that the gardens are truly beautiful." The natives call Damascus Esh-Sham, although the name of Dimishk is not unknown to them.

Thurs., June 25. I arose early and took my last walk through the city of Damascus before breakfast. I stepped off "the street which is called Straight". The west end for about one-third of its entire length is arched over. The average width of the street is about twenty-five feet.

At 8:15 a. m. I started on my return trip to Beyrout, where we arrived at 5:00 p. m., after a rather unpleasant ride, the day being very hot. Among the points of interest which I had not noticed on my ride two days before, I may mention the village of Kerak Nuh, where the Moslems show visitors the tomb of "the Prophet Noah." It appears that after the Christians began to hunt for places of historical interest, the Moslems concluded to go them "one better;" hence they seem "to know" the exact spot where everything has happened from the days of Adam down to the present time. They claim that many actually believe their statements.

On my arrival in Beyrout I found thousands of people congregated around the harbor to witness the arrival of several thousand Turkish troops on their way from Smyrna and

other places to fight the Druses in the interior. But the government was so poor that they could hardly procure transportation for their ragged and half-starved soldiers.

Fri., June 26. I called again on the American consul in Beyrout, Mr. Thomas R. Gibson, who treated me very kindly and gave me much valuable information about the country that I was about to visit, and through which he had made several trips himself. About noon I boarded the little English steamer "Prince George", and half an hour later sailed for Haifa, about 87 miles down the coast. The Arab boatmen got almost into a fight among themselves to get at me in order to earn the paltry sum of one beshlik (about 12 cents) for taking me to the steamer. The day was beautiful and the sea smooth, and the voyage was very interesting to me indeed. As our course lay close to the shore, the ever changing scenery of the Phoenecian coast was plainly visible from my seat on the "bridge," where four other "first-class" passengers—Franciscan monks—also had their seats. One of them could talk German, and finding out that I could understand him in part, he took great pains to tell me all he knew about the interesting country lying within our view. There are several villages on or near the coast between Beyrout and Sidon. We arrived off the latter place (28 miles from Beyrout by sea) at 4:00 p. m. and anchored between the city and the little rocky island called El Jezireh.

The Arabic name for Sidon is Saidā. From a distance and also from our place of anchorage the town looked quite imposing. The harbor is also interesting. From the north end of the town a bridge with eight arches crosses to the small island of Kal'at el-Bahr, where there are ruins of the 13th century. These ruins looked quite grand from the ship's bridge. Around the island, particularly on the southwest side, are remains of quays built of large hewn stones. The town is

surrounded by a wall, and ruins abound in all directions.

Sidon was one of the oldest cities in Palestine, having been founded by the eldest son of Canaan, who was the eldest son of Ham (Gen. 10:15). It is situated on an elevated peninsula, which projects a considerable distance into the sea. The environs of the city are overspread with a luxuriant vegetation, and covered with beautiful orchards and gardens. Sidon, like Tyre, its younger and more powerful rival, once commanded an extensive trade with the principal cities and nations of the old world. The Sidonites were noted for their commerce, their skill in architecture, philosophy, astronomy and navigation. Their idolatry and wickedness drew upon them the frequent denunciations of the prophets (Ezek. 28:21-24; Joel 3:4-8). The Savior's motive in returning to the coast of Tyre and Sidon was, perhaps, to escape from the power of Herod, and the malice of Herodias. Like John the Baptist, whom they had slain, Jesus had become known as a preacher of righteousness, and was now in turn sought by the wicked king. In the region of Tyre and Sidon, Jesus was entirely beyond the jurisdiction of this Herod in the tetrarchy of Herod Philip, the lawful husband of Herodias. Herod Philip is universally described as a prince.

After a short stop at Sidon, anchor was lifted and we sailed for Sur, the ancient Tyre, situated about twenty-four miles further south on the coast. We arrived at this historic place at 8:00 p. m. and cast anchor immediately north of the town.

The ancient city of Tyre is situated near the northern line of Galilee, about one hundred miles northwest from Jerusalem and thirty miles from the sea of Galilee. It was built along the coast, and on a small island a short distance from the shore. In the age of King Solomon, Tyre had been founded about a hundred and fifty years. It had become the great commercial city of that time, alike distinguished for

its vast commerce, its various manufactures, its skill in the arts and its immense wealth and power, which had heaped up "silver as the dust" (Job 27:16), and "fine gold as the mire of the streets." The elder Hiram had assisted David to build his palace by sending him cedar trees, carpenters and masons. The temple of Solomon owed its curious workmanship and magnificence to materials, artisans and exhaustless wealth drawn from the same source (1 Kings, chapters 5, 6, 7). The superintendent of the work was from Tyre, who excelled in almost all the arts (2 Chron. 2:1; 1 Kings 7).

The merchants and the commerce of Tyre as described by Ezekiel, were connected with almost all the nations of the earth, from which she gathered wealth to perfect her beauty, and men to complete her armies and her navies (Ezek. chap. 27).

Much of the original island of Tyre is now, agreeable to the prediction against it, "a place to spread nets upon." The western shore is a ledge of rugged rocks, fifteen or twenty feet high, against which "the waves of the Mediterranean dash in ceaseless surges." This shore is strewn from one end to the other with columns of red and gray granite of various sizes, the only remaining monument of ancient Tyre. At the northwest point of the island forty or fifty such columns are thrown together in one heap beneath the waves.

The downfall and permanent desolation of Tyre is one of the most remarkable exemplifications of the fulfillment of prophecy which the annals of history exhibit. (See the 23rd chapter of Isaiah and Ezekiel.)

The modern town of Sur is an unimportant place, its trade having been almost entirely diverted to Beyrout.

Sat., June 27. After lying at anchor for about four hours off Tyre, we resumed our journey soon after midnight, and at 4:30 a. m. anchor was cast off Haifa, after sailing 87 miles from Beyrout and 35 miles by sea from Tyre. Haifa, situated at the foot

and on the north slope of Mount Carmel, appeared most picturesque and pleasing to the eye, as we approached it from the sea side. After landing I walked about half a mile to the German colony, where I had no difficulty in finding the only family of saints residing here, namely, Jacob Hilt and wife, with whom the Elders from Zion, when visiting Haifa, had made their home for some time; here I also met Johann George Grau, who had been in Utah, from whence he came with a missionary license, but was now attending to temporal duties connected with his property in Haifa. He lost his wife several years ago. Sister Caroline Hilt and Sister Christine F. Kegel were the only two other saints in Haifa, making five members altogether. Of the twenty-three persons baptized in Palestine since the mission was first opened up here in 1886, ten had emigrated to Zion, four had died, two were living at Yafa and four in Haifa, besides Bro. Grau who had returned; two had removed to Alexandria, Egypt, and one to Malta. Though neither of the five members in Haifa could talk or understand English, I got along with them remarkably well, my very limited knowledge of German again doing excellent service. Brother and Sister Hilt made me welcome to their hospitality—something that I appreciated highly, as they were the first saints I had met since I left Australia. During my stay Mr. Grau was also very attentive to my wants and accompanied me on my short excursions to the different points of interest in and around Haifa.

CHAPTER 41

(1896—continued)

Mt. Carmel visited—Rambles in Nazareth—Climb Mount Tabor—The Sea of Galilee—Tiberias—Cana in Galilee.

Haifa is picturesquely situated on the south angle of the Bay of Acre, and at the base of Mount Carmel. Between the shore and the mountain is only a narrow strip of land, which is covered with houses, gardens and,

particularly toward the west, with olive trees, and an occasional stately palm. The town itself had considerably increased and had quite outgrown its old walls. It contained in 1896 about 7,250 inhabitants, including 700 Europeans, among whom were 400 Germans. Half of the natives were Moslems, about 2,200 Roman Catholics, 600 Greeks, the remainder Maronels and Jews. There were two mosques and several Christian churches.

The German colony dates back to 1869, when the German Templars founded a settlement here. Their clean and neat dwellings, built in European style, situated northwest of Haifa proper, presented a pleasant contrast to the dirty houses of the Orientals. The townsite is also laid out with taste and the main street, which reaches from the base of Carmel to the sea, perfectly straight, was one of the finest thoroughfares I had seen in the Orient so far. Shade trees had been planted on each side of the street with much regularity, and flower gardens also abounded in front of the houses, nearly all of which were two stories high. Northwest of the townsite the farming land of the colony was found, most of which was well cultivated. Vineyards had been planted by the colonies on the slopes and on the top of Mount Carmel, from which excellent wine was produced.

After resting myself a short time in the house of Brother and Sister Hilt in the German colony at Haifa, I walked back to the native town, where I saw a carriage starting out with passengers for the town of Acre, situated on the other side of the bay. I immediately secured a seat and rode about twelve miles along the beautiful sandy beach to that most interesting and historic place. Between Haifa and Acre, and not far from the former place, we crossed the brook Kishon, of Bible fame.

We arrived at Acre at 9:00 a. m., and after rambling through the town for some time alone, I came across an Arabian youth (Nemi Mucho), from

Nazareth, who for his own pleasure, as he said, accompanied me to every point of interest in the place. He spoke good English, and was anxious to obtain a more thorough English education.

Acre is about thirty miles south of Tyre and twelve miles north of Mount Carmel. It is more strongly fortified than any other town in the country. The appearance of its defense is still very formidable, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of war which it has survived. It stands on an angular promontory jutting into the sea. The walls are in many places double; and those on the land side are protected by strong outworks or mounds with facings of stone. In Biblical history Acre is mentioned in connection with the tribe of Asher (Judges 1:31), and with the travels of the Apostle Paul, who on one of his journeys to Jerusalem called there (Acts 21:7). The place in the days of Christ was called Ptolemais. Acre, in 1896, contained about 10,000 inhabitants, of whom 8,000 were Moslems. The only gate is on the east side, and the wall next to the sea is provided with subterranean magazines, many of which, however, have fallen in.

Having satisfied myself with my observations in Acre I walked along the beach back to Haifa, where I arrived very tired in the middle of the afternoon. The day was unusually hot and oppressive. Just as I entered Haifa I met a large company of Turkish soldiers starting for the seat of war. Nearly all were mounted on good horses, but their uniforms were shabby and old.

Sunday, June 28. In company with Elder Grau I walked up to the Latin monastery and light house on the top of Mount Carmel, from which we had a most excellent view of the sea, a small portion of the plain of Sharon to the south, the Bay of Acre to the northeast and the farming lands, orchards, and vineyards, belonging to Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel.

Mount Carmel is a noble bluff which

juts boldly out into the sea forty miles south of Tyre and about twenty miles west of Nazareth: It forms the Bay of Acre and is the most conspicuous headland upon all this coast of the Mediterranean. From an elevation of 1,500 feet in height it breaks almost perpendicularly down to the water's edge, leaving only a narrow pathway around its base to the coast below. The chain to which it belongs runs off in a southeasterly direction across the country forming the southern limit of the plain of Esdraelon and the boundary between Samaria and Galilee. Lifting high its head, covered with rich verdure, it greets the distant mariner with a cheerful welcome to the Holy Land, which it guards and adorns so well. Radiant with beauty wherever seen, the "excellency of Carmel" is still to every traveler as much his admiration and his praise as of old it was to the inspired bard. Mount Carmel is particularly noted in Bible history for the exciting scenes of Elijah and the prophets of Baal (1 Kings 18: 1-21). The Kishon, where the prophets of Baal were slain, is a fordable stream, fifty or sixty feet wide, which drains the waters of Esdraelon, and empties into the sea at the northern slope of Mount Carmel, about two miles east of Haifa. The highest point of Mount Carmel is 1,810 feet above sea level; the point where the monastery stands has an elevation of 480 feet.

The rich vegetation of the mountain is due to the proximity of the sea and the heavy dew. As it remains green, even in summer, it forms a refreshing exception to the general aridity of Palestine in the hot season. The original inhabitants regarded the mountain as sacred, and at a very early period it was called the Mount of God. (1 Kings, 18:19, 30). The beauty of Carmel is also extolled in the Bible. (Isa. 35:2; Song of Sol. 7:5). It does not seem to have been thickly populated in ancient times, but was frequently sought as an asylum by the persecuted. (2 Kings 2:25; Amos 9:3). On the

west side of the mountain are numerous natural grottos.

On our way to the colony we visited the fine German graveyard in which lie the earthly remains of two of our Elders from Zion, who died while in the discharge of their duties as missionaries in Palestine. The monuments, almost alike, were erected over their resting places shortly before my visit. Each consists of a marble shaft, broken off at the top, resting upon a square pedestal of grey sandstone. A marble plate containing the inscription is incased on the front side of the pedestal. On one I read:

"In fond remembrance of John A. Clark, son of Ezra and Susan Clark, born February 28, 1871, at Farmington, Utah, U. S. A.; died February 8, 1895, at Haifa, Palestine. A missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

The German inscription on the other monument read as follows:

"Adolph Haag, von Payson, Utah, U. S. A., geb. 19. Febr., 1865, in Stuttgart, Deutschland, gest. 3. Oct., 1892, in Haifa, Palästina. Ein Missionar der Kirche Jesu Christi der Heiligen der Letzten Tage."

The two graves are only sixteen feet apart. The monuments and graves are enclosed with a neat frame of sandstone, and the flowers and shrubs growing on them show that some friendly hand is engaged in bestowing the necessary attention for proper preservation.

After our return to the house of Brother Hilt we held a little meeting, at which we partook of the sacrament and bore testimony. I addressed those present in a manner hitherto unknown in all my missionary experience; but I was understood, for the Spirit of God rested upon all, and caused our hearts to rejoice and our souls to be drawn together in the love of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In the evening we sang German and English hymns. Thus I spent my first Sunday in Palestine.

Mon., June 29. After breakfast I visited Sister Kegel, a widow 75 years old, and Sister Caroline Hilt, and then spent most of the day writing. Toward evening Elder Grau accompanied me to the sanitarium and hotel on the top of Mount Carmel, just behind the German colony, about two miles away. From the sanitarium, which has a romantic situation about 900 feet above sea level, a road leads off in a southeasterly direction along the ridge or summit of the mountain. On the summit is a little Latin chapel, and a little lower toward the east, hidden in the wood, are ruins, possibly the remains of an old castle. This spot is said to have been the scene of the slaughter of the prophets of Baal (1 Kings 18:40).

Tues., June 30. After arranging for my transportation to Nazareth, and administering to Brother Grau, who was sick, I took an affectionate leave of the saints at Haifa, and started about noon as a passenger in a carriage for Nazareth, about 23½ miles distant in a southeasterly direction. Though the heat in the middle of the day was oppressive, I enjoyed the ride very much. Our route lay along the foot of Mt. Carmel, and thence across the plain of Kishon, which really is the lower end of the great plain of Esdraelon. We forded the Kishon about ten miles from Haifa, and then crossed a low range of hills covered with oak forests to the plain of Esdraelon proper. We stopped to rest and drink at a beautiful spring situated by a fine orchard, which was surrounded by an enormous cactus fence. Continuing our journey, we entered the hill-lands of Galilee, and from the top of the ridge beyond Mujedil we had our first view of Mount Tabor, and also the mountains of Bashan beyond the Jordan river. Soon afterwards we passed on our left the village of Yafa, the Japhia of Joshua 19:12, situated on a lofty hill; and after reaching the top of another hill the town of Nazareth suddenly came into view; but as the sun had already disappeared beyond

the distant height of Mount Carmel and it was getting somewhat dark, the impression on the mind was perhaps not so complete as it otherwise might have been. Still, as it was, the first sight of that historic town, where our Savior spent the greater part of his life on earth, produced an effect upon me which I shall never forget. We soon reached the lower end of the town, where I stopped at a neat little hotel kept by a German, who treated me kindly and who subsequently arranged for my transportation to Jerusalem.

Wed., July 1. I left the hotel in the outskirts of Nazareth at 5:00 o'clock a. m. and took a walk through the heart of the town. At Mary's well I turned off to the right and then struck out on foot for Mount Tabor, distant about six miles in a southeasterly direction. Though trying to follow Baedeker's guide, I got on the wrong trail which brought me in a round-about way to the east base of Mount Tabor into the midst of a Beduin camping ground. Determined to reach the top of the mountain where the monastery buildings appeared in plain sight, I struck out cross lots over rocks, valleys and through groves of timber, but had not gone far when I met a big and vicious-looking Beduin, armed with a gun, who placed himself in the path before me and demanded "bakshish" (gift). Assuming the attitude of not understanding him, I darted past him. At length I reached the path leading up the mountain side, and finally reached the top very tired and almost dying for the want of water. I made my way straight to the Latin monastery where nothing greeted me at first but a horde of ugly-looking, barking dogs, which "made music" for me while I was helping myself to a drink of water from the monastery well. At length a friendly monk appeared, who took me around and showed me the ruins crowning the summit of the mountain and other objects of interest. He then conducted me into an apartment where the monks enter-

tain their visitors. There I enjoyed a refreshing sleep, and did not awaken until a servant, a Canadian-Frenchman, who could speak a little English, called me to dinner, which was prepared for me in an adjoining room.

Mount Tabor (2,018 feet above the level of the sea) is called Jebel et Tor by the Arabs. When seen from the southwest, it has the form of a dome. The slopes of the hill are wooded. Oaks

church of the twelfth century, consisting of a nave and aisles and three chapels in memory of the three tabernacles which the Apostle Peter wished to build. The Greeks and Latins differ here, as in many other places, as to the actual spot where the Transfiguration took place, each claiming it to be within their own church.

The view from Mount Tabor is very extensive. To the east the north end



NAZARETH IN GALILEE

formerly covered the summit, but most of them had been felled by the Greek and Latin monks. Partridges, hares, foxes and various other kinds of game abounded. The ruins on the mount belong to several different periods. The foundations of the wall inclosing the summit, and forming a plateau of about four square miles, consist of large blocks, some of which, particularly on the southeast side, are drafted, and are at least as old as the Roman period. The castle which occupied the highest part of the plateau, dates from the middle ages, and is now a large and shapeless heap of cut stones. Within the Latin monastery are still to be seen the ruins of a Crusaders'

of the Sea of Galilee is visible, and in the extreme distance the blue chain of the mountains of the Hauran in ancient Bashan. To the east of the lake is the deep gap of the Yarmuk Valley. Toward the south on the slope of Jebel Dahi lie Endor, Nain and other villages. Toward the southwest can be seen the battlefield of Barak and Sisera; to the west rises Mt. Carmel, which, together with several ranges of hills, almost entirely shut out the view of the sea. To the north rise the hills of Ez-Zerbud and Jermak, near which is the mountain town of Lafed. Above all, presides majestic Hermon, on the top of which I still noticed some of the past winter's snow.

Mount Tabor has a long history. It was on the boundary line between Issachar and Zebulon. It was here that Deborah directed Barak to assemble an army, and from hence the Israelites

the most conspicuous mountain in Galilee, and as early as the sixth century, three churches had been erected here in memory of the three tabernacles which St. Peter proposed to



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marched into the plain and defeated Sisera (Judges 4). In the Psalms, Tabor and Hermon are extolled together (Ps. 89:12).

Origen and Jerome speak of Mt. Tabor as the scene of the transfiguration (Mark 9:2-10); but many critics claim that this could hardly have been the case, as the top was covered with houses in the time of Christ. The legend, however, attached itself to this,

make. The Crusaders also erected a church and a monastery on Mt. Tabor, but these suffered much during the wars with the Moslems.

After resting and refreshing myself at the Latin monastery on Mt. Tabor for about five hours, I decided to continue my journey on foot to Tiberias, instead of returning to Nazareth. Accordingly, at 2:00 p. m., I left my friends, the monks, and de-

scended the northeast slope of Mount Tabor without following road or path. After reaching the base I struck across the country in a northeasterly direction to Khan-el-Tujjar, where I found good drinking water. Continuing the journey I passed the village of Kehr Taft, situated on high ground on the right of the path, and also met a number of caravans coming in from the desert beyond the Jordan. After descending into a deep basin, I met some traveling Beduins, who accosted me as if bent on mischief and made the usual demand for "bakshish" without getting any. They made a terrible noise, and for awhile it looked as if they were determined to make me a prisoner, but they didn't; and after that I was troubled with nothing but tired limbs.

I found that my climbing experiences on Mount Tabor had drawn very heavily on my physical strength, and before I reached the top of the plateau called by the Arabs, Ard-el-Hamma, which overlooks the Sea of Galilee, I was almost "all in" and my thirst knew no bounds. But the lovely view which I enjoyed, as I sat down to rest on the brow of the hill overlooking the beautiful lake about 1,100 feet below, made me partly forget my exhausted condition for the time being. It was now after sundown, and as I had been warned of the dangers of being out alone in the night in a Beduin country, I proceeded to descend the steep incline and finally reached the town of Tiberias, situated on the lake shore, at 9:00 p. m. After some difficulty I found the only hotel in the town, and retired at once, being too tired to eat supper. During the day I walked about 25 miles, on account of my roundabout course. Otherwise, the distance from Nazareth by way of Mt. Tabor to Tiberias is only about 18 miles.

After this day's experience I decided not to undertake any more excursions on foot during my sojourn in Palestine. To venture out alone like I did through a country inhabited in

part by roving and hostile Beduins, is fraught with considerable danger; and though a servant of the Lord has a claim upon the preserving care of his Master, he should not unnecessarily expose his life or property to danger, and besides walking in a semi-tropical land in the heat of summer is altogether different to the same kind of exercise in a more temperate clime and a cooler part of the season.

In making my usual arrangements for stopping at the hotel in Tiberias, I was somewhat amused at the look with which my Arabian host surveyed me when I told him that I was a missionary travelling with only a little money and would like him to give me his lowest terms. "A missionary without much money," he repeated after me, "that certainly sounds strange, for missionaries in this country are always supposed to have plenty of money." Had I told him that I was a banker or merchant without much money I believe he would have been less surprised. And who can blame him, for the priests and pastors, missionaries and colporters of the various so-called Christian denominations in Palestine are considered the best paid people in the land. They generally live in pompous style and in elegant homes, having lots of native servants to wait on them—all on the strength of the liberal donations which pious Christians in Europe and America are contributing toward the relief of the "poor suffering Jews." And when they travel they can afford always to go first-class, and live on the fat of the land. Consequently it was something like a new revelation to him when I told my Arab host about missionaries who travel at their own expense. He, however, gave me the reduction asked for, and treated me with kindness.

Thurs., July 2. Feeling somewhat rested I arose quite early in order to take in the sights in and around Tiberias. My first was a short trip on the Sea of Galilee, being careful to make proper contract in regard to

time and amount to be paid. For these Arab boatmen have the audacity to make the most extortionate charges of tourists for a boat ride. One traveler, an Irish pilgrim, who visited the Sea of Galilee once upon a time, so a story is told, engaged an Arab to take him out on the lake, without agreeing about the price before hand. On returning in the evening the villainous native demanded \$10 for his services. "Ten dollars!" repeated the astonished Irishman, "By the heavens, no wonder Jesus walked."

I truly enjoyed my short boat ride

ence of the previous night, when the unmerciful fleas perpetrated such outrages upon my person that I looked like a smallpox patient in the morning.

The Sea of Galilee, also called the Lake of Tiberias, which was the scene of so many incidents connected with our Savior's ministry, lies in a deep valley encircled by mountains, which rise on the east from the water's edge by steep acclivities, until they reach the height of a thousand or twelve hundred feet. On the west, and especially in the northwest, the hills are



TIBERIAS ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

on the historic lake and by my request the boatmen landed me a short distance south of the town from where I walked to the hot springs situated on the lake shore, about one and a half miles south of Tiberias. A short distance beyond these springs, around a point, I took a refreshing bath and swam in the clear waters of the lake, after which I returned to the town, walked around its walls, ascended the ruins of the old castle situated immediately north of the town, and walked through the principal streets and bazaars. I also took a walk along the lake shore gathering shells and small stones to carry away with me. When night came, I chose to sit up in a chair on the hotel porch rather than submit to a repetition of the experi-

lower and more broken. Occasionally they recede a little from the shore and form small plains of great fertility. The greatest length of the lake is thirteen miles and the width six; the waters are pure and limpid and abound with fish as in the days of the Savior. From its position between high hills it is exposed to sudden gusts of wind. The rocks bordering the lake are mostly limestone, and the whole region is volcanic. Near Tiberias, on the southwest shore of the lake, are several hot springs, and on the opposite side several others, at a short distance from the shore. The opinion has been advanced by some that the lake itself occupies the crater of an extinct volcano. The surface of the lake, according to the latest surveys, was 680

feet below the level of the Mediterranean, its depth was from 154 to 230 feet, and in the north as much as 820 feet. The height of the water, however, varies with the seasons. We learn from the gospels that the lake was once navigated by numerous vessels, but there were now a few fishing boats only.

The heat of the summer at Tiberias, as at Jericho, is terrible, and the climate sickly. The inhabitants of the coast find profitable employment in raising early vegetables, grapes and melons for the markets of Damascus. These productions mature in this valley much earlier than on the high land of Galilee or Gilead. The scenery of the lake has not the stern and awful features of the Dead Sea, but is more rich in hallowed associations, and more attractive in the softened beauties of the landscape. The view of it from the western height, when I last saw it, broke upon the approaching traveler with singular power.

Near the northern extremity of the lake there were in the days of the Savior two towns of the name of Bethsaida; one is in the neighborhood of Capernaum and Chorazin, on the west side of the lake; the other, on the eastern shore. The situation of the former, which was the city of Peter and Andrew, and involved in the doom of Capernaum and Chorazin is lost; the latter, mentioned by Luke (9:10) near which Jesus fed the five thousand, was enlarged by Philip the tetrach. The ruins of it are just beyond a small plain of surpassing fertility, at the distance of a little more than an hour's journey beyond the point where the Jordan enters the lake. They occupy a knoll, or hill, which is a spur from the mountain on the east, running down into the plain toward the Jordan. After feeding the five thousand, Jesus ordered his disciples to cross the lake to the other Bethsaida on the western shore, whence he went up into the mountain to pray. It was while crossing the lake on that occasion that a storm struck their little craft, and

that Jesus, who had been asleep, rebuked the wind. (Matt. 8:18-27.)

As I sat alone upon the top of the ruined walls of the ancient castle at Tiberias, and looked upon the desolation around me, I tried to conceive of the days of Christ, when he and his disciples traveled through the numerous villages situated on the shore of this beautiful lake, teaching the plan of life and salvation to the inhabitants. There are no Prophets and Apostles in this land now. The voice of inspired men has not been heard for many generations, save on a few occasions when Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have visited Palestine, and then they have had no real opportunity of teaching the people the gospel in its purity.

While I sighed over the great change which had taken place both physically and spiritually in this once favored land, I felt truly thankful to the God of Israel that I could think of some other country, where another Jordan connects a living lake with a dead sea, far away beyond the broad expanse of the "great sea" and the Atlantic Ocean, where the inspired teachings of Prophets and Apostles are now heard, and where the ordinances of the everlasting gospel are being taught and administered in the same manner and by the same divine authority as they were eighteen hundred years ago, around the beautiful waters of Galilee.

Fri., July 3. After several fruitless endeavors the day before to get a muleteer on reasonable terms to take me back to Nazareth, I at last obtained one by waking up the hotel servant in the middle of the night. Just at the break of day an Arab with a grey horse appeared at the hotel door; and I, being in readiness, mounted at once, and started on my return trip to Nazareth, but took a more northerly route than the one leading past Mount Tabor. After climbing a long hill we traveled through a broken country to the village of Lubiye, which lies on a hill of considerable height. Immediately north of the village, in a narrow valley, we

passed a great number of the inhabitants, both men and women, engaged in harvesting barley in real oriental fashion. Every village has its common threshing floor, and in every town through which I passed in Palestine some of the people were engaged in threshing grain as in days of old. My muleteer falling behind, as he was walking and the animal I rode was a good traveler, I took the wrong road; and before the native could overtake me I had reached the little village of Turan, situated on the north boundary of the plain of Buttauf, and surrounded by a greater growth of cactus than I had ever seen up to that date in any part of the world. Near by, however, there were some fine olive groves. Changing our course, we now crossed the valley or plain mentioned in a southwesterly direction, in doing which I saw the longest caravan that I had ever seen. There were over seventy-five camels traveling from the sea inland in a string nearly a mile long. We soon reached Kefr Kenna, the ancient Cana in Galilee, where Jesus changed water to wine. Here I visited the Greek church where the hypocritical-looking priest showed me, among other things, one of the earthenware jars claimed to have been used at the time of the miracle. (John 2:1-11.) There were also a number of beautiful pictures on the church walls illustrative of Bible scenes.

Cana is about four miles northeast of Nazareth and lies between the lower hills bordering the plain of Buttauf on the south. It had about 600 inhabitants, half of whom were Moslems and the remainder mostly Greek Christians with a few Latins and Protestants. Immediately south of the village is the only spring of the neighborhood, from which I drank and by which we rested for a short time. If Kefr Kenna really is the ancient Cana, the tradition alleging that from this spring was obtained the water which Christ turned into wine is undoubtedly correct.

From Kefr Kenna the road leads up

among the hills, and after crossing several ridges and passing several villages we reached Nazareth about noon.

On my arrival in Nazareth I dismissed my muleteer, and spent the afternoon taking in the sights of the town. First I visited the Latin monastery, in which the Church of the Annunciation is situated. It contains several altars, one of which is dedicated to the angel Gabriel. A handsome flight of fifteen marble steps descends to a vestibule called the angel's chapel. From here a passage leads to the chapel of the Annunciation. Immediately to the left of the entrance are two columns, one of which marks the place where the angel stood, while one and one-half feet distant is the column of Mary. On the rock here, which is now richly overlaid with marble, the House of the Virgin is said to have stood. Adjoining this chapel is a second dark chamber called the Chapel of St. Joseph, which contains an altar. From this chamber a staircase leads into the monastery; but on the way is still another dark chamber—an old cistern called the Kitchen of the Virgin, the mouth of which is said to be the chimney. A kind, German-speaking monk took me through the building and explained all to me.

I next visited the United Greek church building, where I was shown an old synagogue, in which tradition alleges that Christ preached. This tradition is traceable as far back as the year 570. The building has experienced many vicissitudes. In the thirteenth century it was converted into a church and has had different situations at different periods.

My next visit was to the Church of Gabriel, or the Church of the Annunciation of the orthodox Greek, which is partly under ground. Under the altar is a well connected with a spring situated north of the church, which spring is the supply source of Mary's well near by. Greek pilgrims use the water drawn up by the priestly attendant from under the altar for bathing their eyes and heads; but being thirsty, I

drank with great relish the cup offered me. One of the priests, after being told that I was from America, asked me if I was a Mormon. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he held a consultation with several of his fellow priests, the substance of which I never learned. But he must have met some of our Elders before. Though he spoke Greek and I English, we managed to exchange views on different points, among which the mode of baptism by immersion, which the Greeks have always maintained as the proper mode. He seemed pleased when I made him understand that I also believed in that form and condemned sprinkling as being no baptism at all. A large and rather richly embellished baptismal font, which I examined with considerable interest, gave occasion for their remarks.

St. Mary's well, situated near the Church of Gabriel, supplies the whole town with water. The spring is also known as Jesus' Spring and Gabriel's Spring, and a number of different traditions are connected with it. As this is the only spring that the town possesses, it is all but certain that the child Jesus and his mother were once among its regular frequenters. Toward evening, which was the time I visited the well, a motley throng, mostly women, had collected around the spring waiting for their turn to get water. The water is brought in a conduit from the spring some distance up the hill to the forks of the road, where an arch of masonry has been built, from the front of which the water flows regularly in two small streams through pipes placed sufficiently high up in the wall for the jars or water vessels to be placed under them for filling. It was very interesting to me to watch the women, some of whom were really good looking, coming and going, carrying their water vessels on their heads, just as I used to see it illustrated in family Bibles when I was a boy. Thus the interest of the scene was greatly enhanced by the thought that it was probably very similar to that which might

have been witnessed in the same place upwards of nineteen centuries ago.

From Mary's well I returned to the Latin monastery from where a servant with keys accompanied me to the house or workshop of Joseph, where stands a little chapel built in 1858-1859. The tradition to the effect that this is the spot where Joseph had his workshop dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Franciscan monks obtained possession of this spot sometime during the middle of the eighteenth century.

Nazareth is not mentioned in the Old Testament at all, and in the time of our Lord it was an unimportant village in Galilee. (John 1:46.) The name of Nazarene was applied as an epithet of derision, first to Christ Himself and then to his disciples (Math. 2:23; Acts 24:5). The Oriental Christians call themselves Nasara.

The population of Nazareth numbered about 7,500 souls in 1896, namely, 1,850 Moslems, 2,900 Orthodox Greeks, 950 United Greeks, 1,350 Latins, 250 Maronites and 200 Protestants. Most of the inhabitants are engaged in farming and gardening, and some of them in handicrafts, and in the cotton and grain trade.

Nazareth to all Christians is the most interesting town in Galilee. It is the chief town of a district.

Galilee, after the captivity, had been settled by a mixed race of foreigners and Jews. Two great caravan routes passed through this country, one from the Euphrates through Damascus to Egypt, and one from the same regions to the coast of the Mediterranean. It was also near the great centers of trade and commerce on the Mediterranean, at Tyre and Sidon, which in the days of Christ were still cities of considerable trade, and at the more modern city of Ptolemais (Acre).

The northern part of Galilee, comprising the hill country north of the plain of Esdraelon, was, in the days of Christ, termed heathen Galilee, or Galilee of the Gentiles (Matt. 4:15); because among the Jewish population

there were intermingled many foreigners such as Phoenicians, Syrians, Greeks and Arabs.

From their association with foreigners, the Galileans had acquired a strong provincial character and dialect, which made them particularly obnoxious to the Jews. Their language had become corrupted by foreign idioms so as to betray them as was charged upon Peter (Matt. 26:73; Mark 14:70.) For the same general reasons the Galileans were less bigoted than the Jews of Judea, and more tolerant toward Christ as an apparent innovator of their religion. He accordingly passed the greater part of his public ministry as well as of his private life in Galilee, and chose his disciples from this country, where his miracles and instructions excited less hospitality than at Jerusalem.

Sat., July 4. I ascended the hill called Jebel Sikh, standing back of Nazareth northwest. From the top of a tomb known as Naby-Sain, which stands on this height, 1,600 feet above the level of the sea, the view is simply grand.

CHAPTER 42

(1896—continued)

From Nazareth to Jerusalem—Nablous—Samaria—The Mount of Olives—Jerusalem and Vicinity.

At 2:30 p. m. on July 4, 1896, I left Nazareth on horseback, accompanied by an Arab muleteer on foot, and commenced my overland journey to Jerusalem. We descended the hills of Galilee on a very rocky and steep path to the plains of Esdraelon below, meeting on our way ever so many camels and donkeys laden with grain in the sheaves from the harvest fields on the plain. Their destination was Nazareth. After reaching the plain we took a southerly direction, passing to the right of and within easy view of the village of Nain, where Jesus raised the daughter of Jairus (Luke 7:11-15), and Zerin, the ancient Jezreel. We also passed to the right of Little Hermon, called Nebi Dahi in the Arabic tongue, and Gilboa (Yebel Fakur). Directly on our route

numerous other villages were seen on the great plain. We arrived at Jenin, about twenty miles from Nazareth, a little after sundown, and I lodged for the night with Dr. Nasif Kawar, a Syrian who could talk English. He treated me kindly, felt greatly interested, so he said, in our conversation, and charged me nothing for stopping with him. The servants, however, did not forget their bakshish.

The great plain of Esdraelon is twenty miles long from east to west and from eight to twelve miles wide. The range of Carmel constitutes its southwestern and the Bay of Acre its northwestern boundary. The mountains of Gilboa, Little Hermon and Tabor define its eastern boundary, but between these it sends off arms down to the valley of the Jordan. This plain presents an undulating surface of great fertility and beauty, which preserves an average level of 400 feet above the sea. For thousands of years it has been the highway of travel, and the battlefield of many nations. "No field under heaven," writes Lyman Coleman, in his Historical Book and Atlas of Biblical Geography, "has so often been fattened by the blood of the slain." It has been the chosen place for encampment in every contest that has been carried on in this country from the days of Deborah and Barak until the disastrous march of Napoleon Bonaparte from Egypt to Syria. Egyptians, Persians, Arabs, Jews, Gentiles, Saracens, Turks, Crusaders, Druses and Frenchmen, warriors out of every nation which is under heaven, have pitched their tents upon the plains of Esdraelon, and have beheld their banners wet with the dew of Hermon and Tabor. In the history of the Jews this plain is frequently referred to under the names of Megiddo and Jezreel.

North of Esdraelon for thirty miles are the mountains of Galilee, presenting a confused succession of hills and mountains, which form a country singularly picturesque and beautiful and highly productive. Beyond the moun-

tains of Galilee rise the lofty ridges of Lebanon, whose peaks often lift their heads into the regions of almost perpetual snow and ice and condense the clouds of heaven and send them off borne on the cold winds of the mountains to refresh the scorched and thirsty plains which are opened out before them. The headwaters of the Jordan spring from the southern base of Lebanon which may be termed the great condenser, refrigerator, and fertilizer for the land of Palestine; and in this regard sustains the same position to that land as do the Wasatch mountains to the valleys of Utah.

The village of Nain lies on the north slope of Little Hermon, about six miles in a straight line southeast of Nazareth, but considerably farther by road. It consists of wretched clay huts. Near it are rock tombs. Between Nain and Nazareth, but much nearer the last named town, is the so-called Mount of Precipitation, over the perpendicular ledge of which the people of Nazareth desired to throw Christ on a certain occasion.

Sun., July 5. We continued our journey from Jenin about sunrise and traveled through a hilly country with small plains and narrow valleys intervening. We also passed through and near several villages, some of which are mentioned in Bible history. A short distance on our right we passed the ruins of the ancient Dothan (Gen. 37:17); it is still called Jubb Yusuf (Joseph's Pit). In the time of Elisha a village seems to have stood here (2 Kings 7:13). We met lots of people traveling, some on camels, others on horses, donkeys and mules, and many on foot. Among the latter were a large number of very dirty-looking and ragged women carrying fuel and other heavy burdens on their heads. The heat during the middle of the day was very oppressive, and my umbrella bursted in several places, thus leaving me exposed to the full powers of the sun. About noon we arrived at the village of Sebastich, the ancient Samaria, where I viewed the ruined church of St. John,

in which Moslem attendants pointed out the tomb of John the Baptist, the tomb of Obadiah (1 Kings 18:3) and the tomb of Elisha, and many other absurdities, all for the purpose of exacting money from pious pilgrims. I also walked through the village to the top of the hill, on the eastern slope of which, just above the village threshing floor, a dozen or more columns without capitals formed an oblong quadrangle. They are supposed to be remains of the ancient temple which Herod the Great is said to have erected in honor of Augustus "on a large open space in the middle of the city." The top of the Samaria hill is 1,542 feet above the level of the sea, which in Isa. 28:1 is compared to a crown and commands an unobstructed view including the Mediterranean on the west. Samaria is surrounded by ranges of gently sloping hills. Numerous villages are visible. On a terrace on the south side of the hill runs the street of columns with which Herod embellished the town. The columns, all of which have lost their capitals, are 16 feet high. The colonnade was about 20 yards wide and over 1,800 yards in length. It runs around the hill, but is often interrupted, or is buried beneath the soil. The whole hill, which rises to the height of 330 feet from the surrounding valley, is terraced from base to top, and ruins abound everywhere. The hill stands isolated in the valley.

Samaria was built by Omri, one of the kings of Israel about 926 years before Christ and he made it, instead of Tirzah, the capital of the kingdom of Israel. After that the city became distinguished in the history of that kingdom, and of the prophets Elijah and Elisha, in connection with the various famines of the land, the unexpected plenty of Samaria, and the several deliverances of the city from the Syrians. It continued for two hundred years the seat of idolatry, and the subject of prophetic denunciations, until the carrying away of the ten tribes into captivity by Shalmaneser. Five hundred years afterwards it was taken by John

Hyrcanus, and razed to the ground according to words of prophecy (Micah 1:5-6). The prejudice and enmity of the Jews toward the Samaritans in the days of the Savior was most bitter, even more so than towards the Galileans. The Samaritans were remnants and representatives of the revolted tribes. They had been the most violent antagonists of the Jews in the rebuilding of the temple in Jerusalem. They had erected another temple on Mount Gerizim. They rejected the sacred books of the Jews with the exception of the books of Moses. Their religion was an abomination to the Jews, being a profane mixture of Judaism and paganism. For these reasons the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. The term Samaritan became to a Jew suggestive only of reproach, insomuch that when they would express their deepest disgust and abhorrence of Christ, they said, "Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil." For the same reason the Jews avoided traveling through Samaria and when compelled to pass through the country, carried their own provisions, and refused the entertainment of the people.

While engaged in examining the ruins of Samaria, I was considerably annoyed by an Arabian youth who insisted in following me wherever I went, calling for "bakshish." I never saw such impudence as these Arabs exhibit. Whenever a decently dressed European makes his appearance in any Arab town it is the signal for the general cry of "bakshish." Even little children, mere infants, who are unable to talk plainly, are taught by their mothers to call for the much coveted coins when they see a white stranger.

After spending about an hour and a half in Samaria we continued our journey to Nablous, distant about six miles in a southeasterly direction, where we arrived in time to attend the afternoon services of the Church of England. I stopped with the Rev. Christian Falscheer, the Protestant missionary, of Nablous. He was a German by birth, but had spent over

thirty years of his life in his present position in Nablous. After the services the Arab servant of the house accompanied me a short distance upon the slope of Mount Gerizim, to view the town from an elevation; he then piloted me through the narrow, crooked streets of the town, many of which were arched over and were actual tunnels under tall buildings. At length we reached the quarter of the Samaritans where for a small fee I was conducted into the old synagogue, and shown a very old copy of the pentateuch which these people claim to have been written by a great grandson of Aaron, but it cannot possibly be older than the Christian era. As I had been told that a more modern copy is generally exhibited to visitors instead of the original, I insisted on seeing a second copy, which was finally permitted; and thus I have reason to think that the old copy was actually shown me. It was written upon parchment and mounted on rollers.

The quarter of the Samaritans is in the southwest part of the town. Their synagogue consists of a small, white-washed chamber, the pavement of which is covered with matting, and must not be trodden on with shoes. Their worship is interesting. The prayers are repeated in the Samaritan dialect, although Arabic is now the spoken language of the people. The men wore white surplices and red turbans. The office of High Priest is hereditary, and Yakub, the holder of it at the time was a descendant of the tribe of Levi. He was the president of the community, and one of the district authorities. His stipend consisted of tithes paid by his flock. He took great pains to explain by signs and gestures what he thought I should know about him and his relics; and when I was leaving he handed me his portrait, I thought as a token of friendship. But I was soon reminded of an extra bakshish. At first he stuck up two of his fingers and cried out francs. This of course, to an ordinary man of intelligence meant two francs. I was

about handing back the specimen of the photographer's art, when up came one finger only, and so I paid him his franc and passed on, and the face of Yakub is on exhibition in my private collection to this day.

Shechem, under the name of Nablous, is still an inhabited city of 20,000 souls. Sheltered in quiet seclusion between Ebal and Gerizim, "the mounts of blessings and of curses," which tower high above it, like lofty walls on either side, and surrounded by groves and gardens, this ancient town, the Sichem or Shechem of the Old Testament, and the Sychar of the New, present a scene delightful in itself, and of surpassing interest in its historical associations. It is on the line of the central or middle route from Jerusalem to Galilee, at a distance of 35 miles from Jerusalem and about 40 miles from Nazareth, and midway between the coast of the Mediterranean and the Jordan, in a narrow dell between the famous summits of Ebal and Gerizim. The valley which separates these mountains opens at the distance of two miles east of Shechem into a fertile and beautiful plain, extending from eight to ten miles from north to south, and varying in width from two to four miles. This is the plain of Moreh, whose luxuriant fields afforded an inviting place of encampment for Abraham, and of pasturage for his flocks, wasted and wearied by reason of their long march from their former abode in the East; for Shechem is the first place in the land of Canaan where the great Patriarch made his temporary home. From the time of Abraham's arrival till the final overthrow of the Jewish nation, Shechem was an important landmark in the geography of Palestine. Here God renewed His covenant with Abraham. (Gen. 12:6.) Jacob, on his return from Padan-Aram, pitched his tent over against this city, at Shalem, on the east of the plain. Here was also Jacob's field, a parcel of ground which he gave to his son Joseph. (Gen. 33:18, 19.) His sepulchre is there to this day. At the distance

of about 600 feet from Joseph's tomb is Jacob's well, at the mouth of which the Savior sat in his interview with the woman of Samaria (John 4:5.) Here was enacted the terrible tragedy connected with the dishonor of Dinah by the son of Hamor, prince of the country. (Gen. 34.) Here Jacob kept his flocks, even when at Hebron, fifty or sixty miles distant. At Dothan, fifteen miles northwest, Joseph was betrayed by his brethren (Gen. 37). The Israelites, immediately after their return from Egypt, here ratified the law of the Lord. While six tribes were encamped on Ebal and six on Gerizim, the ark and the attendant priests in the valley below, pronounced the blessings and the curses, and all the assembled multitude raised to heaven their solemn Amen (Deut. 27). Here they buried the bones of Joseph. Here Joshua met the assembled people for the last time (Joshua 24:1, 25, 32). Shechem was allotted to Ephraim and assigned to the Levites. It was the scene of the treachery of Abimelech (Judges 9), the parable of Jothan and of the revolt of the ten tribes. It was and ever has been the abode of the sect of Samaritans, a little remnant of whom still go up on Mount Gerizim to worship God on that mountain, as did their forefathers in the time of the Savior (John 4:20). It was captured by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, under Hosea and re peopled by a strange people, and again in the days of Nehemiah and of Ezra (2 Kings 17; Ezra 4:9).

Mon., July 6. Having enjoyed a good night's rest in the hospitable home of Mr. Falscheer in Nablous, who insisted on charging me nothing for my keep, I arose at early daylight, and continued the journey toward Jerusalem. Immediately east of the town of Nablous we came to Jacob's well, which we stopped to examine. I desired a drink from that historic fountain, but the attendant informed me that it was positively dry in the summer months; so I had to content myself with a peep into its dark interior. Jacob's well belongs to the Greeks, and

has been enclosed with a wall. Jews, Christians and Moslems all agree that this is the well of Jacob, and the tradition to that effect is traceable as far back as the fourth century. Situated as it is on the high road from Jerusalem to Galilee it accords with the narrative in John 4:5-30. The well or cistern is 75 feet deep and 7½ feet in diameter; it is lined with masonry. Joseph's tomb is shown in a building about half a mile northeast of Jacob's well.

From Jacob's well we traveled up the plain of Makhna, or Moreh, where Abraham pastured his flocks after their long and weary march from the land of the Chaldeans.

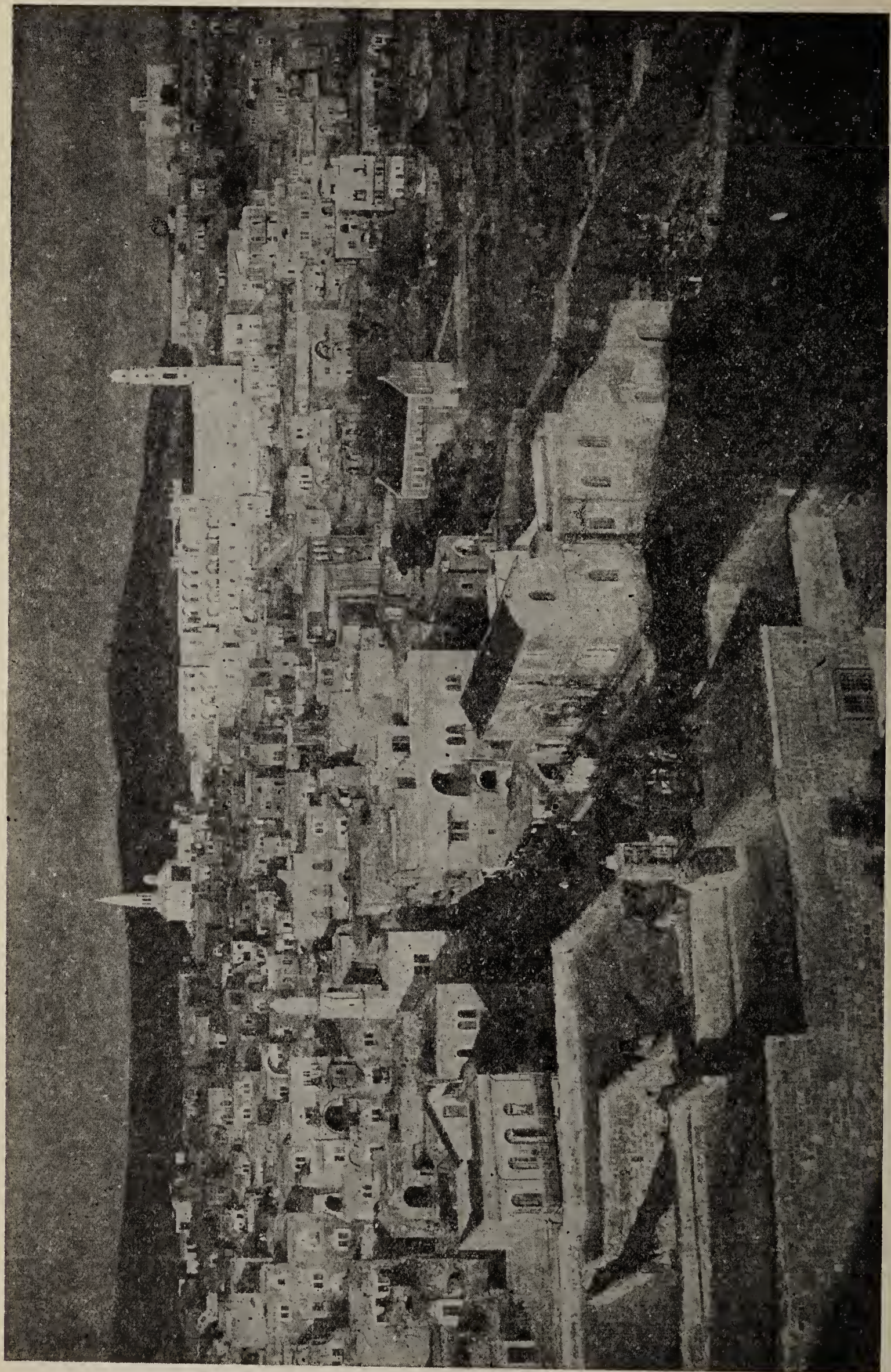
Beyond the plains of Makhna we crossed the "mountains of Ephraim," and traversed several valleys. During the entire day's journey we traveled over very bad roads, which were generally enclosed with rock walls on both sides, with numberless rocks thrown in the center where animals and people travel. In fact, we simply rode along the ridges of huge artificial rock walls most of the way from the plain of Makhna to Jerusalem. At 2:00 p. m. we arrived at Betin, the ancient Bethel. From the rocky ridge immediately north of this place, I obtained the first glimpse of the "Holy City"; but particularly the Mount of Olives, on which the Russian Greeks have built a high tower which is visible for a long distance. Betin consists of miserable hovels with about 400 inhabitants and stands on a hill 15 miles north of Jerusalem and 20 miles south of Shechem, or Nablous. If Betin is really identical with the ancient Bethel the place has a long history. It was originally called Luz, and here Abraham built an altar unto the Lord (Gen. 12:8). In the year following his return from Egypt he again encamped here and parted on friendly terms from Lot (Gen. 13:3-10). Jacob, fleeing from Esau toward Haran, saw here the vision of the ladder, and the angels ascending and descending upon it (Gen. 28:10-13). Twenty years later, on his return from Padan

Aram, he lingered at this sacred spot, built an altar to the Lord, and received the promises of God, and erected here a pillar (Gen. 35; 32:28; 28:20-22). Here Deborah also died.

Three hundred years after this, in the distribution of the land under Joshua, Bethel became the portion of Benjamin on the boundaries of Ephraim into whose hands it afterwards fell (Josh. 18:13, 22; 16:1, 2). It was for some time the consecrated place of the ark of the covenant (Judg. 20:18, 26; I Sam. 10:3). Samuel held here his court in his annual circuit. Near Beth-aven Jonathan smote the Philistines (I Sam. 14:1-23). From Jeroboam to Josiah, more than 300 years, it was desecrated by the worship of the golden calves (1 Kings 12:28, 29; 13:1; 2 Kings 10:28, 29; 23:15-18). By reason of this it was under the name of Beth-aven, the frequent subject of prophetic denunciation (Hos. 4:15; 5:8; 10:5, 8; Amos 5:5). Elisha was going from Jericho to this place when mocked by the impious children who were torn in pieces by wild beasts (2 Kings 2:23-25). After the captivity it was rebuilt (Ezra 2:28; Neh. 7:32). In the time of the Maccabees it was fortified and finally destroyed by Vespasian.

Having refreshed ourselves and animals at the spring near Bethel we continued our journey through Beeroth, mentioned in Joshua 9:17 and 2 Sam. 4:2, 3. Passing on we traveled immediately to the right of Er Ram, the ancient Rameh of Benjamin. This place is situated on the top of a hill and in ancient days it formed a kind of frontier castle between the north and south-kingdoms (1 Kings 15:17). We ascended the hill Scopus, from the top of which we obtained a most beautiful view of the city of Jerusalem and its surroundings. Though exceedingly tired of my long ride, the first sight of the holy city made such an impression upon my mind that the body accommodated itself to the fatigue without murmuring.

About half an hour's ride from the hill of Scopus brought us across the



MODERN JERUSALEM

upper Kedron valley to the so-called Yapa suburb outside the wall of Jerusalem, where I secured lodgings at the Olivet House, and dismissed my muleteer who had been a pretty good and faithful servant to me during my three days' ride from Nazareth. We had traveled about eighty miles, part of the time, particularly the last day, in company with many other travelers who were going up to Jerusalem with beasts of burden loaded with goods for the market. The last day we had traveled about thirty-eight miles, and that, too, in one stretch, as the Arabians seem to know nothing about stopping to rest themselves and animals in the middle of the day. I have reason to believe that I traveled over the same road that Jesus made use of in His journeys between Galilee and Jerusalem, as this is the only direct road leading through the heart of the country from north to south.

After eating supper at the Olivet House I went out for a walk, on which I entered the city of Jerusalem proper through the Yafa gate. I traversed nearly the entire length of David street and then returned to the hotel to enjoy my first night's rest in the "holy city."

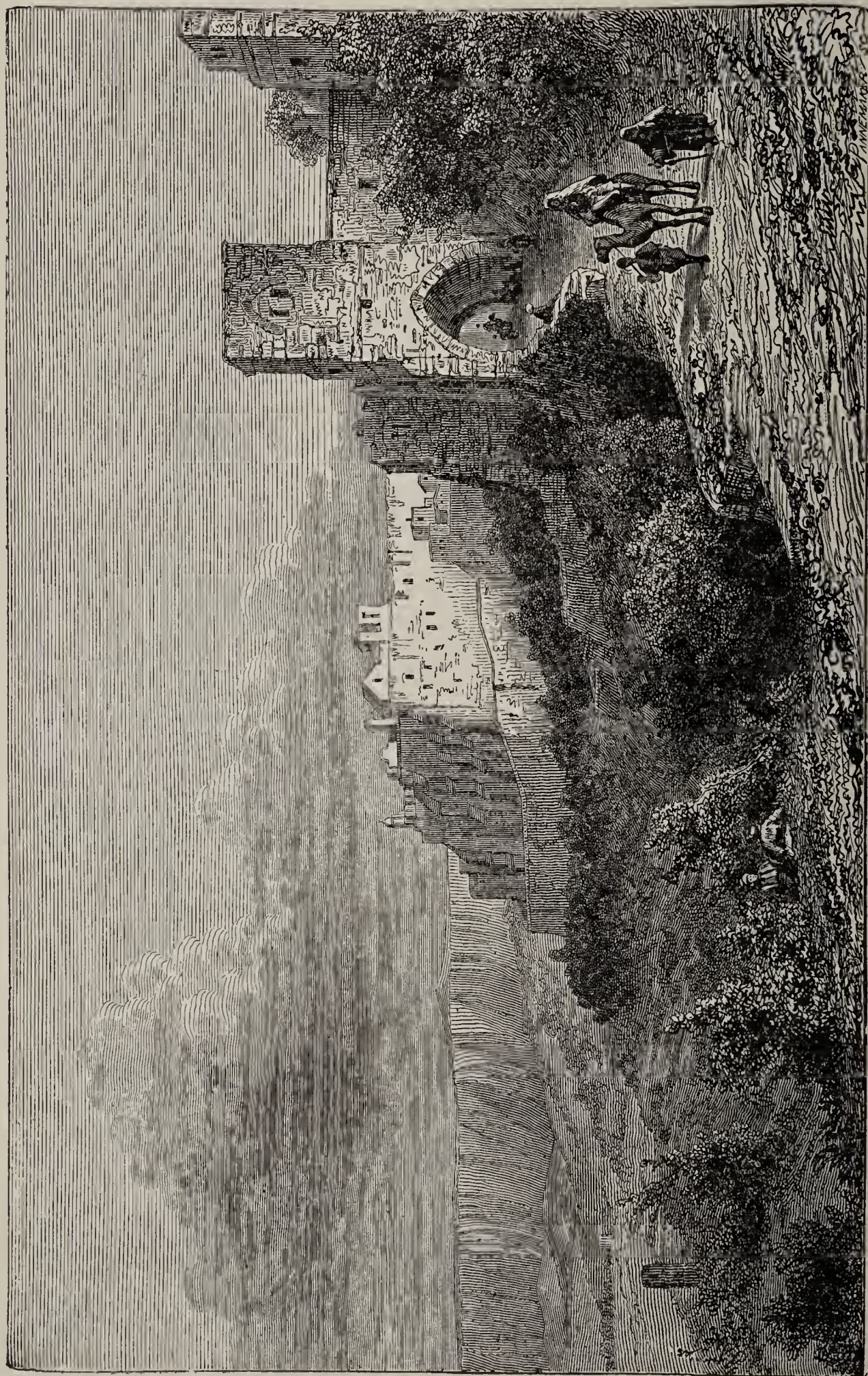
Tues., July 7. After taking a long morning walk through the suburbs outside of the Yafa gate, I called on the representative of the American consul (the consul himself being absent from the city), who sent his dragoman with me to the mosque of Omar, situated on Mount Moriah. We also visited the mosque of El-Aksa, Solomon's stables, and other points of interest within the great mosque enclosure. After the dragoman left me, I visited the Church of the Sepulchre, a local guide taking me through all its numerous departments. Next I visited the Zion part of the city, passed through the Zion gate, which is called Bab en-Neby Daud by the Arabs, and rambled through the suburb lying on the brow of the hill on the outside. I also climbed to the top of the wall near the Zion gate, where a good view is obtained.

My next move was to pass through

the heart of the city, which I then left behind as I passed through St. Stephen's gate on the east. I now crossed the brook Kedron on the upper bridge, passed the garden of Gethsemane and ascended the Mount of Olives, where I first visited the Chapel of the Ascension in the Moslem village, and was afterwards permitted to ascend the lofty Belvedere tower, from the top of which a most magnificent view was obtained of Jerusalem and surrounding country; also the north end of the Dead Sea and part of the Jordan valley is visible from the lofty elevation. On my return to the city I visited the so-called Tomb of the Virgin in an underground Greek chapel, situated near the bridge across the Kedron.

Jerusalem is situated in the midst of the central chain of mountains, which runs north and south through Palestine, 33 miles from the sea, 24 from the Jordan and nearly the same distance north of Hebron. Perched on this lofty promontory the historical city dwells on high, at an elevation of from 2,200 to 2,589 feet above the level of the sea; surrounded on three sides by the intrenchments of her valleys and rocky ramparts, her places of defense are the munitions of rocks.

The platform or site of the city is divided into four quarters of unequal elevation, two of which are familiar to the reader of sacred history as Mount Moriah and Mount Zion. Near the line of the valley of Jehoshaphat, before it turns to the south, a slight depression begins at the north gate of the city. This depression, the head of the valley of Tyropeon, as it runs south through the city, sinks into a deep valley, and divides the city into two sections, of which the east is terminated by Mount Moriah, on which the temple stood. The western division is terminated by Mount Zion, where were located David's house and the royal residence of his successors. These two heights were anciently united by a bridge crossing the Tyropeon by a lofty arch, or rather by a series of arches it would seem (for the Tyropeon valley



ONE OF THE GATES OF JERUSALEM

is here 380 feet wide), of which one of the bases still remains. The Tyropeon below the walls on the south corresponds to the valley of Hinnom, which name is also applied to the lower part of Gihon, south of the city.

Another valley, less distinct, traverses the city from west-southwest to east-northeast to the eastern gate of the city, forming two low eminences north of Zion and Moriah, which bear the names of Acra and Bezetha. The

ning like a dam across the valley. This pool is 592 feet in length, 275 in width and 42 deep. Some distance above, on the west side of the city, is another pool, similar in construction, the dimensions of which are about half as great as the former. At one of these pools Solomon was anointed king (1 Kings 1:32-39). Those pools are now supplied by the drainage of the ground above them, but it is supposed that they were fed by a fountain, which



OLD JERUSALEM

former, on the west, includes what tradition recognizes as Mount Calvary. Moriah, the temple mount, and the southeastern division of the city above the valley of Kedron or Jehoshaphat, is 2,441 feet above the level of the sea; Mount Zion, southwest of Moriah, rises 148 feet higher, its summit being 2,589 feet above sea level.

Beyond the valley of Jehoshaphat, east of Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives rises boldly up to the height of 2,723 feet above the level of the sea.

Above the bend in the valley of Gihon, southwest of Zion, is a large reservoir or pool, formed by a wall run-

Hezekiah enclosed and conducted by a hidden channel into the city (2 Chron. 32:30; 33:14; Sirach 18:17). The modern city is dependent chiefly on the winter rains for water, which is retained in cisterns beneath every house for use through the summer months.

Jerusalem retains few traces of her ancient grandeur, except near the base of the western wall around the area of the temple. This wall is composed of immense rocks of different sizes, from twenty to thirty feet in length, and from four to six inches in thickness, which are supposed to be the remains of the ancient walls of Solomon. Simi-

lar indications of the original structure have been found on the eastern and southern base of the present walls of the city.

The modern city has seven gates, namely: St. Stephen's Gate on the east; the Gate of Herod on the north, the Damascus Gate and the so-called New Gate on the northwest, the Yafa Gate on the west, the Zion Gate and the Gate of the Moghrebins (also called the Dung Gate) on the south. The city is

they receive their regular khaluka or allowance and for whom they pray at the holy places.

After making a number of small excursions through the bazars and narrow streets of Jerusalem, I passed out of the gate called in Arabic Babel-Mogharibeh, or the Dung gate, and descended into the valley of the Kedron, where I visited the tomb of Absalom, the grotto of St. James, the pyramid of Zacharias, the village of Siloah situ-



ANCIENT JERUSALEM

divided into different wards or quarters, inhabited respectively by Jews, Moslems, Christians, and others. In 1896 the city had about 60,000 inhabitants, about half of whom were Jews. Of the several Christian denominations the Orthodox Greeks were the most numerous, and outnumbered the Roman Catholics about two to one. The number of Jews had greatly risen of late years, in consequence of the persecutions of Jews in Roumania and Russia. The immigration steadily increased, both by those who desired to be buried in the holy city, and by those who intended to subsist on the charity of their European brethren from whom

ated on a ledge of rocks on the opposite side of the valley from the city, and St. Mary's Well. Descending further into the valley, I visited the Pool of Siloah, thence went down to Job's Well, situated a short distance below in junction of the Kedron and the Hinnom valley. In returning I passed up the last named valley where I visited a number of rock tombs of more or less historical significance. One of them is called the Apostle's Cavern, owing to a tradition from the sixteenth century which alleges that the Apostles concealed themselves here when Christ was taken prisoner, and during the crucifixion.

CHAPTER 43

(1896—continued)

Visits to Jericho, the Dead Sea and the River Jordan—Visit to Bethlehem—Church of the Nativity—The American Society in Jerusalem.

Wed., July 8. In completing arrangements for a trip to the Dead Sea, I hired a Beduin to accompany me and a donkey to ride, and with this outfit I left Olivet House about noon. The Beduin, who carried an old rusty gun, a flint lock, which perhaps had not discharged a shot for twenty years, belonged to the village of Abu Dis, which lies on an eminence a short distance southeast of Jerusalem. Through some local arrangement between the several native tribes, it appears that the shiek or chief of that village has the exclusive right to escort travelers to the Dead Sea for a fee which generally means all he can get. It is not safe for strangers to go without one of the men from Abu Dis. In case they do, they are apt to be robbed before they return. Perched on the back of the extremely easy riding donkey and with my "armed soldier" walking behind endeavoring to remind the animal that it was a forward march, by a liberal use of a number of switches provided for the occasion, I passed around the northeast corner of the city, then crossed the Kedron valley and passed around the south slope of the Mount of Olives, with the Mount of Offence on our right. At a point where the road leads around a gorge, is shown the site of the fig tree which was cursed by Christ (Matt. 21:19). We soon reached the village of El-Azariyeh, thus named for Lazarus, or Lazarium, the Arabs having taken the L for an article. Its site corresponds with the ancient Bethany, in distance from Jerusalem, fifteen furlongs, corresponding with the time, forty minutes, required to reach the place from the city at the present time, either on foot or on an animal possessing the swiftness of an ordinary Arab donkey.

El-Azariyeh lies on a well cultivated spur extending southeast from the Mount of Olives to whose somewhat

barren slopes it presents a pleasing contrast. It consists of about forty hovels, containing Moslem inhabitants only. The water here is good, and there are numerous fig, olive, almond and carob trees. The most conspicuous object in the village is an old tower which, judging from its large, drafted stones, is supposed to be older than the time of the Crusaders. About twenty paces to the north of this so-called "Castle of Lazarus" is the Tomb of Lazarus, called by the Arabs Kabr et Azar. The door looks toward the north, and to the east of the tomb rises a mosque with a white dome; for the Moslems also regard Lazarus as a saint and have taken possession of his tomb. The main object in doing so, however, was and is undoubtedly to make money out of Christian pilgrims. As the Moslems prevented pilgrims from visiting the place by charging extortionate fees, the Christians of the sixteenth century caused a stairway leading to it to be constructed from the outside. The visitor descends by 24 steps into a small, square ante-chamber, which is said once to have been a chapel and is a Moslem as well as a Christian place of prayer. Proceeding east we descend three high steps to the so-called tomb-chamber of Lazarus. The poor-looking chamber is lined with masonry, and its whole appearance is unlike that of a Jewish tomb.

The tomb of Lazarus was formerly shown in the church above. About forty-three yards to the south of the tomb of Lazarus tradition points out the site of the house of Mary and Martha. The site during the past ages has been shown in many different places, and at one time the sisters were said to have had two separate houses, the authority for this statement being a strained interpretation of Luke 10: 38, 39. The same uncertainty characterizes the tradition as to the house of Simon the leper (Matt. 26:6). Indeed nothing certain is known regarding most of the places or the exact spots pointed out as having been visited by Christ.

About a quarter of a mile from the village is the so-called Stone of Rest, about three feet long, which some pilgrims kiss. It marks the spot where tradition alleges that Martha met Jesus (John II:20). A short distance to the south of this stone the Greeks have erected a chapel on an ancient foundation wall. At a very early period churches and monasteries were erected at or near Bethany, and spots of traditional interest pointed out to pilgrims.

From the Stone of Rest, east of

"sun spring" of En Shemesh (Joshua 15:7).

Leaving the Apostles' spring we passed through a barren, desolate looking country, traversing a number of narrow, waterless valleys or gorges and crossing several low bridges. About ten miles from Jerusalem we reached the Khan Hadur, a newly erected inn, standing on the spot where tradition localizes the parable of the good Samaritan. (Luke 10:30-37.) The keeper of the inn, who could talk a little English, wanted to charge quite a sum for



THE RIVER JORDAN

Bethany, the road descends a steep hill into the Wady et Had, or valley of the watering place, so named from the well of Had el Azariyeh. This is the only well between Bethany and the valley of the Jordan. A handsome building once inclosed the spring, and there was a khan (inn) here, both probably built in the sixteenth century. Since the fifteenth century the well has been called the Apostles' Spring, as it was assumed that the Apostles must have drunk of its waters on their journeys. It has also been identified with the

a drink of water or lemonade, seeing that I was a traveler and the day was hot. But he missed it, as we carried water with us from the Apostles' Spring.

Soon after leaving the inn we obtained a view to the left into the deep Wady el-Kelt, the principal tributaries of which are in the Wady Para, to the north of Jerusalem. It winds down to the Jordan through deep ravines, and contains water during the greater part of the year. It is supposed to be identical with the valley of Achor (Joshua

15:7), and again with the brook Cherith (1 Kings 17:3, 5).

A little farther on we obtained a good view of the Dead Sea and the Valley of the Jordan ahead. We passed several ruins; and just after going down the last hill to the plain of the Jordan, we perceived to the right of the road the ancient Birket Musa, or Pool of Moses, with walls composed of small unhewn stones. It is 188 yards long and 157 yards wide, and belonged to the ancient system of reservoirs and conduits which once irrigated this district and rendered it like a paradise. It is supposed by some to be the remains of a pool constructed by Herod near his palace at Jericho; for this appears to be the site of the Jericho of the New Testament. About two miles further on to the east we reached the modern Jericho, after crossing the Wady el Keit beneath a handsome aqueduct with pointed arches. I stopped at the Russian hospice about 8:00 p. m., but could not sleep during the night on account of the mosquitoes, the fleas and the excessive heat.

Jericho, once known as the City of the Palm-trees, was the first of the conquests of the Israelites under Joshua (Josh. 6), and is now represented by a miserable hamlet called Riha, containing about 300 inhabitants. It lies six miles west from the Jordan and 18 from Jerusalem. The original site is supposed to be two miles west from the hamlet, on the road to Jerusalem, where some ruins have been found. Two miles northwest of Riha is the copious fountain of Elisha. Whether permanently healed by that Prophet or not, the water is now sweet and salubrious. (See 2 Kings 2:21). The heat in summer is intense, and the region unhealthy. Jericho was the royal residence of Herod the Great who died here, and it was visited several times by the Savior. On one occasion He was entertained by Zaccheus, when He healed the two blind men (Matt. 20:29, 30; Luke 19:1-10).

Thurs., July 9. At 2:00 o'clock in the

night my Beduin guard called me; we made ready in a few minutes and started for the Dead Sea. Our object in starting so early was to avoid as much of the heat of the midday as possible. The distance from Jericho to the north shore of the sea is only about six and a half miles by the direct road; but my guide lost his reckoning on the desert and took the wrong track with the result that we spent some two hours riding and walking up and down the steep gulches and ravines. At last I lost patience with the poor fellow, who was almost crying in despair, and I assumed the role of conductor myself. Knowing through common sense that all the ravines which we had been endeavoring to cross in the darkness of the night, must necessarily lead either to the Jordan or the Dead Sea, I led down the first one we came to, and naturally enough it brought us out upon the lower plain which borders the sea and the river; and just as the sun appeared from behind the mountains of Moab, we stood upon the shore of the historic sea. Riding eastward along the beach, we soon reached a place called by the Arabs Rejum Lut, where stands a lonely hut, and off which, perhaps, one hundred yards from the shore, a little vessel, used during the tourist season for sailing on the briny waters of the sea, lay at anchor. I had a fine swim and bath in the sea, venturing out as far as the anchored vessel, where my Arab companion, though able to swim, dared not follow. I found the buoyancy of the water very similar to that of the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, though the water of the latter is said to contain about ten per cent less solid matter than that of the Dead Sea. It must be observed, however, that the sea was quite high when I visited it, and that later in the year, when it reaches its lowest water mark, the water is necessarily more salty.

It is asserted by some that no one was ever drowned in the Dead Sea, such being the buoyancy of the water that a human being cannot sink. The historian Josephus states that Vespa-

sian had men thrown into it with their hands tied to their backs and that none of them were drowned.

The Dead Sea is about 40 miles long and from 6 to 10 miles wide. A broad peninsula projects from the eastern shore on the south and contracts the breadth of the sea to within two miles. South of this the water is very shallow, so that in midsummer, when, in consequence of evaporation, the body of the lake falls from twelve to fifteen

the evaporation is so great in summer as to render the waters intensely saline. There is also an infusion of other ingredients which renders the water bitter and nauseous to the taste. No living thing inhabits these waters, and it is very rarely navigated by man. No deadly miasma, however, arises from it, as was once supposed. The water is of a dull green color, highly transparent. Modern science has solved all the mystery about this water.



THE DEAD SEA

feet, this end is left a marsh. The shores of this mysterious and gloomy lake are bounded on the east by perpendicular cliffs, rising into ragged, splintered points, forming an irregular breastwork, sometimes receding a little from the water's edge, and then again jutting out into the sea, and varying in height from 1,600 to 2,800 feet. The western shore presents much the same stern and forbidding aspect, but preserves a general outline about four hundred feet lower.

Embedded deep in this awful chasm, under a burning sun reflected from beetling heights on either side, this sea becomes a vast caldron, from which

It has been satisfactorily analyzed, and its specific gravity ascertained to be 1.211, a degree of density unknown in any other.

Having spent an hour in and about the river Jordan, near its mouth, we returned to Jericho (distant about six miles), where we arrived about 10:30 a. m. I suffered much with the heat, though I had left all my spare clothing at the hospice at Jericho. We remained in the shade of the trees which surrounded the hospice building in Jericho until 4:00 p. m., when we started on our return trip to Jerusalem, where we arrived about 11:00 p. m. very tired and fatigued after riding and walking

about 55 miles during the trip. On the return journey we met a number of traveling natives, riding on camels, horses, mules and donkeys.

Fri., July 10. I spent the day in and about Jerusalem. Toward evening I visited the so-called Tomb of the Kings, situated north of the city, near the road leading to Nablous. The grotto, which is inclosed by a wall and belongs to the French, consists of a regular system of underground rooms from which tomb chambers, shaft tombs and shelf tombs extend in all directions in systematic order. The careful construction of these catacombs leads to the inference that they were the burial places of persons of high rank, and are much revered by the Jews, who from a very early period have called them the Cavern of Zedekiah. What they really are is not known. They were, however, understood to be tombs as early as the Fourteenth century, and were sometimes referred by tradition to the early kings of Judah: on this account they are still called "tombs of the kings."

Sat., July 11. I left the Olivet House at 6:00 a. m. and walked to Bethlehem, which is situated about five miles southwest from Jerusalem. After leaving the Yafa gate the carriage road to Bethlehem crosses the upper end of the Valley of Hinnom, leaving the railway station to the right and the Hill of Evil Council to the left. The top of this hill commands a good view of Jerusalem and surroundings. There are some ruins on the hill, which traditionally are called the Country House of Caiaphas, but may be simply the remnants of an Arabian village. A short distance to the south is shown the tree on which Judas is said to have hanged himself. Continuing the journey I crossed an elevated plain extending toward the south. The Phillistines were frequently encamped in this valley, and here they were defeated by David (2 Sam. 15:18, etc.) Further on, to the left of the road, the traveler sees a cistern, which tradition points out as the Well of the Magi (Bir Kath-

isma), where the three wise men drank when following the guiding star (Matt. 2:9). Beyond the monastery the road leads to the right skirting a cultivated valley, and the traveler soon reaches an insignificant building standing on the right of the road, styled the Tomb of Rachel (Kubbet Rahil). The dome of the tomb closely resembles those of the innumerable Moslem welies, or tombs, found in Palestine. The tomb is revered by Moslems, Christians and Jews, and is much visited by pilgrims, especially Jews. Beduins bring their dead to be buried in the adjoining graveyard. In this instance tradition appears to agree with the Bible narrative. Rachel died on the route to Ephratah (which an old gloss identifies with Bethlehem) in giving birth to Benjamin, and was buried on the way (Gen. 35:19). Throughout the whole of the Christian period the tradition has always attached to the same spot, and for many centuries the supposed tomb was marked by a pyramid of stones, of which the number was said to be twelve, corresponding with the number of the tribes of Israel. The monument appears to have been altered in the fifteenth century, since which time it has been repeatedly restored.

At Rachel's tomb the road forks. Taking the left hand one I reached Bethlehem after walking about a mile.

On my arrival in Bethlehem I made my way through the narrow streets of the Church of St. Mary, also called the Church of the Nativity, erected over the traditional birthplace of Christ. The church is owned conjointly by the Latins, Greeks and Armenians. A Greek servant took me up into the high tower arising from the roof of the Greek monastery, after which a Latin monk, who could speak German, guided me through the Latin part and the interesting grottos under the main floor of the church.

The tradition which localizes the birth of Christ in a cavern near Bethlehem extends back as far as the second century. In 300 A. D. a handsome basilica was erected here by order of

Constantine. The assertion that the present church is the original structure is based on the simplicity of its style and the absence of characteristics of the subsequent era of Justinian.

On entering the church the visitor is struck by the grand simplicity of the structure. The building consists of a nave and double aisles. The floor is paved with large slabs of stone. The columns, including capitals and bases, are 19 feet high. The church is lighted only by windows in the upper part of the wall, each window corresponding to a space between the columns. Below the great choir is the Crypt, of which the Chapel of the Nativity is the most important part. It is lighted by 32 lamps, which are kept burning night and day. The chapel is 40 feet long, 12 feet wide and 30 feet high. The pavement is of marble, and the walls, which are of masonry, are lined with marble. Under the altar, in the recess to the east, a silver star is let into the pavement with the inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Around the recess burn 15 lamps, of which 6 belong to the Greeks, 5 to the Armenians and 4 to the Latins. This sacred spot was richly decorated as early as the time of Constantine.

Opposite the recess of the nativity are three steps descending to the Chapel of the Manger. The place of the manger, in which, according to tradition, Christ was once laid, is here represented by a manger of marble, the bottom being white and the front brown. A wax doll represents the infant. The finding of the "genuine manger", which was carried to Rome, is attributed to the Empress Helen. In the same chapel, to the east, is the Altar of Adoration of the Magi, belonging to the Latins.

Passing through a door, and turning to the right, we enter a narrow passage in the rock leading to the chapel covering the traditional spot where Joseph was commanded by the angel to flee into Egypt. Five steps descend hence to the chapel of the Innocents, where, according to tradition, Herod

caused several children to be slain, who had been brought here for safety by their mothers.

A rather unpleasant feature of the Church of Mary, as I noticed it, was the presence of Turkish soldiers. On inquiry I was informed that a military guard was kept here night and day to insure order and safety to visitors and local worshippers. The church being the joint property of three Christian denominations, quarrels and differences often arise, which occasionally have ended in bloodshed. It is to guard against a repetition of such occurrences that the Turkish guard is stationed in the church.

After visiting the Church of the Nativity, I walked about one and a half miles down into a valley lying southeast of Bethlehem, to visit the so-called Shepherds' Field, on which there is a grotto which has been transformed into a chapel. Near by the Field of the Shepherds is a piece of land which tradition points out as the field of Boaz, connected with the beautiful story of Naomi and Ruth. The Grotto of the Shepherds is situated in the midst of an enclosed group of olive trees. A tradition, extending back to the year 670, makes the angels appear to the shepherds here. Returning to Bethlehem by carriage I visited the Milk Grotto or Woman's Cavern, thus named on the strength of a tradition which alleges that the holy family once sought shelter or concealment here, and that a drop of the Virgin's milk fell on the floor of the grotto. For many centuries both Christians and Moslems have entertained a superstitious belief that the rock of this cavern has the property of increasing the milk of women and even of animals, and to this day round cakes mixed with dust from the rock are sold to pilgrims.

"Bethlehem of the present day has about 8,000 inhabitants, about 260 of whom are Moslems and 50 Protestants. The rest are Greeks, Romans and Armenians. The town is situated on a hill at the junction of two valleys, and

2,550 feet above the level of the sea. The Latins, the Greeks and the Armenians each have a monastery in Bethlehem and several churches; also a

other fancy articles in wood, mother-of-pearl, coral and stinkstone (lime mixed with bitumen) from the Dead Sea. Bethlehem is also the market



WOMEN OF BETHLEHEM DRESSED IN THEIR NATIVE COSTUMES. NO OTHER WOMEN IN PALESTINE ARE ALLOWED TO DRESS LIKE THOSE OF BETHLEHEM. THEIR SPECIAL DRESS IS KNOWN AND RECOGNIZED THROUGHOUT THE ORIENT.

number of schools. The inhabitants live chiefly by agriculture and breeding cattle, besides which they have for several centuries been occupied in the manufacture of rosaries, crosses and

town of the peasants and Beduins in the neighborhood, many of the latter coming from the region of the Dead Sea."

El Khalil, the ancient Hebron, which

lies about 18 miles southwest of Bethlehem, was originally on my traveling program, but as no other travelers happened to be going there, and also being informed that the hostile, fanatical Moslems, who inhabit the place, absolutely refuse to show Christians any of the points of interest in and about the town, I changed my mind, and returned to Jerusalem from Bethlehem.

Hebron is situated among the mountains of Judea, in a deep valley, 23 miles southwest of Jerusalem, and 25 northeast of Beersheba, in a country abounding in pasturage and vineyards, yielding the finest grapes in Palestine. One of the oldest inhabited cities in the world, it is, after Jerusalem, the second largest in southern Palestine, containing about 10,000 inhabitants, mostly Moslems. The merchants of Hebron carry on a brisk trade with the Beduins, and often travel about the country with their wares. The chief branches of industry are the manufacture of water skins from goats' hides and glassware.

It was at Hebron that Abraham purchased of the sons of Heth the cave of Machpelah as a burial place for his dead (Gen. 23:17). Here lived the Patriarchs; here they communed with God and received the promises; and here they were buried, with their wives, and their sepulchre is "here to this day," enclosed in a Turkish mosque, which only a few Christians have been permitted to enter. From Hebron the spies sent out by Moses, gathered the grapes of Eshcol with pomegranates and figs, as a specimen of the exceeding good land which the Israelites were commanded to go up and possess. Soon afterwards the city was utterly destroyed by Joshua and given to Caleb in reward for his courage and trust in God (Josh. 10:37). It was one of the cities of refuge and a Levitical city of the sons of Aaron (Josh. 21:11; 20:7). David was here anointed king over Israel, and made it for seven years and six months the seat of his kingdom (2 Sam. 3:27).

Sun., July 12. I left the Olivet House early, entered Jerusalem through the Herodius Gate and left it through the so-called Stephen's Gate. I then crossed the Brook Kedron and visited the Garden of Gethsemane, which abounds with beautiful flowers, all fenced in so that visitors cannot reach them. Along the path which follows the inside of the high walls all around, a number of pictures are hung up representing the different stages of the sufferings of the Savior from the moment he was betrayed by Judas till he expired on the cross. Outside the garden gate a stone marks the alleged place where Judas betrayed Jesus and another the spot where the disciples slept. Next I ascended to the top of the Mount of Olives once more, where I entered the Latin buildings and there visited the Church of the Creed and the beautiful Church of the Lord's Prayer. Around the handsome quadrangle run covered passages containing 32 slabs on which the Lord's prayer is enscribed in that many different languages. After being treated to a drink of water by an obliging Carmelite sister belonging to the adjoining convent of Carmelite nuns I began to retrace my steps, but on the road down I visited the so-called Tombs of the Prophets. The grotto is somewhat similar to the tombs of the Kings which I had formerly visited. After my return to the city I ascended the wall near the Damascus Gate from which point I was able to form an idea of the boundaries of the four hills on which Jerusalem is built. I next ascended the hill lying immediately outside of the Damascus gate to the right of the main road and just back of the so-called Grotto of Jeremiah which many believe to be the true Golgotha. Towards 3:00 o'clock p. m. I made my way out to a large building situated just beyond the Tombs of the Kings, where I found the so-called Americans, a religious body numbering about one hundred persons who are living together as one great family. They claim to be guided by direct revelation

every moment and consequently make no mistakes. They have made the saying of Jesus, "Love thy neighbor as thyself", their whole creed and endeavor to live perfect lives. They have no head, no organization, no president; all are equal. They do not work for money; if they work at all: it is gratis, and they believe the Lord will provide. At times they have suffered real want, but always received relief from the Lord. All of them have come from America, mostly from Chicago. Among those of them with whom I conversed was Edward Baldwin. I attended their afternoon meeting, and accepted an invitation to dine with them and then spent the evening listening to their singing and playing on the organ in their handsome parlors.

Mon., July 13. According to appointment made the previous evening I met some of the Americans in their other building inside the city wall and near the Damascus Gate. From the top of their roof, which towered considerably higher than the wall itself, I had a better view of the interior of the city than the one I enjoyed from the wall the day before. After that I visited Wm. T. Brown, a Whitmerite Mormon, who with his wife lived outside of the Jaffa Gate. He came to Jerusalem with considerable means for missionary purposes five years before, but had lost nearly all his money through the failure of banks and he and his family were then so poor that they could not return to America.

Returning to the city I happened to meet Mr. Baldwin of the Americans again, who then accompanied me on my last walk through the Holy City. Among the places we visited were the Church of St. Anna, situated near the St. Stephen Gate, and a nun took us through and showed us among other things the ancient pavements from the days of Pontius Pilate whose judgment hall is supposed to have stood there. Returning to my hotel I made preparations for leaving Jerusalem the next morning.

CHAPTER 44

(1896—continued)

From Jerusalem to the Plains of Sharon—Joppa—Across the Mediterranean to Naples in Italy—Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii—Rome—Through the Mt. Cenis Tunnel to France—Arrival in England.

Tues., July 14. At 6:30 a. m. a carriage called for me at the hotel door and a few minutes later I reached the railway station about a mile away. I left Jerusalem at 7:45 a. m. and arrived at Joppa about 11:00 a. m. The ride was interesting as we passed some historical places which were pointed out to me by two of the Americans from Jerusalem who were starting out on a tour to Abyssinia. Among other spots we passed was Phillip's Well where the eunuch was baptized (Acts 8:38), the Plains of Sharon, where the Jews made their last stand against the Romans, and Lydda, where Peter healed the paralytic man. Upon our arrival at Jaffa (the ancient Joppa) I spent two or three hours taking in the sights of the city, the surroundings of which are beautiful indeed. The office of Clark's Tourist Agency and hotel stands in one of the finest gardens I have seen in Palestine.

I left Clark's Office and went to the landing place not far from the alleged spot where the house of "one Simon a tanner" once stood (Acts 9:43). There is no harbor at Joppa; hence it is often very difficult to embark or disembark, but the weather being extra fine I got on board easily on paying one franc fare. Sometimes they charge an English pound to take a passenger to the steamer. At 4:00 o'clock p. m. I was safely on board the Austrian steamer "Emperatrix", and at 6:00 p. m. anchor was weighed and we sailed for Port Said.

Wed., July 15. At the dawn of day the Port Said lighthouse was visible ahead. Soon afterwards the pilot came on board and at 6:00 o'clock a. m. we arrived at Port Said. I lodged at the Allemand Hotel where I had stopped on my former visit here.

Thurs., July 16. On this and the following four days which I spent in Port

Said I was busy transcribing notes and writing letters. I also received letters from home and one from my wife Emma who had arrived in England, where she was patiently awaiting my arrival.

Mon., July 20. In the evening I hastened to the wharf and found that the steamer "Orotava" had just arrived, having come through the Suez Canal, bound for Italy. In haste I returned to the hotel and hired an Arab with a boat to take me out to the ship. It was just 12:00 o'clock midnight when I boarded the steamer and I slept on the upper deck till morning, it being too hot in the state room allotted to me to sleep.

Tues., July 21. At 4:00 o'clock a. m., as a passenger on board the steamer "Orotava", I sailed from Port Said and by noon we had traveled one hundred miles on the Mediterranean. I spent the day reading and conversing with passengers with whom I speedily became acquainted. I slept in the dining room during the night.

Wed., July 22. I spent most of the time on the deck, reading, as I found it too warm to be below. At 11:00 o'clock a. m. the mountainous island of Candia was seen ahead on our starboard side and we sailed along its southwestern coast the remainder of the day. I learned that there were 79 passengers on board in the 2nd class, 38 in the 1st and 142 in the 3rd class, besides the crew. At noon we had come 752 miles from Port Said and were 349 miles from Naples.

Thurs., July 23. Just before sundown the mountains of the island of Sicily were seen on our left with Mount Etna lifting its head far above everything else. About 10:00 p. m. land was also seen on our right, this being the coast of the Italian peninsula with Mount Alto, 6480 feet high, standing near its southern extremity. Proceeding on, we entered the Strait of Messina with Sicily on our left and Italy proper on our right. The lights of Reggio on the coast of the peninsula and Mesina on Sicily looked very beautiful as we passed them in the distance. I re-

mained up till about midnight watching and enjoying the scenery.

Fri., July 24. In the morning we passed the group of isles called the Lipari Islands on one of which is an active volcano (Stramboli). When I arose in the morning we were far out in the Tyrrhenian Sea with the dim outline of the Italian mountains visible on the right. In the course of the forenoon the body of one of the ship's crew, a fireman, who had died during the night, was thrown overboard, I thought like a dog, when they might just as well have taken it to Naples and buried it there. Soon the island of Capri hove in sight and by and by also Mount Vesuvius. We passed through the strait with the main land on our right and Capri on the left, thence across the beautiful bay of Naples and came to anchor off the city of Naples at 1:00 p. m. We soon landed in the company's launch together with an elderly Englishman with his wife and daughter who kept me company while I remained in Naples. We took a cab and drove around to several hotels, led by a pretended hotel runner who proved to be a sharper and whom I dismissed without ceremony. We finally stopped at the Hotel Victoria. I called at Thos. Cook and Son's office where I bought a ticket for Pompeii and Mount Vesuvius and also one for London. Then I took a long walk along the water front and through several streets of the city and having watched the burning lava on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, 15 miles distant, I returned to the hotel.

Sat., July 25. In company with my three English companions I left the hotel at 7:00 o'clock a. m. for the railway station, about two miles away, going in a cab. We traveled by rail 13 miles past towns lying on the coast of the bay and arrived at the station at Pompeii at 9:30 a. m. We walked to the ruins and spent about three hours examining the different houses, temples, streets and other objects of interest in the excavated city. At 1:15 p. m. we traveled five miles back to

Portici, where a Cook's carriage was waiting for us. We rode through the towns of Portici and Rosina (which occupy the site of the ancient city of Herculaneum) and up the lower slopes of Mount Vesuvius. After traveling

er in point of elevation than the lower one).

From here, followed by a horde of natives who wanted to render all manner of aid for a high price, we walked about another mile to the top of the



POMPEII AND MT. VESUVIUS

about three miles we reached the lava beds, where we found horses waiting for us. Mounting these we rode up a rough winding path through the lava beds to the lower station of Cook's Funicular Railway. Here we left our horses and entered the car which in about ten minutes brought us to the upper station (which is 1308 feet high-

mountain. Here we peeped down into the awful crater and then enjoyed the beautiful view of the bay and landscapes. Having descended to the lower station we turned to the right and rode to the place of a recent eruption where the molten lava was running out and down the mountain side. After riding our horses a short distance I, assisted

by a "young fellow", dismounted and followed the guide on foot over the face of the hot steaming, black lava until we reached one of the running molten streams, into which one of the guides stuck a light rod and brought out some of the molten stuff. I stuck an English penny into it and then took it away as a souvenir. This experiment was fraught with considerable danger. If the hot lava under our feet should have broken, it would have meant the end of our experience in mortality. From this danger point we continued our ride down to where we left the carriages in which we rode back to Naples. Bidding my traveling companions good-bye, I proceeded to the railway station where I boarded the train for Rome at 11:15 p. m. There was no sleep for me that night. My train companions were all Italians, one of them a witty fellow who bothered me by jabbering away in an "unknown tongue" until I got tired and gave him a good scolding in Danish. This was tit for tat and he remained quiet after that.

Sun., July 26. After traveling 155 miles from Naples, passing through a number of cities, we arrived at Rome at 6:45 a. m. I stopped at Hotel Torino near the station. Starting out on my round through the historic city without a guide, not knowing where I was going, I soon found myself at the Forum Romano. Here I fell in company with an Italian Catholic priest who tried his best to make me understand though he spoke not a word of English. I next visited the Colosseum and other places of interest and then went by street car

to St. Peter's Cathedral where I made partial observations and rather enjoyed the exercises of the orthodox Catholics as they proceeded from the door the whole length of the Church, offering prayers at the different shrines of the "Way of the Cross". I put in a solid day of sightseeing in the historical city of Rome.

Mon., July 27. I arose early and continued my rambles through Rome. Walking through the Piazza del Popolo, thence across the river Tiber to the Vatican, where I visited the art gallery, the sculpture museum and saw the great interesting collection of art. And then, after another visit to the adjoining St. Peters, I again walked to Piazza di Spragna in the heart of the city and then to the railway station, where I boarded the train and left Rome at 2:45 p. m. Traveling through a beautiful country, following the sea shore part of the way, we arrived at Pisa, a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, at 10:00 o'clock p. m. As we stopped a short time at the station I monopolized it to see some of the town and did not wait for the next train, but continued the journey. In passing through the city on the train I had a glimpse of the "Leaning tower of Pisa", the night being a beautiful moon-lit one. The hour of midnight found us approaching the important town of Spezia, the chief naval port of Italy.

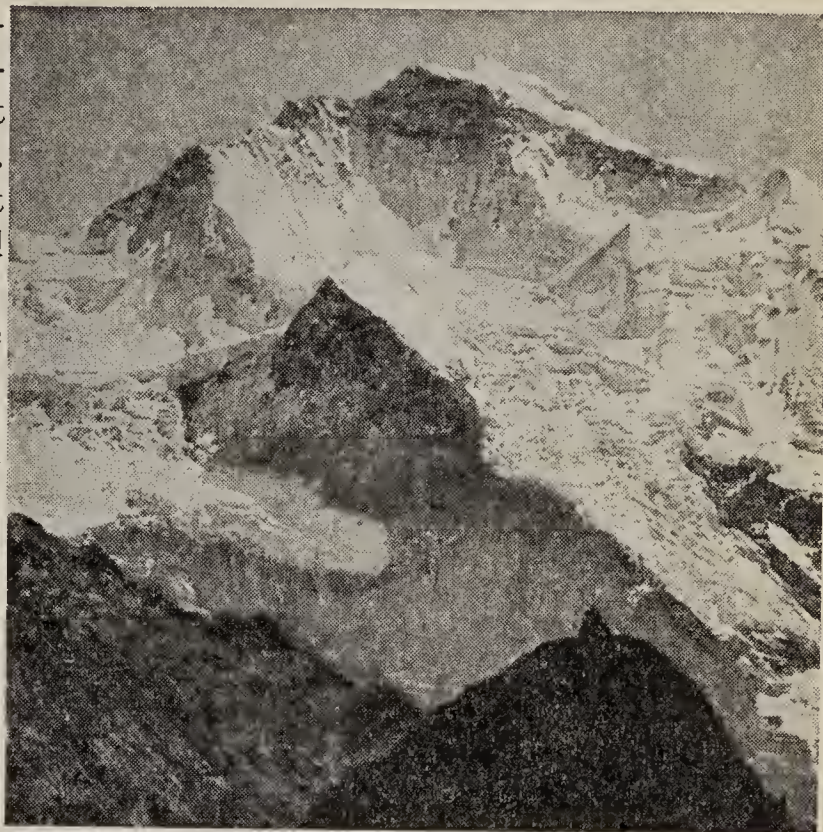
Tues., July 28. Continuing our journey from Spezia we traveled through about fifty tunnels bored through the solid rocks on the shore of the Mediterranean. At 2:30 a. m. we arrived at Genoa, the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, one of the chief cities of Italy, containing about 210,000 inhabitants and situated 310 miles from Rome. Stopping about two hours at Genoa I visited points of interest, among which was the fine statue erected in honor of the discoverer of America. I found the fruit market most interesting. Continuing the journey about 5:00 o'clock p. m., I traveled through the Apennine Mountains, a



COLOSSEUM AT ROME

very long tunnel leading through the main ridge. On the other side we emerged into a most beautiful and fertile country under a high state of cultivation. In traveling through Italy I noticed a number of hills or elevations crowned with strong fortifications. At 7:15 p. m. we arrived at Alexandria, where we changed cars. Leaving Alexandria I had my first glimpse of the snow-capped Alps and we arrived at Torino (Turin) 103 miles from Genoa. Here again we changed cars and then commenced to ascend a long fertile valley which led into the heart of the Alps. The day being cloudy, the highest peaks of that grand mountain range were enveloped in mist and consequently were not visible; it also rained part of the day and the weather was quite cold. In ascending the mountain we passed through a large number of tunnels and finally

tain stream which was much swollen by the late rains. We arrived at Modane, in France, about 6:00 o'clock p. m., passed through the customs and

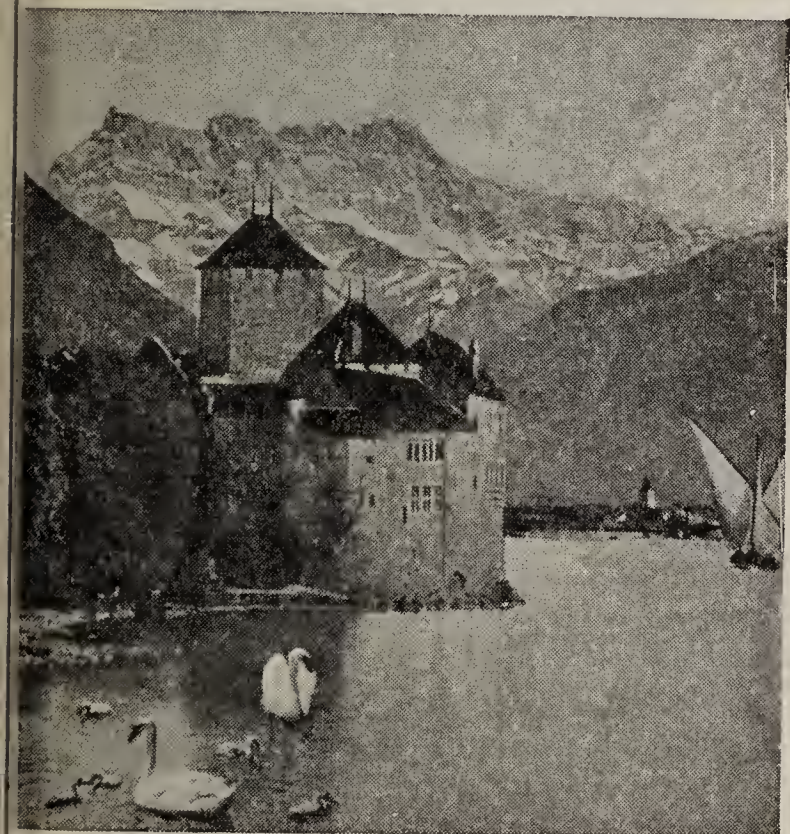


THE ALPS

were informed that we had to wait until the next morning before the train carrying third class passengers would leave for Paris. Through lack of funds I had been obliged to travel third class after leaving Rome.

Wed., July 29. At 4:00 o'clock a. m. I left Modane by train for Paris traveling via Culoz, Amberien, Macon, Châlons, and Dijon, and other important cities of France.

Thurs., July 30. I arrived at the Gare de Lyons in Paris at 4:30 a. m., having traveled 1,054 miles from Rome. After taking breakfast in an Italian restaurant I commenced my explorations in Paris. As I had never visited that city before I enjoyed my visit greatly. I crossed the river Seine and walked a long distance trying to find the station where I had arrived in the morning, but the Italian restaurant keeper having given me complicated directions, I went to the wrong depot. As it was getting dark and the time was short, as I was to leave Paris for England the same evening, I applied to two policemen who put me on


 THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, SWITZERLAND
THE ALPS IN THE BACKGROUND

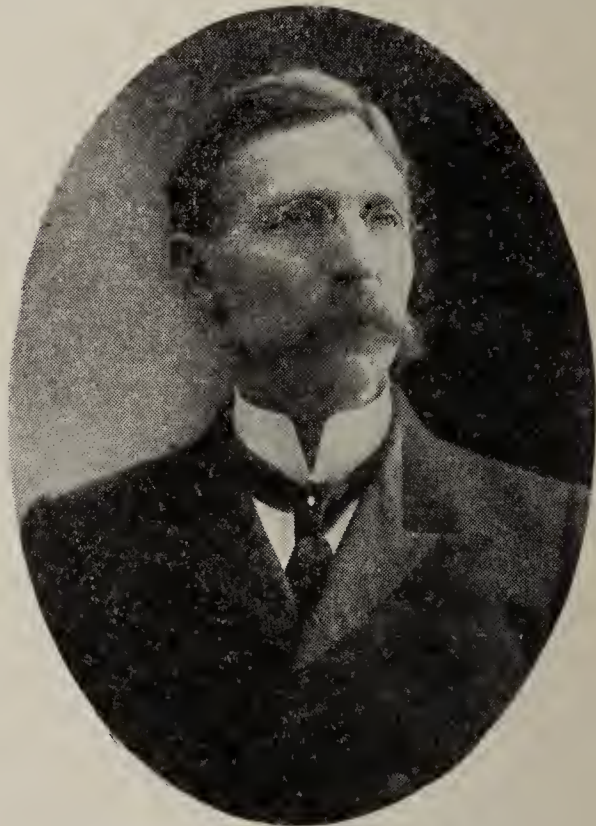
reached Bardonecchia, the last station in Italy and at 5:15 p. m. we entered the great Mont Cenis tunnel, cut through the heart of the Alps. The tunnel is eight miles long and it took us just twenty-five minutes to reach the other end. The descent was quite steep as we traveled down another canyon, following the winding of a moun-

the right track. Immediately I hired a cab which took me to the Gare de Saint Lazare, where I arrived just in time to board the train which left for Dieppe at 9:30.

Fri., July 31. Arrived at Dieppe on the English Channel at 1:00 o'clock a. m. and at once boarded the little paddle steamer "Rouen", which half an hour later sailed for Newhaven, England. As the night was quite chilly and I was clothed for a warm climate I suffered somewhat with cold, traveling as I did as a deck passenger. Just as the day was breaking, the shores of England became visible and at 5:00 a. m. we arrived at Newhaven, which is 72 miles distant from Dieppe. As I stepped on shore I unexpectedly met my wife Emma who had come from Brighton to meet me. She had left Salt Lake City June 25th, arriving in Liverpool per the White Star steamer "Majestic" July 8th and had spent the time at Brighton since July 15th. This unexpected meeting caused me to change my traveling program and, instead of proceeding at once to London, I decided to visit Brighton first. We arrived at that city, 14 miles from Newhaven, about 8:00 a. m. Here I prepared to meet my wife's relatives for the first time. We made our temporary home with George Davey at 76 Beaconsfield, Preston, Brighton, close friends of my wife and her family. These friends received me kindly and made us both welcome at their comfortable home.

Sat., Aug. 1. At 5:00 p. m., accompanied by my wife, I left Brighton for London, arriving at Victoria station about 8:00 p. m. We made our way to 66 Sydney St., Chelsea, where we were made welcome at the home of George Aldrich, whose wife was my wife's cousin. On my arrival in London I had completed my first circumnavigation of the globe as I had visited London in the fall of 1881. I now spent several days in London sight-seeing, and on August 4th I made my way to 36 Penton St., Islington, London, where the Latter-day Saint missionaries had their headquarters. Here I met Elder

Walter S. Lamereaux and later other Elders and local saints. On August 6th I commenced perusing Church records at 36 Penton St., which I continued for several days. On Friday, August 7th, I accompanied some of the brethren to Seven Sisters Row where we held a street meeting, on which occasion I had my first experience in addressing an open-air meeting. On August 11th I met Rulon S. Wells, who



PRESIDENT RULON S. WELLS

had recently succeeded Anthon H. Lund as president of the European Mission, and with him I began to arrange plans for my visits to the different conferences in the British Mission in the interest of Church history.

From August 13th to Aug. 24th we visited a number of places in Sussex, England, calling on my wife's relatives. Among other towns we went to Steyning, her birth place. We returned to London on August 24th, where I continued my labors on the Church records until Tuesday, Sept. 1st when we traveled by rail to Liverpool. We at once made our way to 42 Islington, where we met Edwin F. Perry and other Elders. I engaged a room at 39 Norton St., just around the corner from the mission office. I spent Sunday, Sept. 6th, quite pleasantly in Liverpool attending the meetings in the Saints' hall at No. 15 Bittern St., where I was one of the speakers.

CHAPTER 45

(1896—continued)

Crossing the North Sea to Denmark—Given a fine Welcome in Copenhagen—Attend Conference in Christiania, Norway—Visit to Sweden—Travels in Denmark—Visit Germany and Switzerland.

Mon., Sept. 7. Having decided to visit the Scandinavian Mission before making my round trip in the interest of Church History in the British Isles, my wife and I bade the brethren at 42 Islington goodbye about noon and traveled via London to Harwich where we boarded the Danish steamer "Koldinghus" and sailed for Denmark at 11:00 o'clock p. m. We soon found ourselves on the somewhat troubled water of the North Sea.

Tues., Sept. 8. We spent the day on the North Sea, heading for Denmark.

Wed., Sept. 9. At 2:00 o'clock in the night I arose from my berth to see the coast of Fanø, and at 3:00 o'clock a. m. we arrived at Esbjerg, but remained on board after reaching the harbor until 7:00 o'clock a. m., when we landed. After taking a walk through the growing city of Esbjerg my wife and I boarded a little steamer and sailed over to Nordby on the island of Fanø, where we visited the popular bathing resort and where I called on the relatives of Capt. Anderson whom I had met in Tahiti early in the year. We returned to the main land from Fanø in a small sailing vessel, arriving at Esbjerg at 11:00 o'clock a. m. An hour later we continued our journey by rail from Esbjerg and arrived at Copenhagen at 8:00 o'clock p. m.

On our arrival at Denmark's capital we at once engaged a cab and drove to the mission office at No. 14, Sanct Pauls Gade (formerly Lorentzensgade), where we found everything closed and none of the missionaries on hand to receive us. Concluding that everybody was attending meeting at that hour, we made our way to No. 24 Krystalgade, where the saints held their meetings in a small hall. Slipping into the hall quietly my wife and I made a move to take a back seat unobserved, but I was immediately recog-

nized by Chr. N. Lund, the president of the mission, who was speaking at the time. He immediately called me to the stand, where he gave me a unique introduction. I spoke for half an hour with considerable freedom. It was just fifteen years since I had last addressed a congregation in Copenhagen. This was when I returned from my second mission to Scandinavia in September, 1881. After the meeting



PRESIDENT CHRISTIAN N. LUND

I was introduced to the other Elders from Zion and the local saints present. Among the latter there were several with whom I had associated 15 years before and the meeting with these brethren and sisters was indeed interesting and impressive. After the meeting we returned to the mission office. Everything seemed familiar to me at No. 14 and pleasant memories of the past flashed through my mind as I beheld the old place again.

Thurs., Sept. 10. Early in the morning Elder Rulon S. Wells arrived in Copenhagen from the Swiss and German mission to make a tour of the Scandinavian Mission. It was decided that I should accompany him to Nor-

way and at 2:00 p. m. Elders Wells, Christian N. Lund, and Enoch Jørgensen and my wife and I sailed from Copenhagen on the steamship "M. G. Melchier", bound for Christiania, Norway.

Fri., Sept. 11. We arose at 7:00 o'clock a. m. to behold the coast of Norway as we sailed up the Christiania



FISHMARKET IN COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

fjord. We arrived at Christiania at 11:30 a. m. and were met at the wharf by Elder Peter Anderson, president of the Christiania Conference, who took us all in a cab to the conference office at No. 27 Osterhausgade, where we were introduced to a number of Elders from Zion and many local saints. We made a tour of observation through the city and also took a boat to the celebrated little ship "Fram" on which the noted explorer Fridtjof Nansen had just made his polar expedition.

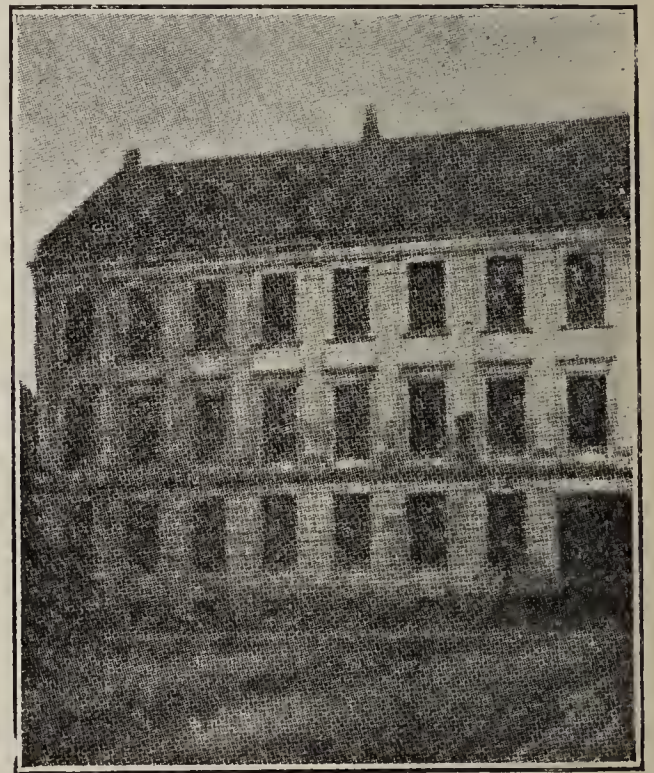
Sat., Sept. 12. At 8:00 o'clock p. m. conference was commenced in the beautifully decorated Saints' hall with a good attendance, including 24 Elders from Zion. The evening was devoted almost exclusively to the giving of reports by branch presidents and others.

Sun., Sept. 13. The conference in Christiania was continued with a forenoon and afternoon meeting, in which Presidents Rulon S. Wells, Christian N. Lund, Peter Anderson and I were the principal speakers. After the afternoon meeting a number of us went down to the sea coast (to a place near the old castle) where tens of thousands of people had gathered to hear the

great Norwegian statesman Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, who delivered a patriotic speech honoring Fridtjof Nansen. The explorer briefly responded. In the evening the last meeting of the conference was held.

Mon., Sept. 14. I commenced my historical labors in Christiania and from 10:00 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. attended a Priesthood meeting in the saints hall. I spoke on the importance of record keeping. After meeting we partook of a splendid dinner provided at the palatial residence of a Mr. Ingeberg, a friend of the saints.

Tues., Sept. 15. I repaired to the conference office early and put in a half day's work, leaving my wife to be accompanied to some points of interest in the city. I joined Elders Wells, Lund and Anderson in taking a carriage ride up the noted height "Frogner Sætteren", about six miles from Christiania. From its top we had a



MISSION HOUSE IN CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY

most magnificent view of Christiania, the fjord and much of the surrounding country. Frogner Sætteren is the place where Norway competes with the whole world in ski jumping and other winter sports. The day was clear and beautiful, though a little cold. In the evening a feast and concert were held in the saints hall. I took part by singing the Hawaiian "Aloha Oe",

which was well received. The hall was crowded to capacity and all present seemed to enjoy the occasion.

Wed., Sept. 16. We visited Lade-gaardsøen (Bygdø) and took dinner after which we visited Oscar's Hall or the Bygdø Kongsgaard, where an ancient church and an old peasant home are preserved. In the evening I delivered a lecture on Palestine and the South Sea Islands. As the lecture had been advertised in the papers the hall was crowded.

Thurs., Sept. 17. At 9:45 a. m. my wife and I left Christiania, together with Presidents Wells and Lund, by train for Stockholm, Sweden.

Fri., Sept. 18. At 4:45 p. m. we arrived at Stockholm, 355 miles from Christiania, and at once took a cab and drove to "Hornsgatan No. 80, where the conference office was located. Here we met Elder Carl A. Ahlquist and other Elders from Utah.

Sat., Sept. 19. I engaged in historical work and made several visits together with the other visiting brethren. At 8:00 o'clock in the evening the fall conference of the Stockholm Conference convened in the saints' hall at Hornsgatan 80, attended by twenty-two Elders from Zion, and a hall filled with local saints and friends. According to the reports given there were 1,397 saints in the Stockholm Conference which consisted of ten branches of the Church.

Sun., Sept. 20. The conference in Stockholm was continued and the meetings were addressed by Pres. Wells (Carl A. Ahlquist acting as translator) and Pres. Christian N. Lund. A song of welcome, addressed to Bros. Wells, Lund and myself, composed for the occasion, was sung. I was one of the speakers in the afternoon session.

Mon. Sept., 21. A Priesthood meeting was held from 10:00 a. m. to 1:00 p. m. Afterwards I commenced my historical labors in earnest. At 5:00 p. m. the carriages hired by Bro. Nils Nilson, a local brother, drove up to the mission house and Bros. Wells, Lund, Ahlquist,

Olson, Emma and I and a local sister (Hilda Jonsson) started out on a very enjoyable ride in and around the city of Stockholm. We visited most of the prominent places of interest including Djurgården, a beautiful park where fine buildings were being erected for the World's Fair to take place there the following year.

Mon., Sept. 22. I worked at my historical labors at the conference office all day. In the evening the local saints gave an entertainment.

Wed., Sept. 23. Presidents Wells and Lund left Stockholm with the morning train for Göteborg on their way to Copenhagen, while I, assisted by Pres. Ahlquist, worked on the records at the office until a very late hour as I expected to start for Denmark in a few days in order to see my wife Emma off to America with a company of saints which would leave Copenhagen on October 8th.

Thurs., Sept. 24. Assisted by Pres. Ahlquist and Olof E. Olson, I worked on the records all day. At the evening meeting, held at the hall, I was one of the speakers.

Fri., Sept. 25. I continued my labors at the office, perusing as many of the books as possible and putting other records aside to be forwarded to Copenhagen for me to peruse there.

Sat., Sept. 26. After finishing my historical labors in the morning, Elders Ahlquist and Olson accompanied my wife and me on our last sight-seeing trip in Stockholm; we visited many places of interest and historical importance, including art galleries and museums.

Sun., Sept. 27. At 7:25 a. m. my wife and I left Stockholm by rail and traveled to Vingåker, 97 miles from Stockholm. The day was bright and fine and the landscape appeared beautiful as we viewed it from the car window. At the Vingåker station we were met by Elder Erik P. Erickson and local saints, and after dinner we rode about four miles into the country, where we held a meeting according to appointment, attended by both saints

and friends. I spoke about an hour, followed by Elder Erickson. We returned to Vingåker and then traveled three miles further into a wooded district of country, or to the home of Gustave Wahlström, with whom Elders Erickson and Larson had their missionary home.

Mon., Sept. 28. My wife and I continued our journey by rail toward Göteborg, 180 miles from Vingåker. Arriving at Göteborg about 10:00 o'clock in the evening we were met by Elders Theodore Tobiason and George A. Backman and walked to the residence of August Hanson.

Tues., Sept. 29. In company with Elder Tobiason I visited the meeting hall at Husargatan 46, where I perused the conference and branch records. Later we went to the wharf where my wife and I boarded the little ship "Blenda", bound for Frederikshavn, Denmark. The voyage down the Göteborg fjord was very interesting; the rocky coast and the succession of small islets made a fine landscape. On the voyage I had a long conversation with the first mate, and after telling him that I had just arrived from the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, he interjected that he had a brother-in-law who went to those parts several years ago, but of course, I could not possibly have met him in my extensive journey. I replied: "I don't know about that, it may not be impossible. What is his name?" He answered "Christensen". I was forced to say that Christensen was such a common name and that there were several of them even in the South Sea. Then thinking further he said "He was employed as a baker in a place which commenced with an A." Then I said, "Was it Apia?" "That's it exactly," he said. I answered, "I got acquainted with a man by the name of Christensen who was a baker and worked for a man named Hellesø." "That's him, that's him", he replied. The officer was so pleased that I had to visit his home and tell his wife (Christensen's sister) the good news.

As we approached the Danish shore

the sight of the well-known hills of Vendsyssel filled me with emotion and brought to my mind sweet memories of my boyhood days. We landed at Frederikshavn at 3:00 o'clock p. m. Later we walked 8 miles to Sæby where we stopped at Hotel Dania.

Wed., Sept. 30. We took a walk through the quaint little city of Sæby which 30 years before had been my home. I recognized the houses in which our family lived in 1865 and 1866. About 10:00 a. m. we left the city and walked inland about ten miles to Torslev, where we first visited the former family home on the Galtrup estate, then walked a mile to Galtrup, where we took supper with the proprietor (Mr. Jørgensen, a playmate of my youth), and then walked to Rosendahl. On this little farm we visited with my cousin Trine, whose husband Christian Graverhus was once a school mate of mine.

Thurs., Oct. 1. Having stopped in Rosendahl over night we walked to Øster Damgren, a house which my father built in 1859 and where we lived for several years. Next we visited Damgren, the house of my birth. We were well received by the people in both houses. Next we walked by way of the Ormholt Mill, and the Tryø School which I attended as a boy and where I now received a kind reception by the present school teacher. We then visited the ruins of my grandmother's house (Renden) which was also the birthplace of my elder brother Jens and then we started for Frederikshavn by way of the Torslev Church, where I called on the parish priest, but could receive no information from him in regard to my forefathers. From Torslev we walked on to Gjerum. By this time my wife was very tired and as we tried in vain to obtain lodging in the village of Gjerum, we proceeded to the estate of Gjerungaard, a Danish "herregaard", where we were kindly received by the proprietor, Hr. Kongsted, and his amiable wife who insisted that my wife was a girl of her acquaintance who had emigrated to

America some years before and believed that we were springing a surprise on her former friend Mrs. Kongsted. We conversed with these good people all the evening and I gave them a description of life in America. Knowing of the prejudice that existed in that part of the country against the "Mormons", I avoided telling them that I was a "Mormon" and instead entertained them with descriptions of the mountains and the great cities of Chicago and New York where so many Danish people resided. We conversed until a late hour and were invited to occupy the best room in the house for the night.

Fri., Oct. 2. Herr Kongsted took us to a hill on his estate, where we obtained a view of the surrounding country and the hills in the distance. Finally Fru Kongsted accompanied us to the main road, where we said goodbye and waved handkerchiefs until we were out of sight as if we had been old acquaintances. We proceeded to the church rectory where we examined the parish records and visited the graves in the cemetery where some of my relatives were buried. We then walked further by way of Bangsbo to a place called Grønholt and called at the house where my father was born. Three miles further we went via Bangsbostrand to Frederikshavn, where we boarded the little steamer "Baldur" and sailed for Copenhagen at 4:00 p. m. The day was cloudy and the wind blowing briskly. Consequently the voyage did not prove a very pleasant one.

Sat., Oct. 3. Having spent the night on the Cattegat, we proceeded to Copenhagen where we arrived at 8:00 o'clock a. m. We were glad indeed to receive a hearty welcome again at the mission office in the Danish capital. As Pres. C. N. Lund was about to start on a visit to Göteborg to attend conference, he desired that I should accompany him, and I concluded to do so; hence in less than two hours after my arrival at the mission office I was off again, leaving my wife to be escorted

through the city of Copenhagen by the other brethren. Pres. Lund and I left Copenhagen by rail about 10:00 o'clock p. m. and traveled 37 miles to Helsingør (Elsinore). Here we crossed the Øresund to Helsingborg in Sweden and thence traveled to Göteborg, where there was a large branch of the Church. At 8:00 o'clock in the evening a conference was commenced at the Saints' hall at Husargatan 36. Fifteen Elders and many local saints and strangers attended the meeting.

Sun., Oct. 4. The conference was continued at Göteborg and Pres. Chr. N. Lund, Theodore Tobiason and I were the principal speakers in the three sessions of the conference.

Mon., Oct. 5. A Priesthood meeting was held in Göteborg from 10:00 a. m. to 2:00 p. m. at which all the Elders from Zion spoke briefly and Pres. Lund and I gave some timely instructions. I spent the balance of the day perusing the records of the conference and of the different branches.

Tues., Oct. 6. Pres. Lund and I returned to Copenhagen from our visit to Göteborg where I then spent several days perusing records, copying from others and preparing still other records for shipment to the Historian's Office.

Thurs., Oct. 8. At 11:00 p. m. I saw my wife Emma safely on board the ship "Thorsa" together with 57 other Latter-day Saint passengers, including several Elders returning to their homes in America after filling missions to the Scandinavian countries. My wife seemed quite pleased with her visit to Denmark.

Sat., Oct. 10. Pres. Lund and I left Copenhagen for Aalborg, where we arrived in the evening. At the conference office, at Urbansgade No. 26, we were received by Pres. Andrew C. Fjeldsted.

The conference at Aalborg commenced according to appointment in the evening and was continued the next day (Sunday, Oct. 11th). We had a splendid conference. Fourteen Elders from Zion were in attendance.

Mon., Oct. 12. I attended a Priest-

hood meeting from 10:00 a. m. to 2:00 p. m. at Aalborg and also a Young Men's meeting in the evening at which I lectured on Palestine.

Tues., Oct. 13. Pres. Lund left Aalborg on his return to Copenhagen while I remained to peruse the records of the Aalborg Conference, which work I also continued the following day. In the evening of the 14th I gave a lecture on Palestine, Egypt and other countries, interpolated with gospel doctrines.

Thurs., Oct. 15. I left Aalborg, traveling by train to Hjørring, where I met a number of the Elders and held meeting at the missionary headquarters in the evening. Hjørring was one of my first places of labor when I was filling my first mission to Scandinavia. During the day I visited a Sister Mariane Christensen, whom I had baptized thirty years before and who was still a faithful member of the Church. I then returned to Aalborg.

Sat., Oct. 17. Bidding farewell to the Elders and saints in Aalborg, Pres. Andrew C. Fjeldsted and I traveled by rail to Aarhus, having visited Randers and Grenaa on the way. At Aarhus we were bade welcome by Morten C. Mortensen, president of the Aarhus conference.

Sun., Oct. 18. I attended the conference in Aarhus which had been commenced the previous evening; sixteen Utah Elders and a good congregation of saints attended the three meetings during the day.

Mon., Oct. 19. Early in the morning I left Aarhus and traveled 50 miles to Viborg where I spent the day perusing the parish records to obtain genealogical information about my Danish ancestry. I may explain that the old records kept by the clergy in the different parishes in the province of Jutland had been gathered to Viborg, where genealogical archives had been established in the interest of genealogy and history. The records from other parts of Denmark had been gathered in Copenhagen and Odense.

Tues., Oct. 20. I left Viborg in the

morning and traveled 132 miles via Skive, Struer (where I saw the first railroad train in 1865), Holstebro, Ringkjøbing and Varde to Esbjerg. I had never traveled down the west coast of Jutland before; hence I enjoyed the trip. During the day I conversed freely with my fellow passengers on religion and other topics. At Esbjerg I proceeded to the missionaries' quarters on the corner of Torvegade and Sverigesgade where I visited with the Elders from Zion and the local saints.

Wed., Oct. 21. After examining records in Esbjerg I visited Ribe, 20 miles from Esbjerg, and then traveled via Kolding (where I visited the old castle) and Fredericia to Odense, where I met several Elders and held a meeting in the evening.

Thurs., Oct. 22. I worked on the records in Odense, whence I traveled by way of Fredericia to Silkeborg, where I attended to historical labors.

Fri., Oct. 23. I purchased a ticket which was good for 14 days on all the state railways in Denmark. This enabled me to travel extensively throughout the country at very little expense. At Aarhus I gathered up a number of records for shipment to the His-



CONFERENCE HOUSE IN AARHUS,
DENMARK

torian's Office. I addressed several meetings during the remainder of the month in different parts of Denmark and spent several days in Aarhus,

where I finished my historical labors and returned to Copenhagen Nov. 8th.

On Sept. 16th I had written to Historian Franklin D. Richards, asking him whether I should remain in Europe longer or leave some historical work to be done at a later day. My letter was referred to the First Presidency and Apostles and Pres. Richards wrote me under date of Oct. 12th to the effect that I should remain and finish my work, dividing my time between historical and missionary labors, under the direction of Pres. Rulon S. Wells. In Copenhagen I unpacked and sorted the many records that had been sent to mission headquarters. There were several hundreds of them, including those I had brought with me from Aarhus, and it became my duty to ship them to the Historian's Office.

On Nov. 11th I had an interesting conversation with Hr. Jens. Busk, who had served twenty years continuously in the Danish Rigsdag. He had heard me speak the Sunday before and had been favorably impressed by what I had said. While sojourning in Copenhagen I did considerable preaching and lecturing, visited among the saints and obtained information which later enabled me to write a somewhat complete history of the Scandinavian Mission from its beginning. I also visited the Danish Rigsdag, spent some time in the public libraries, copied extracts from the Danish newspapers in relation to the Latter-day Saints, proving that the Danish press had been opposed to our missionary labors in Denmark from the beginning and was still, as a rule, against us.

Sat., Dec. 5th. I crossed the Øresund to Skåne in Sweden, where I met Elder John D. Hagman, who conducted me to the conference office at Martensgatan No. 4, where I met Alonzo B. Irvine, another Elder from Zion. The next day I attended Sunday School and the general meeting, at which I was the principal speaker. I again spoke in the evening to a large audi-

ence of saints and strangers. I spent two days in Malmö perusing records, and returned to Copenhagen, Dec. 10th.

Fri., Dec. 11. This was the 46th anniversary of my birthday and I celebrated it by saying goodbye to the saints and Elders in Malmö. I brought a number of books with me from Sweden. I also made arrangements for my trip to Germany and Switzerland. In the evening all the Elders from Zion in Copenhagen and two families of saints arranged a special reception in my honor. The Elders gave me a walking cane.

Sat., Dec. 12. Attended to some packing at the office being about to take my departure for other lands. I paid 97 kroner for a ticket from Korsør to Rotterdam, in the Netherlands.

Sun., Dec. 13. I called on several of the saints to bid them goodbye, and in the regular evening meeting in the Saints' hall I delivered my farewell address.

Mon., Dec. 14. I at once made ready to leave Bro. Lund. I left at the office four good-sized boxes filled with records to be sent home the following spring. At 9 o'clock a. m. I took my departure for Korsør, where I boarded the steamer "Prince Valdemar," which sailed for Kiel, Holstein. The snow was falling fast when we left the Danish coast. This was the fourth time I had bade my native land farewell. At Kiel I was met at the wharf by Elder Lorenzo Jensen and Alfred C. Meyer who were laboring as missionaries in Kiel and vicinity. We proceeded at once to the missionaries' comfortable quarters at 72 Friederich Strasse and later we walked out to visit a family of local saints, returning to Kiel about midnight.

Tues., Dec. 15. In company with Elder Jensen I visited nearly all of the saints in Kiel, after which we walked four miles out of the city to take dinner with a family of saints in the village of Elmschenhagen. Kiel was a growing town at this time, containing 85,000 inhabitants and had a fine har-

bor. At 6 o'clock p. m. I left Kiel by train for Hamburg, where I got off at the Closterthor station. Not finding any of the Elders at the depot to meet me (I had arrived about an hour earlier than expected), I walked about a mile to Heidenkampweg, where I met Elder Andrew Thomson, jun., who was laboring as a missionary in Hamburg.

Wed., Dec. 16. Early in the morning Elder John Zwallen, Campbell M.

I hastened to peruse records as I had done in so many other places. At 7 o'clock p. m. I boarded the train and started for Berlin.

Fri., Dec. 18. I arrived at the Lehrter station in Berlin early in the morning, took a droschke to take me to Dresdenerstrasse, 107-108, where the L. D. S. missionary headquarters were located, but as I was unable to get in or get the gate to the "hoff" opened I stopped at an adjoining hotel. In



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Brown and Anthon Hoffenbach, who labored in the Hamburg Branch, came in and we started to work, culling items for the history of the Hamburg Branch, which at that time had 104 members and may be said to have been in a flourishing condition. A branch meeting was held, at which I spoke with Elder Zwallen as interpreter.

Thurs., Dec. 17. Having finished my historical labors, I left Hamburg at 9 o'clock a. m. for Hannover, where I met William H. Link and other missionaries, and after some sightseeing

the morning I found Elder Alonzo E. Hyde, jun., and other Elders who had arranged to help me with my historical labor.

Sat., Dec. 19. Accompanied by Elder Hyde I visited several places of interest in the beautiful city of Berlin. I found the missionary headquarters somewhat dark and dismal, on account of which the Elders were contemplating a change in the near future.

Sun., Dec. 20. I traveled from Berlin to Leipzig, where I again met Elders from Zion and attended to the perusal of records. I spoke in the Sunday

meeting, Bro. Olof W. Andelin translating for me.

Mon., Dec. 21. Accompanied by Elder Andelin I took a long walk out into the country to visit the battle field where Napoleon in 1813 was defeated by the united forces of Russia, Prussia and Austria. In the city we visited places of interest and attended to historical labors. In the afternoon I traveled to Dresden, the capital of Saxony, where I met Elders from Utah and busied myself with the branch records.

Tues., Dec. 22. I traveled from Dresden to Hof, where I stopped overnight.

Wed., Dec. 23. I traveled to Nürnberg, where I was met at the station by Elders Charles H. Miles and Andy J. Stewart. Accompanied by Elder Miles I made a tour of the city passing through the business part and visiting its ancient castle located on a hill and visited other places of interest. At the mission headquarters at Norengasse 4 I met Elder Isaac R. Barton who presided over the branch at Nürnberg. I made a hurried examination of the branch records, gave the Elders some instructions in regard to record keeping, and at 4 p. m. left Nürnberg for München. This ride would have been interesting in the summer, but as snow covered the ground at this time, everything appeared in its winter garb. The change from the low flat lands to the mountainous country of Bavaria was pleasing. After crossing the river Danube I arrived at München where I was met by Elders Wm. F. Olsen and Leroi C. Snow who took me to the mission headquarters at Nymphenburger-strasse, 182, near the outskirts of the town, where we worked with the branch records until past midnight. There was a good branch of the Church at München.

Thurs., Dec. 24. After visiting places of interest in München, I left that city at 11:45 a. m. for Switzerland and arrived at Lindau, a town situated on

Lake Konstanz or the Bodensee. Here I boarded the little steamer "Santis", which sailed for the Swiss side of the lake at 5:20 p. m. The short voyage across Bodensee was quite interesting, although it was dark before we left the Lindau pier. We arrived at Romanshorn, 15 miles from Lindau, at 6:50 p. m. and I immediately landed to put my feet for the first time in my life on the soil of Switzerland. After passing through the custom house, I walked through the town of Romanshorn, but in trying to converse with the people I soon learned the difficulty in understanding the Swiss dialect of the German language. At 7:15 p. m. I boarded a train and traveled to Winterthur, where I arrived at 8:00 o'clock p. m. Not having sent word ahead announcing my arrival that evening I left my valises at the station and set out to find the brethren in which I was successful after walking quite a distance. At the missionary headquarters, "bei Frau Keller, Zum Rheinfall, Veltham, Winterthur", I met Elder Geo. C. Naegle, president of the Swiss and German Mission, and other Elders. There was a small branch of the Church at Winterthur.

Fri., Dec. 25. (Christmas Day) Early in the day we repaired to Hotel Lamm, where a conference was held, attended by 22 Elders from Zion and a goodly number of saints and strangers. I was one of the speakers, Pres. Naegle translating my English into German. Between the afternoon and evening meeting, a Christmas tree was brought in, accompanied by a young lady dressed in white and crowned with a golden crown, representing an angel, I believe, according to the conception of the Swiss people. Presents were distributed to all the children of the branch and to all the Elders from Zion.

Sat., Dec. 26. I spent the forenoon perusing branch records and culling items for history at our missionary headquarters, and at 2:00 p. m. started for Dachsen, near the Rhine Falls. After walking two miles to Laufen Castle I met Elder Wm. C. Clos, an

Elder from Utah, who on account of sickness was spending a short time with his parents at that place. Bro. Clos took me down to the falls which were grand and interesting. After perusing the Schaffhausen branch records. I returned to Dachsen and left at 6:00 o'clock p. m. on my return to Winterthur and thence continued the journey to Zürich, where I was met at the station by Elders John U. Bühler and John U. Probst, who conducted me to the branch hall at Zeltweg 23, where I stopped with the brethren.

Sun., Dec. 27. From 10:00 a. m. to 1:00 p. m. a Priesthood meeting was held at the Zurich Branch hall; the brethren from Zion who had attended the conference at Winterthur were all present and all spoke briefly. I gave the Elders instructions in regard to record keeping. In the afternoon and evening two well-attended meetings were held at Hotel Neuhoff, Vipkingen, a suburb of Zurich. After the evening meeting I accompanied Herrn Karl Boshart to Goldbach and stopped there over night.

Mon., Dec. 28. Accompanied by Elder Naegle, I returned to Zürich and at the branch hall I perused the records and obtained information from the brethren in the interest of Church history. We worked on the records until past midnight.

Tues., Dec. 29. Bidding farewell to the Elders and local saints at Zürich I, accompanying Nicholas Bangerter, left Zürich at 9:40 a. m. and traveled to Rothkreuz, where we were to change cars for St. Gothard tunnel, but while taking lunch in the restaurant the train on which we had intended to travel left, leaving us behind. Thus we were compelled to spend 3½ hours more at the little town of Rothkreuz, which time I spent in writing up my journal. At 3:37 p. m. we commenced our journey and climbed up a heavy grade passing through several tunnel lous into the mountains until we reached Göschenen (3,640 feet above sea level), where we entered the great St. Gothard Tunnel (9¼ English miles

long); it took us 21 minutes to pass through and about 7:30 p. m. we arrived at the little town of Airola where we lodged at a hotel for the night. As it was quite dark when we neared the Alps we did not see much of the scenery and besides the sky was cloudy and the mountain tops were invisible to us.

Wed., Dec. 30. We arose early in the morning, which was clear and beautiful, to enjoy the grand scenery. Everything was enveloped in snow and as the sun commenced to shine on the majestic mountain tops, the grandeur was most impressive. I shall never forget it. We left Airola at 8:38 a. m. on our return trip, entered the tunnel at 8:40 and emerged from it at 9:02 a. m. We then commenced our interesting descent and, as the morning continued clear and beautiful, we enjoyed the grand scenery immensely, the wild gorges, the numerous tunnels, the mountain villages perched on the steep slopes, the snow-capped mountain peaks—all calculated to make an impression which can never be erased from memory. We also enjoyed the beautiful lakes and mountain scenery as we came further down the mountain and reached Rothkreuz about noon. From Rothkreuz we continued the journey to Luzerne where we arrived about 1:00 p. m. We at once walked through the town and ascended the heights of Gaismatthöher, where we visited the only family belonging to the Church at that time in Luzerne. After taking lunch in the hospitable home of Bro. Wm. Teuscher, we walked through the principal streets and crossed the beautiful Seebrücke (Lake Bridge). Lutzern was, in 1896, a city of 25,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated at the lower end of Lake Lutzern, or Vierwaldstätter See, at the effluence of the river Reuss. Like all other Swiss towns that I had seen it was surrounded by mountains. Leaving Elder Bangerter I boarded a train at 5:00 o'clock p. m. and traveled to Langnau, where I arrived about 7:00 o'clock p. m. and walked to Hinterdorf where, according to direction, I found

Simon Köhler and family, members of the Church. Later in the evening I met Elder Gottlieb Bühler and Emil Köhler, missionaries from Zion, laboring in the Langnau Branch. In conversing with the saints in Switzerland I endeavored to put my little knowledge of German to good advantage and was enabled to converse a little and understand much of what was said. Simon Köhler and family were fair samples of Swiss peasantry, their diet was plain—really poor—and they appeared to live very much like the peasants of Scandinavia.

Thurs., Dec. 31. After working with Elder Bühler and Emil Köhler on the records until noon, I took my departure from Langnau, accompanied by Elder Köhler, and traveled to Bern, the capital of Switzerland, arriving there about 3:00 o'clock p. m. In Kirchenfeld, a suburb of Bern, where the mission office was located at Archive-strasse 20, I found Pres. George C. Naegle, Peter Lautensock, Charles W. Rogers, and John Nuffer, Sister Naegle and others. The missionary quarters were nice and comfortable and I was given a hearty welcome. I spent the evening writing and conversing with the brethren. Toward midnight Elder Nicholas Bangerter, who had arrived from Zurich, walked with me over the bridge to the great church or cathedral (Münster) and there in the midst of a large concourse of people who had assembled for the same purpose, listened to the ringing of the great bell which announced the ending of the year 1896 and the entry of the year 1897. We returned to the office and retired to enjoy a good night's rest.

CHAPTER 46

(1897)

Visit Germany in the Interest of Church History—Enjoy my Labors in the Netherlands—Visit some of the Conferences in England and Wales.

Fri., Jan. 1, 1897. We arose bright and early at the mission office at Archive-strasse to enjoy a good view of the Alps in the distance and to commence our labors anew. I spent

the following fifteen days in Bern and vicinity engaged in the perusal of records. Together with the brethren at the office I attended a meeting in the hall at Postgasse 36, where a Christmas tree had been prepared and a variety program in which the Sunday School children took a prominent part, was carried out. Elders Peter Lautensock, George C. Naegle and I made brief addresses. I told the children something about Bethlehem, the birthplace of Christ. On Sunday, Jan. 3rd, and Sunday Jan. 10th, I attended meetings with the saints in Bern and addressed them through a translator.

Sat., Jan. 16. I left Bern for the purpose of visiting some of the other branches in the mission and traveled to Biel, or Bienne, where I met Elder Nicholas Bangerter, the president of the Zürich conference, and others. I went with the brethren to their room on the 2nd story of a building on Wydenauwed 40. On Sunday I spoke at public meetings at Biel.

Mon., Jan. 18. I traveled via Neuchatel to Lausanne, where I met Elders John F. Howard and Oscar C. Barton, and then continued the journey by steamer to Geneva where we visited places of interest and gathered data for history. There was a small branch of the Church at Geneva numbering 25 members and two Elders were laboring there as missionaries.

Wed., Jan. 20. Having finished my historical labors at Geneva, I returned by rail to Lausanne, where I met Elder George H. Graehl. From a height called Mond'riond we obtained a fine view of the city and lake.

Thurs., Jan. 21. I returned to Bern, where I accompanied Elders Peter Lautensock and Peter Nuffer on a walk to visit a family of saints who lived high up on a mountain called Gurten, and returned about midnight. In descending the mountain I slipped on the ice and started down the mountain side in double-quick time but succeeded in stopping myself before being exposed to very great danger. It is difficult to climb mountains in the

winter and I hurt my knee a little. My companion, Bro. Lautensock, also had a fall, by which he broke his umbrella.

Fri., Jan. 22. At 9:00 o'clock a. m. I took leave of my temporary home at Archive-strasse No. 20 and left Bern by train for Basel, where I found two missionaries at 37 Hockstrasse, namely Friedrich Neuenschwander and Geo. C. Gardner, and spent the evening culling history from the records.

Sat., Jan. 23. I left Basel by train for Strassburg where I spent a few hours visiting the sights of the old city, the chief and most interesting of which is the old cathedral in which the world-renowned astronomical clock is the most attractive to visitors, though the whole building as to size and finish is an interesting structure. I happened to spend the hour of 12 (noon) at the cathedral when the cock crew and the twelve apostles made their appearance and made obeisance to the figure representing the Savior. Strassburg is the capital of Alsace-Lorraine and had about 135,000 inhabitants at this time.

At 4:00 o'clock p. m. I left Strassburg by train and traveled to Karlsruhe, the capital of Baden, where I spent an hour and then continued the journey to Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Württemberg. Here I was met at the station by Elders Philip S. Maycock and George W. Meldrum, with whom I walked through the heart of the city to the Elders' room in Boblinger-strasse, where I met Elder R. Eugene Jones. Five Elders from Zion were laboring at the time in Württemberg, with headquarters at Stuttgart. Here I stopped over night.

Sun., Jan. 24. There being no L. D. S. meetings held that day by the Elders in Stuttgart, I, accompanied by some of the Elders, went sightseeing through the city, passing over the Schiller Platz, where stands a fine statue of the great German poet Schiller. We also visited the palace built in 1806-07, where we were permitted to see some of the articles de-

noting the pomp and power of the Württemberg court. The castle contains about 350 apartments, some of the rooms being very beautiful indeed. Fine paintings and sculpture were distributed about the building. We also visited the museum of art. In the evening we attended to historical labors.

Mon., Jan. 25. We rose early and Elder Maycock accompanied me to the Stuttgart railway station whence I took my departure at 7:30 a. m. and traveled to Heidelberg, one of the chief cities of the duchy of Baden. Here I visited the renowned Heidelberg Castle ruin, where I was shown through the inner court and from the tower obtained a most magnificent view of Heidelberg, the valley of the Neckar and the surrounding mountains. Among the sights at Heidelberg is the great 'thun' which holds 49,000 gallons or 300,000 bottles of wine—the largest barrel in the world. The day was stormy and as we passed through the grand ruins, the wind sang a peculiar tune which caused one to think of ages past. From Heidelberg I traveled to Mannheim, where I found my way without difficulty to Block F5 No. 20, where the missionaries, laboring in the Mannheim Branch, were located. Here I met Elders John Martin Schwab, Harrison E. Jenkins and Frank W. Penrose. After taking in the sights of the city of Mannheim, and Ludwigshafen on the Rhine, Elders Schwab and Penrose accompanied me to the historic city of Worms, where we spent several hours visiting the most noted places of interest, such as the Luther monument, the churches, and the public squares. Worms had 30,000 inhabitants in 1897; it is one of the most ancient towns and in the middle ages was one of the most important in Germany, situated on the rich plain of the Wonne, on the left bank of the Rhine. It was here that the great German reformer Luther defended himself so nobly before the diet. We returned by train to Lud-

wigshafen and then walked to Mannheim, across the Rhine.

Tues., Jan. 26. I spent the forenoon writing history, assisted by the brethren, and then left Mannheim for Frankfurt a. Main. This ride by train was very interesting to me; we had the

doing missionary work in this part of Germany labored in Darmstad.

Wed., Jan. 27. Assisted by the Elders at Frankfurt a. Main I worked on the records of the branch and also visited some of the local saints and some friends. In the evening I attended a meeting in the branch hall at Glauberg-strasse No. 75 A, where I spoke half an hour with Elder Terry as translator. The meeting was quite well attended by saints and friends who met regularly every Wednesday evening as a Theological club, but on account of my presence the session was turned into a regular meeting.

Thurs., Jan. 28. At 6:10 a. m. I left Frankfurt a. Main bound for Holland, having finished my labors in the Swiss and German Mission. After traveling to Kastel I left the train and crossed the Rhine on the great Rheinbrücke to Mainz, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Rhine. After making a tour of the beautiful city, I returned to Kastel on the steam ferry, and at 9 o'clock a. m. I continued the journey by train towards Köln (Cologne), going down the right bank of the river Rhine. I arrived at Köln about noon. Here I left the train to visit the great cathedral and I also took a long walk through the principal streets of the city. I continued my journey at 1:45 p. m., passing through the cities of Düsseldorf and Oberhausen I crossed the boundary line between Germany and Holland and arrived at Arnhem about 7 o'clock p. m. Here I was unexpectedly met at the station by Elders Fred Pieper, president of the Netherlands-Belgium Mission, and Dirk J. Nyveld, who gave me a hearty welcome and took me to the branch hall and missionary headquarters at No. 14 Walstraat, where a family Bloem, belonging to the Church, resided. I appreciated the kindness shown me by these Elders and local saints and enjoyed a good night's rest on this my first night in Holland.

Fri., Jan. 29. I spent the forenoon



KOLNER DOM (COLOGNE CATHEDRAL), GERMANY

Odenwald on our right and a great plain on our left. We passed through Darmstad, the capital of Hessen, and arrived at the Grand Depot at Frankfurt a. Main about 3 o'clock p. m. At Lenaustrasse, No. 49, I found Elder William Z. Terry, whom I had formerly met in Hannover. We walked out to see the city and in our rambles met Elder Kasper C. Naegle who presided over the Frankfurt a. Main branch, which at that time comprised 37 members. Two of the four Elders

perusing the branch records at Arnhem, a city at that time of about 50,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the Rhine and on account of its beautiful surroundings is sometimes called the "paradise of Holland." The branch of the Church there numbered 78 members in 1897. Accompanied by Elder Pieper, I left Arnhem at 7 o'clock p. m. and traveled to Rotterdam, where we arrived about 9 o'clock p. m. Here we met several Elders from Zion, and at the mission headquarters at Izaak Hubertstraat No. 120 I soon found myself comfortably located.

Sat., Jan. 30. I commenced my historical labors pertaining to the Netherlands-Belgium Mission and in the evening Elder Pieper and I visited friends and took supper with Elder Jacob J. DeBry, president of the Rotterdam Branch, who had an intelligent wife and quite a number of strong, robust-looking children. I was much pleased with the Netherlands saints; they seemed to be so affectionate and polite.

Sun., Jan. 31. Elder Pieper and I walked to the Beurs station where we boarded a train and traveled to Dordrecht, a city with about 40,000 inhabitants, the oldest and in the middle ages the most powerful and wealthy city in Holland. Here in 1897 there was a young but flourishing branch of the Church with 28 members, and at the neat little meeting hall, we met Wm. J. DeBry, an Elder from Utah, who presided over the branch. We held a meeting with the saints, at which I spoke with Elder DeBry as translator. In the afternoon we returned to Rotterdam, where I spoke at a meeting in the evening with Pres. Pieper as translator; the hall was filled with saints and friends. After the meeting we attended the theological class which met as part of the Sunday School every Sunday evening, there being not enough room for all the classes in the regular session held in the afternoon. In the evening we visited Elder Buytendorp and family, with whom

we took supper. A Brother J. Rotstegen, who had formerly been a Baptist minister, and a Sister De Jong, president of the Rotterdam Branch Relief Society, spent the evening with us. I spent the following two days mostly in Rotterdam, perusing records and writing.

Tues., Feb. 2. I traveled to The Hague (government seat of Holland) a beautiful city which in 1897 had 175,000 inhabitants. After taking in the sights of that city, we visited Scheveningen, situated on the coast of the North Sea and protected by heavy dykes and sand dunes against inundation, as the site of the city is below sea level. Though the day was very unpleasant, snow falling all the time, we, nevertheless, enjoyed our walk along the sea shore. We noticed that the dykes were being strengthened. In the afternoon we journeyed to Amsterdam (the capital of the Netherlands) a city of nearly half a million inhabitants. We walked to the De Wittenkade, No. 35, where the L. D. S. hall and missionary rooms for the Amsterdam Branch were located. Here we met the two Elders from Zion laboring in Amsterdam (Gerrit J. Kruitbosch and Frank E. Hansen). In the evening we attended a Priesthood meeting in the branch hall, at which we ordained seven of the brethren to different positions in the Priesthood. I was introduced to a number of the local brethren who all seemed kind and affectionate and filled with the love of the gospel. The branch had 218 members in 1897.

Wed., Feb. 3. I commenced my historical labors in Amsterdam and attended the funeral of one of the local saints. I also attended a meeting in the evening, where I occupied most of the time, speaking English, Elder Pieper translating. The hall was crowded with saints and friends. After the meeting I was introduced to a number of the saints who greeted me with that love and cordiality which is characteristic of Latter-day Saints. I

entertained them until a late hour with photographs and other articles which I had gathered during my travels.

Thurs., Feb. 4. After finishing my historical labors in Amsterdam and having visited with Bro. Ruurd E. Beima, president of the Amsterdam Branch, I left that city and returned to Rotterdam in the evening.

Fri., Feb. 5. I spent the few following days in Rotterdam, perusing records and visiting saints and had an enjoyable time. I attended the Sabbath meetings on Feb. 7th and addressed the different congregations, Pres. Pieper translating for me. In one of these meetings I played an innocent trick on Elder Pieper. I was speaking English, which he translated for me by sentences, and purposely I spoke a few sentences in Danish, but Bro. Pieper, being versed in different languages, did not detect the change for some time. I continued my labors in "Nederland" until Feb. 13th and attended a number of meetings and continued to visit the saints with Bro. Pieper and also witnessed several baptisms.

Sat., Feb. 13. I took leave of the Elders and local saints at the mission office at Izaak Hubertstraat and being accompanied by Bro. Pieper and others, I proceeded to the steamer "Northender," which I boarded and sailed for England at 10:30 p. m. A number of saints came to the wharf to say goodbye, some of them bringing me cakes and fruit. Their kindness seemed to know no bounds. I had not been the recipient of so much friendship since I left the Sandwich Islands two years before. The voyage down the river Maas would have been quite interesting in the day time, but as the evening was stormy and cold I only remained on deck a short time.

Sun., Feb. 14. When I arose I found quite a fog, but the "Northender" was making good time on the voyage to England. The captain found it necessary to use great caution and anchored off Spurn Head, where we lay

about two hours listening to the odd bleating or blowing of the lightship on one side and the noise of the breakers on the shore of England on the other. The blowing of the horn on the lightship resembled the bellowing of a mad bull. Owing to the fog we remained at anchor again all night.

Mon., Feb. 15. The ship having arrived at its destination, I left it in the still hours of the morning, having completed the voyage of 192 miles from Rotterdam to Grimsby. I boarded a fast train across England and arrived at Liverpool about 2 o'clock p. m. Here I proceeded to 42 Islington, where I was welcomed by Edwin F. Parry, Joseph H. Burrows and wife, Theodore Best, John W. Grace and others. I was invited to board and lodging at the mission office.

Tues., Feb. 16. I commenced my historical labors at the mission office at Liverpool and in the evening I accompanied Elders Rulon S. Wells and Joseph W. McMurrin (who had arrived from Cheltenham the evening before) to the Picton Hall, where we listened to a lecture on photography. I spent the five following days in Liverpool, busily engaged in culling historical data from numerous Church records which I found hidden away under a stairway at the mission office. I labelled all these records and prepared some of the older ones for shipment to the Historian's Office. In the meantime I attended meetings and visited with some of the local saints in Liverpool.

Sat., Feb. 20. Accompanied by Elder Rulon S. Wells and others, I traveled to Oldham, where a conference had been appointed for the following day.

Sun., Feb. 21. We repaired to the Unity Hall on King's St., the best and largest hall in Oldham, which had been hired for the occasion. This hall had a seating capacity for 1500 people. Three well-attended meetings were held, 29 Elders from Zion being on the stand. I was glad that I now was

among English-speaking people and could preach without the aid of a translator. We had a splendid conference. It was said to be the largest conference held in the British Mission for a long time.

Mon., Feb. 22. We attended a Priesthood meeting at the Oldham Branch hall at 127 Union St. Of Elders from Zion there were present 22; they all spoke and after I had occupied about ten minutes, Elders Wells and McMurrin imparted timely instructions. I also attended to historical labors and in the evening enjoyed a social in which the local saints and Elders from Zion participated. The program carried out was an impromptu one and I sang the Norwegian "Studentersang," and being encored heartily, I gave them "Aloha Oe."

Tues., Feb. 23. Accompanied by two Elders, I traveled to Manchester. Here at 35 Union St., Ardwich (a suburb of Manchester) where the headquarters of the Manchester Conference were located. I met James C. Brown and other Elders and at once commenced my historical labors, working till a late hour.

Wed., Feb. 24. I accompanied the Elders to the Old Carpenters Hall, where the saints held their conferences as early as 1840. In 1897 this hall was used for dancing purposes and was located in the third story of a building situated on the corner of Charles and Princess St. I spent two days in Manchester, labelling records and culling material from them for Church history and also boxed up a large number of books for shipping to America. I returned to Liverpool in the evening of Feb. 26th.

Sun., Feb. 28. Together with the other brethren at the mission office I attended Sunday school at 16 Bittern St., Liverpool, and in the evening at the same place gave a special lecture on the life of Pres. Wilford Woodruff, who would be 90 years old on the morrow. On the evening of March

4th I gave a lecture on Church History in the Saints' hall.

Sat., March 6. I finished copying one book of the emigration lists; the other books we expected to send to the Historian's Office.

Sun., March 7. I traveled 35 miles to Preston where I arrived at 10 a.m. after crossing the river Ribble. I was met at the station by Elder John W. Grace, president of the Liverpool Conference, and Elder Benjamin McCleery who conducted me through the heart of the city to the conference headquarters at 31 Moncaster St., where I met Elders Nephi Daly and Heber K. Parker, who at that time were laboring in the Liverpool conference. Soon after my arrival a Sunday School session was commenced which I addressed, and also spoke to a Book of Mormon class which met in the same place in the afternoon. In the evening I addressed the general meeting held in the Saints' hall at No. 2 Liverpool St. I spent the two following days in Preston, during which I visited the ruins of the Cock Pit, where the first Elders who came to England from America, preached the gospel. Next we visited the old Vauxhall chapel on Vauxhall Road, where Heber C. Kimball and his missionary companions held their first meetings in England in 1837. We then walked to the river Ribble and visited the spot where the first converts to the restored gospel in England were baptized July 31, 1837. We crossed the river on a wagon bridge on the London Road and then went about six miles to Longton Bridge where we visited Sister Margaret Gardner, 77 years old, who was baptized by Elder Heber C. Kimball in 1840 or 1841. She gave us some historical information of interest. We then returned to Preston by train. In 1897 Preston was a city of 175,000 inhabitants. It is beautifully situated on rising ground on the right bank of the Ribble. The first branch of the Church in England was organized in Preston in 1837, and there has been a branch

of the Church there ever since. In 1897 it consisted of about 35 members.

Wed., March 10. I left Preston at 11:30 a. m., returning to Liverpool where I found that a company of Elders from Utah had just arrived. During the few following days I was busy culling and copying from the records at the mission office. I also crossed the river Mersey to Birkenhead.

Sat., March 13. I packed two boxes of records to be sent to Utah and prepared to make a round trip to the six British conferences which I had not already visited, and at 4:30 p. m. I accompanied Presidents Wells, McMurrin and Parry to Nottingham. There we were met at the station by Thomas Bailey, president of the Nottingham Conference, and conducted to the conference headquarters at 49 Sabina St., where we met several other Elders.

Sun., March 14. A conference of the Nottingham Conference was held at the Gladstone Hall, Lamartine St., rented for the day. It was attended by 29 Elders from Zion and a goodly number of saints and friends. Two well-attended meetings were held and I was one of the speakers in the afternoon session.

Mon., March 15. The Elders from Zion held a Priesthood meeting at Gladstone hall at which all the Elders spoke, including myself. After this meeting I was busy for several days perusing records and making notes, being assisted by some of the Elders. I also visited some of the local saints, and at the Nottingham cemetery I visited the grave of John Y. Terry, who died May 20, 1865.

Fri., March 19. I finished my historical labors in Nottingham, and at 10 o'clock a. m. Elders Wells, McMurrin, Bailey and I left the missionary headquarters at 49 Sabina St., and traveled to Lincoln, where we were met by a Bro. Pinder, one of the few saints in the city, who conducted us through the place, sight-seeing. Among the points visited were the ancient Stone Bow

Gate, the Jew's House and the great cathedral, which is situated on a hill in the center of the city. We also visited the celebrated Newport Arch, a remnant of ancient times and were shown the places where old Roman pillars are hid under the pavement. Continuing our journey we traveled from Lincoln to Norwich. Arriving there at 10 o'clock p. m. we were met by John H. Walker, president of the Norwich Conference.

Sat., March 20. We walked about a mile to the conference house at No. 1 Julian St., where I went to work on the records. In the afternoon I accompanied Presidents Wells and McMurrin on a sight-seeing trip to the castle standing on a hill, the cattle and sheep market (it being market day), the cathedral and other points of interest.

Sun., March 21. A conference was held in the so-called Garden Hall, a temperance lecture hall on Duke St., Norwich, where three meetings were held. In the evening session I occupied about 25 minutes. Sixteen Elders from Zion were present at this conference. I spent the two following days perusing records, labelling others and packing another lot for shipment to the Historian's Office. On Monday evening I attended a program at the Duke St. Hall, where I sang "Sam Owens" with explanations, "Studentersangen" and the Hawaiian "Aloha Oe."

Tues., March 23. Having finished my historical labors in Norwich I accompanied Presidents Wells and McMurrin to Lowestoft, which is situated on the coast in Suffolk. This is the easternmost town in England. We walked out to see the coast and the principal streets accompanied by thirteen Elders from Zion, divided into two parties, to hold meetings. Elder Ansel B. Call and I spoke on the square or corner near the meeting hall, while Elders McMurrin and Davey held forth at another place. This was my second attempt at speaking at an open-air meeting in England and I succeeded in

keeping the attention of the people until I was through. I occupied about twenty minutes. We then proceeded to our meeting place on Chapel street, where about one hundred people were addressed by Elders Wells and McMurrin on the first principles of the gospel. I obtained some historical information from Sister Marie Colbey, who had been a member of the Church since 1850.

Wed., March 24. Elders Wells, McMurrin, Bailey and I took train at Lowestoft at 7 a. m. and returned to Norwich, where we changed cars and then continued the journey to Ely, a cathedral city in Cambridge. Here we met Bro. George Minns who conducted us through the great cathedral, one of the largest and most interesting of its kind in England. From Ely we continued our journey 17 miles to Cambridge, the beautiful university town, where we hired a guide to take us to places of interest as our time was limited. We visited the great Trinity College, which is supposed to be the largest institution of its kind in the world. We were shown through the immense dining hall, the grand library, containing 90,000 volumes, including some very valuable and interesting manuscripts, and among other things we saw part of Milton's immortal poem, "Paradise Lost" in his own handwriting. Next we passed through the College Gardens, then visited the Clare College, and the King's College, where the beautiful chapel was especially interesting to us. Last we visited the Fitz William Museum where there is a large collection of paintings. At 4:43 p. m. we left Cambridge and traveled to London, where we arrived about 6 p. m. and went to the conference house at 36 Penton St.

Thurs., March 25. I spent nearly the whole day in the British Museum, looking up genealogical records in the library. I also perused some valuable documents in the manuscript reading room.

Fri., March 26. I traveled from the

Victoria station by train to Steyning, Sussex, the birthplace of my wives Emma and Bertha. Thence I continued to Brighton, where I attended to historical work and visited friends. I returned to London on the 27th.

Sun., March 28. I attended the semi-annual conference of the London Conference. Three sessions were held, the first in the branch hall and the two others in the beautiful Clerkenville Town hall. It was attended by Pres. Rulon S. Wells and 33 Elders from Zion altogether. I was one of the speakers in the afternoon meeting.

Mon., March 29. A Priesthood meeting was held in the branch hall at 36 Penton St., at which I occupied about 15 minutes, giving instructions in regard to record keeping. In the evening, a concert was given at which I sang "Aloha Oe" as a closing piece. The rest of the week I spent working on the records.

CHAPTER 47

(1897—continued)

Historical Labors in England, Ireland and Scotland—Homeward Bound—Cross the Atlantic the sixth time—Return to my Home in Salt Lake City.

Sat., April 3. I finished my labors in London and traveled to Bristol where I met Herbert L. James and Wm. T. Noall, who took me to their quarters at the Fleet House, Lead House Lane, off Eton Road. Here I met other Elders from Zion.

Sun., April 4. We all fasted and took a walk along the river Avon to the celebrated suspension bridge which is 300 feet above the river. I attended sacrament meeting in the Elders' room where I gave some advice. I then parted with the four Elders and traveled 40 miles via the Severn Tunnel which is about 7 miles long and passes under the river Severn into Monmouthshire. I arrived at Cardiff, Wales, about 6 p. m. At the conference house, 188 Carthage Terrace, I met Elder John D. Peters, president of the Welsh conference and other Elders who gave me a cordial welcome, and in the even-

ing I addressed a well attended meeting at the branch hall, which was a part of the conference house.

Mon., April 5. More of the Elders from Zion arrived in Cardiff to attend the monthly Priesthood meeting, which was commenced at the conference house at 10 a. m. attended by 13 Elders from Zion. I addressed the Elders at some length and in the evening commenced my historical labors, continuing until a late hour. I continued this work on the three following days, assisted by the Elders, and sorted and listed about 130 record books, which were to be sent home from the Welsh Conference. In the afternoon of April 8th, Elder Peters and I visited Llandaff, the smallest city so-called in England. It was called a city because it has a cathedral. We climbed to the top of some old ruins lying adjacent to the cathedral. Llandaff has about 1000 inhabitants and is situated about two miles west of Cardiff, which has a population of 200,000, it being the largest town in Wales.

Fri., April 9. I completed my labors in Cardiff and at 3:15 p. m. left the conference house in company with Elder John D. Peters and traveled to the Rhondo Valley, where there were a few saints. The Rhondo Valley is one of the great coal mining districts of South Wales and from Pontypridd up there is a continuation of towns grouped around the numerous coal pits. We visited the adjoining Velli Pit, where about 500 men were employed, and watched the colliers coming out and going into the pit, which is 380 yards deep. In the evening we returned to the missionary quarters and held a little meeting, where I occupied most of the time.

Sat., April 10. Pres. Peters and I left Ystrad station by train at 10:28 a. m. and traveled down the valley to Pontypridd, which is supposed to be the busiest railroad town in Wales. Here we changed cars and traveled to Merthyr Tydfil, a town with 58,000 inhabitants, which had figured most

prominently in our missionary operations in Wales. We walked to the house of Bro. George D. Adams, an old veteran who was baptized in June, 1850. He accompanied us through the town and showed us several places where our Elders had held meetings and where conference houses had existed years ago. We also visited Bro. William Richards, who presided over the little branch of the Church in Merthyr Tydfil. At 5:00 o'clock p. m. I parted with Elders Peters and Adams and traveled to Hereford, where I arrived at 7:45 p. m. This ride was very interesting to me; the country through Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, after leaving the hills of Wales, was beautiful and looked especially fine and fresh in its spring dress. On my arrival at Hereford I took a long walk through the city sight-seeing and in the evening I traveled to Cheltenham, where I found my way to 18 Regents Street, the headquarters of the Cheltenham Conference. The Elders had retired, but upon knocking, I was admitted and made welcome.

Sun., April 11. I was introduced to the Elders at the conference house, including Raguel Barber, the newly appointed president of the Cheltenham Conference. We spent the forenoon at the conference house and in the afternoon went out with the intention of holding an out-door meeting, and after walking a mile or more to a corner where there was a large tree, we prepared to hold a street meeting, but as the afternoon was cold, only a few people stopped to listen to us. Returning to the mission headquarters we held a little meeting attended by saints and strangers.

Mon., April 12. I took up my usual historical work, continuing the same three days. I also visited the museum library. On the 13th I accompanied the Elders on a long walk to the beautiful Pittville Park, Prestbury (a village) and Cleve Hill, about 3½ miles from Cheltenham. On the top of the hill, which is 1,100 feet above sea level, we visited the ruins of fortifications

dating back to the days of Oliver Cromwell. They consist of double ramparts, 300 yards in length. After our return to Cheltenham, Bro. John Shurmer, an old member of the Church, gave me some important historical information in the absence of branch records.

Wed., April 14. I finished my historical work in Cheltenham, and traveled to Birmingham, where I took the cable car and traveled to Handsworth. Here I walked to 42 Roland Road where the Birmingham Conference headquarters were located and where I met Thomas Phillips and other Elders. I spent the following four days perusing records pertaining to the Birmingham Conference and its branches, assisted by William S. Romney, president of the Birmingham Conference, and other Elders. I spent a pleasant Sunday (April 18th) in Birmingham, met several of the saints and did considerable speaking.

Mon., April 19. In company with Elders Romney and James T. Poulton I visited Stratford on Avon, where we spent a pleasant time visiting places of interest among which were Shakespeare's birthplace, Church of the Holy Trinity (where Shakespeare's remains are deposited), Shakespeare's Memorial Buildings, the Shakespeare Monument, Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, the Washington Monument, the American Fountain, the Clopton Chapel and other places associated with the great poet Shakespeare, and pronounced Stratford on Avon a very beautiful place; it had 10,000 inhabitants. A very large percentage of these were Americans. We returned to Birmingham in the evening. On our journey home we sang hymns and songs to the great delight of some fellow-travelers who did not suspect that we were "Mormons" until the last at parting. I spent the rest of the week in Birmingham, continuing my historical labors, visited among the saints and also spent a part of the time sight-seeing in Birmingham and vicinity, remembering that Birmingham has

figured very prominently in the missionary activities of the Latterday Saints from the very beginning when the restored gospel was first preached to the inhabitants of Great Britain.

Fri., April 23. Having finished my labors in Birmingham I left that historic city about noon and returned to Liverpool.

Sat., April 24. I left Liverpool bound for Ireland, boarded the steamer "Caledonian" and spent the night on board.

Sun., April 25. When I arose in the morning the steamer "Caledonian" was nearing the Isle of Man. This island is about 30 miles long by 11 broad. It is sometimes regarded as the central point of the British Isles and during the past 1,500 years it has formed the battle ground of the Norwegian, English, Irish and Scotch, each in turn holding sway and being dispossessed by its different governments, being vested first in kings, subsequently in lords, governors-in-chief and finally in governors. Soon after leaving the Isle of Man, and traveling in a north-westerly direction, the coast of Ireland hove in sight and as we came nearer the Scrabo Hill with its tower on top appeared as an attractive object several miles inland.

On landing at Belfast I met Elders Daniel Whipple and John W. James, Elders from Zion, and walked with them to the new conference headquarters at 182 Ravenhill Road, where I met three other Elders from Zion. We all walked to the branch hall at No. 17 Cluan Place, where I addressed the meeting for nearly an hour, followed by Elder Charles Peterson who preached his farewell sermon, being about to return to his home in America.

Mon., April 26. I commenced my historical labors at the conference house in Belfast, which I continued on the 26th and 27th. In the evening of the 27th I assisted the Elders in holding an out-door meeting.

Wed., April 28. I finished my historical labors in Belfast by working at the conference house all day. In the

evening a meeting was held, where I was one of the speakers.

Thurs., April 29. I left Belfast and traveled by train to Dublin, the capital of Ireland. On the journey we passed through an interesting part of Ireland, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the dwellings of the peasantry, samples of Irish bogs, mountains and coast land as we skirted the east coast of the island part of the way. There being none of our missionaries in Dublin, I found my way alone to points of interest in that interesting city. Thus I ascended to the top of the great Nelson Monument. Thence I visited the Bank Building or old Parliament Building, where, through the courtesy of the Rev. A. E. Bor and others, I obtained access to the old parliament hall which is kept in its original state as used in days gone by for parliamentary purposes. I was also taken into the room where the bank bills of the Bank of Ireland are printed, and into another building where the old redeemed bills are kept for reference. There were bills representing about forty million pounds sterling, the walls of a large room being entirely covered with them. Next I visited the Trinity College and was particularly interested in the great library, one of the largest in Great Britain. Next I visited the celebrated Four Courts, Christ Church, and St. Patrick's Church, and then took the street car to Phoenix Park, where I saw the Wellington Monument, a huge pile of solid masonry. Making my way to the North Wall Pier, I boarded the steamer "Kerry" and sailed for Liverpool at 7:30 p. m. I had enjoyed my visit to Ireland's capital and to Ireland generally.

Fri., April 30. We arrived in Liverpool at 5:45 a. m. and at mission headquarters I received good news from home.

Sat., May 1. I finished packing my baggage and also arranged matters of transportation. This being May Day all the horses, carts and other vehicles seemed to be on parade, the animals

being decorated very nicely with flowers. At 3:35 p. m. Presidents Wells, McMurrin, Parry and I left Liverpool and traveled to Barnsley, in Yorkshire, where the headquarters of the Sheffield Conference were at that time located. At the station we were met by Pres. Ansel B. Call, president of the Sheffield Conference. After supper we went to a hired hall in the Arcade Building, where a social was given. Both saints and friends attended, and the program consisted of singing, recitations and dancing. I sang a Norwegian song and danced for the first time since I left home. I stopped at the conference house at 16 Middlesex St., off Park Road.

Sun., May 2. The semi-annual conference of the Sheffield Conference was held, commencing at 10:30 a. m. at a large hall in the Arcade Building on Market St. Besides a large congregation of saints and strangers, 23 Elders from Zion were present. Three sessions of the conference were held, and I was one of the speakers in the afternoon meeting.

Mon., May 3. I commenced my historical labors in the conference house at Barnsley. From 10:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. we held a Priesthood meeting at the conference house where all the Elders spoke briefly and I occupied about twenty minutes. I continued my historical labors at the conference house the three following days. Aside from the onerous historical work I made several visits, and on Wednesday, May 5th, we visited the village of Darton, where, in the churchyard or parish cemetery, one of our Elders from Zion lies buried. On the plain sandstone shaft we read the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Elder Caleb W. Haws, missionary from Salt Lake City, born Oct. 7, 1838; died Nov. 20, 1871, aged 33 years. He is not dead, but sleepeth."

From Darton we followed a country road through the green fields to Hingham, a collier village, where there was a flourishing branch of the Church raised up by the Elders a year before.

According to appointment we held a meeting at the home of Bro. Glover, at which I occupied most of the time, giving an account of my travels.

Thurs., May 6. I finished my historical labors at the conference house at Barnsley, working on the records until 3:00 o'clock p. m. I then left Barnsley and traveled to Bradford. Here we made our way to Thirkill Terrace No. 33, the conference house, where we met Elder Robinson, president of the Leeds Conference, and a number of other Elders from Zion who labored in this conference. I continued my historical labors, assisted by some of the Elders during the following two days.

Sun., May 9. A conference was held in the Mechanics' Hall in the heart of the city of Bradford. Three meetings were held and I occupied part of the time in the evening meeting.

Mon., May 10. A Priesthood meeting was held in the Temperance Hall on Chapel St. where all the Elders from Zion and a couple of local brethren spoke, and at which President Wells and McMurrin and I gave timely instructions. After this meeting Presidents Wells and McMurrin returned to Liverpool, while I proceeded to finish my historical work.

Wed., May 12. Taking leave of the brethren at Bradford, accompanied by Pres. Robinson and two other brethren I traveled to Leeds, where we spent about two hours sight-seeing. With the assistance of an official we went through the magnificent town hall entering all the rooms including the Crown Court and Civil Court, both of which were in session. Returning to the railway station I parted with my companion, Bro. Robinson, and traveled to York. Here I again broke my journey and spent a short time taking in the interesting sights. First I took a long walk on the city walls from the Michelgate to Skeldergate Bridge. Thence I walked through the city crossing the river Ouse to the minster, or cathedral, which is one of the largest and most interesting cathedrals in England. I then traveled to

South Shields, where I made my way to the conference house at No. 6 Ravensworth Terrace, Westoe. Here I met Elder Hyrum M. Smith, president of the Newcastle Conference, and other Elders. In company with Bro. Vincent R. Pugmire I took a five mile walk out in the evening, on which we went to the east coast, walked out on the south pier to its end, at the mouth of the Tyne river, and also passed through two beautiful parks. I stopped at the Newcastle Conference headquarters in South Shields.

Thurs., May 13. I commenced my historical labors at the conference house at South Shields. As all the Elders went out to hold the regular Thursday evening meeting I remained alone at the office to continue my work. After they had gone, I engaged in earnest prayer and asked the Lord to show me if I should return home the next week on the ship "City of Rome", or go to Norway. The answer to my prayer was: Go home, which caused me a feeling of joy and satisfaction. In the evening I accompanied Elder Smith to an out-door meeting at the Chichester Arms on Laygate St., near the conference office, where we both spoke with much freedom, occupying about an hour between us. At times we had about a hundred people around us who listened attentively. The other brethren preached at two other places in the town also to good-sized crowds. The following two days I was busy with the records at South Shields.

Sat., May 15. About 10:00 a. m. Elder Hyrum M. Smith and I left South Shields and, boarding the steamer "Isabel", we sailed up the Tyne river to Newcastle-on-Tyne, one of the important cities of northern England. After ascending the ancient rocky stairway we visited the castle, St. Nicholas Church, the Gray Monument, the market, and the railway station (where we saw one of the first locomotives built by George Stephenson). We returned to South Shields in the evening.

Sun., May 16. The semiannual con-

ference of the Newcastle Conference was held at the Theatre Royal at South Shields, three sessions, as usual, being held. Nineteen Elders from Zion were present. I occupied part of the time in the evening meeting, Presidents Rulon S. Wells and Joseph W. McMurrin being the principal speakers.

Mon., May 17. Elder Wm. N. Davis accompanied me to the High Shields railway station, whence I traveled by rail through Northumberland and Berwick (the last town in England) to Edinburgh, Scotland, where I arrived at 12:30 p. m. From the Edinburgh station I proceeded to No. 14 Edina Place, off Easter Road, where the Elders who were laboring in Edinburgh had their headquarters. Here I met several other Elders. With them I visited some of the interesting sights of the city. We ascended the Carlton Hill on which stands the magnificent Burns Monument, and after passing along Princes Street we visited the Edinburgh Castle where we saw, among other things, the Regalia of Scotland in the so-called "Crown Room". Also Queen Mary's room, St. Margaret's chapel, near which is the great cannon Mons Meg. Then we went down High St., passing the house in which John Knox once lived, to the ancient building known as Holyrood Castle, having gained permission to enter from an official (a Mr. Robertson). Here we enjoyed ourselves very much, being shown all through by the gentlemanly attendant. We then visited the home of George Robinson, president of the Edinburgh Branch, in order to get access to the Church records. We then went to the railway station to meet Presidents Wells and McMurrin, who had come from South Shields. Here I also met Elder Wilford Williams, president of the Scottish Conference, and other Elders, including Charles W. Nibley, who was visiting his native Scotland from Utah. While the rest of the brethren went out to hold a street-meeting, I remained at the office working on the records.

Tues., May 18. After finishing my

labors at Edinburgh, I left that city by train and traveled to Glasgow, where I arrived about 1:00 o'clock p. m. I went to Barrock St., where, at No. 130, the office of the Scottish Conference was located. Here I met Elders Wilford Williams, president of the Scottish Conference, Joshua H. Paul and other Elders. I commenced my labors at once and spent the two following days (May 19 and 20) perusing the records of the Scottish conferences, and packed a box of records to be sent to the Historian's Office.

Fri., May 21. In company with Presidents Rulon S. Wells and Joseph W. McMurrin, and Charles W. Nibley and other Elders I left Glasgow about 9:30 a. m. and traveled on the Caledonian Railway to Balloch at the lower end of Loch Lomond. Here we boarded the excursion steamer "The Queen" and sailed to Ardlui where we landed to enjoy the free open country for a few hours. While my companions were taking dinner I wandered off by myself making the best use of the time at sightseeing. I walked up the Balloch Glen, crossed the Falloch river, after taking dinner at a farm house, and started to walk down on the other side, when an old sensible farmer, who was well acquainted with the country, advised me to turn back. I did this, when I found that my contemplated walk down the Inversnaid meant about seven miles, and I joined the brethren at the hotel at Ardlui. At 4:00 o'clock p. m. we boarded the steamer again and returned to Balloch, whence we returned to Glasgow by train. I returned to the conference house, where I spent my last night in Scotland on this mission. Our visit to Loch Lomond was a pleasant one; the lake and surrounding islands present some of the finest scenery in Scotland.

Sat., May 22. About 8:15 a. m. I left the conference house in Glasgow, proceeded by street car to Union Street, traveled to Greenock, whence a tug

boat took me out to the fine steamer "City of Rome", which lay anchored about half a mile from the pier. Having secured passage on that steamer for America, I was shown my state room at once and at 1:00 p. m., when the large and beautiful ship lifted anchor, we commenced our voyage for our beloved America. Our company of Latter-day Saints consisted of nine Elders returning to America, 24 emigrating saints from the Netherlands and Great Britain, and one returning tourist. Ansel B. Call, late president of the Sheffield Conference, was appointed president of the company. We were 34 Latter-day saints on board. Sailing down the Firth of Clyde we soon reached the North Channel, and, passing north of Ireland, the ship took a southwesterly course toward New York. Nothing of importance occurred on the voyage, but I enjoyed every day on board. We arrived in New York on Sunday, May 30th. This was my sixth voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. I succeeded in getting the many Church records, which I carried with me, through the custom house at New York without much expense.

Our company left New York at 3:30 p. m. crossing the Hudson River on the steam ferry and went to the New York and Ontario Railroad station where we boarded the train and commenced our long overland journey at 4:40 p. m. We traveled via the Suspension Bridge and through Canada to Windsor, thence we crossed the Detroit River (train and all) and then traveled via Chicago to Kansas City, Mo. Here Elder Call, who had taken charge of the company to this point, left the party to go direct to his home in Mexico, after which I took charge of the company the remainder of the journey to Utah. After a delay of only half an hour at Kansas City, we were again on our way westward, having changed cars, and the night found us rolling westward at a good speed. We arrived at Denver at 2:00 o'clock p. m. on Thursday, June 3rd, where I attended to business for some of the

emigrants. At 6:45 p. m. we continued our journey from Denver.

Fri., June 4. At early dawn we passed Rawlins, Wyoming, and, continuing the journey, we arrived at Ogden at 2:00 o'clock p. m. Here I parted with the company, except Elder Charles B. Harper and the Lamont family who went with me to Salt Lake City, where we arrived at 3:15 p. m. Of our party of 34 Latter-day saints only six came on direct to Salt Lake City. On our arrival there I soon caught sight of my wives, Emma and Bertha, and four of my younger children, namely, Minerva, Eleonore, Eva and Harold. They gave me a hearty welcome.

Since I had left home May 11, 1895, nearly 25 months before, I had traveled about 53,820 miles, namely, 38,730 miles on sea, and 15,091 on land. These are English statute miles and as the distances given on the sea travel were generally geographical miles, I added 4,946 miles on the steamship travel, so that the sea travel on steamships sums up to 37,284 miles and sailing vessels 1,316 miles, and on small boats 130 miles. Of the land travel 11,341 miles were by rail, 762 miles in carriages and other kinds of vehicles drawn by animals, 10 miles in jinricksha, drawn by natives of Ceylon and Japan, 453 miles on horseback, 75 miles on donkeys and one mile on a camel.

During my absence I had delivered 232 addresses, namely, 35 in the Hawaiian Mission, 7 in Tonga, 11 in Samoa, 60 in New Zealand, 6 in the Society Islands Mission, 4 in Australia, one in Palestine, 29 in Denmark, 3 in Norway, 11 in Sweden, 3 in Germany, 8 in Switzerland, 6 in Holland, 33 in England, 4 in Wales, 3 in Ireland, 2 in Scotland, and 6 on board vessels. Six outdoor discourses are also included, of which I delivered 4 in England, one in Ireland and one in Scotland. Of my 232 discourses 34 were delivered in the Danish language, and 101 through translators; my ordinance work on the mission consisted of two baptisms,

11 confirmations, 6 blessings of children, 8 special blessings, 4 ordinations to the Priesthood, one setting apart of a Relief Society officer in Hawaii and many administrations to the sick. I visited or passed through the following named states, countries and groups of islands: Idaho, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Hawaii, Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, New Zealand, Cook's Islands, Society Islands, Tuamotu Islands, New South Wales (Australia), Victoria (Australia), South Australia, West Australia, Ceylon, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Italy, France, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Prussia, Hannover, Saxony, Bavaria, Switzerland, the Netherlands, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, New York, New Jersey, Ontario, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming.

In all my travels I enjoyed good health considering that I had been subject to so many changes in climate and diet, and returned home well satisfied with my labors. I worked hard and was in this respect perhaps more zealous than wise, for I often stuck to my task 16 hours a day.

I called at the Historian's Office and was bade welcome home by Franklin D. Richards, who then accompanied me to the President's Office, where I was greeted by President Wilford Woodruff and Geo. Q. Cannon. I had already met Pres. Jos. F. Smith's family. Soon after my arrival home I unpacked some of my boxes sent home and commenced to arrange my books in my library or office. I soon spent considerable of my time regularly at the Historian's Office, and assisted in arranging the books which I had brought home. On June 27th I was called to preach in the Tabernacle, on which occasion I gave an account of my late mission. During the remainder of the year I delivered a number of lectures of which my experience while traveling often made the basis of my remarks. On July 3rd I wrote the following letter to the First Presidency

and a similar one to Historian Franklin D. Richards:

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 3, 1897.
Historian Franklin D. Richards:
Dear Brother:

Having now almost completed my travels as planned a few years ago in the various stakes of Zion and in all our missionary fields throughout the world (outside of the United States) this may be a fitting opportunity to make a condensed report of my travels during the past ten years. The historical labors which I have performed for the Church directly commenced in 1888, when I visited all important places connected with the history of our people in the states of New York, Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri.

In 1889 I visited a number of the settlements of the saints in Utah, Wasatch and Millard counties, gathering historical information.

In 1890, for a similar purpose, I visited the Cassia, Oneida and Bannock stakes in Idaho, and the Tooele, Davis, Sanpete and Emery stakes in Utah.

In 1891 I was regularly engaged by the Church as a historian and given letters of instruction and introduction to presiding officers in the Church, after which I commenced a more thorough and systematic work, and going much more into details. During the year I visited the several wards in the Box Elder, Panguitch, Sevier, Summit, Morgan, Bear Lake and Cache stakes.

In 1892 I visited all the wards and branches of the Church in the St. George, Parowan, Beaver, Malad, Juab and Uintah stakes.

In 1893 I visited the Weber, Tooele, Millard, Davis, Utah, San Juan and San Luis stakes, and also made a second historical tour of the states, visiting places of historical interest to our people, in the states of Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, etc.

In 1894 I made a tour of the Snowflake and St. Johns stakes, the Mexican Mission and the St. Joseph and Maricopa stakes, returning by way of California. Later in the year I visited the settlements of the saints in Canada, and in the Bannock Stake, and also traveled and labored in Salt Lake Stake.

In 1895 I finished my labors in the stakes of Zion, and in May started for my foreign mission to continue my labors abroad. During the remainder of the year I labored in the Sandwich Islands Mission, the Tongan Mission, the Samoan Mission, and the New Zealand Mission.

In 1896 I visited the Society Islands Mission and the Australian Mission. Then, after visiting Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, France and Italy, I continued my historical labors in the British Mission, Scandinavian Mission, and the Swiss and German Mission.

In 1897 I finished my labors in the Swiss and German Mission, the Netherlands Mission and the British Mission, returning June 4th, having been absent from home two years and one month.

On my extensive travels I have collected a vast amount of historical information, by perusing the records and documents, which have accumulated in the various stakes of Zion and the respective missionary fields. And also by culling from private journals and interviewing many persons of note and long experience in the Church. I have also sent and brought to the Historian's Office hundreds of records from foreign missionary fields, which were not needed abroad any more, and many more such records which I packed for shipment in different places can be expected here soon with returning Elders. My notes being gathered under different conditions and under many difficulties — often hurriedly — need careful compilation and arrangements before they can be used for history. They, however, constitute the foundation and outline for histories of nearly every stake, ward, branch, quorum, association, etc., of the Church, in its gathered state, and of every mission, conference, branch, etc., abroad, from the organization of the Church to the present time. To bring all this into readable shape will necessarily require years of patient toil and labor.

In some of my previous reports I have referred to the very imperfect state of our records as kept of late years throughout the Church. I would earnestly recommend a thorough reformation in regard to record keeping. There is a lack of system and uniformity throughout the Church, in the recording of ordinance work, and in the making of minutes and rolls, statistical reports, annual reports, etc., etc. Each mission, stake and ward seems to have its own peculiar system, or no system at all; and until regular forms and blanks are furnished from headquarters for use throughout the entire Church, this irregularity must necessarily continue. Our so-called genealogical books, or registers of members now somewhat in use in the Bishop's wards in the different stakes are, in my estimation, out of date entirely,

and do not answer the purpose for which they were intended, and our statistical blanks are worse still, and ought, in my judgment, to be condemned at once, in favor of something better. If the forms that I submitted to the Church Historian about three years ago, and which I have endeavored to introduce abroad are not accepted, I would suggest the appointment of a special committee to prepare forms, blanks, etc., and upon their adoption by the First Presidency, Historian, and general Church recorders, make them universal throughout the Church, both at home and abroad.

In my researches and observations I have also discovered that a great number of false and inaccurate dates and statements are continually creeping into our writings and records. In the absence of original records, or owing to carelessness in consulting these, many people attempt to give dates and other technical matter from memory, which, in most instances, when criticized, are found to be incorrect. Thus, more than half of our missionaries, when requested to give in their genealogy at the Historian's Office, give in wrong dates of their baptism or no dates at all, and the same is the case when genealogical members for ward and quorum books are obtained. This unpleasant feature could be avoided in the future, I think, if all members were required to produce certificates of baptism, ordinations, etc., the same as members of other denominations, and the same as was done in our Church at an earlier date.

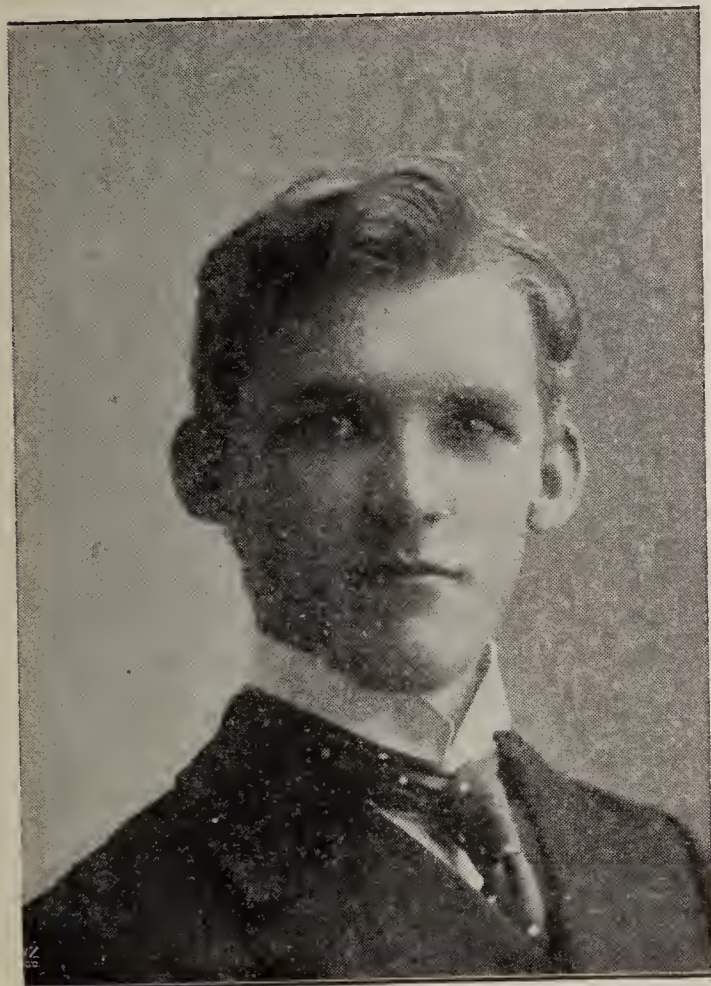
I return home from my foreign mission in good health and spirits, though somewhat tired and fatigued. I feel that the Lord has blessed me and crowned my efforts with success. With a few exceptions, the presiding officers of the Church, both at home and abroad, have treated me kindly and have assisted me in different ways of prosecuting my labors.

Your brother in the gospel,
Andrew Jenson.

The Pioneer celebration this year was more interesting than usual. A grand parade, a consolidation of all former parades, with many new features, was presented. It was supposed to be the finest display of its kind ever seen in western America. Among the principal features, preceding the general celebration, was a parade of about ten thousand children on the 22nd.

A shower of rain damaged the children's apparel, each girl carrying a closed Japanese paper fan and each boy a small flag. In finishing the display the children marched to the Tabernacle, where a short concert was given. In the evening everybody witnessed the illuminated parade. My house was filled with visitors who had come for the celebration.

In August my son Parley was called on a mission to Scandinavia. He went through the Temple Oct. 1, 1897, and left for his mission Oct. 9th.



ELDER PARLEY P. JENSON

My oldest son, Andrew, married Miss Mary E. Crane of Herriman, in the Salt Lake Temple, Sept. 22, 1897. Three children were the result of this marriage.

At a meeting of the First Presidency held Monday, Oct. 19, 1897, I was, on motion of Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon and seconded by Pres. Woodruff, unanimously chosen as assistant Church Historian.

Late in October, a collection of books, or written records, which I had gathered and packed ready for shipment, arrived in Salt Lake City, and

for several days afterwards I was busy assorting and making a temporary catalogue of them before they were placed in safe keeping in the Temple annex. On Oct. 31st I was unexpectedly called to the stand to address the congregation in the Tabernacle.

The Historian's Office being crowded, I was assigned a room in the Temple Annex to attend to my labors, where I could work undisturbed. This room, however, was not used very long, as it was found more convenient for me to work at the Historian's office, and later a small room was added to the building occupied by the Historian of the Church.

On Dec. 28th I attended a genealogical meeting at the Historian's Office, where I gave a report of what I had done for the Genealogical Society of Utah while abroad. In the afternoon I attended a meeting of the said society at the Deseret National Bank. This organization was just being formed and I became one of the founders and one of the first set of officers. Franklin D. Richards was chosen as president to act in this capacity until the first general election should be held. In the evening I attended a farewell party tendered by a Scandinavian Theological Club in the 14th Ward honoring President Anthon H. Lund and Elder Frederick Ferdinand Hintze, who were about to start on a special mission to Palestine, to look for an opportunity to plant a Latter-day Saint colony in that land. A gold-headed cane was presented to President Lund and a silver-headed one to Elder Hintze. Bros. Lund and Hintze left Salt Lake City on this mission Dec. 30th.

The year 1897 was fraught with different experiences to me, some of which were pleasant and others most unpleasant. The latter tried me to the core, but thank God I came out unsullied and untarnished, and may add that after my experiences I became a wiser, if not a better or a richer man.

Besides my historical labors during the year I wrote 11 letters which were published in the "Deseret News".

CHAPTER 48

(1898)

Called to manage the affairs of "Bikuben"—
Church Chronology—My Father's Death.

I commenced the year 1898 in Pleasant Grove, Utah, being there on a visit. The first day of the year was bright and beautiful and spending it, as I did, in the town where I first made my home after my arrival in the "Valleys of the Mountains" in 1866, naturally caused deep reflections. Here I was in my mother's house, which I helped to build in 1870, and where I also spent the first year of my married life. All kinds of experiences marked my pathway during the first years of my sojourn in Utah. I learned that there are many good men and women in the world, but also many wicked and selfish people who have not learned the first principles of honesty and uprightness. Even many members of the Church have yet much to learn in regard to loving their neighbors as themselves. On January 19th I spent a pleasant day with the Old Folks of American Fork, where a splendid dinner was served for all invited guests in the Opera House, after which the veterans were entertained with speeches, songs and recitations. I may here explain that after the old folks of Salt Lake City and vicinity had enjoyed excursions and socials for a number of years, similar entertainments were arranged in the different stakes and wards throughout the Church, and we who constituted the Old Folks Central Committee were frequently invited to participate in these local Old Folk's gatherings as they were arranged from time to time in the different settlements of the saints.

For some time the Scandinavian newspaper "Bikuben" had struggled for existence, not having a sufficient number of subscribers "to make the sailing easy". According to appointment, I met with the First Presidency on February 9th in the President's Office, where Presidents Woodruff, Cannon and Smith, Apostle Heber J. Grant, John E. Evans of the "Deseret

News" and others also were present. Here it was explained that "Bikuben" was continually running behind in its finances and that the Church had been called upon repeatedly to "foot the bill", and that now the manager had been calling for regular aid, or weekly allowances, besides asking for aid in paying several sums due employees and the "Deseret News". Elder Anthon H. Lund had been called upon to supervise the interests of the paper several years previously, but he had been absent on a three years' mission, and was about to leave Utah again on a special mission to Palestine. Consequently he had been unable to pay much attention to "Bikuben". The Presidency now desired me to assume the responsibility of running the paper and endeavor, if possible, to place it on its feet, or make it self-sustaining. In doing this I was not to be taken away from my historical labors to any great extent, but only to devote part of my time to the paper until it could be placed on a paying basis. I accepted of this appointment reluctantly, but in order to comply with the desire of the Presidency I promised to do my best. I received the following letter:

"Salt Lake City, Feb. 16, 1898.
To Whom It May Concern:

The financial condition of "Bikuben", the Danish-Norwegian paper published in this city, is now and has been for some time past such as to render it necessary for those most interested in its welfare to appeal to us for assistance to carry it along and to settle with its employees; and we may say that assistance has been extended to it, by us, from time to time amounting to some thousands of dollars; but we are sorry to say that the paper is still in debt and that its obligations are steadily increasing.

After consulting with some of our Scandinavian brethren, and giving this matter full consideration, it became apparent to us that unless a change was made in its management "Bikuben" would have to suspend publication, and we, therefore, decided to impose upon Bro. Andrew Jenson the duties of business manager and managing editor of that paper, believing that his

many years of experience, in connection with the cooperation of the Scandinavian saints generally, and especially with that of our leading brethren, would enable him to put the paper on a self-sustaining basis.

Bro. Jenson having accepted of the appointment, we heartily recommend him to the kind consideration of our Scandinavian brethren and sisters and trust that he will receive from them their encouragement and support, and that he may not only succeed in placing "Bikuben" on a self-sustaining basis, but make of it as well a paper that shall worthily represent the intelligence and virtues of the Scandinavian people throughout Zion, and at the same time reflect credit on the Church to which they belong. And to this end we pray the Lord to bless Bro. Jenson and all who cooperate and labor with him.

We are your brethren,
WILFORD WOODRUFF,
GEO. Q. CANNON,
JOSEPH F. SMITH."

I would rather have gone on another foreign mission than receive this appointment, but, being called by the highest authority in the Church, I accepted the task. Not having sufficient means of my own to balance accounts I found it necessary to make tours both north and south, visiting especially the settlements where the population consisted largely of Scandinavian saints. Thus I traveled southward through Sanpete and Sevier counties and later to other parts of the inter-mountain region, together with Elder S. F. Johnson. From the trip to the south I returned March 19th, having preached 27 times in both English and Danish. In nearly every meeting I recommended "Bikuben" to the Scandinavian saints. As a result many new subscribers were added to our subscription list.

At the general conference held on Sunday, April 10, 1898, I was presented and sustained for the first time as Assistant Church Historian, together with Charles W. Penrose, who had previously been sustained in that position. On April 13th I wrote the following:

"Salt Lake City, April 13, 1898.
Historian Franklin D. Richards,
Dear Brother:

In view of the fact that we are very much crowded for room at the Historian's Office so that the books and documents on hand cannot be properly arranged for perusal, not to speak of the unsafe places where many precious papers are filed away, and also in view of the fact that the Church, as I understand it, is cramped for means at the present time, so that the erection of a



PRESIDENT CHARLES W. PENROSE

suitable fire-proof building for the use of the Church Historian and his assistants can perhaps not be favorably considered by the First Presidency just now, if Church funds should be used, I respectfully submit to you the following proposition:

My Church Chronology, first published in 1886, which has become a popular and valuable work of reference to the saints, has been out of print for several years, and the issuing of a second and revised edition with dates brought up to the present time has been suggested by many students of Church History. I therefore propose to make the Church a present of all my rights to said work, which represents years of patient labor, with the understanding that at least 25,000 copies be printed as a second edition, and that the proceeds or profits accruing therefrom be used for the erection of a new Historian's Office, large enough for all the Church documents

belonging to the Historian's department, and for the accommodation of all the helps who are employed there. The "Church Chronology", revised and enlarged, could be retailed at \$1.00 per copy, and if the object of the work is made known, and permission given to use the necessary influence throughout Zion, I believe the edition could be sold in a year, and at least \$10,000 clear profit be realized from it. This sum would perhaps be sufficient to build at least one wing of a large building that might be contemplated, and which would be large enough for all purposes for some years to come. The literary work necessary for the second and improved edition of "Church Chronology" could, I think, be done by myself in three or four months; and I am so confident of the success of the enterprise, that I am quite willing to assume the responsibility of the original outlay, if it is desirable that I should do so. I believe that I have the necessary type on hand for setting up the work, which I think ought to be stereotyped, as a third edition might be wanted at the close of the century.

Would you kindly give this matter your earliest possible attention, and if the proposition meets with your approval, lay the matter before the First Presidency. Perhaps of all your assistants I feel most keenly the necessity of a suitable place in which to work. I am at present, as you know, obliged to use as an office an upper room in my private residence, and it is almost impossible for me, as matters now stand, to get access to the Church documents and books, some of which I need almost every day for reference and comparison, as I proceed with my historical work, endeavoring to get into proper shape the accumulations of my labors for years.

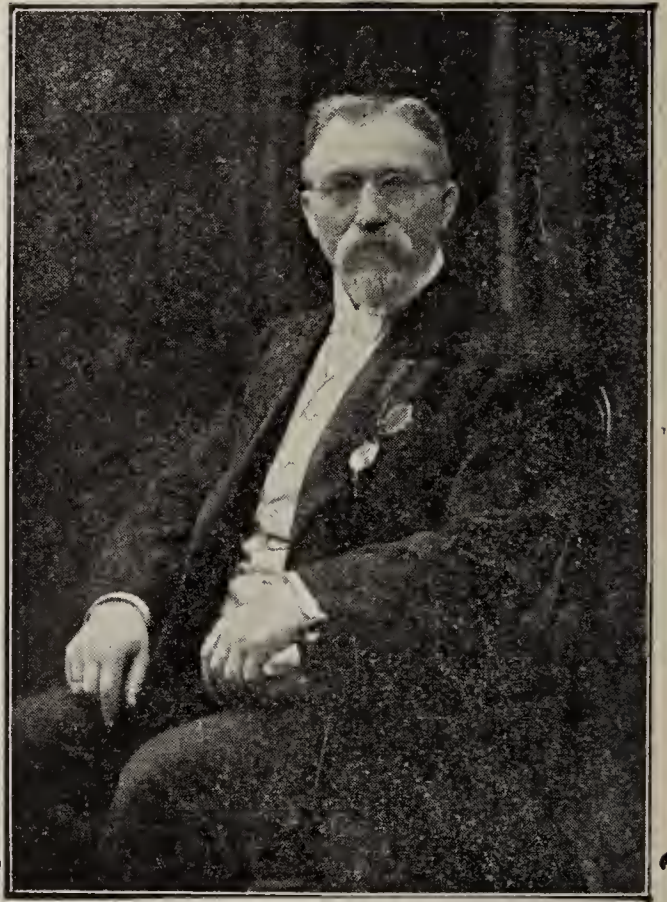
With high esteem I remain your brother and fellow-laborer,

Andrew Jenson."

On Monday, April 18th, after working all day at the "Bikuben" office writing editorials and managing the affairs generally, I appointed Elder C. V. Anderson foreman of the mechanical work, while I assumed the position of business manager and responsible editor.

On May 30th, Elder Oluf J. Andersen of Castle Dale, Utah, arrived in the City to act as assistant editor of "Bi-

kuben". Bro. Swen F. Johnson quit work at a time when we needed his services, as two of our men were laid off, one of them being a Mr. Jespersen who had met with an accident. With Oluf J. Andersen as assistant editor, and C. V. Anderson as foreman of the mechanical department, we were enabled to improve conditions and from



ELDER OLUF J. ANDERSEN

that time on our subscription list grew. Some of the brethren who had formerly occupied certain positions on the paper were not united with me in carrying out the instructions of the First Presidency, and so it became necessary for me to put forth extra efforts, and as a sample of what could be done I obtained in one day seventy-five dollars worth of advertising. When I reported to the Presidency on May 4th what I had done, I was sustained in all the changes I had made. I succeeded in keeping the paper in pretty good running order for about ten years without any material assistance from the Church, except part of my time.

On May 10th I received a letter from the First Presidency, of which the following is abstracted:

"Your letter of the 13th ult., addressed to Historian Franklin D. Richards, offering as a voluntary donation

to the Church, your work, entitled "Church Chronology" in making a proposition to raise \$10,000 through the publication and sale of a new and revised edition of the work to be used towards erecting a new Historian's Office building, was considered by the Council of the First Presidency and the Apostles at their regular meeting on the 5th inst., and acted upon favorably by them. You are, therefore, at liberty, to make the transfer of "Church Chronology" to the Church when the work is revised and brought up to date, and then to proceed to raise the proposed sum through its publication and sale."

I immediately commenced the revision of "Church Chronology", and for several months I was busy with that labor at the Historian's Office, and with the management of "Bikuben". I also spent some time in traveling in the surrounding settlements.

Arrangements having been made for printing the Chronology at the "Deseret News" office, the first form of the new edition was printed at said office July 18, 1898. Before submitting the manuscript to the printer I read the same to Brothers John Jaques, A. Milton Musser and Chas. W. Penrose at the Historian's Office.

In July my father took very sick and I made a quick trip to Richfield, Utah, to visit him. Soon afterwards we learned that he was worse and so I made another trip to see him; but arriving in Richfield Aug. 12th I learned that he had passed away 14 hours before my arrival, or early in the morning of Aug. 12th. He had been unable to speak to anyone during the last two or three days, but passed away quietly and seemingly without pain when the time came. He had been sick over two months, suffering most of that time with a severe attack of dropsy. Father was 72 years, 3 months and 12 days old when he died, being born April 30, 1826. He and mother were among the first converts to the restored gospel in that part of Denmark where they resided, being baptized Dec. 8, 1854. He emigrated with most of his family to Utah in 1866, after labor-

ing for several years off and on as a local missionary and president of branches. After his arrival in Utah he resided most of the time in Ephraim, Sanpete Co., and Richfield, Sevier Co. In the latter place he resided about 18 years with his second wife, while my mother continued her residence at Pleasant Grove, Utah. Father's funeral took place on Sunday, Aug. 14th, at Richfield.

Pres. Wilford Woodruff died Sept. 2, 1898, in California. His death was unexpected and none of the brethren at the Historian's Office knew of his death until I brought the news to them. A new First Presidency was organized Sept. 16, 1898.

In the fall of the year I was advised to take part in politics once more. At first I was elected a delegate to the Republican County Convention, Sept. 22nd, and later I became a candidate for the Utah Legislature. I failed, however, in being elected, as the ticket on which I ran as a candidate, was downed by the opposite party. Later I was chosen as president of a political club and made several trips out in the political field. The Democrats carried the election Nov. 8, 1898.

In November I accompanied Apostle Francis M. Lyman on a trip to Wasatch County, on which trip I preached several times. I gave a lecture on Church History which brought forth complimentary remarks. Until the end of the year I was busy with Church Chronology, most of which was printed in 1898. During the year I traveled about 3,880 miles, preached 111 times, attended a number of stake conferences, and delivered 13 political speeches.

CHAPTER 49

(1899-1900)

The Commencement of "Utah Posten"—Church Chronology transferred to the Church—Scandinavian Jubilee—Scandinavian Jubilee Album published—Revision of the Danish-Norwegian Book of Mormon—Birthday Anniversary.

I commenced the year 1899 by working in the interest of "Bikuben", and in making an index to "Church Chron-

ology" of which the last form was printed January 18th. As soon as I received the first bound copies from the bindery, I commenced to distribute them, beginning at home where my wife Bertha canvassed the 17th Ward successfully. In further distributing this valuable work of reference we aimed to sell one copy for each ten members of the Church in the different wards and settlements of the saints. In many instances the presiding brethren who took the matter in hand toed the mark, while in other instances some fault was found because we seemingly pushed too hard for the sale of the work. So instead of raising \$10,000 as we had expected, we only succeeded in handing over to the Church authorities in the interest of a new Historian's Office the sum of \$3,000. This second edition of the Chronology contains 260 pages, including 38 pages of index. The completion of the Church Chronology caused me to record the following in my journal: "When the 18th or last form of Church Chronology went to press, I felt relieved of a heavy burden which had nearly crushed me. Never in my life have I been subject to such mental strain as in the compiling of this work, and at times I felt as if I could not possibly complete it. I often worked till past midnight. God grant that the Chronology which has cost so much labor and anxiety, may be of great benefit to the saints, be well received by them, and the financial outcome be of such a nature that a new Historian's Office may be the result."

I reported my success with Church Chronology to President Lorenzo Snow and also wrote the following communication to him as a report on "Bikuben."

"Salt Lake City, Utah,
Feb. 9, 1899,

President Lorenzo Snow,

Dear Brother: About a year ago I was appointed by the First Presidency to take charge of "Bikuben", a Danish-Norwegian paper published in this city. * *

I herewith submit a financial statement up to Jan. 1, 1899, which will

show, I trust, to your satisfaction, that I have endeavored to carry out the instructions given me. We have run the paper without asking the Church for any financial aid and expect to continue doing so. The amount due the "Deseret News", you will please notice, is fully covered by what we have paid on old accounts. * * I desire to state that we have changed "Bikuben" from a regular newspaper size to a magazine style and printed with new type. Though somewhat smaller than before the paper seems to give general satisfaction.

We are now engaging a young brother, recently arrived from Copenhagen, as translator, while I supervise everything both in the business and editorial department. Bro. C. V. Anderson, foreman of the mechanical department, has stood by me nobly and deserves much credit for his energy and faithfulness, as he has been but poorly paid for his labors so far. He has pulled with me full-heartedly in trying to follow the instructions given a year ago by the First Presidency. If you approve of our course and efforts, I would kindly ask you to give us something in writing to that effect, to publish in our paper; it might help us. We invite inspection and scrutiny and would be pleased to receive suggestions. We are endeavoring to make "Bikuben" a Church organ for the Scandinavian saints who cannot read English in the same sense as the "Deseret News" is the organ for the whole Church.

As for my own labors in connection with "Bikuben" I have only this to say, that after working at the Historian's Office all day I generally devote evenings and occasionally a portion of the night to the paper, when duty does not call me elsewhere.

Trusting that this brief report may prove satisfactory, I remain,

Your brother in the gospel,
ANDREW JENSON."

I received the following reply under date of Oct. 18, 1899:

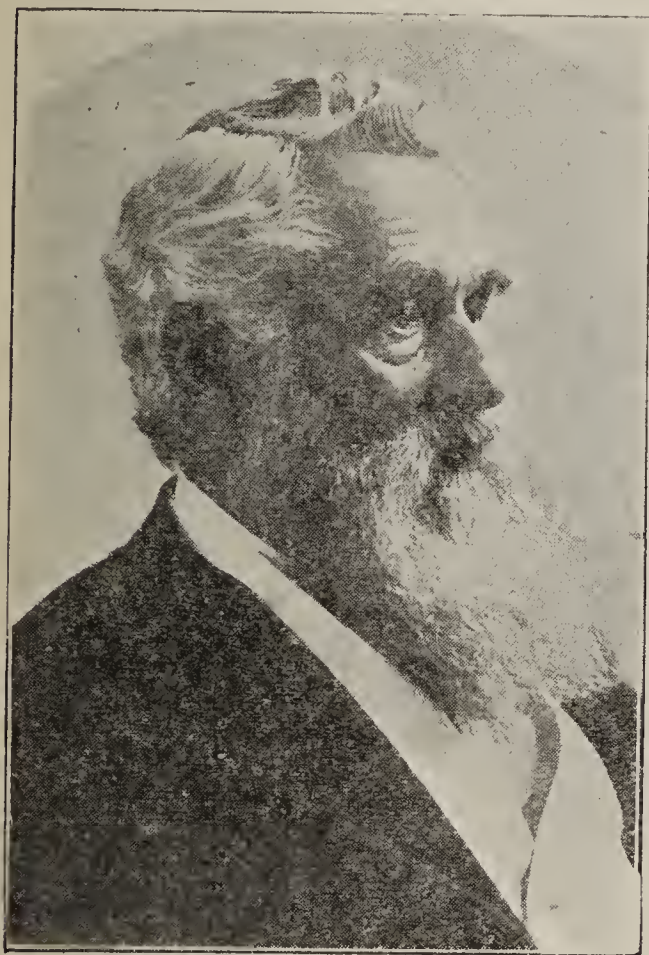
Office of the First Presidency of the Church. Oct. 18, 1899.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We heartily recommend to the saints the Church Chronology recently issued from the press. As a work of reference on matters pertaining to the Church it is exceedingly valuable. And since the proceeds accruing from the sales are to be used toward the erection of a new Historian's Office in

a fire-proof structure in which the valuable records and documents of the Church can find a safe home, Church Chronology ought to meet with favor throughout the entire community. We trust that presiding officers and leading men in all the settlements of the saints will place the matter before the people and take such steps as may be proper towards obtaining the popular sales advocated in the printed circular previously forwarded.

Your brethren,
LORENZO SNOW,
JOSEPH F. SMITH."

During the month of March, I moved my family from the cottage on my



PRESIDENT LORENZO SNOW

17th Ward property into the brick house, after which the cottage, which I built in 1882, was moved to the rear of the lot, and a two-story brick addition was appended to the family residence, on the east, occupying the space formerly covered by the cottage.

During the year I attended a number of stake conferences, among which I may mention those of the Weber, Emery, Woodruff, Malad, Summit, Cache, Boxelder and Juab stakes. In my public speaking I had occasion to encourage subscriptions for Church Chronology and "Bikuben".

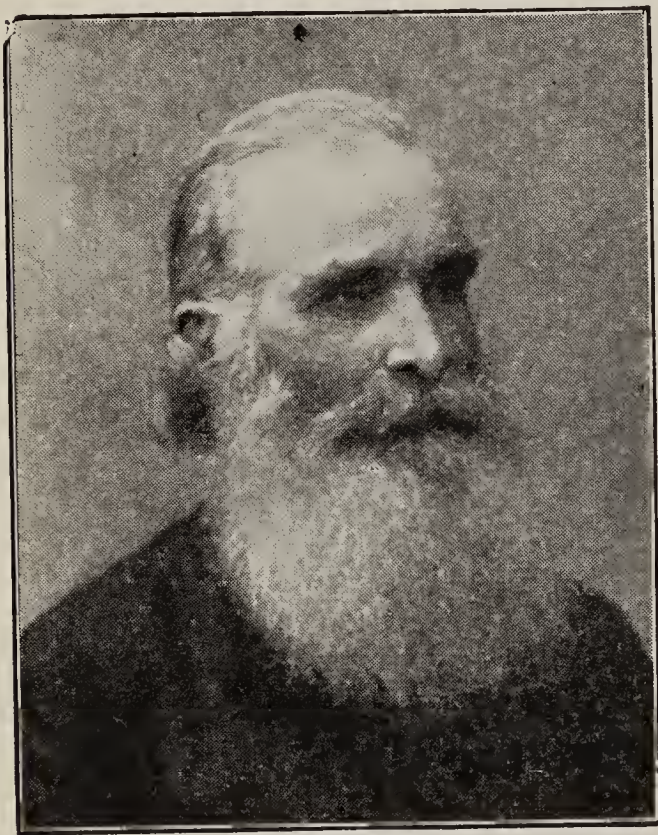
When my father died in August, 1898, I became the possessor of a unique time-piece which shows the revolutions of the earth, the phases of the moon and the days of the month; it also strikes quarter hours as well as hours, and repeats the striking when a string is pulled. As my father did not quite complete it before his death my brother Joseph finished it. The clock was brought from Richfield Sept. 23, 1899, to Salt Lake City, where it was placed on exhibition in the Exposition Building in the Tenth Ward, during the Territorial Fair, and later taken to my home where it is now a part of the rare collection housed in the Andrew Jenson Memorial Building.

In September I moved the "Bikuben" office from the old quarters immediately east of the old Deseret News Building (called the Mint) to rooms in the old Tithing Office Building, No. 22 North Main St.

On Sept. 29th I attended a Scandinavian Committee meeting in the Constitution Building. Considerable business was attended to, and on my motion it was decided to arrange for a number of Scandinavian entertainments during the coming winter, and it was also suggested that steps be taken towards the publishing of a paper in the Swedish language. The amount of fifty dollars toward the purchase of type for such a paper was subscribed at once, I being one of the subscribers. This led to the commencement of "Utah Posten", of which the first number was published Sept. 20, 1900, and that paper was published regularly until October, 1935, when it was discontinued, together with "Bikuben" (Danish-Norwegian), "Beobachter" (German) and the "Utah Nederlander" (Dutch).

On Saturday, Oct. 28, 1899, I left the city at 9:35 o'clock a. m. on the Oregon Short Line for Brigham City, to attend a Scandinavian Conference. The first meeting was held in the Brigham City Second Ward meeting house, where I addressed the audience for about half an hour. Apostle

Anthon H. Lund and I spent the evening at the hospitable home of Bishop August Valentine, together with other invited guests. Sister Rasmussen on that occasion read an interesting selection; others entertained the company with singing and story telling and altogether we spent a very pleasant evening. The following day a well-attended Scandinavian meeting



PATRIARCH PETER A. FORSGREN

was held in the Brigham City Tabernacle where Dr. Charles L. Olsen, Bishop Carl Jensen and I were the speakers. In the afternoon the closing meeting was held in the 4th Ward meeting house, when Peter A. Forsgren (the first man baptized by divine authority in Scandinavia) and Apostle Anthon H. Lund addressed the assembly. We had a splendid time throughout.

In the evening of Nov. 1st, Janne M. Sjodahl and wife and Axel Jørgensen were visitors at my house, on which occasion it was decided to publish a souvenir album to contain brief biographical sketches with portraits of prominent Scandinavians in connection with the Scandinavian Jubilee, to be celebrated in 1900.

In November I made a trip to Utah and Juab counties in the interest of "Bikuben."

On Nov. 7, 1899, I signed the following:

"Know all men by these presents that I, Andrew Jenson, of Salt Lake City, State of Utah, being the author of a certain book or work heretofore printed and published at the Deseret News Office, Salt Lake City, by Lorenzo Snow as Trustee-in-Trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which said work is titled and known as "Church Chronology", a record of important events pertaining to the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar to me in hand paid by the said Lorenzo Snow as such Trustee-in-Trust, the receipt thereof is hereby acknowledged, do hereby release and forever discharge the said Lorenzo Snow as such Trustee-in-Trust from any and all claims and demands whatsoever, which I may have against him, or any other person by reason of the publication of said work, and I hereby waive and relinquish any and all rights, title and interests which I may have in said work to said Trustee-in-Trust.

Witness my hand this seventh day of November, A. D. 1899.

ANDREW JENSON.

Done in the presence of Clarence Neslen, State of Utah, County of Salt Lake.

On the 7th day of November, A. D. 1899, personally appeared before me, Andrew Jenson, the signer of the foregoing instrument who duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

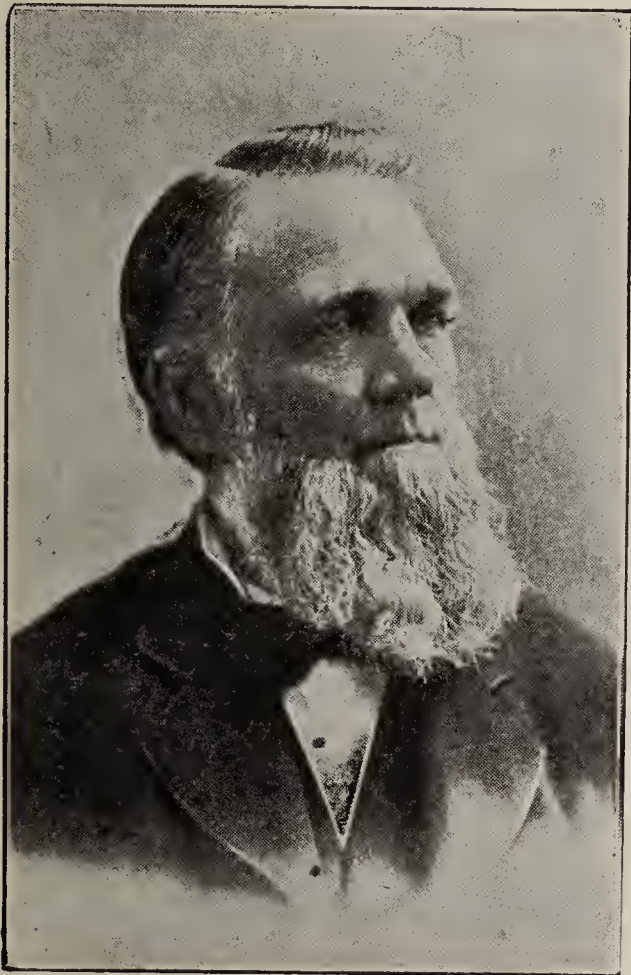
John A. Evans, Notary Public."

This transfer of my Church Chronology to the Trustee-in-Trust was done according to the proposition made by myself about one and a half years before, when I commenced my work of revising the former edition. The work represented several years of the best part of my life, and I was making a free-will offering of the same to the Church in the interest of a new Historian's Office.

Historian Franklin D. Richards died at his residence in Ogden, Utah, Dec. 9, 1899, which cast a gloom over all of us at the Office. The work, however, was continued under the direction of Bro. John Jaques and myself, who had acted as assistants to Bro. Richards. The funeral services of

Bro. Richards took place in Ogden Dec. 12th.

On Saturday, Dec. 23rd, I settled up in full for the printing and binding of Church Chronology, which meant that the "Deseret News" was paid about \$5,500 on account so far.



HISTORIAN FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS

On Dec. 29th I had the Utah Light and Power Company connect my home with the electric system and in the evening our house was lighted by electricity for the first time. We wondered why we had not had electric light introduced into the house long before.

And thus ended the year 1899. I was very busy during the year with matters pertaining to Church Chronology and "Bikuben". By hard work and perseverance I succeeded in raising means for the printing of 25,000 copies of Church Chronology and paying for the binding of 13,000 copies. Just before the new year I commenced to put money into Zion's Savings Bank, to be used for the erection of a new Historian's Office.

During the year I traveled 4,776

miles and preached or spoke in public 133 times.

The year 1900, the last year of the 19th century—dawned upon mankind with prospects of a successful future, yet God only knew what it had in store for all.

In the evening of Jan. 1st I repaired with my family to the 14th Ward Assembly rooms, where a Scandinavian reunion was in session. The program consisted of feasting, singing, speaking and dancing. I was one of the speakers and otherwise took an active part.

On Jan. 21st I attended a conference at Goff's Hall, East Jordan Ward, at which a new stake, called the Jordan Stake, was organized in the south end of Salt Lake Valley. Apostle Francis M. Lyman and Anthon H. Lund directed the proceedings, and Orrin P. Miller of Riverton was chosen as stake president. A similar conference, which I attended, was held at Mill Creek a week later, at which a new stake, called the Granite Stake of Zion, was organized by Apostles Lyman and Lund, with Frank Y. Taylor as president. After the organization of these two stakes the boundaries of the Salt Lake Stake were confined to Salt Lake City.

I wrote the following letter:

"Salt Lake City, Feb. 16, 1900.
Pres. Lorenzo Snow,

Dear Brother: I herewith submit my second annual report of "Bikuben", which speaks for itself. It has been a struggle to keep the paper afloat, but I have presented no bills against the Church. I have now had the charge of affairs of "Bikuben" for two years, and have proven, I trust, to your satisfaction, that it is barely possible for that paper to exist without financial aid from the Church. And, if I understand it right, that was the one proposition above all others to be solved by my appointment to manage "Bikuben", in February, 1898.

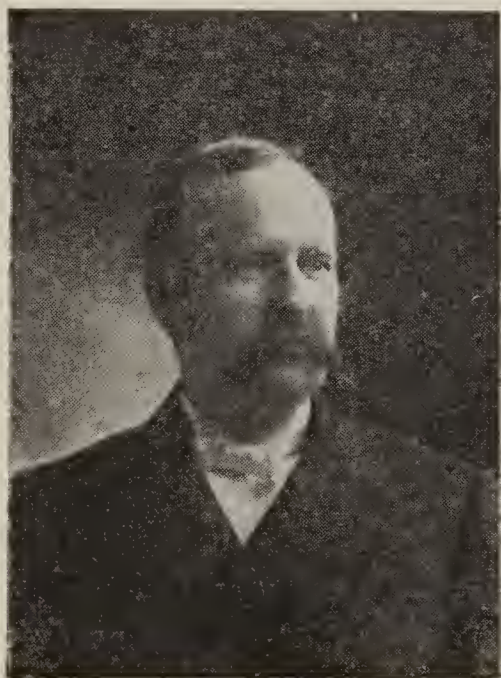
In editing and superintending the affairs of "Bikuben", and in attending to Church Chronology business, in addition to my historical labors, I have more work on hand than I can possibly do justice to, and I fear that histori-

cal matters are suffering too much in consequence. I have stacks of historical notes on hand—the accumulation and results of my travels in all the stakes of Zion and missionary fields of the Church, which no one but myself can handle in their present shape—and I feel that I ought to be at work on them.

May I cherish the hope that some one else may soon be appointed to take “Bikuben” off my hands, and, if possible, also, the outside business pertaining to “Church Chronology”, in order that I may more assiduously devote my time to Church history.

Your brother in the gospel,
ANDREW JENSON.”

Having been appointed, together with Apostles Francis M. Lyman and Rudger Clawson, to serve as a committee on Church records, we prepared



APOSTLE RUDGER CLAWSON

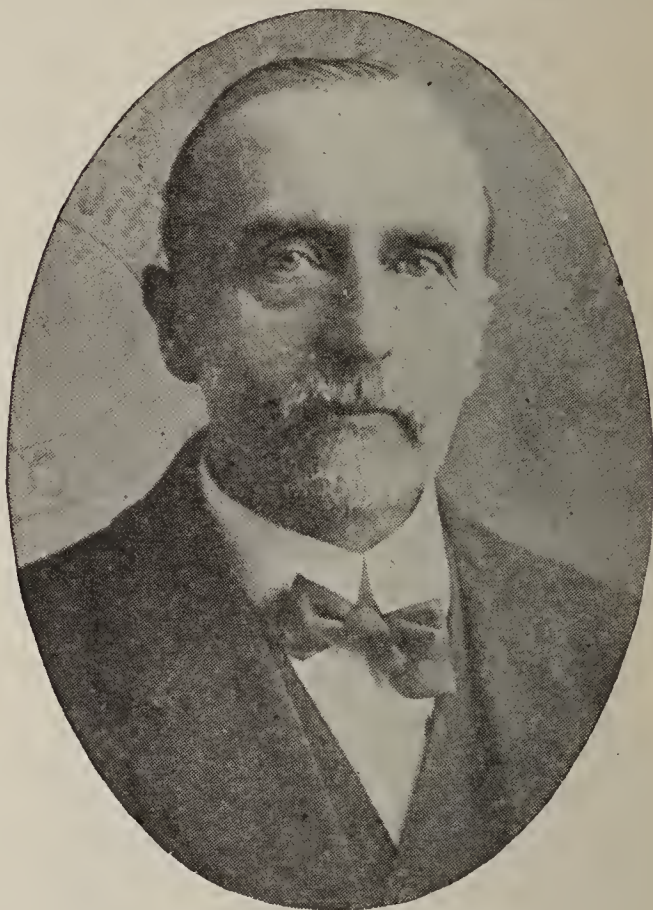
a report for the First Presidency and Council of Apostles, and some forms that I had advised were adopted for general use throughout the Church; it included forms for ward records, recommends, etc., and I prepared the papers for the printers.

During the year I attended conferences in the Davis, Sevier, Logan, Jordan, Weber, Granite and Boxelder stakes.

At a Scandinavian meeting held in the 14th Ward, April 7th, attended by representatives from different parts of the country to discuss affairs looking forward to a contemplated 50 years' jubilee, Apostle Anthon H. Lund, Chr.

D. Fjeldsted, Andrew Jenson, Janne M. Sjö Dahl, and C. A. F. Orlob were appointed a general committee to arrange for the celebration.

It had been decided that a Scandina-



ELDER J. M. SJODAHL

vian Jubilee Album should be printed in connection with the forth-coming Scandinavian celebration in June, the work to be done by Anthon H. Lund, Andrew Jenson, J. M. Sjö Dahl and C. A. F. Orlob. As a committee we went to work at once sending out circular letters to many of the brethren who had labored in the Scandinavian Mission during the past fifty years, requesting them to send in their portraits and sketches to be published in the contemplated Album. A charge of \$5 was suggested for the publication of each sketch, with portrait, entitling the subscriber to a copy of the work. The undertaking turned out satisfactorily, a book containing 240 pages, with portraits and a number of group illustrations, being the result. It was the first attempt of publishing an album of that kind in the Church, and so far nothing similar has been done by any other of the Latter-day Saint missions in the world. The book was printed on fine paper, and the

mechanical work was executed in fine artistic style, the book giving universal satisfaction.

After a number of meetings had been held and the various features of the jubilee had been discussed, a special committee was working on June 13th to decorate the Tabernacle, and also the 14th Ward Assembly rooms, which had been secured as headquarters for the jubilee visitors.

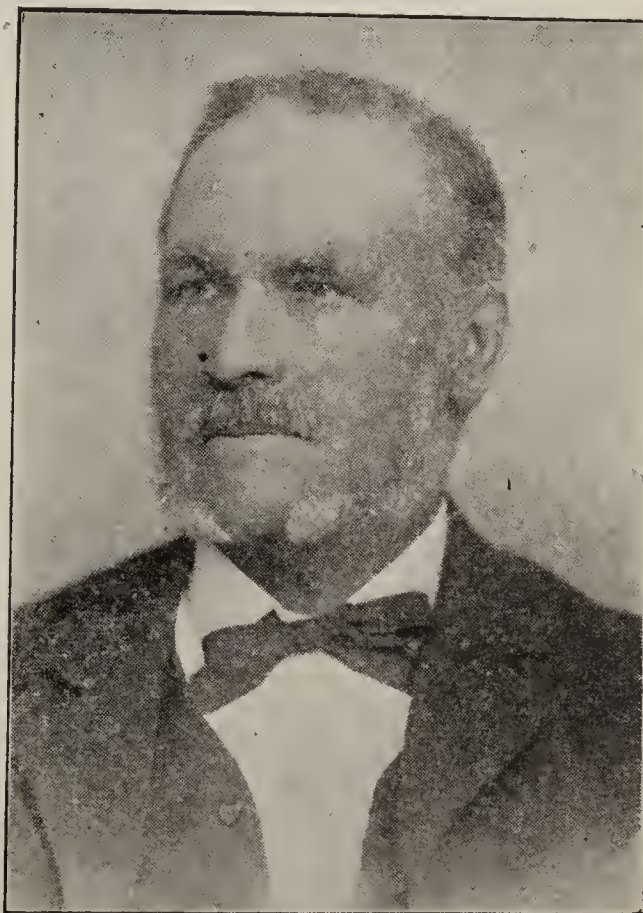
On Thursday, June 14th, the semi-centennial celebration of the introduction of the gospel in Scandinavia commenced at 10:00 o'clock a. m. in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Apostle Anthon H. Lund presiding. The main speakers in the first meetings were Carl C. A. Christensen, who spoke on the introduction of the gospel in Denmark, and Niels C. Flygare, who gave an account of the first preaching by Latter-day Saint Elders in Sweden. Several of the Apostles were also present, and Elder Francis M. Lyman spoke as a representative of the Quorum of the Twelve. Among other things, he alluded to me as a production of Scandinavia who had done more to preserve Church History than any other man in the Church. In the afternoon meeting Elder Ole H. Berg and John Thorgeirson were the main speakers, the introduction of the gospel into Norway and Iceland being their respective topics. In the evening a free concert was given in the Tabernacle, at which a splendid program was rendered, and the decorations of the building, with flags of many nations, was admired by all.

The next day, Friday, June 15th, the jubilee was continued with a forenoon meeting, at which I spoke an hour on the Scandinavians in Utah, followed by J. M. Sjödahl. In the afternoon we all went to Saltair, where we had an enjoyable time. The place was crowded with visitors, nearly all of whom were Scandinavians and their friends. On Saturday, June 16th, the jubilee festivities were continued by the sisters in the Assembly Hall. In the afternoon we all went to the La-

goon, at Farmington, where the committee served a free lunch, and where singing, racing, dancing, etc., were indulged in, to the enjoyment of all.

On Sunday, June 17th, a missionary meeting was held in the Assembly Hall, at which a number of veteran missionaries spoke. In the afternoon services were held in the Tabernacle, at which Elders Christian D. Fjeldsted, Brigham Young, Jr., Anthon H. Lund and Geo. Q. Cannon were the speakers. In the evening a testimony meeting was held in the Assembly Hall, at which many Elders spoke, and also some of the sisters. This wound up the jubilee. The Assembly Hall was nearly full at every meeting, and a good spirit prevailed. During the jubilee my house, as well as those of many others, was filled to capacity with conference visitors, and the hospitality, which is a characteristic of the people of the North, found a splendid opportunity for actual demonstration.

John Jaques, assistant Church Historian, died June 1, 1900, which left considerable extra responsibility on me, but the historical work was carried on as before.



JOHN JAQUES

On June 20th my son Parley returned from his mission to Scandinavia. He had performed a splendid mission and had become known as a good speaker. In the evening of June 21st, Pres. Joseph F. Smith came over and instructed me to get my accumulation of books and documents in as good order as possible in behalf of the Church.

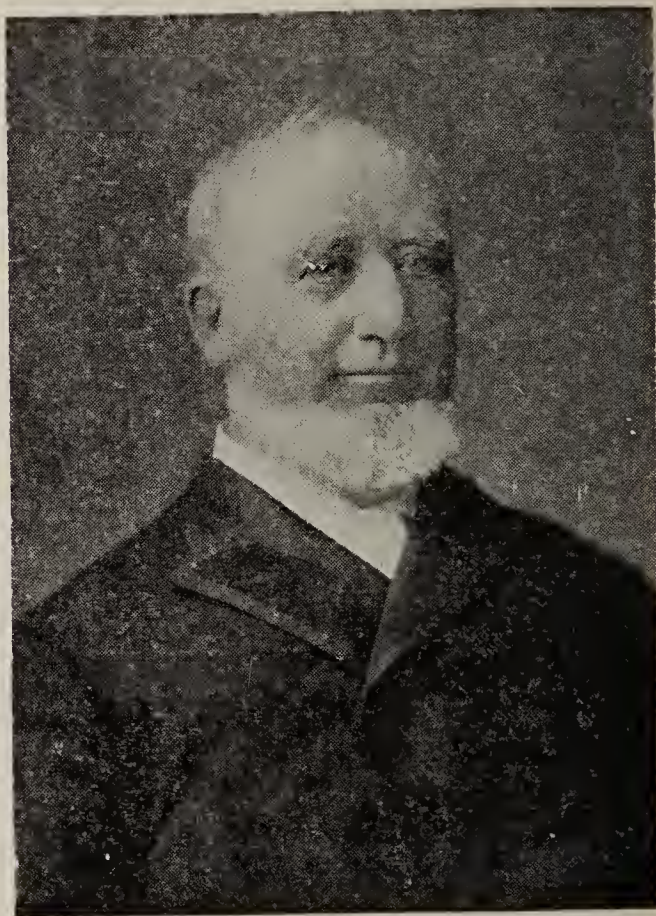
In the evening of June 27th, at a meeting of the Album Committee at the Deseret News Office, we made up our accounts and final appropriations. We decided to give six hundred copies to the Jubilee Committee, the five dollars paid by each one whose portrait was in the book had covered all expenses connected with the work, and left about \$150 surplus as profit; this amount we donated to the Copenhagen Mission House. The other 400 copies of the album were to be given to the parties whose portraits were in the book.

In the latter part of June we discovered that a lot of printed material, including newspapers, some of them valuable, was being destroyed by vermin in the basement of the Historian's Office, and in order to save these papers from further destruction, we moved them upstairs, sorted them, and placed them on shelves where they could be taken care of.

On July 26th Pres. Geo. Q. Cannon came to the Historian's Office, accompanied by Apostle Anthon H. Lund, who was introduced to us as our new chief, he having been appointed Church Historian the day before. I had already learned of this appointment, which I gladly supported. I had favored the appointment of either Francis M. Lyman or Anthon H. Lund as the only two members of the Quorum of the Twelve who had shown special historical interest. Ever since the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith one of the Twelve Apostles had always served as chief Historian.

In October I assisted Anthon H. Lund to read proof on a new edition of the Doctrine and Covenants in the

Danish language, which he had been appointed by the First Presidency to revise and re-publish.



PRESIDENT GEO. Q. CANNON

On Sept. 19th my old friend, Carl W. J. Hecker, the man who baptized me in Denmark when I was eight years old, died in Pleasant Grove. We had



HISTORIAN ANTHON H. LUND

been close friends and intimate associates for many years.

In October I delivered political speeches, both north and south, at a number of the settlements on present day issues. The election resulted in a Republican victory.

About that time it was decided that perhaps the building of a new Historian's Office would not take place until some time in the future, and so it was deemed necessary to make improvements in the old building, particularly in that part in which the precious documents of the Church were filed away making it as fire-proof as possible. Consequently a new iron roof was placed on the building to take the place of the shingles which previously had covered it, and an iron door was built to separate the library from the other part of the building where we were doing our work. A room 8 by 16 feet with a south window was built for me and made as comfortable as possible. It was rather narrow and with a door on the one end and the window on the other. I would be exposed at times to draft, and, if not careful, would catch cold. But otherwise it was well suited as a private study, where I could be alone with my papers, and not be disturbed by everybody, or anybody, who came to the building.

On Nov. 3rd, at the Historian's Office, Pres. Anthon H. Lund and I commenced a revision of the Book of Mormon in Danish. The first Danish edition of this sacred record was published in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1851; it had been translated by Elder Peter O. Hansen, partly in America, and partly in Denmark, after Bro. Hansen had arrived there with Apostle Erastus Snow in 1850. A second edition was published in 1856 by Hector C. Haight, and when that second edition was out of print, and a third edition was needed it was decided to submit it to a careful revision in order to correct a few inaccuracies or errors found in the former translation. Such a revision was entrusted to the

late Niels Wilhelmsen and myself and the new edition published in 1881. But now (1900) a call for a fourth edition was made, and as Bro. Lund was one of the Twelve Apostles and the work was being done at the headquarters of the Church, where access could be had to all the translations which, in the past, had been made in other languages, we were able and authorized to give the work a more thorough revision than the one made in 1881. This does not mean that there were any serious errors in the former editions, but the orthography of the Danish-Norwegian language had changed considerably during the years. And so, with the knowledge that Bro. Lund and I had of the English and Danish languages we were enabled to do thorough work. Hence, we had this fourth edition of the Book of Mormon prepared for the press in the Danish language in 1900-1901. The first translation of the book into any foreign language from the English text was the Danish edition published in 1851.

On Dec. 11th, on the 50th anniversary of my birthday, a festival was arranged in my honor. In the evening, according to invitation, about five hundred people assembled in the 14th Ward Assembly Hall to celebrate. Among the prominent people present were Apostle John Henry Smith and wife, Anthon H. Lund, John W. Taylor, Pres. Angus M. Cannon, Joseph E. Taylor, with their respective wives. Remarks were made by all of these brethren and others. Solos were rendered by Lillie Pye, Christine Anderson, Emma Jørgensen, Alice Bowring Clark, and Matthew Noall (who sang the Hawaiian "Aloha Oe"). Elizabeth D. E. Roundy read an original essay in my honor, Miss Ethel L. Allen and Amy Smith gave readings. Miss Rudehauser and Elder Gunther played on instruments. The Old Folks choir, and the 17th Ward choir, present in full force, rendered choruses.

Elder Lund, in his remarks, referred to me as a self-made man in the fullest sense. John Henry Smith compli-

mented me for my zeal and faithfulness. Pres. Cannon wished me all the success I could desire. John W. Taylor jokingly referred to my two wives as the secret of my success. Jos. E. Taylor wandered off into imaginations as to our former associations in the spirit world. He was just 20 years older than I, both being born on the same day of the month. Bro. Arthur F. Barnes spoke of me as a faithful member of the ward of which he was one of the Bishopric and a good neighbor; George A. Smith spoke in behalf of the 3rd Quorum of Seventy to which I belonged. A fine spirit prevailed throughout. The guests seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly, and the congratulations and affectionate handshaking which were exchanged will long be remembered. Of course I responded with a little speech during the exercises and referred to what the gospel has done for me, and that the honor belonged to God for the success that had attended my efforts in life. I also spoke of my real life's labor being still in the future, and that hitherto I had been engaged mainly in gathering material wherewith to erect an important historical structure.

In the latter part of 1900 it was decided that I should publish a Biographical Encyclopedia to contain life sketches of the General Authorities of the Church and other faithful men and women, who had taken an active part in Church affairs from the beginning. The little book of biographies which I had published in 1888 suggested the idea of continuing the work on a larger scale. The suggestion has since materialized in the publishing of four large volumes of the Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia of which Vol. 1 was published in 1901, Vol. 2 in 1914, Vol. 3 in 1920 and Vol. 4 in 1936.

During the year 1900 I traveled 4,480 miles, including 4,050 miles by rail, and 374 miles by team. I spoke in public 104 times and delivered 19 political speeches.

CHAPTER 50

(1901)

A New Century—Answer to Prayer—Busy with historical labors and editorial work.

With the closing of the nineteenth century I bent every effort to bring the general history of the Church as well as the histories of the stakes and missions up to Dec. 31, 1900. For several years past I had spent much time in collecting material for that purpose, and now I expected to be engaged for some time in working my field notes into proper shape, so that the different groups might be connected up from the beginning of the Church, as well as the beginning of the wards, stakes and missions and brought to the end of 1900. I had visited all of the stakes and missions of the Church for that purpose except the South African Mission. I firmly believe that I had not mistaken my calling in life, but that the work that had been nearest my heart these many years was the work that the Lord wanted me to do. And so I had it in my mind to put forth my best efforts to discharge my duties in this respect and trust to God for strength and ability to do so.

On New Year's morning I visited a number of neighbors and friends to greet them in behalf of the new year and the new century. I found this quite a pleasant task. With most of the family I attended a special New Century service at the Tabernacle, at which President Lorenzo Snow gave a greeting to the world. It was a brief and well-written document, which was read on the occasion by his son, LeRoi C. Snow. Some excellent musical numbers were rendered and the services were impressive.

After returning home from that meeting I called my family together in the parlor, and after speaking to them a short time I dedicated my home to the Lord for the use of the family. This might have been done some time previously but for certain reasons I had put it off till this day. I believe that I was inspired in my prayer and that the Lord acknowledged what I did

and said. The following members of my family were present besides myself: My wives Emma and Bertha, my daughters Minerva, Eleonore and Eva, my son Harold and Fanny Howell (my mother-in-law). Also Christine Jensen, my niece, who had been living with us for several months. My son Parley was out, not knowing that the house would be dedicated, and Andrew, my oldest son, was herding sheep somewhere in the mountains in Idaho. Later in the afternoon and evening, together with most of the family, I attended a Scandinavian New Year's party in the 14th Ward assembly rooms, where a meal was served, a short program rendered, and dancing engaged in till 10:00 p. m. Over 500 people were present.

On January 2nd I balanced my financial accounts, gave Bro. C. V. Anderson charge of the financial affairs of "Bikuben", and left some of my private financial accounts in the hands of my son Parley. I expected from the beginning of the year to concentrate my intellectual powers on my literary and historical work without being burdened as much as theretofore with financial matters.

In the early part of the year I made a general visit to all the settlements and wards in Salt Lake County, bringing local histories up to date. Later in the year I visited the Sevier, Boxelder, Cache and Davis stakes for the same purpose.

I was busy during the year writing sketches for publication in the Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol. 1, which was published in 1901. This volume consisted of 828 pages of closely printed matter, contained 690 biographical sketches, of which many were accompanied by portraits. The Encyclopedia commenced with the history of the Prophet Joseph Smith, followed by all his successors in the presidency of the Church, and the counselors in the First Presidency, sketches of the Apostles and all other general authorities of the Church, while the bulk of the book contained sketches of presidents of stakes

and their counselors, Patriarchs, Bishops, pioneers and women who had taken an active part in the history of the Church from the beginning. The edition consisted of 2000 copies which were disposed of in the different stakes of Zion and also in the missionary fields abroad.

During the year my son Parley did considerable traveling in the interest of "Bikuben" and assisted me materially with the paper otherwise. He also rendered much aid in distributing the Biographical Encyclopedia.

On June 26th I attended an Old Folks celebration at Lehi. The members of the Old Folks Central Committee, myself included, were frequently invited to attend Old Folks gatherings in the different stakes within easy reach.

On Sunday, Aug. 11th, I took a lonely walk up into the mountains, behind Ensign Peak, where I spent some time in secret prayer and private meditations. For some time I had felt depressed in spirit and I felt that I needed comfort from the Lord. When alone and undisturbed, far from human habitation, I laid before my Creator the feelings of my heart sincerely and openly and awaited the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Finally the following came to me which was in harmony with the fundamental principle that anyone who is faithful and true to God can receive revelations for himself, but not for the Church or for anybody on public matters that do not belong to the individual:

"My son, be of good cheer, thy prayers are heard and shall be answered upon thy head with the blessing thou so earnestly desirest. The Lord hath not rejected thee, but he hath permitted thee to pass through trials and afflictions in order to try thy faith and thy integrity; but if thou wilt do what thou understandest to be right hereafter, the Lord will forgive thee thy past sins and prosper thee in thy labors and grant thee the righteous desires of thy heart. Thou hast not lost thy position in the Church as an historian, thy zeal and integrity in that capacity are known to God and are pleasing in his

sight, and it is God who hath inspired thee to do the work which thou hast already done. But thou hast been too ambitious and hast cared too much for the opinion of men, and this is the main cause of thy present disappointment. But do not get discouraged, God loveth thee, and thou art not rejected. Be patient yet a little while, and all will be well, nor shall thine enemies prevail over thee, nor glory in thy downfall, for truth and right shall prevail, and those who have sought thy destruction and have endeavored to harm thee, shall be humbled and destroyed, unless they repent. Let not thy domestic affairs trouble thee; the worst is over; act wisely and be exemplary and just thyself, and thou shalt then have mastery over thy household and all the members of thy family shall yet bow to thy counsel and be obedient thereto.

Forgive thine enemies and do not prosecute them nor resurrect scenes of the past. Let them alone, bear thy losses like a man of God, and that which has been taken from thee shall be given thee in blessings a hundred-fold. Fear not because of the affliction of thine eye; thou shalt never go blind. God will give thee sufficient sight to accomplish the labor he hath destined thee to do. And through thy faith and the faith of thy family, thy brethren and thy friends, the sight in thy left eye shall speedily be restored and that, too, without an operation, if such be thy desire.

Now, go thy way rejoicing, for all is well. Seek God for inspiration day by day. Watch thyself hour by hour and day by day; and if thou wilt seek for wisdom in order to always do right, God will give it to thee, and thy last days shall be happy, and thy future career on earth be successful throughout, and blessings of which thou hast never thought and which have never entered thy mind until they are given thee, await thee, even in this life, if thou art faithful."

I remained on the mountain until after sundown, when I returned home fully determined to take a new stand and obey the words of inspiration which had been given me.

President Lorenzo Snow died at his residence in Salt Lake City in the afternoon of October 10th. I went over to the President's Office soon afterwards, and saw the corpse while sexton Joseph E. Taylor was dressing

it. The death of President Snow was not fully unexpected. He took very sick the night before. At a session of the council of the Apostles on October 17, 1901, the First Presidency was re-organized with Joseph F. Smith as president and John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund as his counselors. Brigham Young, jun., was sustained as president of the Twelve Apostles. These appointments gave general satisfaction, although the promotion of Bro. Winder, who was a counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, had not been thought of. I was asked to guess who the new counselors were by a brother who had heard the news before I did. Unhesitatingly I replied: "Francis M. Lyman and Anthon H. Lund." In the case of Bro. Lund I guessed right.

On Sunday, Oct. 20th, I attended a Scandinavian conference in Brigham City at which Bro. Christian D. Fjeldsted, who had just returned from a mission to Scandinavia, reported that some property had recently been purchased in Copenhagen, on which it was intended to erect a mission office and assembly hall. I headed a subscription list with \$100 toward raising \$10,000 in the stakes of Zion by donations toward the erection of such a building.

In October, 1901, I made a trip to the north in the interest of Church Chronology and Biographical Encyclopedia, and was quite successful.

On November 21st I wrote articles of incorporation for the Andrew Jenson History Company, the incorporation of which I had contemplated for some time. We filed the document on Dec. 6, 1901, after obtaining the certificate of the Secretary of State. This made the Andrew Jenson History Company a legal body, authorized to do business.

Dec. 11th was the fifty-first anniversary of my birth and at the time I expressed the wish that I might live just 49 years longer in order to become a centenarian.

On New Year's Eve (Dec. 31, 1901), a Scandinavian New Year's party, or a grand festival, was held in Salt Lake

City. It was a decided success and nearly 700 persons were present. As chairman of the committee which planned the affair I acted as master of ceremonies. Gov. Heber M. Wells read a speech eulogizing the Scandinavian people, President Joseph E. Taylor made some happy remarks; songs and instrumental music were the other features of the concert part of the program, and dancing was conducted by P. W. Madsen. The charges of admission were \$1.50 per couple and fifty cents for extra lady. The earnings were to go toward the erection of the mission house in Denmark. As the clock struck 12:00 midnight we greeted each other with the compliments of the season, "a happy new year."

Thus ended for me the first year of the 20th century, during which I traveled about 4000 miles by rail, street car, teams and carriages. I spoke 120 times, including 25 sermons in Danish, ten funeral sermons, ten lectures on Palestine and five after-dinner speeches.

CHAPTER 51

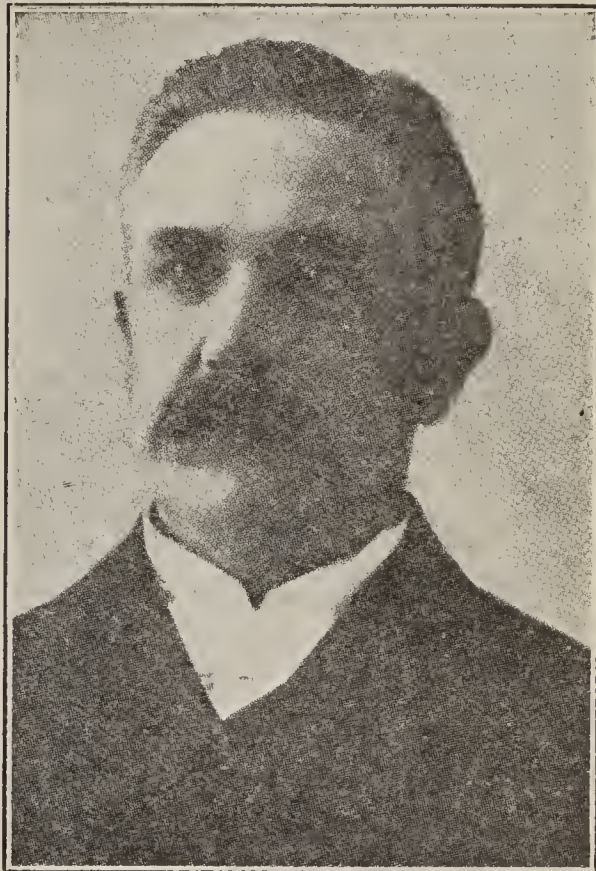
(1902)

Called on another Special Mission—Once more in Denmark—A new Edition of the Book of Mormon published—Dedication of a new Mission Home in Denmark—Contact with the Lutheran Clergy—A visit to England.

In the early part of 1902 I spent considerable time working on "Bikuben". Sister Christine Anderson, wife of C. V. Anderson, who assisted us in the Bikuben Office, called on me each week at the Historian's Office, where I read proof with her on what was intended for publication. I also continued my labors, together with Anthon H. Lund, in revising the Danish translation of the Book of Mormon for a new edition which was about to be published in Copenhagen, Denmark.

On Feb. 2nd I attended a quarterly conference in Sandy. On March 5th I visited L. Dahlquist in company with Bro. J. M. Sjö Dahl and afterwards met with the board of directors of the Scandinavian Publishing Company to consider ways and means for the sal-

vation of "Utah Posten", a Swedish newspaper which was about to suspend publication for lack of funds. I suggested that we offer the plant to the Church and I was consequently



PETER W. MADSEN

appointed, together with P. W. Madsen and Gus F. Backman, as a committee to wait on the First Presidency. The next day, March 6th, we four met with the First Presidency, and after considerable explanation it was considered advisable for the Church to buy the "Utah Posten" plant and continue the publication of the paper. When the question arose as to who could be secured to manage the paper, Pres. Smith remarked that it was a pity that there were no more Andrew Jensons in the Church, and complimented me on my success with "Bikuben"; this made me feel that my efforts with "Bikuben" had not been in vain.

On March 7th, according to appointment, the Scandinavian Committee, and also Bro. Dahlquist who had managed "Utah Posten" for ten months past, met again with the First Presidency. Bro. Dahlquist was asked if he could manage the paper for the Church, but his answer was not satisfactory, as he desired that the Church

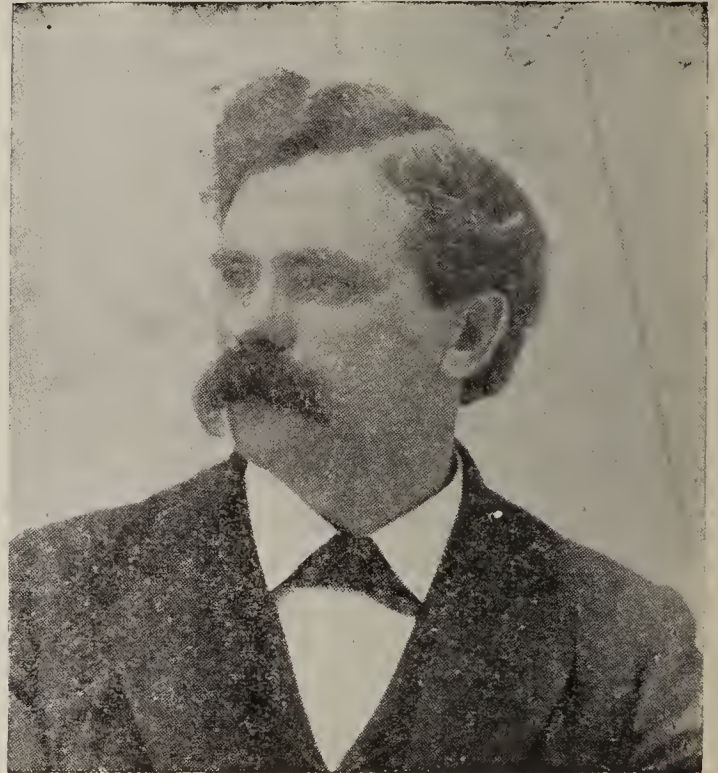
should pay his debts (about \$107) and then appropriate \$25 per month for the following six months to enable him to run the paper.

On account of this stand no action was taken in the matter at the time, but Pres. Anthon H. Lund and I were appointed to further investigate the situation and report later. We then met at the Historian's Office with Bros. Dahlquist and Backman, the former the secretary of the paper, which owned "Utah Posten", tendered the plant of "Utah Posten" to the Church for \$250, and Bro. Dahlquist also made his proposition in writing. I was delegated by Pres. Lund to meet with Bros. Backman and Dahlquist at the "Utah Posten" office the following day and take an inventory of the plant. This I did and reported to the First Presidency. It was then decided, upon the recommendation of the committee, that the Church would buy the "Utah Posten" plant for the sum of \$357, including the \$107 which Bro. Dahlquist owed for printing, etc. The money was made payable to me, and I drew \$107, which I at once took down to Bro. Dahlquist, who thereby was released from his indebtedness and enabled to get the pending number (Vol. 3, No. 10) out.

On April 6th, instead of attending the forenoon session of the General Conference of the Church, I retired fasting to my little room in the Historian's Office and engaged in earnest prayer, after which I took down from the bookshelf a copy of the Doctrine and Covenants, opening it at random, turned to the 98th section and read from verses 23 to 32 inclusive. This section was so strikingly fitting to the subject of my prayer (at least a part of it) that I was at once able to make a decision as to what I would do. I attended the closing session of the conference, and when the authorities of the Church were presented I was again sustained as Assistant Church Historian, together with Orson F. Whitney, A. Milton Musser and Brigham H. Roberts. This seemed to be right and

just. Since Bro. Lund had been appointed Church Historian in 1900, no assistant historians had been sustained, though I had worked as diligently as I had done before.

On April 19th Pres. Lund and I finished the revision of the Book of Mormon in the Danish language by reading and revising the last three chap-



BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS

ters of the book. Since Dec. 3, 1900, Pres. Lund and I had spent considerable time on this revision which we had found very pleasant work. We had labored together unitedly with the best of understanding and had agreed mutually on every change made. This was the second time I had assisted in revising the Danish translation of this sacred volume, the first time, twenty years before, when I was associated with the late Niels Wilhelmsen in Denmark. But on this, the second revision, now undertaken, we had done the work much more thoroughly, as Bro. Lund's knowledge of the Danish language was much better than that of Bro. Wilhelmsen, and my own knowledge of Danish had also improved materially.

On April 22nd I worked nearly all day in the Temple Annex with Bro. Joseph F. Smith, jun., emptying sacks

containing documents and papers, which had been kept in that state since the anti-polygamy raids, when certain official writings had been taken from the office and hidden. We now endeavored to arrange this valuable material in such a way that it could be used to advantage.

In April Mr. Wilkinsen, one of my tenants, built a summer house for me on the rear end of my lot and about the same time I made other essential improvements around our home.

On April 26th I was requested by Pres. Anthon H. Lund to prepare for a special mission to Scandinavia to publish a new edition of the Book of Mormon in the Danish language, using the revised translation on which he and I had worked. This call was not altogether unexpected to me as it would be unwise to trust the publication of so important a work to any but the revisers, and inasmuch as Bro. Lund himself could not go, the choice naturally fell upon me as the only other reviser. I responded cheerfully to the call as it would give me a change from office work which would be equal to a rest. It was decided that I should leave for Denmark on the 14th of May, in company with other missionaries.

On May 12th I finished my labors in the Historian's Office for a time, and also received from the "Deseret News" office the first 39 bound copies of the L. D. S. Encyclopedia. My son Parley commenced the distribution at once.

The "Deseret News" of May 10th contained a well-written commentary note from the pen of Charles W. Penrose on the new book, and on May 12th the "News" published a fine send-off, accompanied by a portrait, on my mission to Scandinavia. On May 13th I called at the President's Office, where under the hands of President Joseph F. Smith, John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund, I received a final blessing and was set apart for my mission. I also received the following special letter of appointment in addition to the general missionary license:

"Salt Lake City, May 13, 1902.
Elder Andrew Jenson, Salt Lake City.

Dear Brother: You have been appointed to take a special mission to Scandinavia to assist Pres. Anthon L. Skanchy in publishing a new and revised edition of the Book of Mormon in the Danish language. When you are through with this work, you will take a trip to the Norwegian conferences for the purpose of collecting data for Church history, and to gather up old Church records and forward them to the Historian's office. Should President Skanchy need your aid in the publishing of other Church works, you will render him such assistance as you can while there.

We pray the Lord to bless you in these important labors that they may prove of great value to the work of the Lord.

We remain your brethren and fellow-laborers in Christ,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
JOHN R. WINDER,
ANTHON H. LUND."

I spent part of the day saying goodbye to friends and arranging for the details of my trip. A number of friends called at my house in the evening to say goodbye and send messages by me to friends across the water. In the evening I called the family together and talked to them a short time, after which I placed my hands upon the head of each of them and blessed them. A fine spirit and good feelings prevailed.

The next day (May 14th) in the morning, I took leave of my family and friends at the Union Depot, Salt Lake City, and started on my mission, accompanied by Elders Christian D. Fjeldsted and Hans O. Young, who were to be my close companions on the journey, together with a number of other missionaries bound for Europe. Twenty persons constituted our party. Traveling on the Union Pacific Railroad via Omaha, Neb., we arrived in Chicago, Ill., on May 16th in the morning. There, together with Pres. Fjeldsted, I called at the headquarters of the Northern States Mission. We also spent some time in the Chicago public library, and in the afternoon continued the journey. Visiting Niagara Falls

on the way, we arrived at Boston on Sunday, May 18th. Here we met a number of Elders from Zion and spent two days visiting with them and sight-seeing. Securing passage on the steamship "Commonwealth", we sailed from Boston May 21st for Liverpool, England. Our company now consisted of 26 souls, of whom 13 were missionaries bound for Scandinavia, Great Britain, Switzerland and Germany, and 13 L. D. S. visitors bound for Great Britain and Germany.

After a pleasant and uneventful voyage, we arrived at Liverpool on May 29th, where we were made welcome by Pres. Francis M. Lyman of the British Mission. We continued the journey by rail in the afternoon, Bros. Fjeldsted, Young and I for Scandinavia and other missionaries bound for Germany and Switzerland. While we three Elders, bound for Denmark, sailed from Grimsby by steamship "Express" for Esbjerg, the missionaries bound for Germany boarded a steamer bound for Hamburg. Our trip across the North Sea proved to be one of the most unpleasant voyages of my life. Endeavoring to get up the first morning on board to eat breakfast, I became dizzy and seasick and remained in that condition all day, lying in my berth in the state room and part of the time in the smoking room upstairs, but during the night I did not sleep as the ship rolled and pitched continuously, and I found myself rolling, turning and twisting without cessation. Soon after landing however, I ate a splendid meal of Danish "rødspætter" and this ended my misery. Bro. Young suffered with me, but Pres. Fjeldsted was able to eat his meals regularly. We arrived in Copenhagen on May 31st. We were met at the railway station by Anthon L. Skanchy, president of the Scandinavian Mission, and Elder Carl A. Carlson, who took us to the mission office on St. Paulsgade No. 14.

The next day was a Sunday (June 1st), on which we attended the fast meeting at the saints' hall at St.

Pedersstræde. After the meeting we became the subjects of such a handshaking and hearty greeting as only those who are acquainted with the Scandinavian saints can understand and appreciate. Many of the saints remembered me from my visit in 1896 and a few from my mission in 1879-1881. I fully appreciated the warmth of feeling and love which were manifested on every hand.

In the evening we accompanied Pres. Skanchy to the recently purchased Church property in Korsgade and were delighted with the progress made on the new building, which was already under roof and in the hands of the plasterers. The property had a central location, and it was fondly anticipated that worshipping in a hall owned by the Church would give a fresh impetus to the work in Denmark. In the evening we attended a meeting of saints and friends. I spoke about 25 minutes under the influence of the spirit of God and my remarks seemed to reach the hearts of the people.

Pres. Fjeldsted and I hired a room on St. Paulsgade No. 5, on the 5th story, into which we moved on Monday, June 2nd. Here we settled down to work together quietly on the Book of Mormon, giving it the final revision or preparation before sending the manuscript to the printers. Our room faced the street and was well lighted and furnished, and we occupied separate beds. Here we spent nearly two months doing work which we enjoyed. We soon made arrangements with the F. E. Bording printing office for printing the Book of Mormon. Mr. F. E. Bording, the founder of the firm, died in 1882, but his son-in-law, Mr. Petersen, who was carrying on the business in the old name, soon made satisfactory arrangements with us. We decided to print 3,000 copies of the book, the price for printing being 73 kro. and 25 øre for each sixteen pages and as there would be 41 forms of 16 pages each, the total cost of printing would amount to 3,000 kroner or \$750.00 in American money. In

the meantime I was busy preparing copy for the printer, and attending the meetings of the saints. I generally spoke in the hall every Sabbath and also in the smaller meetings of the auxiliary associations during the week. I also assisted in the revision of a pamphlet published in the interest of the Church in the Icelandic language.

On Sunday, June 22nd, I delivered a lecture on the Book of Mormon, on which occasion the spirit of the Lord gave me unusual freedom in utterance, and my talk seemed to make a deep impression upon all present, both saints and strangers. The printing of the Book of Mormon was soon commenced, and on July 2nd I read proof on the first eight sheets.

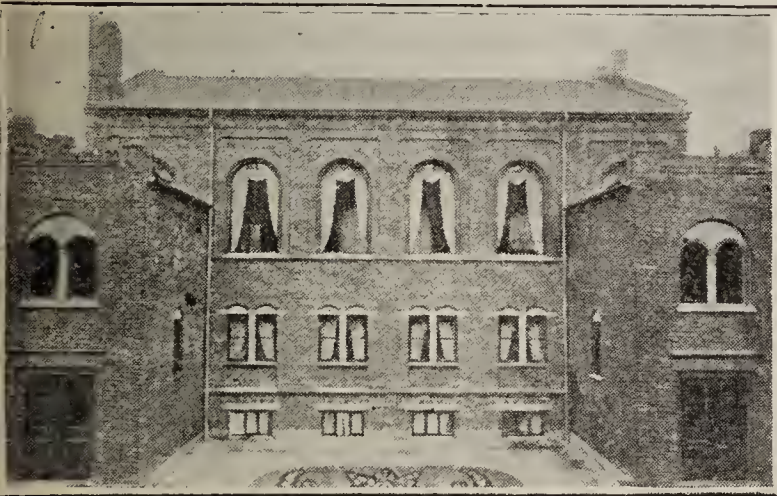
In the meantime the new assembly hall on Korsgade No. 11 was finished

was a larger number of Elders from America than had ever assembled together on any one occasion before in the lands of the north. Pres. Anthon L. Skanchy, who presided over the exercises, made an opening speech, in which he gave a short history of the erection of the building. Pres. Francis M. Lyman then offered the dedicatory prayer, which occupied 25 minutes in delivering. After the prayer the choir sang an anthem composed by Pres. Anthon L. Skanchy and set to music by Prof. Evan Stephens. I then delivered a fifteen minute speech. The opening prayer of this meeting was made by Pres. C. D. Fjeldsted and the benediction by Elder Peter Christensen.

Two Priesthood meetings were held on Saturday, July 5th, one commencing at 10:00 o'clock a.m. lasting three hours, and the second at 4 p. m. lasting three and a half hours. The speakers in the first meeting were Francis M. Lyman, Anthon L. Skanchy, Peter Christensen, and ten other Elders. Among the speakers in the afternoon meeting were Anthon L. Skanchy, Hugh J. Cannon, Levi Edgar Young, Evan Stephens and Francis M. Lyman.

On Sunday, June 6th, three general and well-attended meetings were held in the new hall. Elders James C. Petersen, Christian D. Fjeldsted, Hugh J. Cannon and Peter Christensen were the speakers in the forenoon. Andrew Jenson and Francis M. Lyman in the afternoon, and President Anthon L. Skanchy and Apostle Lyman in the evening meeting. I translated for the English-speaking brethren. Pres. Lyman afterwards complimented me by remarking that I was the best translator he ever had in all his travels, and Prof. Stephens called me a "double-barrelled shotgun."

On Monday, July 7th, two Priesthood meetings were held in the hall, each lasting three hours, at which all the Elders who had not already spoken gave brief testimonies, and Pres. Lyman gave timely instructions. I may add that, in addition to my other

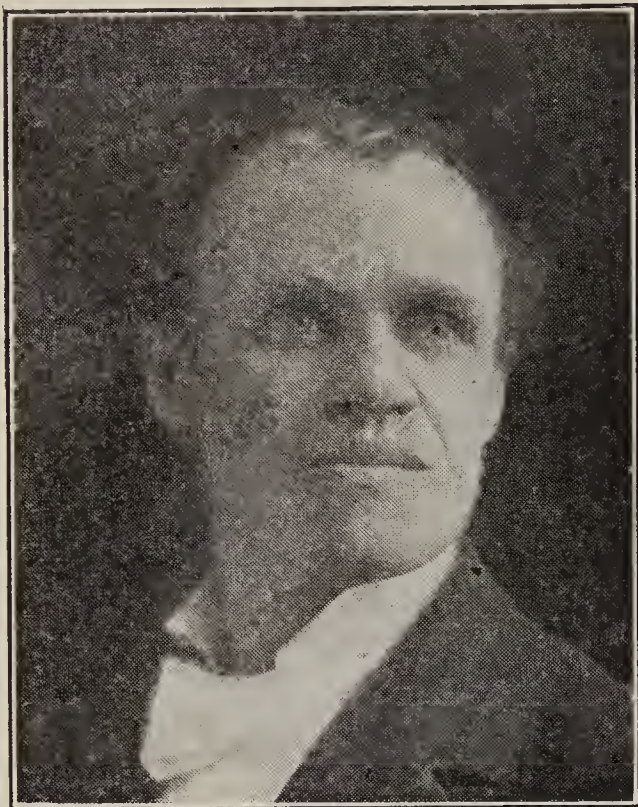


HEADQUARTERS OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MISSION IN KORSGADE 11, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

and ready for dedication. Apostle Francis M. Lyman and Pres. Hugh J. Cannon arrived in Copenhagen from Germany, together with other Elders from the German Mission. The Elders from Denmark, Sweden and Norway also arrived. I spent considerable time in conversation with Pres. Lyman and assisted him and the other brethren in arranging the details for the approaching dedication.

On Friday evening, July 4th, we assembled at the new meeting house to attend the dedicatory services. The building was filled to capacity and 122 Elders from Zion were present, which

duties, I acted as clerk of the conference and took the minutes of all the meetings, except when I was not speaking or translating.



PROFESSOR EVAN STEPHENS

In the evening an interesting concert was given in the hall.

After a meeting held on July 8th I accompanied Pres. Lyman to the hotel and had a long conversation with him on important matters. In the evening, together with other Elders, I went to the railroad station to meet Sister Susa Young Gates, who had come to attend a national convention of women to be held in Copenhagen. She brought hearty greetings from home.

The next day, July 9th, I wrote communications to the "Deseret News" and "Bikuben", giving a general account of the conference.

On Thursday, July 10th, Pres. Francis M. Lyman and Levi Edgar Young left Copenhagen for Berlin. Pres. Hugh J. Cannon had left for Germany the previous day.

After the departure of our visitors Pres. Fjeldsted and I resumed proof-reading on the Book of Mormon. On Sunday, July 13th, I called for Sister Susa Y. Gates at Hotel Kongen af Danmark and took her to the new mission house at Korsgade No. 11, where she

spoke at a Sunday School and also at the general meeting.

Sister Gates at first thought it would be best under the circumstances for her not to be introduced as a daughter of Brigham Young, but when she faced a fine congregation of saints in which there were many beautiful children, she whispered to me and said,

"I have changed my mind, I cannot play the stranger, I shall be pleased if you will introduce me to the congregation as a daughter of Pres. Young." The outcome was that she delivered a beautiful discourse, in which she alluded to a number of sayings by her illustrious father. She made throughout a very fine impression on all.

On Monday, July 14th, I parted with my son Andrew, who, together with two returning Elders, who had labored in Denmark and Norway, and some emigrating saints, left Copenhagen for America. In the meantime I continued my work on the Book of Mormon, reading proofs and otherwise supervising the printing. By request I also assisted in the editing of "Skandinaviens Stjerne", in which we introduced some changes in orthography, in order to be up-to-date with the modern literature published in Denmark.

In the latter part of July I received the following letter:

"State of Utah, Executive Office
Salt Lake, July 9, 1902.

To whom it may concern:

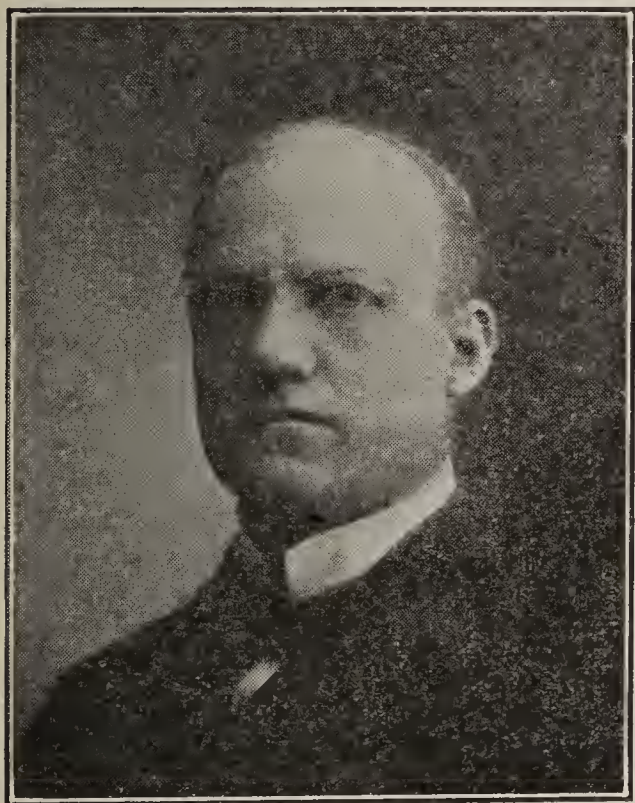
It is with special pleasure that I testify to the good character and representative standing of Mr. Andrew Jenson of Salt Lake City, State of Utah, U. S. A.

I have known him for many years, and have found him scrupulously honest, extremely energetic, able and courteous, a man of exceedingly good habits and correct deportment, a gentleman and a scholar. He is one of the foremost citizens of the State of Utah and any courtesies shown him will be appreciated and reciprocated, if opportunity affords, by the people of this state.

HEBER M. WELLS,
Governor of the State of Utah,
United States of America."

This document served a good pur-

pose before my return home. I had been in need of such a paper when I attended to some business in Boston on my way out, and was now glad to have it in case another emergency might occur.



GOVERNOR HEBER M. WELLS

During the summer I associated freely with the good saints in Copenhagen, responding to many invitations to visit them in their homes and also to accompany them on outings and to places of interest in the vicinity of the capital. One popular place of resort which I frequently visited with the saints was "Bakken", which was reached from the Klampenborg station, where far away from the noise and bustle of the big city, the saints could enjoy themselves by indulging in innocent games and other kinds of recreation.

While working on the Book of Mormon and assisting in the editorial department of the "Skandinaviens Stjerne", the mission periodical, I also revised several pamphlets for republication in the Danish language.

On August 30th Pres. Chr. D. Fjeldsted and I moved to our new quarters in Korsgade No. 11. Pres. Skanchy had hired a heavy team with a flat wagon in which the furniture, books, etc., of the office were hauled from the

old quarters at St. Paulsgade No. 14, where the mission office had been located since 1859, to Korsgade 11. As the last load of goods was placed on the wagon the brethren gathered in the translators' room at the old mission headquarters, formed a circle and engaged in prayer, Pres. Fjeldsted being mouth. We thanked the Lord for the 43 years of peaceful occupancy of these rooms. Those present were Anthon L. Skanchy, Chr. D. Fjeldsted, Andrew Jenson, Joachim C. Andersen, Jørgen S. Jørgensen, L. P. Nielsen and Peter Christensen.

In the evening we took possession of our new home. We at once set to work preparing our rooms and were thus engaged till a late hour.

We all felt happy and pleased with our surroundings, being truly thankful that after the restored gospel had been preached in Scandinavia for 52 years, we had at last a house of our own in which we could live and worship God. Two of our missionaries, Elder Anthon F. Andreasen and David W. Thompson, who were laboring as missionaries on the islands of Lolland and Falster, had met with considerable opposition on the part of the Lutheran clergy there, and so it was decided at mission headquarters that I should make a trip to these islands and assist the missionaries against the attacks of these priests. I left Copenhagen on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, for Nykjøbing on Falster where a meeting had been appointed in the evening of that day.

On my arrival at Nykjøbing I met the missionaries and towards 8:00 p. m. we were at the place appointed for a meeting, in a large, commodious, public hall which was soon filled with at least 300 people. Among those who attended the meeting were the Rev. Leyenbak, Bishop of the Lolland-Falster diocese, Pastor Kemp of Nykjøbing, and Pastor Brandt of Væggeløse parish and "Skovkasserer" Larsen. Elder Andreasen had been led to understand that the Mormon Elders would conduct the meeting as they liked and occupy the time in presenting

their doctrines and history. But we soon learned that the local priest was to have entire control and that the intention in appointing the meeting was undoubtedly to give the "Mormons" a terrible thrashing and subject them to such humiliation that they would be ashamed to show their faces again. And that indeed was the impression that the brethren in Copenhagen had and which led to my being sent to render what assistance I could. Before the exercises commenced, the bishop in a stentorian voice and with much assumed dignity remarked that no singing or praying would be permitted as they (the Lutherans) could not condescend to worship with the "Mormons." Then Paster Kemp, the local priest, opened the "ball" by speaking half an hour in a bitter and abusive strain in which he recounted some of the blackest and most abusive lies—such as are usually contained in anti-Mormon literature—and he also endeavored by twists and turns to make our doctrines appear ridiculous to the people. Finally Elder Andreasen was asked to speak, and he promptly requested me to occupy the time. I realized that the people had been much worked up in their feelings by what the pastor had said, and that the intention was that we should not be accorded a respectful hearing. But, feeling that the Lord would stand by us, I mounted the platform and commenced my talk as follows: "My honored countrymen, ladies and gentlemen. Though a son of Denmark I realize that I stand before you as a stranger in a strange land, as I have been a resident of America for 36 years; but believing that the chivalry and fairness which characterized our forefathers is still present with their children, I appeal to you, intelligent citizens of Nykjøbing, to listen attentively to what I have to say. I may not possess such unlimited knowledge of the "Mormon" people and their doctrines as the pastor who has preceded me, but the fact is that I have spent thirty-six years among the people of

Utah, that I have visited every nook and corner of the land they occupy, and that I have spent 25 years of my life in studying and writing the history of the "Mormons." And while these facts may not weigh very heavily against the statements that the pastor (who by the way has never visited America) has made, yet they are certainly worthy of your consideration."

The effect of these remarks was more than I expected. The people were deeply impressed and soon were as quiet as any congregation to which I ever spoke. For nearly an hour I rehearsed to them the history of the Latter-day Saints, explained the true character of Joseph Smith and his family, and made plain the doctrines of the Church and the general character of our message to the world. With the exception of one of the Priests (Brandt), who jumped about like a mad rooster, talking to his brother priests and making notes, not a soul made the least sign of uneasiness while I spoke. When I was through I gave the people an opportunity of asking questions. A few were propounded, which I answered, and then I stepped from the platform. The bishop and an elderly man with a clean-shaven face arose and began to murmur something about blasphemy and then the bishop proceeded to relate an experience which he claimed to have had with four "Mormon" missionaries who held meetings on Falster many years ago. He had attended one of their meetings and listened to their pretensions of being able to heal the sick, but that he the next day had a private talk with one of the missionaries, who then denied having the power. This, the bishop said, proved the dishonesty of the "Mormons." Before a fair-minded American audience the bishop would at once have become an object of ridicule for relating such silly stuff. As it was it did not seem to appeal to the people, and the great Reverend, the highest ecclesiastical officer on the islands of

Lolland and Falster, left the meeting as if he were ashamed of himself. Pastor Brandt, the parish priest, of Væggeløse, next mounted the rostrum and began reading and explaining from his notes while he shook like an aspen leaf with wrath and nervous excitement. He tried to be abusive toward me personally, and twice as he appealed to me to sanction certain things which he said, I had the opportunity of humiliating him by assuring the people that he had no knowledge of what he was talking about. He made a miserable failure of his attempt to expose us, and now Pastor Kemp, who had made the opening speech, again stepped forward to present some other points that he had forgotten when delivering his first speech. When he was through, I stepped forward to make answer, but "Skovkasserer" Larsen asked for the floor, and he demurred to "Mormonism" because it was based on licentiousness and because negroes were not admitted into the "Mormon" Church.

I now obtained the floor a second time and made the closing speech, which was not intended, but in rising to answer the questions propounded I was prompted, after I was through, to submit the case as it now had been presented by my four opponents and myself, to the people, so that they might leave under my influence and in peace. The little ruse succeeded, for when I sat down the people arose without the presiding pastor giving them a parting shot, and quietly left the building. Several gentlemen present stepped forward and congratulated me on my success and said that while they did not believe "Mormon" doctrines, they were all immensely pleased with my answer to the pastor's questions as well as my lecture. We, the Elders, left the hall well pleased with the outcome, considering that it was not our meeting, but that we were throughout the entire proceedings at the mercy of the clergy and the people.

The following day I returned to Copenhagen.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 23rd, I delivered the first of a series of lectures on Church history before the young people's association in Copenhagen.

On the evening of October 8th one of the Elders spoke on the apostasy of the Christian Church and referred to the Pope of Rome as "the man of sin" referred to by Paul in his epistle to the Thessalonians. This brought Jens Busk, a member of the Danish Rigsdag, who was present, to his feet, and after the meeting was closed he was permitted to speak, and he occupied nearly half an hour in criticizing the Elder and defending the Roman Catholic position. I followed in a half hour speech, taking up his points one by one, on historical grounds, all the people remaining to listen. Then Mr. Busk spoke again, and I followed with the closing speech. The whole proceedings were most interesting. I thoroughly enjoyed the situation and so did the saints. The truth was vindicated and the discussion ended peaceably about 11:00 o'clock. Moral: Let the Elders be careful in what they say; it is not necessary to court opposition at any time. The Elder who had antagonized the Catholic Church, not being posted on ecclesiastical history, would have found himself "in a box", if somebody had not helped him out.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 14th, I delivered the first illustrated lecture of my life, using sixty slides in connection with a magic lantern. While I spoke, Elder Carl A. Carlson manipulated the lamp and the lecture was pronounced a success, although some of the pictures did not show off to advantage. Soon afterwards (Dec 9th) I delivered another illustrated lecture.

On Oct. 24th I visited the Danish Rigsdag, with other Elders, and we were shown the different rooms or halls as well as the library on the top floor; we also stopped and lis-

tened to some of the arguments in both branches of the Rigsdag.

On Sunday, Nov. 9th, I accompanied Pres. Anthon L. Skanchy to Malmö, Sweden, where we attended the fall conference, at which Bro. Skanchy and I were the main speakers. We thoroughly enjoyed our visit. On this trip we also visited the city of Lund in Sweden, where we specially enjoyed passing through and examining the old cathedral which dated back to the year 1088.

After our return to Copenhagen Presidents C. D. Fjeldsted and Anthon L. Skanchy and I met in council, on which occasion Elder Skanchy explained how he had conceived of a plan in regard to building a mission house in Stockholm on a piece of property which had recently been purchased by a Bro. Nilsson. A part of the plan was that I, after my return home, should make a tour of Utah and surrounding states to visit Scandinavian saints and others for the purpose of raising means for such a building in Stockholm. A somewhat similar plan had previously suggested itself to my mind which I had made known to Pres. Fjeldsted. Several reasons presented themselves why the plan would be feasible and it was intended to obtain the sanction of the First Presidency in order to carry out the project. On Friday, Nov. 14th, I read second proof of the last sheet (the title page and index) of the Book of Mormon, and took it to the printers. Thus I had finished the work for which I had been called on this special mission.

In company with Pres. Anthon L. Skanchy I left Copenhagen for Aalborg in Jutland, where we attended a conference on the 15th and 16th of November. There we met thirteen Elders from Zion and had a glorious time.

After the conference I visited the place of my birth, accompanied by a photographer who took several pictures of the house in which I was born, the school house where I attend-

ed school as a boy, and other places associated with my boyhood days. On this trip I also visited Sæby, where our family resided before we emigrated to America in 1866, Frederikshavn and Skagen, the northernmost city of Denmark. Returning we held a meeting in Randers, and on Nov. 22nd and 23rd attended conference in Aarhus where 25 Elders from Zion were in attendance. After the conference we held an interesting meeting in Odense, on the island of Fyen, and after returning to Copenhagen we attended a conference there on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 29th and 30th. This conference was attended by 28 Elders from Zion. It fell to my lot to speak in all the meetings.

On Dec. 9th I baptized Marie Wilhelmine Ludvigsen, the oldest of the two daughters of the family with whom Bro. Fjeldsted and I boarded in St. Paulsgade. On the evening of Dec. 10th I preached my last sermon in Copenhagen on this mission. After the meeting I shook hands saying goodbye to saints and friends with whom I conversed until a late hour. I felt thankful indeed that the Lord had blessed my humble efforts and that many people had believed my testimony. I had done a great deal of preaching since I arrived in Copenhagen this time and rejoiced in having been able to present the gospel principles by the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. I shall never forget the good time I spent on this special mission to my native land, nor the many persons whom I had learned to love and who in return loved me. Under date of Dec. 11th I recorded the following:

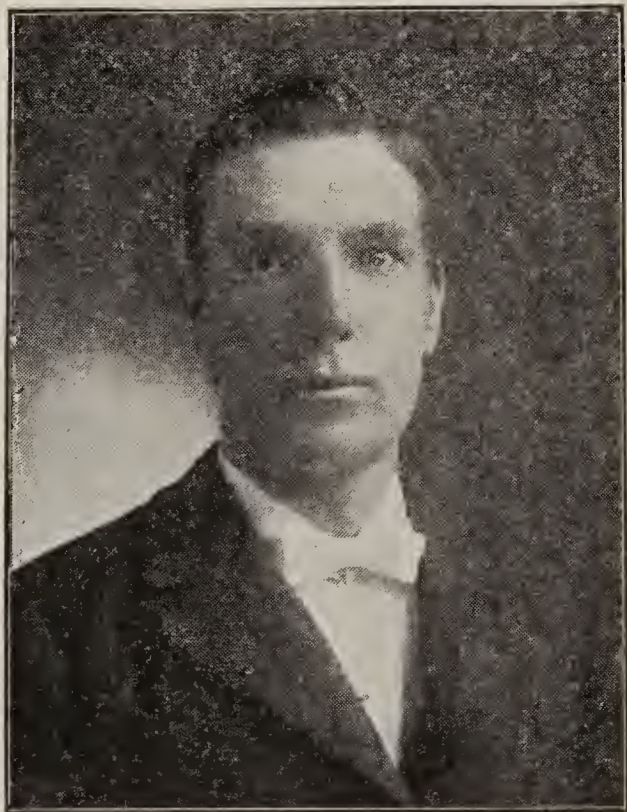
"This is the 52nd anniversary of my birthday. I received several congratulations by mail and otherwise, and visited a number of saints to whom I said goodbye. I received during the day many birthday presents and I gave a little chocolate party in the evening for the brethren in the office and a few others, at which Pres. Skanchy presented me with a beauti-

ful copy of the Book of Mormon—the new Danish edition just out. It is a fine book, undoubtedly the best printed and most carefully prepared book ever published in the Scandinavian Mission. I thank the Lord that my mission has been a decided success. I have done the work assigned me in that regard, and now it remains for me to proceed to Norway to gather historical items until I am ordered home. But first I am going to England.”

I took leave of the mission house, Pres. Fjeldsted and the rest of the brethren accompanied me to the railway station where perhaps half of the members of the local branch gathered to say goodbye, and to see me off. What an outburst and manifestation of tender feelings! The sisters covered me with beautiful flowers, gave me fruit and sweets to take along and stuck portraits and a number of presents in my hands as I said goodbye. I have scarcely before been the subject of so much attention and honor in saying goodbye, and I seemingly could not satisfy the handshaking propensities of some of the saints. Again and again they would press my hand, say some kind words which had previously been forgotten, and it was also most impossible for me to have a few quiet words with Pres. Skanchy on business affairs.

I traveled to Esbjerg, where I boarded the steamer “Georg” on Sept. 12th. I was the only passenger on board and arrived at Grimsby on Sunday, Dec. 14th. Here I soon left the ship for a walk through the town. Knowing that there was a branch of the Church at Grimsby, I desired to meet with the saints there, and as I came to a crossing of the streets I was impressed to go in a certain direction and was happily surprised to find the place where the saints were holding their meetings in the Thrift Hall on Tracy Street. Here I met Elders Ririe and Alfred Cardon, two Elders from Zion who were laboring in Grimsby, where there was a flourishing branch of about 80

members. I dropped into the hall as they were commencing their evening meeting, and, upon invitation, preached for about half an hour to about 75 saints and friends. After a very pleasant visit I went on board the ship again and spent the night there. The next day, in the morning, I left the ship, boarded the train and traveled to Liverpool. At the mission house, 42 Islington, I met with a warm welcome from Elders Joseph Eckersley and



ELDER JOSEPH ECKERSLEY

Joseph J. Cannon and later by Pres. Francis M. Lyman who arrived from a visit to Wales. I was made comfortable at the mission home and allowed to share a room with Elder Cannon.

I spent Tuesday, Dec. 16th, in close counsel and conversation with Pres. Francis M. Lyman, he speaking very freely about the affairs of the mission and the Elders who labored in it. In the most modest way I referred to the departure he had inaugurated in the European Mission in regard to the annual reports, he having dated his annual report Nov. 30th instead of Dec. 31st. I showed him the confusion that such a change would produce unless a separate report was made for the Church independent of the one published in the “Star”. Pres. Lyman yielded

to my argument with good grace, although he defended his departure with much energy at first. To adjust this matter was the special object of my coming to England direct from Copenhagen, instead of going to Norway at once. Pres. Lyman, in a good natured way, complimented me on my victory, and the brethren in the office who had to do with statistics were also well pleased, particularly Elder Eckersley, who assisted me ably in carrying the point.

A fine feeling prevailed among the brethren at the mission office at Liverpool; they attended meetings at the branch hall on Bidders Street, off Islington, Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and Sunday school on Sunday morning.

I spent the remainder of the year most pleasantly with the Elders and local saints in Liverpool, engaged in perusing the records of the mission and culling data wanted for Church history. I spent my first Christmas in England very pleasantly and in the evening of the 23rd received word indirectly from the First Presidency who desired me to finish my work in Scandinavia before leaving for America. On Dec. 26th I accompanied Pres. Lyman to the St. George Hall and listened for the first time in my life to the rendition of Handel's oratorio "The Messiah".

Pres. Skanchy forwarded to me a letter from the First Presidency which read as follows: "We are in sympathy with your suggestion about calling on the saints in America to contribute to a fund for the purpose of building a meeting house in Stockholm, Sweden, and think well of your idea of Brother Jenson to take hold of this matter after his return home, but we would prefer him to finish his work in Scandinavia before coming home."

On Sunday, Dec. 28th, I traveled to Bolton, where I was met by Pres. John W. Saunders, president of the Manchester Conference, and spent a pleasant day in his company, and preached in the evening meeting. The next day

I proceeded to Manchester and returned to Liverpool on the 30th.

In the evening of Dec. 31st I attended the saints' meeting in Liverpool, after which I walked out with Elders Cannon, Higgs and Robinson to witness the great multitude on Church and Lord streets who were making all sorts of demonstrations and noises while watching the old year "out" and the new year "in". Hundreds of uniformed policemen were stationed on the street to keep order and to prevent lawlessness. We returned to the office a little before 12:00 o'clock midnight and remained watching until the church bells announced that the new year had dawned upon the earth.

Thus ended the year 1902. It had been an eventful year to me, but a most happy one. The disappointment under which I labored in the beginning of the year had, as an answer to my prayer, been removed. I had accomplished the most important feature of my special mission and had seen, as the result of my labors, the finest book ever published by the Church in Scandinavia. While in Denmark this time I had perhaps been blessed with the power of speech to a greater extent than ever before and had rejoiced exceedingly under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

The news I received from my family since my departure on this my fourth foreign mission, had been quite satisfactory. During the year I traveled about 10,200 miles, namely, 4,500 miles by railway, 480 miles by street car, 4,500 miles by steamer, ferries, etc., 120 miles by carriages, 20 miles by automobile, and 580 miles on foot. I delivered 140 public speeches, including 100 in Danish, five lectures on Palestine, two illustrated lectures on Denmark, ten after-dinner speeches and six business talks. I baptized five persons and ordained one man to the Priesthood.

In Copenhagen, where I spent considerable time during the latter part of the year, I had been especially blessed in my labors.

CHAPTER 52

(1903)

My wife Bertha arrives in England—Travels in England—Return to Denmark—Visits to Sweden and Norway—Return home in charge of a company of returning missionaries and emigrating saints.

Thursday, January 1st. After enjoying a good night's rest in Liverpool and two significant dreams, I arose about eight o'clock, when I awakened the other brethren in the room, Joseph J. Cannon (with whom I shared bed), Jesse K. Higgs and Alfred A. Robinson by singing the Danish song "Livet forsvinder i Hast som en Drøm".

The next day I continued my culling and copying of the missionary list until the close of 1900. We had considerable conversation about dividing the conferences and branches of the British Mission with definite boundaries. My suggestions were adopted and Bro. Joseph J. Cannon was instructed to write an editorial upon that subject for the next "Star". The following day (Saturday, Jan. 3rd) Bro. Joseph Eckersley and I went by elevated railway train down the Mersey River to the Alexandria Docks, where we found the ship "Winifredian" and the passengers ready to disembark. We boarded the ship and met the incoming friends, including my wife Bertha who had looked for me since early dawn. There were 27 Elders on board besides three sisters and a child who came to Europe on a visit. At 42 Islington a meeting was held with the new arrivals, at which Pres. Lyman gave instructions, and Elder Eckersley and I also made a few remarks.

After spending a few days sight-seeing in Liverpool, my wife and I traveled to London on the 6th, where we spent several days sight-seeing and also visited saints and friends and attended meetings on Jan. 11th. We left London Jan. 14th and traveled to Lewis, where we visited with my wife's friends. On the 15th we continued the journey to Brighton and on the 16th proceeded to Steyning, in Sussex, my wife's birthplace, where we visited her

friends and relatives. Dr. Turner and his family received us very kindly, but William Marshall, whose wife was my wife's cousin, showed us the door and acted like a madman because we were "Mormons". Returning to Brighton, we visited places of interest there and then went back to London.

After enjoying the sights of London we left for Harwich or Parkeston Quay, where we boarded the steamer "Berlin" and sailed for the Netherlands on the evening of Jan. 19th. In the morning of Jan. 20th we arrived at Rotterdam, made our way to Isaac Hubert Straat 120, where we were well received by Pres. Willard T. Cannon and other Elders. We at once felt at home at the mission office, and I commenced my work on the records of the mission, assisted by some of the Elders. Pres. Cannon kindly placed his room at our disposal during our visit at mission headquarters.

While I continued my labors the following days, my wife, accompanied by Elders, visited Den Haag (The Hague), and Scheveningen, a fashionable seaside resort. On the 22nd, in the evening, I attended the general public meeting in a hired hall at Rotterdam, where I preached with Bro. Gerrit J. Kruitbosch as interpreter. On this occasion I met several of the local saints with whom I had become acquainted on a previous visit to the Netherlands six years before. I found the saints in Holland (as we Americans usually call the Netherlands), like those in Scandinavia, kind and affectionate, and I enjoyed my visit with them very much.

On Jan. 23rd we left Rotterdam and traveled to Berlin, the capital of Germany. At the station we were met by Elder Charles Dennis White, jun., who took us to 196 Frankfurter Allee, where the German Mission headquarters were located. Later we were taken across the street, where a room had been secured for us. On Saturday, Jan. 24th, we repaired to the mission office and worked all day culling historical data from the mission record.

Here we met Elder Joseph Keller, the secretary of the mission, who assisted me in my labors. On Sunday, Jan. 25th, my wife and I accompanied Bro. Keller to the saints' hall at No. 11 Neu König Strasse, where we attended Sunday School and I tried to speak German to the children of the school; though I did not speak grammatically correct, I was assured that the people understood me and were interested in my remarks. In the afternoon I again spoke with Elder Keller as interpreter. On Jan. 26th we visited Potsdam, the resident city of the German Emperor. At Berlin we became very much interested in the street called Unter den Linden and many other places of note in the German capital. On Jan. 30th Bro. White accompanied us by elevated railway to the "Stettiner Bahnhof", where we boarded the train for Denmark. At Warnemünde we boarded the steamer "König Christian" and crossed the Baltic to Gjedser, the southernmost point of the island of Falster. Thence we continued the journey by train to Orehoved, crossed Masnedsund by steamer and traveled by rail to Copenhagen. We were met at the station by Pres. Anthon L. Skanchy and Hans J. Christiansen who directed us to hotel "Knapstedgaard". We secured a nice room fronting "Raadhuset" (the city hall). My wife was pleased with the appearance of Denmark, where there was no snow on the ground, nor had we seen snow in Germany, Holland or England.

On Saturday, Jan. 31st, Pres. Skanchy and Chr. D. Fjeldsted called on us at the hotel and we had a long conversation regarding several matters pertaining to the mission. I enjoyed to be in a country where I could speak the language. Instead of attending meeting on Sunday, Feb. 1st, my wife and I visited the State Museum, Thorvaldsen's Museum, "Old-nordist Museum" and last the "Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek." Toward evening we visited places of interest associated with our missionary work in Copenhagen. The next day we took

strolls through the heart of the city and to "Langelinie". We attended the play "Elverhøj" at the Royal Theatre in the evening. I had seen that historical play before, but never witnessed it given in so artistic and masterly manner.

The next day my wife and I left Copenhagen in the evening and traveled by express train to Korsør, then across Storebelt by the steam ferry to Nyborg and thence by rail to Odense, where we were met at the station by Bro. Peter Jeppesen. We visited the missionary quarters in Jens Benzensgade No. 9. At midnight my wife and I continued the journey from Odense and traveled by rail to Strib, thence crossed Lillebælt on the steam ferry to Fredericia, whence we continued the journey by train through Jutland.

In changing cars at Randers we happened to enter into the same car compartment as two Seventh Day Adventists, with whom we had a pleasant conversation. One of them, a Mr. Hansen, who was born in the same part of Denmark as I, and who was now the proprietor of Høgholt, an old "herregaard", in Hørmsted parish, invited us to visit him. As he lived near the railway station, I accepted his invitation and we consequently got off at Sindal station, east of Hjørring, and rode with him home, his carriage meeting him at the station. On our arrival at Høgholt we were made welcome and shown all about the premises by Mr. Hansen and his wife. Mr. Hansen had left Denmark years previously as a poor peasant boy but had returned as an Adventist to Høgholt, which he now conducted in the interest of the Seventh Day Adventists as a model farm, where no drinking, smoking or profanity was allowed. The servants, who were nearly all Seventh Day Adventists, were treated as equals and each was trusted with his specified responsibility.

Mr. Hansen told me that the first religious impression made upon him as a boy was due to his meeting two

"Mormon" Elders, and that ever since he had been friendly disposed toward the "Mormons". After eating a vegetable meal with the people, servants and all, in the large dining hall, we were shown over the premises, but were not favorably impressed. It seemed that order and cleanliness were lacking on the estate, which comprised about 700 acres of land.

By special request I delivered a lecture before the personnel of the estate and some invited guests, including two school teachers. All listened attentively, and the school teachers especially expressed themselves as being highly pleased with what they had heard. The next day (Friday 6th) Mr. Hansen sent his son with a carriage to take us through the heart of the country, via Lendum, Torslev and Try, to Hørby station. On our journey we visited my birthplace and other scenes of my childhood.

When we arrived at Hørby station, we learned that no train would pass the way we wanted to go until late in the evening, and so we walked two miles to Volstrup "Hede", where we stopped over night with my cousin Petrine and her husband in their humble cottage. They were pleased to entertain us. On Saturday, Feb. 7th, we walked back to Hørby station, whence we went by train to Sæby. Here we visited my cousin Ane Katrine Jensen, who lived a short distance west of the town. We then took a train for Frederikshavn, where we arrived in the afternoon and at the branch hall met Elder Don Carlos Sørensen.

On Sunday, Feb. 8th, we attended Sunday school and meeting in the Frederikshavn Branch, where I preached to an appreciative congregation of saints and friends. Next day, Feb. 9th, we went on board the little steamer "Blenda" and sailed from Frederikshavn for Göteborg, Sweden. The weather was fine, but a heavy swell on the sea caused by a storm the day before made the short voyage anything but enjoyable. At Göteborg we were met by Elders Carl H. Carlson and

Axel Robert Larson who conducted us to the conference office at No. 15 Plantagegatan. In the evening we attended a meeting of the M. I. A. of the Göteborg Branch, where we both spoke, and we were introduced to a number of warm-hearted saints. On Tuesday, Feb. 10th, while my wife took in the sights of Göteborg together with Bro. Carlson, I, assisted by Elder Larson, culled from the records historical data. I lectured on Church history in a special meeting appointed for the occasion. We had a good time and enjoyed the association of the saints.

My wife and I boarded the train on Feb. 12th and traveled to Trollhättan, where we met Elders Emil Anderson and Christian Hanson. In their company we spent the day very pleasantly. We rambled on both sides of the river, viewing the Falls, visiting the locks and throughout enjoying the beauties of nature. The Falls here present much of interest.

On Feb. 13th we continued our journey in the forenoon and arrived at Christiania, Norway, in the evening. At the mission office we met Elder Willard A. Christoffersen, president of the Christiania Conference. On the next day I commenced my historical labors in Christiania, and on Sunday, Feb. 15th, I addressed a large congregation of saints and friends in the saints' hall. In the meeting, as well as in the Sunday School, I had interesting conversations with saints and friends. On Monday, Feb. 16th, I commenced my work on the records, culling information from these books that I did not expect to take with me to Utah. I continued my historical work day by day and also visited places of interest and called on local saints.

In the evening of Feb. 17th I accompanied the brethren to Bygdø where Torleif Severin Knaphus was baptized in an opening in the ice. This was certainly an interesting but cold ceremony in the heart of winter, but the candidate, a strong, healthy man, seemed to suffer no ill effects from it. It was nearly midnight when

we returned to the city. Bro. Knap-hus, after emigrating to Utah, became a noted sculptor.

On Sunday, Feb. 22nd, accompanied by my wife and some Elders, I went to Drammen, where we met several Elders from Utah. We attended the Sunday school and general meeting at which I preached; we had a very attentive audience. The next day I spent in Drammen, culling from the branch records, assisted by Elder Joseph Mortensen.

Returning to Christiania we resumed our work on the records there. On the evening of Feb. 26th I delivered a lecture on Church history to a large audience. On March 1st, accompanied by Pres. Willard J. Christoffersen, I traveled by rail to Frederikshald, where I met Elders Octavia Gudmundsen and Frantz E. Frederiksen and held two spirited and well-attended meetings. In the evening I witnessed a baptism by Elder Frantz E. Frederiksen in Tistedalselven. The river being deep and the bottom muddy, an accident nearly happened as both the candidate and baptizer were hurled into the water together, but the necessary help being rendered nothing of a serious nature happened.

We had a pleasant time in Frederikshald. On this tour we visited the Frederiksten fortification standing on the hill back of Frederikshald, where a monument has been erected in honor of King Carl XII of Sweden who fell here in battle A. D. 1718. From this point we returned to Frederiksstad, where we visited the old part of the town, where so many of our missionaries and saints in early days were imprisoned for preaching the gospel. We saw the old prison, now a family residence. Here we also visited two families by the name of Bruun and learned that my former partner in business, Johan A. Bruun, who was associated with me in publishing "Joseph Smiths Levnetsløb", committed suicide, having previously lost his reason.

After returning to Christiania, I addressed a meeting in the evening, and on the 5th I spoke at a funeral service over the remains of Carl Hendrix Hansen. In the evening of the same day I spoke by appointment on the missionary methods of the Latter-day Saints.

After finishing my labors in Norway, and having enjoyed a pleasant time with the Elders from Zion, and the local saints, we boarded the train on March 6th for Stockholm, Sweden, where we arrived on the 7th. We were met at the railroad station by Nils Anthon, president of the Stockholm Conference, who conducted us to the conference headquarters at Hornsgatan 80. Elder Anthon showed us a piece of property which had recently been purchased with the view of tearing down the old buildings and erecting new ones for a mission home and L. D. S. meeting house. The location, being on low ground, did not impress me favorably. A local brother had bought the property for 75,000 kroner and had paid down 25,000 kroner. We spent Sunday, March 8th, very pleasantly in Stockholm, attending meeting and speaking to congregations of saints and friends.

On Monday, March 9th, my wife and I, accompanied by Angus E. Berlin, went to Uppsala, where we visited the great cathedral, and also the old Uppsala, about four miles from the city, where there is an ancient church, dating back hundreds of years. In this old church we saw a copy of a Swedish Bible printed in Uppsala in 1541 and also an autograph letter by Gustav Vasa dated 1549. Returning from old Uppsala we visited the University and other places of interest in the city and vicinity. In the evening, after returning to Stockholm, I addressed a young people's meeting.

On Tuesday, March 10th, we had the privilege of being shown through the State Prison, by a gentlemanly inspector. He claimed that this prison was one of the best disciplined prisons in the world. In the evening we left Stockholm for Norway, being well sat-

isfied with our hurried visit to Stockholm and Uppsala.



BERTHA H. JENSON
IN SWEDISH COSTUME

On Wednesday, March 11th, after traveling all night, we arrived in Christiania, where we at once went to work making purchases, writing letters and preparing to sail for home. I finished my activities in Christiania on the 12th by delivering a lecture on Palestine to a crowded house.

On Friday, March 13th, my wife and I boarded the steamship "Angelo," and sailed from Christiania. A number of the saints were at the wharf to see us off. The ship was crowded with passengers, mostly people emigrating to America. The weather was cold and wet and, as we sailed on the so-called Skagerak, which on that day was rough, our little vessel was tossed almost like a cork, causing nearly every passenger to be seasick. I took sick myself in my endeavor to assist my wife who always suffered from seasickness when on the water. In the morning the weather had modified.

The morning of Sunday, the 15th, was somewhat foggy and the captain stopped the machinery to take soundings. Later the fog lifted and we pur-

sued our course and soon reached the mouth of the Humber. The green fields of England showed up in marked contrast to the rocky shores of Norway. We anchored off Hull, the ship being unable to get into dock on account of the low tide. While most of the other passengers remained on board until the next day, my wife and I landed about noon and took a walk through the town. We found the Foresters' Hall where the saints held their meetings, but a placard in the window announced that this was conference day for the Hull conference, and that Pres. Francis M. Lyman would speak in the meetings to be held in a lecture hall on Kingston Square. We went thither and met Pres. Lyman and twelve other Elders. My appearance, so unexpectedly, was a great surprise to Pres. Lyman and the local saints, but Pres. Lyman was very pleased to see me.

In the afternoon and also in the evening meeting I was one of the speakers. We thoroughly enjoyed the day and the society of the Elders and local saints. In the evening we visited with Bro. Lyman and Roscoe E. Grover, president of the Grimsby Conference, Pres. Lyman and I inspected some records and I gave instructions in regard to record-keeping.

I arose early in the morning of March 16th and walked to the railway dock at Hull to look after a trunk containing Church records to be shipped to the Historian's Office in Salt Lake City. At 9 o'clock we boarded a fast train for Liverpool, where we arrived about noon. We proceeded at once to the mission office at 42 Islington where Elder Joseph Eckersley and the other brethren made us welcome. We spent two days in Liverpool associating with the Elders and saints. I had visited Liverpool several times before, but always when the city was enveloped in dense fog. On this particular occasion the weather was clear and beautiful. In the evening I addressed the regular meeting of the saints.

On Thursday, March 19th, a meeting of returning Elders was held in

the prayer room of the mission office, at which I was appointed president of a company bound for America. Quite a number of emigrating saints were going with us. About noon the Elders and emigrants boarded the ship "Canada," anchored in the Mersey. The ship sailed about 4:30 p. m. with about 1325 passengers on board. The company in my charge numbered 76 souls, including 13 returning Elders. Of the emigrating saints ten were from the British, six from the German, two from the Swiss, and sixteen from the Netherlands Mission, eighteen from Sweden and nine from Norway. Besides there were two visitors returning to America. The wind was blowing hard when we steamed away from Liverpool, and when we got out into the Irish Channel we encountered a regular gale, in consequence of which our large ocean steamer pitched and rolled so terribly that nearly all the passengers were sea-sick.

The morning of Friday, March 20th, found us sailing along the coast of Ireland, and about noon we reached the inlet off Queenstown, where a steamer came out with more passengers and brought mail on board. The infant child of Bro. Söderborg was very sick. The rough weather continued on the 21st, but on Sunday, March 22nd, the sun came out bright and cheerful which brought hope and cheer to the passengers, most of whom showed up on deck. Among the third class passengers were about 300 poor orphans who were shipped from Liverpool, London and Hull to Canada, where some of them expected to be adopted into families and others put to work on farms.

On the next day (Monday, the 23rd) we again experienced rough weather, and on the 24th the wind changed from a headwind to a sidewind, causing the vessel to rock most fearfully, which gave us a good sample of being "cradled on the deep." It required a mighty effort to stand on our feet at all. On the 26th we passed a number of icebergs, some of them close to the

ship. We arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, at noon on March 27th. This was my first visit to Nova Scotia. The next day we continued the voyage and arrived at Boston on Sunday, March 29th.

As soon as I had landed I met Mr. Farley, the steamship agent, to whom I reported my company and arranged for railroad tickets. Two cars were assigned to us, in which we had sufficient room to sleep during the night, and we were treated courteously by the railroad officials. We were pleased to be once more traveling on an American railroad, where the conveniences are so different to those on the railroads in Europe. We arrived in Buffalo on Monday, March 30th, and in Chicago in the morning of March 31st. Here we met some of our missionaries, and we spent part of the day looking after Sister Korneliske Zysling, who was very sick and also the Söderborg family, whose little child was gradually sinking. Continuing the journey late in the day we soon crossed the Mississippi River. About this time I perceived that Sister Zysling was getting worse and I telegraphed ahead for a litter on which to convey her from one train to another.

On Wednesday, April 1st, we arrived at Kansas City and were transferred to the Missouri-Pacific Railroad, by which we left Kansas City in the forenoon. We had traveled only a short distance from Kansas City when the Söderborg child showed signs of dying. My wife and others helped to nurse it until 3:30 when it ceased to breathe as we passed through Osage City, Kansas. While my wife and some of the sisters were dressing the baby I noticed that Sister Zysling was struggling in the throes of death. We carried her into the car where the baby was being prepared for burial and soon afterwards Sister Zysling also died. Dr. D. H. Painter, who was on board the train and who stood by when the woman passed away, made out the necessary papers, testifying

that she died of a non-contagious disease and consequently could be taken along with the company on the train.

We had telegraphed ahead for a coffin, in which we reverently placed the remains of Sister Zysling and the Söderborg child. While doing so a telegram from the railroad officials ordered that the bodies should be taken off the train at Hoisington to be embalmed before being carried any further. Arriving at Hoisington about 11 o'clock at night, my wife and I left the train and accompanied the remains to the undertaking parlor where the embalming of the bodies was attended to. We left Hoisington with the remains at 2:15 a. m. and traveling by fast train we arrived at Pueblo, Colorado, the next day, soon after the arrival of our company.

In the midst of a blinding snow-storm we left Pueblo. Early in the morning of April 3rd we arrived at Grand Junction.

After crossing Green River I called the members of our company together and as an expression of sympathy for our bereaved friends we sang "Come, come ye Saints," and "When first the glorious light of truth." I also made a few consoling remarks. We then shook hands and took leave of each other as I explained that we could do so more conveniently on board the train than upon our arrival at the station in Salt Lake City. At 3 o'clock p. m. we arrived in Salt Lake City where we were met by a number of friends, and Joseph E. Taylor, the undertaker to whom I had telegraphed earlier in the day to meet us and take care of the bodies. We were thankful that our railroad journey had terminated safely, but the sorrow of our bereaved friends cast a gloom over us as we separated.

After attending the special Priesthood meeting on April 7, 1903, I paid attention to my department of the Historian's Office and found that Bro. Joseph F. Smith, jun., as my special assistant, had kept things in good order during my absence. In the even-

ing my wife Bertha spoke of her European tour in the Young Ladies' meeting in the 17th Ward meeting-house.

On the 8th I commenced actual work again at the Historian's Office by reading Church history part of the time with President Lund, B. H. Roberts, and others. The History of Joseph Smith, as published in the "Millennial Star," was being revised and footnotes added to the edition to be published in book form, but before sending the manuscript to the press, it was referred to a committee of which I had been chosen a member. This work was continued almost indefinitely. Usually, there were present at these readings, Anthon H. Lund, B. H. Roberts, Joseph F. Smith, jun., and myself. It was decided that each forenoon, commencing with April 15th, should be devoted to this labor of revision.

In April I superintended some improvements around my home. At that time, also the east side of 2nd West Street on which our home is situated, was being paved between South Temple and 1st North streets.

Soon after my return home I had an interview with the First Presidency, and, agreeable to a promise I had made to Anthon L. Skanchy in Copenhagen, I explained the financial situation in the Scandinavian Mission, at that time, and on the strength of my recommendation, it was decided that the Trustee-in-Trust would lend the mission 12,000 kroner, instead of the mission borrowing that amount abroad.

Assisted by Joseph F. Smith, jun., I catalogued the Church records which I had brought home from Norway, and also some records which, according to my directions, had been brought by Elder Carl H. Carlson from Göteborg, Sweden. We also labeled and indexed these written books. On this day (April 22nd) an asphaltum sidewalk was laid in front of my house, 154 N. 2nd West Street, since which time we have been able to walk on a good pavement

all the way from my home to the center of the city.

On May 29th Pres. Theodore Roosevelt arrived in Salt Lake City by special train, and thousands of people from the city and country districts were out to do him honor. The well-arranged parade marched to the City and County Building, where the President spoke to the children; thence all went to the Tabernacle, where the distinguished visitor spoke about three-quarters of an hour, followed by Moody and Wilson, secretaries of the Navy and Agriculture, respectively. At the Oregon Short Line depot, I found myself inside of the circle guarded by the military, and when the President arrived and alighted from his carriage, I was introduced to him by Senator Kearns as "Mr. Jenson, a local historian." "I am very pleased to know you, Mr. Jenson," was all the President said, when he gave me a hearty hand-shake and looked me straight in the eye. As the train pulled out from the depot the great throng of people gave three hearty cheers for "Teddy," who stood on the rear platform of his train.

On June 9th my daughter Minerva commenced to work at the Historian's Office, making a revised index for the Church Chronology.

On June 17th I visited Bro. Evan Stephens in the Farmers Ward, accompanied by my daughter, Eleonore, who sang before Bro. Stephens in order to have her voice tested. He pronounced it very good, and we decided that it should be trained under him. This was the beginning of the musical career, which my daughter followed for many years.

From the time I returned home from my mission in April until the end of the year 1903, I visited the Bear Lake, Woodruff, Star Valley, Weber, Jordan and North Sanpete stakes, in the interest of Church history. On Nov. 22nd I preached in the Tabernacle.

On Nov. 27th I was called by Pres. Joseph F. Smith to make a trip to Moab, Utah, to investigate the char-

acter of a certain Dr. Sarah J. Elliot, who had written a number of articles against the "Mormons." I succeeded in getting the information wanted.

During the year 1903 I traveled about 13,000 miles, and delivered 120 public addresses, including 38 speeches in Danish, four funeral sermons, and three after-dinner speeches. Besides these, I had called thirty historical meetings, at which I gave instructions about record-keeping.

CHAPTER 53

(1904)

Called to gather funds for the purchase of a mission home in Stockholm, Sweden—Summoned to Washington, D. C., in the Smoot case—I testify before the Committee on Privileges and Election—Experiences in the East—Called on another mission to Europe—Missionary work and literary labors in Scandinavia—Mission House in Stockholm dedicated—A second Edition of Joseph Smiths Levnetslob published.

On Jan. 27th, 1904, I received the following appointment:

"Office of the First Presidency,
Salt Lake City, Jan. 26, 1904.

Elder Andrew Jenson,

Dear Brother: Some time ago we called on those who preside over the Scandinavian meetings to lay before our people from Scandinavia the desirability of owning our own meeting house in Stockholm, and to ask them to contribute of their means towards paying for a suitable place for that purpose. The payments must be made by the first of April, and we find that donations are coming in very slowly. We feel that the saints would be willing to respond to this call, but believe that they do not fully realize the urgency of the case, and hence, we have concluded to call upon yourself and Bishop Carl A. Ek to visit the different settlements, where the Scandinavian saints reside in large numbers, and lay this matter before them. You are hereby authorized to make appointments for meetings and to solicit donations from the saints for this important object. You should, of course, lay the matter before the presidents of the stakes to which you go, and

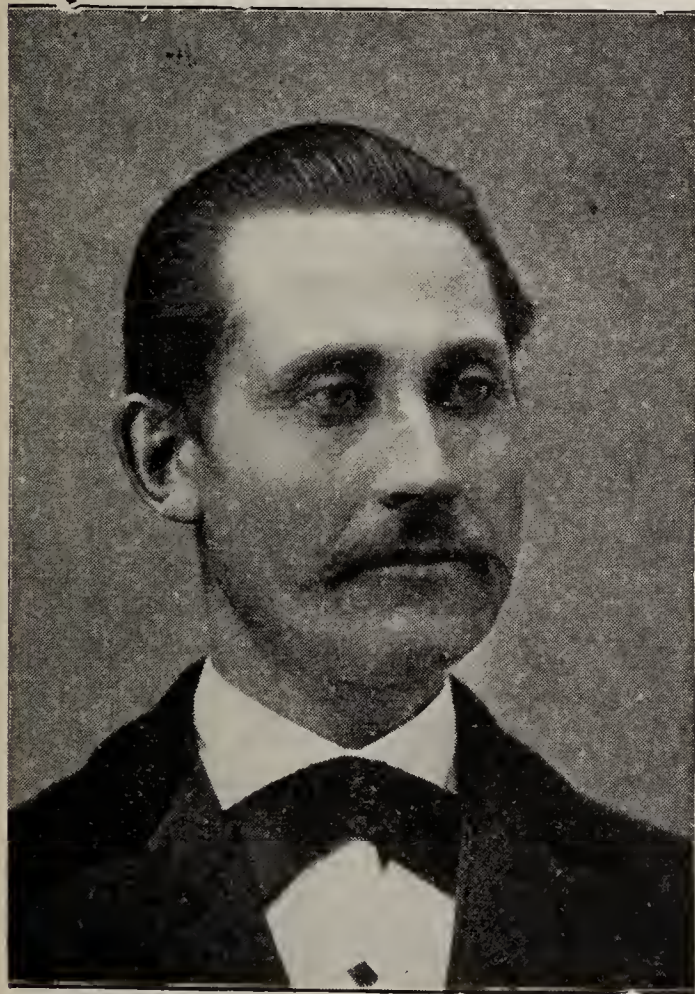
make your appointment through the bishops.

You are fully aware of the necessity of our getting a respectable meeting house in that large and populous city, and we have no doubt but that you will be able to make this plain unto the saints.

Praying God to bless you and give you a successful mission in this regard we subscribe ourselves your brethren,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
JOHN R. WINDER,
ANTHON H. LUND,
First Presidency."

Responding at once to this call I left Salt Lake City Jan. 30th, being joined by Bishop Carl A. Ek at the railway station. In company with President Anthon H. Lund and Rudger Clawson,



BISHOP CARL A. EK

we traveled to Ephraim, Sanpete Co., where we attended the afternoon session of the stake conference, and also the meetings on the following day. On Monday, Feb. 1st, together with Pres. Lund and Apostle Clawson we addressed the students in the Snow Academy and in the special meeting held in the

evening we introduced the Stockholm meeting house project. We received our first donation in the sum of \$21.75, and the presidency of the Scandinavian meeting in Ephraim was authorized to canvass the town for more. After that we held meetings in the interest of the Stockholm meeting house in Gunnison, Centerfield, Redmond, Salina, Richfield, Elsinore, Monroe, Mayfield, Manti, Fountain Green, Moroni, Spring City, Mt. Pleasant, Fairview, Mapleton, Spanish Fork, Salem, Payson, Santaquin, Benjamin, P r o v o , American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Lehi, Draper and Sandy. We returned to Salt Lake City Feb. 12, 1904.

Two days later, Bro. Ek and I started north on a trip in the interests of the same project. On this trip we held special meetings in Ogden, Eden, Huntsville, Lynne (or Five Points), Weston, Mink Creek, Preston, Richmond, Smithfield, Millville, Hyrum, Logan, Newton, Honeyville, Bear River City, and Brigham City (where we attended stake conference Feb. 21st).

By special request I performed a marriage ceremony which made Seth Franklin Christensen and Elna Justina Just Larsen man and wife. In connection with the marriage ceremony we held a little meeting and gave the young people some timely advice. This was the second marriage ceremony that I have performed. Continuing our efforts in behalf of the meeting house in Stockholm we held special meetings in Brigham City, Huntsville, Lynne, and Ogden. We returned home Feb. 25th.

In the afternoon of Thursday, Feb. 25th, I called on the First Presidency and was directed to prepare at once for a trip to Washington, D. C., a subpoena having been left at my house the previous night. This brought about a sudden change in my traveling program. Bro. Ek and I were doing well for the Stockholm meeting house, and had arranged for further travel and more meetings, but this call to Washington changed all that. Among others summoned to the capital to testify

in the Smoot case were Pres. Joseph F. Smith, Francis M. Lyman, Hyrum M. Smith and many others. We were to start on Saturday morning. None of us had any idea as to the nature of the questions that would be propounded to us, only we surmised that the Church would be on trial rather than Bro. Smoot, and that we could expect nothing short of a roasting and very close examination as to the doctrines of the Church to which we belonged. I presumed that I was wanted personally as the supposed custodian of Church records, and perhaps those in which marriages were supposed to be recorded. The next day, while preparing for my trip to Washington, I received the good wishes of my friends whom I met, and the good will and blessings of many prominent men in the Church, who seemed to realize the importance of the case which caused our summons to Washington.

The summons which was left at my house read as follows:

"United States of America, Congress of the United States. To Andrew Jenson, Salt Lake City, and the State of Utah, Greeting:

Pursuant to lawful authority you are hereby commanded to appear before the committee on privileges and election of the Senate of the United States on Tuesday the first day of March, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m., at their committee room in the City of Washington, in the District of Columbia, then and there to testify what you may know relative to the subject matters under consideration by said committee.

Hereof fail not, as you will answer your default under the pains and penalties in such case made and provided.

To Daniel M. Ransdell, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate of the United States to serve and return.

Given under my hand by order of the Committee this 17th day of February, the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four.

JULIUS C. BURROWS,
Chairman Committee on Privileges
and Elections."

The paper was left at my house by a deputy marshal.



CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

I was busy Friday evening getting ready and talking to the family. None of the witnesses thus summoned were able to tell how long they would be detained at the capital.

On Saturday, Feb. 27th, I left Salt Lake City for Washington, D. C. Following are the names of our party:

Joseph F. Smith, Francis M. Lyman, Hyrum M. Smith and Andrew Jenson of Salt Lake City, Utah; Alma Merrill, Thomas H. Merrill and Charles E. Merrill, of Richmond, Cache Co., Utah; and Loren Harmer, of Springville, Utah Co., Utah.

At Ogden we had a Pullman all to ourselves until we reached Chicago. In this comfortable car we spent our time pleasantly as we crossed the mountains and subsequently the plains. Pres. Smith was sociable and kind to all, and I had several close and intimate conversations with him during the day and evening. We also engaged in singing and telling anecdotes.

On Sunday, Feb. 28th, in the morning, we reached Omaha, and at 8:00 o'clock on the 29th we arrived in Chicago. Here we met Apostle Abraham Owen Woodruff, Pres. Asahel H. Woodruff, German E. Ellsworth, and other brethren, who came to the depot to greet Pres. Smith and the others. They visited with us until 10:40 a. m. when we continued our journey over the Baltimore and Ohio Railway towards Washington, D. C., where we arrived on March 1st, about noon. Here we were met at the station by Attorney Franklin S. Richards, who conducted us to the Hotel Raleigh, on Pennsylvania Avenue, where Pres. Smith and Apostles Lyman and Hyrum M. Smith took rooms, while the rest of us (the three Merrills, Harmer and myself) secured rooms at No. 46 B Street, N. E. I at once accompanied Bro. West to the Capitol Building, where I met Congressman Joseph Howell of Utah, his secretary and others. Later in the day I met Senator Reed Smoot and his secretary, Carl Badger, and others. Bro. West also took me to the Congressional Library

Building, one of the finest buildings I had ever seen. We also visited other places of interest.

On Wednesday, March 2nd, I called on Pres. Smith and Apostle Lyman at Hotel Raleigh, and a little later Brothers Merrill and Harmer and I met with Franklin S. Richards at Room 817 in the hotel to receive some legal advice. At 10 a. m. we repaired to the Capitol, where the inquiry in the Smoot Case was commenced before the Committee on Privileges and Elections in the committee room. So far, we had avoided reporters and newspaper men, but now we were exposed to them all. Pres. Smith was placed on the witness stand, as the first witness, and was kept there all day, subjected to a most trying ordeal.

On Thursday, March 3rd, we attended the settings of the committee, both forenoon and afternoon. Pres. Smith was again on the stand and gave very candid answers to the many questions propounded by Mr. Taylor, the chief attorney for the protestants. Pres. Smith fully acknowledged without reserve his relationship with his wives.

On March 4th Pres. Smith was on the stand all day.

On Saturday, March 5th, there was only a forenoon setting of the committee and Pres. Smith was again on the stand. In the afternoon we took in some of the sights of the city.

On Sunday, March 6th, I assisted the brethren at the Hotel Raleigh, reading the minutes of the proceedings before the committee. A L. D. S. meeting was held in the house of Bro. Israel Willey, at No. 5, Tennessee Avenue. The meeting was attended by a number of young men from Utah, who were studying law, or medicine, or were in the Government employ, most of them having their wives with them. We had a splendid meeting, Pres. Joseph F. Smith, Apostles Lyman and Hyrum M. Smith and I being the speakers. Bro. John J. McQuarrie, president of the Eastern States Mission, presided. The remarks were most-

ly of a reminiscent nature, mine of a historical character, as I referred briefly to the Prophet Joseph's visit to Washington, 64 years before.

Monday, March 7th, we again attended the Court of Inquiry, and Pres. Smith was on the stand once more. At last they were through with him and other witnesses were examined.

On Tuesday, March 8th, I called at Hotel Raleigh, according to appointment, and consulted with Attorney Franklin S. Richards; I then called on the lady witnesses, Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Kennedy, endeavoring to brace them up and encourage them before going on the witness stand. They did well when they testified in the forenoon session of the committee meeting. Charles E. Merrill and Apostle Lyman also testified in the forenoon meeting, and Bro. Lyman was on the witness stand during the afternoon session, too. In my spare hours I assisted some of the witnesses in arranging their papers and imparted to them information which they might need.

On March 9th Pres. Smith occupied the witness stand in the forenoon, and I was the first witness called in the afternoon. I only occupied the stand a few minutes and in answer to questions I was made to say that I held the position of Assistant Church Historian, was the publisher of Church Chronology and Encyclopedia, and had two wives. Hyrum M. Smith and Lorin Harmer were called to the witness stand. All these witnesses, including Pres. Smith, were discharged, but I was held for further examination.

On Thursday, March 10th, when the Committee met in the forenoon, I was called to the witness stand and kept there during the whole session, subjected to a most vigorous cross-examination. The Lord gave me utterance, and I was able to answer the questions propounded without being confused. In the afternoon, E. B. Critchlow, a bitter anti-Mormon, and the real instigator of the whole proceed-

ings before the Committee, was on the stand, and professed to give a complete history of the political affairs in Utah for many years. Lorin Harmer started for home the previous night and about noon on the 9th Thomas H. and Alma Merrill also left for home. In the evening Pres. Smith, Apostle Lyman and Apostle Hyrum M. Smith also left for the West. Of the eight witnesses who came to Washington together I was now the only one left at the Capital.

On Friday, March 11th, I again attended the meetings of the Committee, Mr. Critchlow being on the stand all day. He exhibited bitter anti-Mormon feelings and told many things from hearsay, and in the evening I was cornered into a sort of interview with a reporter representing the "New York World."

On Saturday, March 12th, I attended the meetings of the Committee once more, when Mr. Critchlow was on the witness stand all forenoon, and also most of the afternoon. Ogden Hiles, the last witness the prosecution had, was interrogated for a short time. His statements were so absurd, vague and misleading that everybody became disgusted with it, and in the cross-examination he shrank down to absolute nothing. Mr. Critchlow also wilted under the searchlight of Lawyer Van Cott. About 4:30 p. m. the inquiry was closed until more witnesses could be obtained, and we were all discharged and paid off. I received a check for \$242 for expenses, including \$3 per day for twenty days, commencing with the day we left home and for five days from the time of discharge, a sufficient time in which to reach home.

On Sunday, March 13, I went by rail to Baltimore (Maryland), where I attended a L. D. S. meeting in a hired hall, and spoke 55 minutes. A number of missionaries from Utah were present; also about thirteen young men who were there studying medicine. From Baltimore I returned to Washington, where I spent some time sight-

seeing, and also visited Mount Vernon and other places of interest.

I left Washington March 15th and traveled via Cincinnati, Ohio, and St. Louis (Missouri), to Denver, where I spent Sunday, March 20th, attending meetings and Sunday School. I reached home on March 21st, having been absent on this tour three weeks and three days, during which I had traveled 5,235 miles, and had visited four large cities (Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati and St. Louis), which I had never visited before. I had preached five times, namely, once in Washington, once in Baltimore and three times in Denver.

On Friday, March 25th, I attended a general meeting in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, attended by the saints living in the northwest part of the city, at which the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 28th, 29th and the Center wards were re-organized as the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, with Nephi L. Morris as president. The Old Salt Lake Stake (after the organizations of the Granite and Jordan stakes were created in 1900), embraced all of Salt Lake City, but this year (1904) the Salt Lake City part of Salt Lake County was organized into four stakes of which the Pioneer Stake, the Liberty Stake and the Ensign Stake were organized as new stakes, while the Salt Lake Stake was continued with the wards mentioned.

During the forepart of the year I attended the following stake conferences: Utah, Liberty, Salt Lake, Juab, Nebo, Granite, Blackfoot, Tooele, Fremont and also visited a number of the wards in these stakes. I also visited the settlements of the saints in Bear Lake Valley and in Bannock Stake. From this trip into Idaho I returned on July 2nd.

On July 22nd I left home on another trip to Idaho, on which I attended conference in the Blackfoot Stake and visited nearly all the settlements in that stake in the interest of Church History. Later I did the same in the Fremont and Bingham stakes. During

this trip I traveled 836 miles by rail, preached 13 times, and gave instructions on keeping records forty times. I visited 42 settlements of the saints in the interest of Church History, namely *Moreland, Riverside, *Thomas, *Rich, *Tilden, *Groveland, Blackfoot, *Howard, Basalt, *Goshen, Taylor, *Shelley, *Woodville, Idaho Falls, Rexburg, Salem, *Hibbard, *Archer, Lyman, Burton, Iona, *Ammon, *Grant, Willowcreek, *Milo, *Prospect, *Rudy, Rigby, Lewisville, Menan, LaBelle, *Independence, *Plano, *Egin, Parker, St. Anthony, Teton, Wilford, *Twin Groves, *Chester, *Vernon, *Marysville and *Ora. Those marked with a * I had never visited before.

Almost immediately after returning from my trip to Idaho, I was called on another special mission to Scandinavia for the purpose of publishing a new and revised history of the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Danish-Norwegian language. In an interview with the First Presidency, Aug. 20, 1904, it was decided that I should sail from Boston on the 8th of September next. On Aug. 21st I preached in the Tabernacle on the present condition of the Christian world, and also alluded to my expected departure on another mission to Europe. Then followed a number of farewell meetings and leave-takings, and on Aug. 27th I took leave of the First Presidency and others and started on my seventh mission for the Church. I was accompanied by my wife Emma, as far as St. Louis, Missouri.

On our journey we arrived in Kansas City Aug. 29th and from there made a trip to Independence, 11 miles, arriving there after dark. We visited the Temple lot, returned to Kansas City by street car and made our way to the mission headquarters at No. 1405 Locust St., where we were welcomed by Elder Albert E. Stratford and given a comfortable room for the night. After enjoying a good night's rest we joined eight missionaries in their morning devotion and after a

pleasant visit with these brethren we left Kansas City at 10:30 a. m. for St. Louis, where we arrived about 8 o'clock p. m. We were entertained by a Bro. Martin, in whose house the missionaries laboring in St. Louis made their temporary home. Here we met Attewall Wootton, jun., presiding Elder in St. Louis, and other Elders and missionary sisters. The next day (Aug. 31st) and the three following days we spent at the World's Fair and endeavored to make the most of our time seeing as much of the Exposition as time would allow us. We spent Sunday, Sept. 4th, with the Elders and attended a meeting with them at Blumbers' Hall at the corner of 13th and Benton St., where we attended a meeting of the saints. Bro. Asahel H. Woodruff, late president of the Northern States Mission, a Bro. Porter and I were the principal speakers; about 50 people were present.

The next day, Sept. 5th, we left Hotel Lange, where we had stopped three days and made our last visit to the Fair Grounds, calling first at the Utah Building and then took the Intramural railway to the Administration building where we viewed Queen Victoria's Jubilee presents and finished with the Fine Arts building. In leaving the grounds in the evening we enjoyed the illuminations immensely. At 11 o'clock p. m. my wife Emma left St. Louis for Kansas City homeward bound and a half hour later I left the Union depot also and started for Chicago over the Chicago and Alton Railway. I truly felt sorry to part with my wife in a strange city and leave her to return home alone, and I afterwards learned that she did meet with troubles on the journey by not having her pass properly visced.

Having traveled all night I arrived at Chicago Sept. 6th, at 8 o'clock a. m. Here I was prompted to attend to my valises which I had checked in St. Louis, but I disobeyed the promptings and let the Frank Parmelee people attend to it for me. The consequence was that after I had attended to my

business in the city and was ready to continue my journey eastward on a Nickel Plate train at 10 a. m., I found that my valises had not arrived at the La Salle depot. Before I finally secured them I had to make two trips to the Union depot and almost by force compel the Parmelee men to transfer them. I finally left Chicago at 2:30 p. m. and arrived at Buffalo, N. Y., the next morning, Sept. 7th. Here I changed trains, and on arriving at Rotterdam Junction I was informed that I was on a New York bound train and that there would be no train for Boston till the next morning, but that if I went to Troy by way of Albany I would get an earlier train for Boston. Consequently I boarded the first train that came along for Albany, and thence continued by rail to Troy.

Leaving Troy at 10:30 p. m. I arrived at Boston at 7 a. m. on Thursday, Sept. 8th. As quickly as possible I jumped into a cab and repaired to the White Star wharf in Charleston, arriving there just in time to get on board the beautiful steamer "Republic," which sailed from Boston at 8 o'clock sharp. Had I not gone by way of Troy, but had waited for the regular train, I should have arrived at Boston at 9:50 a. m., nearly two hours after the steamer sailed. On board the steamer I found Elder James R. Petersen from South Jordan, Utah, who was going on a mission to Scandinavia. He became my traveling companion from Boston to Copenhagen.

The voyage across the Atlantic on this occasion was a pleasant one. The weather was fine and the passengers we associated with were sociable and gave occasion for many gospel conversations. We arrived at Liverpool on Sunday, Sept. 18th, and proceeded at once to No. 10 Holly Road where we attended the L. D. S. Sunday School and also the general meeting in the saints' hall at which I was the principal speaker.

On Monday, Sept. 19th, I attended to some business in Liverpool and at 2:30 Elder Petersen and I left for

Grimsby, where we arrived in the evening. Soon afterwards we went on board the S. S. "Bothnia," and sailed from Hull about 11 o'clock p. m. having first class accommodations. This voyage across the North Sea turned out to be a pleasant one, and while some of the passengers suffered from sea sickness I was able to take my meals regularly and converse with fellow passengers. About 8 o'clock a. m. on Wednesday, Sept. 21st, the coast of Jutland and Fanø appeared on the east, and about 9 o'clock we landed safely at Esbjerg. After taking a stroll through the little city of Esbjerg with some English people who had crossed the sea with us, and who visited Denmark for the first time, Elder Petersen and I left Esbjerg by rail and traveled by rail and steamer to Copenhagen where we arrived at 8:15 p. m.

We were met at the Copenhagen railway depot by Elder David R. Wheelwright who conducted us to Korsgade 11. Here we met Elder Hans J. Christiansen and other Elders and local saints, and the same room which I occupied during my mission to Scandinavia in 1902-1903, was assigned to me for occupancy again. Presidents Skanchy and Fjeldsted were away holding conference in Jutland. On Sept. 23rd I commenced my literary work at the mission office and attended the Copenhagen Priesthood meeting where I spoke to the assembled brethren.

On Sunday, Sept. 25th, I attended both the Sunday School and the general meetings in the Assembly Hall at Korsgade No. 11, and in the evening I preached a regular discourse on the condition of the world. On Sept. 28th Presidents Skanchy and Fjeldsted returned home from Jutland and I spent most of the forenoon in conversation with Bro. Skanchy and thus learned from him the general condition of the mission. The next day (Sept. 29th) Pres. Skanchy accompanied me to F. E. Bording's printing office and other

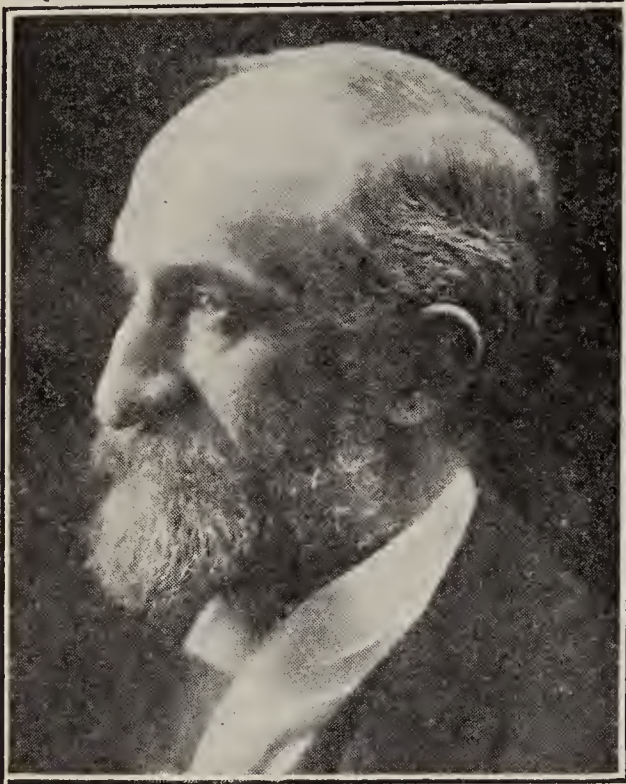
places to get bids for printing "Joseph Smiths Levnetsløb."

On Oct. 1st and 2nd I attended the fall conference of the Copenhagen Conference, which was attended by 38 Elders from Zion, at which I did my share of preaching. On Tuesday, Oct. 4th, I made arrangements with Mr. Petersen of the F. E. Bording printing office to print "Joseph Smiths Levnetsløb," each 16 pages of 4,000 copies to cost 80 kroner. On Wednesday, Oct. 5th, I commenced my real work on the final revision of the Levnetsløb, and after that I visited the printing office repeatedly, working in unison with Mr. Olsen, the foreman, regarding the rules which we intended to follow with respect to the changed orthography of Danish. I attended the meetings and Sunday School sessions regularly during my sojourn in Copenhagen and assisted the Elders generally in their work. By invitation I also visited many of the saints in their respective homes and enjoyed my activities to the fullest extent. I also took part in several excursions into the woods and visited many places of interest in the vicinity of Copenhagen.

On Thursday, Oct. 20th, Pres. Heber J. Grant arrived in Copenhagen from Liverpool on his way to Stockholm, Sweden, to dedicate the new Assembly Hall which had been built in that city, and about 7:00 p. m. I left Copenhagen with Presidents Grant and Fjeldsted. We crossed the Øresund to Malmö, Sweden, where we arrived about 9:00 o'clock p. m. At Malmö we boarded the fast train, taking a sleeper, and started on our long overland journey.

We arrived in Stockholm on Friday, Oct. 21st, and were met at the station by Pres. Anthon L. Skanchy, and we all rode to Hotel Reisen, where Pres. Grant and I secured lodging, while Brother Fjeldsted found accommodation at the mission house. At mission headquarters, Svartensgatan No. 3, we met Pres. Chas. J. A. Lindquist and many other Elders who had come to Stockholm to attend the services, the conference and the dedication, and we

spent part of the day looking through the mission house, especially the hall, which pleased us very much. In the evening we attended a concert in the new hall, the first gathering of any



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

kind held in it. After retiring to our hotel, Pres. Grant and I engaged in conversation until late in the night.

On Saturday, Oct. 22nd, about sixty Elders were photographed together in the new hall. We spent the afternoon in conversation with the Elders in the mission house, and in the evening about 600 people, including 70 Elders from Zion, gathered in the new hall. The dedicatory services commenced at 8:30 p. m., at which Pres. Skanchy made some opening remarks, after which Pres. Heber J. Grant offered the dedicatory prayer. A number of congratulatory telegrams were then read and remarks made by Pres. Fjeldsted and Charles J. Lundquist. I offered the benediction.

On Sunday, Oct. 23rd, the conference of the Stockholm Conference was held in the new hall. At the Sunday School session in the forenoon, after reports from ten schools had been read and class exercises rendered, Presidents Grant, Skanchy and Fjeldsted made brief remarks. In the afternoon session, which commenced at 3:00 p. m., Elders August Erickson, John J. Plow-

man, Gilbert Torgesen, Andrew O. Engleström and Andrew Eliassen made short addresses, after which I spoke half an hour with much freedom. Pres. Grant with Carl A. Krantz as interpreter was the main speaker in the evening meeting when the house was filled to overflowing.

On Monday, Oct. 24th, we attended two Priesthood meetings in the hall. In the morning meeting 67 Elders, among whom were two local missionaries, spoke briefly. In the afternoon Elders Carl A. Krantz, Chr. D. Fjeldsted, Charles J. A. Lindquist, Andrew Jenson and Anthon L. Skanchy gave short talks, after which Pres. Grant occupied about two hours. After the afternoon meeting, Pres. Heber J. Grant set apart Chr. D. Fjeldsted to preside over the Scandinavian mission to succeed Pres. Skanchy. In the evening we attended a meeting of the Relief Societies of the Stockholm Conference; five organizations were represented. The choir sang a translation of "A poor wayfaring man of grief", after I briefly had explained its connection with the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Pres. Grant spoke with Elder Krantz as interpreter.

The following day (Oct. 25th) Pres. Grant and I took leave of the other brethren, boarded a train for Copenhagen, where we found everything well at the mission home. After dinner Pres. Grant and I visited the Carlsberg Glyptothek (a popular art gallery), crossed on the new "Langebrogade" to Christianshavn, then walked along the old ramparts, returning by way of Knippelsbro and finally visited the old hall (Nehms Hall in Lille Kongensgade No. 25), where the first L. D. S. meetings were held in 1850. We also visited the old place in Bredgade, where Apostle Erastus Snow and fellow missionaries first lived with Lauritz P. Malling. In the evening a well-attended meeting was held in the large hall in Copenhagen. President Grant occupied all the time, and I translated for him.

On Thursday, Oct. 27th, a meeting

was held in the mission office, at which Pres. Grant gave instructions to some newly arrived missionaries, and about noon the president left Copenhagen for Rotterdam, Holland, on his way back to England.

Pres. Chr. D. Fjeldsted helped me to read proof on the fourth sheet of Joseph Smiths Levnetsløb and also on a new edition of "En Sandheds Røst", a pamphlet originally written by Apostle Erastus Snow.

While continuing my labors of revision and proof-reading I attended nearly all the meetings and public gatherings in Copenhagen and as usual did a great deal of preaching and lecturing on Church History and other subjects. On the night of Nov. 23rd I had a peculiar experience with what seemed to me to be the power of the evil one. It was different to a common nightmare, for I saw very plainly a dark figure which arose with its head and shoulders alternately at the side and end of the bed. I rebuked the power in the name of Jesus Christ in a voice loud enough to be heard by Bro. Fjeldsted in the next room and the evil spectre departed. This happened about 7:00 o'clock in the morning just at the dawn of day and I seemed to be wide awake all the time and could readily see the outline of the dark object between me and the window through which the gray dawn of the morning was discernable. I had a similar experience when laboring as a missionary in Jutland in 1873-75 when I witnessed the evil power in the shape of a person and rebuked it. As soon as it was over on this second occasion I thanked the Lord for delivering me, for I certainly look upon it as the power of the adversary coping with the power of God. We had had some splendid meetings in Copenhagen, during which I was especially blessed, and I believe the evil one was angry and wanted to annoy me.

On Sunday, Nov. 27th, I left Copenhagen and traveled to the island of Møen, where I was met on the wharf by Elders N. C. Christiansen and two

others Elders who labored as missionaries on that island with headquarters in the little city of Stege. According to appointment we held our first meeting from 4:00 to 6:00 p. m. in a hired hall in Hotel Harmonien; about 125 people were present and I spoke about an hour and a quarter on historical and theological matters. All but a few youngsters listened attentively. We held another meeting commencing at 8:00 p. m., at which I lectured on my travels and finished with describing the general condition of affairs in Utah. I was followed with the closest attention from beginning to end, but when I switched off from travels to Utah affairs about a dozen persons suddenly left the room without waiting to hear what I had to say. About 150 people attended the meeting and at the close many came to the front and thanked me most heartily for my "able lecture". Everyone left the meeting feeling good, but it proved during the day that "Mormonism" was not more popular on the island of Møen than elsewhere; yet the people took very kindly to me when speaking on other topics. After the last meeting we conversed with friends at the missionary quarters until midnight and retired with gratitude in our hearts for the blessings of the Lord. The next day (Nov. 28th) together with Bro. Christiansen I took walks through and about Stege and visited several people, among others the town priest (Pastor Borth) who was a fair-minded man and a professed friend, and a Mr. Lifler, a photographer, who heard me deliver my lecture in Nakskov on Lolland in 1881. He told me that he had never forgotten "Mormonism" since that day and was a believer in it now.

On Dec. 6th Bro. Anthon L. Skanchy left Copenhagen to return to his home in Utah. A large number of saints were at the railway station to see him and some other brethren off.

On Dec. 7th I called on the American Minister, the honorable L. S. Swenson and also on the Russian Consul.

Mr. Swenson gave me a letter of introduction to an official who controlled audiences with the King of Denmark. Following is a copy:

“Legation of the United States,
Copenhagen, Dec. 7, 1904.

Dear Mr. Oxholm: This will introduce to you Mr. Andrew Jenson, an American citizen, who is on a visit to his native country. Mr. Jenson will tell you what he wants and I trust that you can accommodate him. Any courtesies you may show him will be appreciated. Respectfully yours,
LEEINTH S. SWENSON.”

I called at the residence of Mr. Oxholm at 65 Bredgade, but as he was not in I left my card and word that I would call the next day. The Russian Consul told me that my passport would be all right, if I wished to return to America through Russia.

In the evening I gave a lecture in the saints' hall which was continued the next Wednesday evening to a full house. On Wednesday, Dec. 8th, I visited “Hofmarshal Kammerherre” O. Oxholm, who promised he would endeavor to get me an audience with the king. In applying for that privilege I knew that I asked for no more than had been granted freely to other Danish-Americans who had visited their fatherland. On Dec. 11th I received the following:

“Des. 11, 1904.

Herr Andrew Jenson: Efter at have forelagt Hans Majestæt Kongen Deres Anmodning, har Hans Majestæt nu ladet mig vide, at Allerhøjst samme ikke kan modtage Dem i Audience.

Deres ærdødigste Oxholm H. M.
Kongens Hofmarshal.”

The next day I was impressed to visit Amalienborg Castle to find out, if possible, why I had been refused an audience with the king. Upon my arrival I was ushered into the adjutant's room, but found that Mr. Grott, the adjutant on duty when I called there before, was not there that week, so I concluded not to press my business with the new man. Mr. Grott had visited Utah and been favorably im-

pressed. I had had a conversation with him on my former visit, and hoped that he would pave the way for me. I went to the American Minister, Mr. Swenson, and showed him Mr. Oxholm's note. The Minister then explained what I had already surmised, that I had been refused an audience with the King because I was a “Mormon.” Mr. Oxholm, who was at once “Kammerherre” and “Hofmarshal”, had called on the American Minister, after I had seen him, to ascertain if I was a “Mormon,” and upon being answered in the affirmative, he expressed doubts of my getting an audience, as the King was no friend to the “Mormons.” But inasmuch as the Minister (Swenson) desired it, he (Mr. Oxholm) would try. And he did try it appears, but some high official did not want to give audience to a “Mormon.” I then had a long and friendly chat with the Minister who remembered me well from my visit with him in 1902 and had read with much satisfaction my testimony before the senate committee in Washington. At that time the Minister of Justice had called on him and inquired if his government had not changed policy in regard to the “Mormons”, or were they still denied the protection granted other American citizens. Mr. Swenson had assured the Minister of Justice that the “Mormons” were American citizens and worthy of protection. But that minister wanted them expelled from Denmark, and so did the “Kultus Minister” and other governmental officials generally. I explained to Mr. Swenson what the Manifesto meant and the interpretation given to it, and assured him that no plural marriages had been solemnized since 1890 with the sanction of the Church. Our conversation lasted about two hours and Mr. Swenson seemed pleased with my explanations and said he was our friend and would stand by us until the United States government should dictate otherwise. He invited me to call on him whenever I should visit Denmark. A Mr. Hansen who had lectured in all parts of Den-

mark against the "Mormons" about a year before had done much to embitter public sentiment against us.

Under date of Dec. 11th I journalized as follows: "This is my birthday. I am 54 years old. I received many congratulations from the saints, numerous cards, photographs, pictures and bouquets and a special 'Lykønskings telegram' signed by many of the saints (a precious document which is still in my possession.) I spoke an hour in the evening on the prophetic calling of Joseph Smith, when the spirit of God rested upon me.

On Dec. 20th I read proof on the last sheet of "Joseph Smiths Levnetsløb,"—the 24th sheet of 16 pages, which was printed in the afternoon. Thus the work pertaining to my special mission was accomplished in three months to a day after my arrival in Denmark. It had been a pleasant work, and Pres. Fjeldsted had assisted me throughout with the proof-reading. I spent another Christmas in Copenhagen very pleasantly. The weather was most beautiful during Christmas week and by invitation I made several visits to the homes of the saints before the end of the year. These visits gave me needed relaxation from my literary labors.

On Dec. 28th I delivered my last lecture on my travels in Copenhagen to an appreciative audience. This made four lectures which I had given in the large hall since the 16th of November. I received a long and interesting letter from Pres. Anthon H. Lund in which I was instructed to return home when I had finished the work which I had been called to do in Europe on this mission.

During the year 1904 I traveled about 17,850 miles, of which 12,880 miles were by rail, 3,788 by steamers, 1,002 miles by vehicles and 180 miles on foot. I had preached or spoken in public 236 times, mostly in the Danish language. Since my arrival in Denmark I had baptized three persons, blessed one child, and ordained one of the local brethren to the Priesthood.

CHAPTER 54

(1905)

Visit Relatives in Denmark—Discussion with opponents in Nibe, Horsens and Aarhus—Historical labors in Germany and England, and in the Eastern States and Northern States Missions in the United States.

The new year dawned upon a little group of Danish-American saints in Copenhagen, Denmark, fifteen in number, who greeted it with happy feelings and warm hand-shaking. I made two visits during the morning, calling on the Hansen family and the Fyhn family, taking breakfast with the latter. I then accompanied Bro. Hans J. Christiansen to his cousin on Falkoner Alleen where we took dinner, and then returned to the mission house to attend the meetings. I spoke briefly in the afternoon meeting, and in the evening I preached for the last time on this mission, in Copenhagen. On Jan. 3rd I called at the photographer's studio, together with the Utah colony, and was photographed, pursuant to a suggestion that I had made at a party in the saints' hall the previous evening, that all the people from Zion then in Copenhagen should be photographed together, under the name of the Utah colony. Consequently, fifteen of us were photographed, namely, Christian D. Fjeldsted, Andrew Jenson, Hans J. Christiansen, Niels J. Hendricksen, David R. Wheelwright and wife, Thor C. Nielsen and wife and two children, Carl A. Krantz, Geo. A. Knudsen and Niels C. Christensen, and Christine Fyhn and Marie K. Jørgensen.

On Jan. 4th I bade farewell to the city of Copenhagen. A large number of saints came down to the depot to say goodbye to me. Some brought me beautiful flowers and others gave me presents. These were dear and warm-hearted saints, whose good wishes and kind words were most impressive. As the fine steamer "H. P. Prior" left the docks I waved an American flag high in the air to the friends on shore, who in turn swung their handkerchiefs and flags (one being an American flag) in response, and tears filled my eyes at leaving the beautiful city and the

friends whom I loved so well. To some of these dear saints I had become very much attached after so many lovely associations with them.

After a pleasant voyage the ship on which I was a passenger entered the harbor of Frederikshavn the next day (Jan. 5th) about 4:00 o'clock a. m. After the dawn of day I walked to the missionary headquarters at No. 6, Hjørringvej, where I found three Elders from Zion who were laboring in the Frederikshavn Branch. After greeting these Elders and a few local saints I took the train for Volstrup and Sæby to visit relatives. Later I visited Hjørring, where I called on Sister Mariane Christensen whom I had baptized thirty years before. Next I visited with Elders and local saints at Aalborg and Randers. At the latter place I lectured to an audience of 200 people in the evening of Jan. 11th. On these travels I did considerable culling from the branch and conference records in the interest of Church history.

While visiting Aalborg on Jan. 7th the Lutheran parish priest of Nibe sent a challenge to Elder Louis Thomsen, who, together with two other Elders (Olsen and Sørensen) were laboring with success in Nibe, for a discussion. As an exception to the general procedure in such cases I advised the Elders to accept the challenge, provided satisfactory arrangements could be made for "fair play", and so I helped the Elders in formulating a reply to the written challenges sent in by the priest and I even promised to help them out in the discussion if it was found necessary. Our reply, although not satisfactory to the priest, was acted upon and the details of a public discussion arranged. Two referees were appointed, namely, President John J. Plowman to represent our side, and a druggist, Mr. Nielsen of Nibe, to represent the other side. The time of the discussion was set for Friday evening, January 13th. The terms were drawn up in writing and properly signed. Mr. Nielsen took purposely sick; hence a school teacher was appointed to act in his

stead, and he happened to be a gentleman who endeavored to be fair to both sides.

According to previous arrangements I left Randers on Jan. 13th for the little city of Nibe where I was met by John J. Plowman, president of the Aalborg Conference, and other Elders. At 7:00 p. m. we Elders from Zion, ten in number, assembled at the missionaries' room in Nibe and engaged in prayer, after which we proceeded to the large room in a hotel which we found so thronged with people that it was almost impossible for us to enter the building. The whole town of Nibe seemed to be in a state of excitement over the advertised discussion.

The proceedings commenced at 7:30 p. m. when Pastor Christiani stepped to the front and spoke about fifteen minutes in the usual anti-Mormon fashion. He was followed by Pastor Frimodt-Møller, who had been imported from Aarhus to champion the cause of the Lutheran clergy. He had lived in the United States as a priest and had since his return to Denmark delivered a number of bitter anti-Mormon lectures in churches and halls, in which he had been telling the most wicked falsehoods about our people, and now he came to Nibe to "do up" the Mormons there in good style. But after delivering himself of his venom for 50 minutes, he seemed to run short of material and stopped speaking ten minutes before his time was up. As he sat down he passed a booklet entitled "Brigham Young and His Wives," among the people, undoubtedly for the purpose of creating laughter and arouse prejudice against us. We consented to him using his remaining ten minutes that way but refused to speak while that booklet was being passed through the congregation. I addressed the congregation for one hour, meeting point after point what the pastor had said, and he seemed to be thunderstruck at finding out who his opponent was. He had expected no doubt to meet one of our young, inexperienced Elders. The Lord was with me and

gave me utterance, and I received better attention by the large assembly than the previous speakers. The two referees now agreed to use half an hour more on each side to finish the discussion, and Pastor Frimodt-Møller then tried again, but on this occasion he floundered and rambled completely and gave out entirely after speaking fifteen minutes. Pastor Christiani followed him, but he, being angry and excited, took recourse to villifying and making such assertions without proofs that I had scarcely anything to reply to so far as he was concerned. He gave out in five minutes, and then "Indremissionær" Mathiesen, who had written a book against the "Mormons," next took the stand and made assertions based upon hearsay which did not count much either pro or con. Then came my turn again, and I occupied my full half hour, which ended the discussion.

And how thankful we Elders were for the glorious victory of truth, for such indeed it was, considering that our opponents had the sympathy of most of the people and we only had a few friends, besides the few saints present. I succeeded in having the attention of the people till the last. Bro. Jensen, a local brother, estimated that at least 1,200 people were present in the hall while hundreds more failed to get admission. After the meeting, Frimodt-Møller expressed his dissatisfaction in not being permitted to introduce a free and open discussion, which of course would have led to quarreling and a disorderly ending of the meeting, but the chairman ruled that the meeting should end peaceably and the issue be left with the people as it stood at the end of the regular speeches.

In the morning after the discussion I felt impressed to leave Nibe on the morning train, instead of in the evening as originally planned. Bros. Plowman and Thomsen accompanied me to the station, where we met our opponents, Mr. Frimodt-Møller and the local priest, but they were both shy and

kept as far away from us as possible. I had approached Frimodt-Møller the night before after the discussion, but he refused to talk. He seemed angry beyond measure because he had, as he himself explained, to dance to "Mormon music", being compelled to submit to rules which our side had formulated.

I traveled by fast train to Aarhus arriving there about noon. Bro. Hans C. Hansen, president of the Aarhus Conference, and Elder Joseph L. Petersen, met me at the Aarhus station, and at the conference office at Borupsgade No. 12 I met seven other Elders from Zion and some local saints. At the conference house I was pleased to see the "Stars and Stripes" and the Danish flag unfurled side by side to the breeze in my honor. I was also delighted with the property recently purchased by the Church, or by the saints in Aarhus, and the way it had been renovated and changed. It was the same property which the saints had rented for years.

I spent Sunday, January 15th, worshipping with the saints in Aarhus. In the forenoon I addressed the Sunday School, and at the regular afternoon meeting I occupied the whole time, the priest Frimodt-Møller and other clergymen being present, but they left before the meeting was through to attend services in their own church, where they prayed for the "deluded Mormons", as we were told afterwards. After the meeting President Hansen and I took a long walk out into the woods south of Aarhus and visited among other places the new castle built for Crown Prince Christian, later King of Denmark. In the evening I spoke under divine inspiration in the meeting on the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The priest Frimodt-Møller and his companions were again present and remained throughout the services. Without mentioning names I alluded once to the villifier who in an article published in an Aarhus newspaper (Jyllands Posten) of Dec. 23, 1904, stated that the fruits of "Mormonism" were murder, adultery and

perjury, and I predicted in the name of Jesus Christ that if that man continued his lying about the people of God, the Lord would punish him. The spirit of the Lord was upon me and the whole congregation seemed to feel it, as everybody, including the priest, listened with attention throughout. Yet, at the close, Frimodt-Møller sent up a notice to the stand announcing that he would speak on the Mormon question on the following Friday evening, and invited the 'Mormon' leaders to be present.

This day had indeed been a glorious one, and while Pres. Hansen seemed to be concerned about the visit of the priests, I was more than pleased for their presence. On Monday evening I lectured to an appreciative audience in the Aarhus Branch hall on my travels.

After spending two more days in Aarhus associating with the Elders and visiting Elder Ferdinand F. Samuelsen, Peter S. Christiansen and other local saints, I left Aarhus on Wednesday, Jan. 18th, accompanied by Pres. Hans C. Hansen, and traveled 45 miles by train to Vejle, where we met Lehi Jensen and other Elders.

After taking supper with the Elders, we held a meeting in the Summer Theatre, a large hall, but only a few people except the saints attended, the weather being so cold that we could hardly speak. The meeting was a failure so far as attendance was concerned, but Bro. Hansen and I made short addresses. The next day was spent in visiting two families of saints in Vejle, after which we held a little council meeting, where it was decided that I, instead of leaving for Germany at once, should go back to Aarhus to meet Frimodt-Møller who had challenged us to defend our case. After Frimodt-Møller had issued his challenge to have the 'Mormon' leaders meet him in discussion both Elders and local saints had urged me to return to Aarhus and take part in the discussion. I finally yielded to the request and decided to return. I left Vejle and accompanied

six other Elders to Horsens, where we lodged with the two missionaries (Petersen and Andreasen) who were laboring there. We went to "Stephens-hjemmet", and entered a large hall where Pastor Frimodt-Møller was to hold forth with his anti-Mormon tirade. We came early and obtained good seats, and after a while the large hall was filled to overflowing; approximately two thousand people were present. After introductory remarks by Pastor Thomassen, a vile and bitter anti-Mormon priest, Frimodt-Møller held forth for an hour, relating all kinds of stories and devoting much of his time to attacking me personally on account of what I had said in Nibe and Aarhus. Yet, in some points, he tried to be fair, particularly when referring to the industries of the saints in Utah. As soon as he was through I asked for the privilege of speaking, which was granted, and I then held forth, almost without interruption, for three quarters of an hour, speaking with much freedom, yet in the face of gall and bitterness, for we had scarcely a friend in the whole congregation except a few local saints and the Elders who were with me. But, thanks to Almighty God, who stood by his servant and permitted him to defend the Prophet of God with courage in the face of immense opposition. Other speakers followed and, as might be expected, exasperated over my defense, they continued their abuse, villifications and slanders, and they flatly refused me the floor or pulpit again, not even permitting me to ask a simple question. Yet I am much mistaken if many who were present at this meeting did not leave it with serious thoughts on "Mormonism". At last all was over, and we Elders returned to our lodging.

The next day, Friday, Jan. 20th, we arose early and traveled on the morning train to Aarhus, where I spent most of the day assisting President Hansen with his annual report. After engaging in earnest prayer at the Conference office, we all went to the Asum's Hall on Klostergade, and took

the front seats, which were reserved for us in front of the pulpit. In a little while the large hall was filled to overflowing until nearly 2,000 people were present, and every avenue and passage was crowded to its utmost capacity. Pastor Frimodt-Møller came early, and so did a dozen other clergymen and many other prominent citizens, and a large number of saints and friends were among them.

Precisely at 8:00 o'clock Frimodt-Møller stepped forth, and after singing and a very short prayer he spoke 55 minutes, telling all kinds of tales, sometimes twice over—some of it partly true and other parts having no resemblance to truth whatsoever. He seemed to feel the influence of the saints who were present, and some of his main points fell flat on the ears of his hearers, and he did not reap the applause he did the night before in Horsens. After he was through, he left the meeting to a Herr Møller, a school-teacher, who acted very fairly and permitted me to speak as long as the pastor, namely, 55 minutes. The Lord be praised for that opportunity. Under the influence of God I spoke as I seldom have spoken before in defense of truth and His work. From my notes which I had made while the pastor spoke I took up the accusations which had been brought against us, and either refuted or explained them, and I soon learned that I had many friends in the congregation. Not once was I interrupted and my mind seemed unusually clear on all the points discussed. Thus ended the first act.

Then other speakers asked to be heard and among those who thus came in as a reserve force were Pastor Munk, dean of the cathedral, Pastor Lyngby, priest of the St. Paul Church in Aarhus, Mr. Beck, "Indremissionær" and one or two others; also Frimodt-Møller spoke twice. I was granted the privilege of answering every speaker and that kept me at the front, getting up and sitting down in the pulpit again and again. It was one of the opportunities of my life, and while

I was abused and insulted in various ways, I felt pleased to meet their attacks, and I believe that the outcome was good. The Elders and saints were jubilant and flocked around me with smiling faces at the end of the meeting which closed at 11:15 p. m. Many of the saints followed us to the mission house and did not disperse until after midnight.

On Saturday, Jan. 21st, I said goodbye to my brethren in Aarhus, a number of whom followed me to the station and others went with me as far as Horsens, Vejle and Fredericia, returning to their respective fields of labor. I changed cars at Fredericia and Wambrup and continued my journey through Schlesvig and Holstein to the Klostertor station in Hamburg. At that station I was met by Elders Roswell C. Belnap and George M. Bahr and went with them to Humboldtstrasse 132, where the Elders had quarters, and stopped over night.

On Sunday, Jan. 22nd, I attended Sunday School and meeting at the saints' hall at Burgfelder Burg, No. 128 in Hamburg, and in the evening a cottage meeting at the home of Theodore Blechert at Angelmannstrasse 83. I spoke in all the meetings, Bro. Belnap translating for me in the afternoon and Preston Nibley in the evening. During the day I met a number of Elders and local saints. The next day I spent in Hamburg busy with culling historical data from the branch records.

On Tuesday, Jan. 24th, accompanied by Pres. Belnap, I went to the Klostertor station, where I boarded a train for Berlin, the capital of Germany, arriving there about 1:00 o'clock p. m. At the station I was met by Elder John L. Sevey, president of the Berlin Conference, and also by sisters Christine and Judith Anderson of Salt Lake City. I spent the remainder of the day perusing records for historical purposes. The next two days I was engaged in historical labors in Berlin, and in the evening of Jan. 26th I addressed the saints in their meeting at Neue König-

strasse 11. Bro. Sevey translated for me. At the close of the meeting the saints flocked around me to shake hands and I had to speak German to the very best of my ability.

Having finished my labors in Berlin, I traveled by train to Dresden, where I succeeded in finding my way to Elisenstrasse 64, where Elder James F. Ogden of Richfield, Utah (who had charge of the Dresden Branch) stopped, but he was out and I had some trouble in making the "frau", who lived there, understand who I was, as she was careful about the Elders who at that time were being sought after by the police with a view of banishment. Later in the day Elder Ogden returned home and I spent the night with him.

The next day I was busy, assisted by some of the Elders, culling items from the Church records in Dresden. In the afternoon I traveled by rail to Leipzig, where I met Elder Joseph Benson, president of the Leipzig Conference, and other Elders. On Sunday, Jan. 29th, I visited the art gallery in Leipzig, called on some of the local saints and in the afternoon addressed a religion class and a general meeting in the saints' hall in Universitat Strasse No. 2, where Elder George Alder acted as my translator. I found myself gaining in German and conversed quite freely with some of the saints after the meeting. After spending the next day in Leipzig culling from the records, I traveled on Jan. 31st to Frankfurt a. M., where I met Elder Matthew N. Asper and five other young Elders from Zion. After attending to historical work I went on Wednesday, Feb. 1st, to Darmstadt. There I enjoyed seeing immense street decorations in honor of the marriage of Duke Ernest Ludvig to a foreign lady of title. Having learned that the Duke as the highest official in that duchy had extended greater liberties to our Elders than had been the case anywhere else in Germany, we felt like giving a hearty cheer for the royal couple as they passed us. Never before have I seen finer street decora-

tions than I saw that day in Darmstadt. Later in the day I continued my journey to Karlsruhe, the capital of Baden. Meeting with no Elders at the railway station, as the letter announcing my arrival had been delayed, I spoke to a police officer who directed me to the house of Wilhelm Seiter on Sophien Strasse, where later in the afternoon I met Elders John E. Mathis and Earl Joseph Glade, with whom I took a walk through the beautiful city of Karlsruhe.

I worked with the Karlsruhe branch records for some time, after which, on Feb. 3rd, I proceeded on my journey traveling from Karlsruhe to Zurich in Switzerland. This journey was very interesting, passing as we did through the Duchy of Baden with the lofty Schwarzwald on the left, the foot hills of which were covered with vineyards and the valley below dotted with numerous cities and villages. I arrived in Basel, Switzerland, at 4:45 p. m., changed trains and traveled to Zurich, where I was met at the station by Hugh J. Cannon, president of the Swiss and German Mission. I was taken by him to the headquarters of the mission at Hoth Gasse 68, where I met a hearty welcome. I enjoyed my visit with the Elders and local saints very much. On Sunday, Feb. 5th, I spoke in the Sunday School and general meeting with Elder Paul Henning as interpreter, in the saints' hall at Friedengasse No. 5. Here, as elsewhere in the mission, I found a number of good-hearted and faithful saints who made me feel perfectly at home. President Cannon and I, after fasting all day, took dinner with the Heber family who lived on Joseph Strasse.

I spent the following days perusing the records of the Swiss and German Mission. On Feb. 8th Pres. Cannon and I climbed to the top of a mountain lying immediately east of Zurich. On Friday, Feb. 10th, I left Zurich on my visit to England. At Metz I got off the train to see the fortifications which were now being leveled and the ground occupied by them changed into

parks and promenades. The city seemed to be full of soldiers as I saw military men everywhere, and I also learned that a big army had been maintained here ever since Metz was taken by the Germans from France in 1871.

From Metz I traveled to Luxemburg, where I spent the following night. On Saturday, Feb. 11th, I continued the journey, traveling from Luxemburg to Brussels, the capital of Belgium, where I arrived early in the morning. Though a stranger, I found my way through the city from one railroad station to another where a little later I boarded a train and traveled to Waterloo. Here, without a guide, I visited the site made famous by the battle of Waterloo in 1815. With the assistance of a guide book and a map of the grounds I found my way over the premises, after which I returned to Brussels. Thence I traveled to Ostend, and crossed the English Channel to Dover in England, where I arrived on Sunday, Feb. 12th. From Dover I traveled to London, where I landed at Cannon Street Station. I soon found my way to that part of London known as Stoke-Newington, where, at 197 Farleigh Road, the London Conference headquarters were located. Here I received a hearty welcome by Elder Hyrum Groesbeck who assisted me in perusing the records.

By letter from President Heber J. Grant I was informed that the ship "Winnefredian" of the Leyland Line would sail from Liverpool Feb. 25th and he intimated that I might cross the Atlantic with that fine ship, if I could get ready. As I, by this time was eager to return to America, I made an itinerary for a hurried trip to the British conferences, leaving out those of Newcastle, Glasgow and Ireland. I wrote several letters, and Bro. Groesbeck wrote for me to all the conferences which I intended to visit. In the evening I preached in the saints' meeting at Finsbury town hall, where

I met a number of Elders laboring in the London Conference.

On Monday, Feb. 3rd, I left London and traveled to Brighton, where I visited with my wife's relatives. On the 14th I traveled by train to Norwich, where I met Elder Dorwan R. Harris, president of the Norwich Conference, and other Elders, and attended to historical labors. On the 15th I proceeded by rail to Birmingham, where I met Elder William C. Creer, president of the Birmingham Conference, and other Elders. On the 16th I went by train to Cheltenham, where I was met by Bryant Stringham, president of the Cheltenham Conference. On the 17th I traveled to Cardiff in Wales and on the 18th I proceeded to Nottingham. Here I also met a number of the Elders and attended to historical labors the same as in the other places visited. On Sunday, Feb. 19th, I preached in the saints' hall on Shakespeare St., in Nottingham, and thence traveled to Sheffield, where I met Elder John W. Gailey, president of the Sheffield Conference, and other Elders. On the 21st, after finishing my labors in Sheffield, I traveled to Hull, where I met Edwin H. Bingham, president of the Grimsby Conference. On the 22nd I traveled from Hull via Leeds to Bradford, where no one met me at the station, but I succeeded in reaching No. 7 Trinity St. Here I discovered that the Elders had just moved from that place to new quarters at No. 12 Neal St., off Little Horton's Lane. I met several Elders, including Abraham M. Hill, president of the Leeds Conference. On Thursday, Feb. 23rd, I finished my work in Bradford and left for Blackburn, where, at the conference headquarters, No. 39 Alma St., I met Elder Joseph H. Brinton, president of the Liverpool Conference.

The next day I traveled from Blackburn to Liverpool. There I made my way to the mission headquarters, and after wading through my accumulated mail matter I commenced to pack the Church records which I had collected from the British conferences and

branches in a box ready to be sent home. I also attended a meeting, at which Pres. Heber J. Grant, who had just arrived from London, spoke to the returning missionaries. On Saturday, Feb. 25th, I proceeded to the Hoskisson Dock, accompanied thither by some of the brethren, and boarded the steamer "Winnifredian," together with 41 other Latter-day Saint passengers and sailed from Liverpool at 2 o'clock p. m. The Elders and saints soon got acquainted and spent a very pleasant evening together in the music room, singing and reciting, and I delivered a short speech. Among the passengers were six returning Elders from Great Britain, ten from Scandinavia, one from Germany and one from England; also four visitors from Great Britain and nine saints from Great Britain, four from Holland, one from Switzerland, two from Germany and two from Denmark, emigrating to Utah. The company was placed in charge of Elder John W. Holden. The "Winnifredian" was a regular passenger ship of the Leyland Line. We secured permission to hold services on board on Sunday, Feb. 26th, and so we held meeting from 10:30 to 11:45 a.m. The speakers on this occasion were Wm. O. Creer, Samuel J. Sudbury, Andrew Jenson, Charles H. Abbisher and John W. Holden. In the afternoon the sea became quite rough by the rising wind. Among the passengers was Elder Joseph E. Jorgensen, a missionary returning from Scandinavia, who had attempted to commit suicide before leaving for home and was under constant surveillance as he was still giving signs of insanity. On March 6th a concert was conducted by the Elders on board.

After a somewhat stormy passage, we arrived in Boston on March 8th. There I left the company and started for New York. After traveling by train to Fall River I traveled thence by water on the beautiful steamer "Pilgrim," a veritable floating palace, which had accommodation for hundreds of people. At Newport, Rhode

Island, I stepped on shore for a few moments desiring to place my feet on Rhode Island soil, never before having visited that little state. The "Pilgrim" arrived at New York on March 9th. Immediately after landing I made my way to the elevated railway and traveled to 125th St., whence I walked to No. 151 West 130 St., the headquarters of the Eastern States Mission, where I met Elder Hyrum K. Porter and other missionaries.

I spent two days in New York attending to historical labors and making several visits sight-seeing and otherwise. On Sunday, March 12th, I visited the Sunday School and general meeting at the saints' hall at 151 West 125th St., New York, speaking at both meetings. Among those whom I met in New York was John W. Rigdon, a son of the late Sidney Rigdon. In the evening of that day I started for the west, traveling to Rotterdam Junction, whence I traveled via Buffalo to Chicago.

At the La Salle St. Station at Chicago I met my wife Bertha and Elder German E. Ellsworth, president of the Northern States Mission, and his wife, and we took a street car at once for the new mission headquarters at No. 149 S. Paulina St. Here we were made welcome, and a good, sunny room was assigned to myself and wife for our occupancy during our sojourn in Chicago. We now spent several days in Chicago, and while I was attending to my historical labors, my wife and Sister Ellsworth visited many places of interest. On Sunday, March 9th, I attended Sunday School and general meeting in the little hall at the mission house and spoke at both meetings.

On Thursday, March 23rd, Pres. Ellsworth and I traveled from Chicago to Milwaukee. Here we met James A. Rasmussen, president of the Wisconsin Conference, and other Elders from Zion, and attended a meeting of the saints in their hall at No. 1718 Fond-du-lac Avenue. I was one of the speakers. We returned to Chicago later in the day. On March 28th I finished my

historical labors at the mission house and started for the West, accompanied by my wife. We arrived at Burlington, Iowa, on March 29th. Here we changed cars and traveled down the Mississippi River to Montrose, Lee Co., Iowa, where we took passage on the ferry boat "City of Nauvoo," which took us across the river to Nauvoo, where we spent the day visiting places of interest, including the old home of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Nauvoo House (where we had a long talk with the widow of Mr. Bidamon), the Nauvoo Mansion, Brigham Young's old home and the Temple site.

We recrossed the river on the ferry boat to Montrose, where, two hours later, we took train to Keokuk and thence traveled to West Quincy, Mo., where we again changed cars and traveled to Kansas City, where we arrived on the morning of March 30th. We at once proceeded to the mission office at 1405 Locust St., where we met a number of missionaries and people from Utah. We spent the following two days culling data from the records of the mission, assisted by some of the Elders. I spoke at several meetings in Kansas City and spent Sunday, April 2nd, there. I also visited Independence, meeting with the Hedrickites in their church on the Temple lot.

The Hedrickites would not let me speak in the chapel because they had learned by rumor that I had two wives, and I did not feel disposed to deny it. Being refused to speak in the chapel mentioned, we held a cottage meeting in the house of Bro. Andrew Hines. There I delivered a short discourse on Church history. In the evening we repaired to the Union depot and prepared to return home. We arrived at Denver on the morning of April 3rd, and continued the journey, arriving in Salt Lake City April 4th.

During this mission to Europe I had been away seven months and eight days, during which I traveled 18,420 miles, namely, 11,000 miles by rail, 7,192 miles by steamer, 28 miles by team and 200 miles on foot. I preach-

ed 97 times, using the English language 36 times and the Danish 61 times. I had visited Kansas City, Independence, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Albany, Troy, Boston, New York, Burlington (Iowa), Nauvoo (Illinois), and Denver, in the United States, and of cities in foreign lands I had visited Esbjerg, Copenhagen, Stege, Frederikshavn, Sæby, Hjørring, Aalborg, Nibe, Randers, Aarhus, Horsens, Vejle, Fredericia in Denmark; Malmö and Stockholm in Sweden; Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Frankfort a. M., Darmstad, Karlsruhe and Metz in Germany; Basel and Zurich in Switzerland, Brussels, Waterloo, Ostend in Belgium; London, Brighton, Norwich, Birmingham, Cheltenham, Nottingham, Sheffield, Hull, Bradford, Blackburn and Liverpool in England, and Cardiff in Wales. In nearly all these places I gathered historical information concerning the branches of the Church and brought home with me a number of valuable records to be deposited in the Historian's Office. I made many friends while away, enjoyed my special mission throughout and returned home in good health. On my return home I found my wife Emma and the children and my mother-in-law all well. I rejoiced in being home once more.

Wed., April 5. Reporting my mission to the First Presidency, I had a long conversation with Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Anthon H. Lund. Assisted by several of my children, I sorted a considerable amount of mail matter, especially newspapers which had accumulated during my absence.

On Sunday, April 9th, I spoke in the overflow meeting of the general conference, reporting my labor abroad and addressed at some length a Scandinavian meeting held immediately after the overflow meeting was closed, bringing greetings from the saints in Scandinavia.

I resumed work at once at the Historian's Office and for some time afterwards I preached in a number of the wards by special invitation. I also

spoke in the general meeting held in the Tabernacle on Sunday, April 30th.

On May 19th I left Salt Lake City on a tour to the Teton Stake, on which I visited all the settlements in that stake, gathering material for local history, and spoke in a number of special meetings. Later, I visited the Boxelder, Tooele, Emery and Summit stakes in Utah; Union Stake in Oregon, Oneida Stake in Idaho, and the Morgan, Davis, Cache, Logan and Hyrum stakes in Utah. On a trip south I visited Sanpete, Kanab, St. George and Beaver stakes in Utah. On these visits I attended fifteen stake conferences.

In June I attended the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, and in connection with that trip to the coast visited the settlements of the saints in the Union Stake.

On July 15th I wrote the following:

"Salt Lake City, July 15th, 1905.
President Joseph F. Smith
and Counselors:

On the 27th of August, 1904, I left Salt Lake City on a special mission to Europe from which I returned on the 4th of April last. During my absence I traveled 18,420 miles and visited many parts of the United States, England, Wales, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium. While on this mission I delivered 121 public discourses, of which 41 were delivered in English and 80 in the Danish language. I baptized three persons, confirmed eight, blessed one child, ordained one brother to the Priesthood and administered to many sick persons and as a finish to my sojourn in Denmark I took an active part in three discussions with Lutheran priests at each of which upwards of 2,000 people were present. I may add that these discussions were almost forced upon me through circumstances that I could not control, but I do not think the cause of truth suffered in the final outcome.

The object of my special mission, namely, the publishing of a new edition of the History of Joseph Smith in the Danish-Norwegian language, was accomplished by the end of 1904 and the remaining three months were spent in historical research in the countries mentioned. The publication of the Prophet's history at this particular time was, I think, very oppor-

tune; nearly one hundred anti-Mormon books have been published against us in Denmark alone since our Elders commenced to preach in that land and this is the first effort on the part of the Church to publish in Denmark a true history in book form concerning the origin of 'Mormonism.'

With love and esteem I remain, your brother and fellow laborer,

ANDREW JENSON."

During the year I assisted Pres. Anthon H. Lund in revising the Danish hymn book prior to the publication of a new edition. With some new hymns added to it and a few of the old ones eliminated, this revised edition of the book was published in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1906 as the 15th edition.

On July 30th, I attended an annual Scandinavian conference held in Glenwood Park, Ogden. After the last meeting we took supper with Bro. David R. Wheelwright and family who served dinner to about two hundred conference visitors. About 2,000 people attended this Scandinavian gathering.

At the October conference I again preached in an overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall.

In the fall of this year my daughter Minerva suffered with typhoid and was brought near death's door, but as I received the impression that she would not die with that sickness I did not return home to wait on her, when I was visiting in the Emery stake.

CHAPTER 55

(1906)

Visit a number of Stakes in the Interest of Church History—Report to the First Presidency—Birthday Celebration.

My activities during the year 1906 were very much the same as those of some previous years. My time was spent, mostly, at the Historian's Office, and in traveling, visiting the different stakes of Zion, adding to the historical material culled from original records to complete the histories of the stakes to the close of 1900.

Early in the year a supplement was published to Church Chronology,

which was added to the unsold copies of the former edition, bringing the historical thread up to 1905.

During the year I visited the following stakes in the interest of Church History: Millard, Malad, Blackfoot, Cassia, Pocatello and Uintah. I attended stake conferences in the Granite, Utah, Deseret, Sevier, Malad, Blackfoot, Cassia, Uintah, Ensign and Davis stakes.

On Aug. 25th I was called to the President's Office to express my views concerning the proper methods of keeping records. All my suggestions were adopted and I was instructed to consult with the brethren at the Presiding Bishop's Office concerning matters connected with the reports and history.

On Oct. 4th I delivered a lecture on the handcart travels of 1856-1860 inclusive. The occasion was a semi-centennial celebration of handcart travel held in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms. During the conference on Oct. 7th I addressed the overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall. At the Scandinavian conference held the same day, I read a report about Scandinavian meetings. Anthon H. Lund was the principal speaker.

In December I wrote the following:

"Historian's Office, Salt Lake City,
December 10, 1906.
Pres. Jos. F. Smith, John R. Winder
and Anthon H. Lund,

Dear Brethren:

From time to time, as I have progressed with my gathering and compiling of historical data in different parts of the world, I have reported my labors to the First Presidency; now I desire to make a general brief report of what I have accomplished up to date and make a few suggestions.

Being born a natural historian, and being raised in the Church from my earlier childhood, I do not remember the time when I did not gather data connected with Church history. When I was 13 years old, I commenced to keep a daily private journal, which I have continued unbroken until the present time. In 1873-1875 and in 1879-1881, when I filled my first two missions to Scandinavia, I gathered ma-

terial from the old records in that part of the world for a history of the Scandinavian Mission, which I published, together with subsequently gathered material, in four volumes, of a monthly periodical in the Danish language in 1882-1885 called 'Morgenstjernen'. But prior to that time I translated, compiled and published a history of Joseph Smith the Prophet in the Danish language, assisted by Elder John A. Bruun. This was the first book published by any member of the Church in Utah in any foreign tongue. In 1886 I commenced the publication of the "Historical Record," a monthly periodical devoted exclusively to historical, biographical and statistical matters, which I continued for five years (1886-1890). The five volumes made a valuable work of reference on early Church history. I also published a Church Chronology covering a period of 85 years (1805-1890).

In 1891 I commenced my labors for the Church direct, and then spent five years visiting all the stakes of Zion and the several wards and branches of the Church in the whole intermountain region, including our settlements in Canada and Mexico, for the purpose of gathering historical data, and giving instructions in record-keeping. In doing all this work and getting so much practical experience in culling and compiling history, my mind naturally expanded, and a system was gradually evolved, which became more and more perfect as years went by, until I could begin to arrange the documents and data (that soon grew bulky and important) in a way that now, according to my best judgment, appears the most feasible and practicable, and yet simple and comprehensive.

In my extended missionary tour through the different missionary fields in the world (in 1895-1897) I gathered data and historical material according to the same system; and in making my second tour through the stakes, after my return from that foreign mission, and also while away on two subsequent special missions to Europe, I simply continued in the same line.

Thus I have gathered historical data and material for the following:

1. A general "Journal History of the Church" from 1830 to 1900, in which all important events are grouped as much as possible under their respective dates.

2. A general history of every stake of Zion from its first organization to the close of 1900, followed by special

histories of every ward and branch composing the different stakes.

3. A general history of every missionary field established by the Church in all parts of the world, from 1830 to 1900, followed by separate histories of the several branches and conferences in each mission.

I will add that these segregations include also brief historical sketches of auxiliary organizations in the Church, both at home and abroad, so far as it has been possible to obtain correct data, and also a list of all missionaries who have been sent out into the world from Church headquarters to preach the gospel between the years 1830 and 1900, with some personal information concerning each missionary.

With this brief explanation on my part, it is for you, brethren, to decide whether my efforts and labors have been satisfactory to you or not. I need not tell you that I have put my whole soul into the work. I have traveled about 250,000 miles in the interest of Church history; and besides culling from the thousands of written records in the different stakes and missionary fields, I have gathered to the Historian's Office about two thousand old records from different parts of the world; many of these records are, in my judgment, worth more than their weight in gold. I may add, also, that members of my family have aided me materially in my historical labors for years, and I will further state that when I commenced my work direct for the Church, sixteen years ago, I brought with me to the Historian's Office practically all the historical accumulations of my life to that time.

As a result of all these accumulations, the Church is now in a position to compile a complete Church history. The material is on the ground, but a great proportion of the data and notes that I have gathered personally, being written hurriedly and frequently under difficulties, is in such a shape that it necessarily must be prepared for history under my personal supervision.

In order to accomplish successfully what I have for many years considered the labor of my life I need more assistance. I made an estimate the other day, that if I worked incessantly on the history, as outlined, with one stenographer, or typist to assist me, I might finish one year's history, in all its branches and segregations, in about six months. This means 36 years of hard labor on my part to compile the contemplated history from 1830 to the close of 1900.

I am 56 years old, and provided my mind remains as vigorous as it is at the present time, and provided also that my physical strength and my eyesight do not fail me, I can accomplish the work outlined by the time I am 92 years old, provided, however, further that I am not required to edit 'Bikuben,' or to do much side work.

After having your attention drawn to this condition, I feel confident that you will decide to give me more help. A number of efficient and industrious clerks, who can and will work and who are able and willing to work according to system, are needed. Pres. Lund understands the system suggested and I think it has his hearty approval. As to the number of clerks needed immediately, I will leave that matter for Pres. Lund to explain.

I would plead with you, my brethren, that this matter be not procrastinated. If we can procure the efficient help suggested, we can cover a great deal of ground in about two years, and after the several stake and mission histories have been written, it will be necessary to submit the manuscript to local committees, in order to obtain accuracy. This will require some traveling again on my part.

According to my judgment and experience, the stake and mission histories should be written first, as they, so far as the last fifty years are concerned, necessarily must form a most important basis or foundation for the general history. During the first twenty years of the existence of the Church, when the work was chiefly confined to America and Great Britain, that rule might be reversed.

By arranging matters and things somewhat differently at the Historian's Office, about which Pres. Lund, no doubt, will make the proper suggestions, we could find room in our present quarters for the additional work suggested to go on; still it could be done so much better, if we had our long-looked-for new Historian's Office. The valuable documents of the Church are not as safe here as they ought to be; nor can they be properly arranged here for lack of space. I trust, therefore, that an appropriation, say of \$100,000, for the erection of a new Historian's Office, will be favorably considered by the chief council of the Church in the near future.

Ever praying for the prosperity of Zion, and the people that I love, I remain, your brother and co-laborer,

ANDREW JENSON."

On Dec. 10th a number of friends responding to invitations, gathered at my house to celebrate with us the 20th anniversary of my marriage with Emma Howell. A sumptuous meal was prepared and partaken of, 38 guests sitting down to the table during the evening. Elder Nephi L. Morris, president of the Salt Lake Stake, acted as toastmaster, and in response to toasts which he proposed in a very appropriate manner, short speeches were made by Bishop Franklin S. Tingey, Rudger Clawson, Jos. E. Taylor, Emmeline B. Wells, Anthon H. Lund and Pres. Jos. F. Smith. The latter alluded very feelingly to my labors as a Church-worker and historian; he had followed my movements closely since he first met me in Liverpool in 1875, when I returned home from my first mission to Scandinavia. On that occasion another young man and I were the only two persons out of a company of between seven or eight hundred souls who had left a lasting impression on his mind. He had never forgotten me since that time and could testify to my faithfulness during the many years which had passed since then. His closing benediction on myself and family was highly appreciated. Bro. Jos. E. Taylor, an old friend, referred to his long acquaintance with me and family and said he had watched me with keen interest, as well in times of joy and happiness, as in days of depression and adversity. Bro. Rudger Clawson offered words of praise and congratulations as I had worked with him as a member of the committee on Church records, in which he had watched my zeal and thoroughness with great interest. Pres. Anthon H. Lund's remarks were also very kind and appropriate. A most pleasant influence rested upon the little assembly; all felt it, all enjoyed the occasion, and when finally the company dispersed, after spending hours perusing our numerous works of art, portraits and picture cards, nearly everybody said that they had seldom, if ever, spent a more pleasant evening.

The next day, Dec. 11th, another entertainment was given in honor of the 56th anniversary of my birth.

On Dec. 29th I wrote the following:

"Pres. Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund, John R. Winder,
Dear Brethren:

For eight years I have conducted the affairs of 'Bikuben,' trying to carry out instructions received from the First Presidency in 1898, in regard to making the paper self-supporting. It has been a hard struggle, but I think your verdict will be that I have succeeded, and I desire to state that if you will release me from further responsibility in regard to that paper, I can now turn the plant over to the one you may appoint as my successor, in a good condition and entirely free from debt, with considerable new type and other fixtures that did not belong to the plant when I took it 8 years ago. I feel that my historical work demands all my time, and that I ought to be relieved of the many hours overtime work that I hitherto have had to do in order to keep 'Bikuben' afloat. With some degree of satisfaction I point to the volume just completed, as perhaps the best volume of this paper ever issued during the 31 years of its existence, and I would like to quit 'while the play is good.'

With love and compliments of the season, I remain your brother in the gospel,

ANDREW JENSON."

During the year I traveled about 6,000 miles, including 4,400 miles by rail, and 1500 miles with teams. I spoke in public 148 times, including 24 sermons in Danish, 8 lectures on my travels, 4 funeral sermons, 20 historical lectures, and 6 after-dinner speeches.

CHAPTER 56

(1907)

Building a Vault on my 17th Ward Property—
Marriage of my daughter Eleonore and Geo.
B. Reynolds—"Jorden Rundt" published.

In January, 1907, by invitation, I accompanied Apostle George A. Smith to Beaver to attend a stake conference on Jan. 12th and 13th. We had an enjoyable time with the saints at that particular time. On the trip we visited Fort Cameron, near Beaver, where a

Church school was being held in the old fort building.

In the spring I built a fire-proof vault on the rear end of my lot. It is 17 by 27 feet, the walls being built of cement, and the roof and ceiling rest on iron or railroad ties. I moved my library from my dwelling house into the vault in June. The vault was dedicated by Pres. Joseph F. Smith on my birthday Dec. 11, 1907. On that occasion a number of our intimate friends, including Pres. Joseph F. Smith and wife, Anthon H. Lund, Francis M. Lyman and wife, Rudger Clawson and wife, Joseph E. Taylor, Nephi L. Morris and wife, and a number of others, were present.

On Aug. 12th I performed the marriage ceremony at the Historian's Office which made Oscar J. Johnson and Ruth B. Lloyd man and wife. This was the third marriage ceremony that I performed.

At a general conference of the Church held in October, I spoke in the Assembly Hall in an overflow meeting.

On Nov. 18th my daughter Eleonore was married in the Salt Lake Temple to Geo. B. Reynolds, a son of Geo. Reynolds of the Seventies.

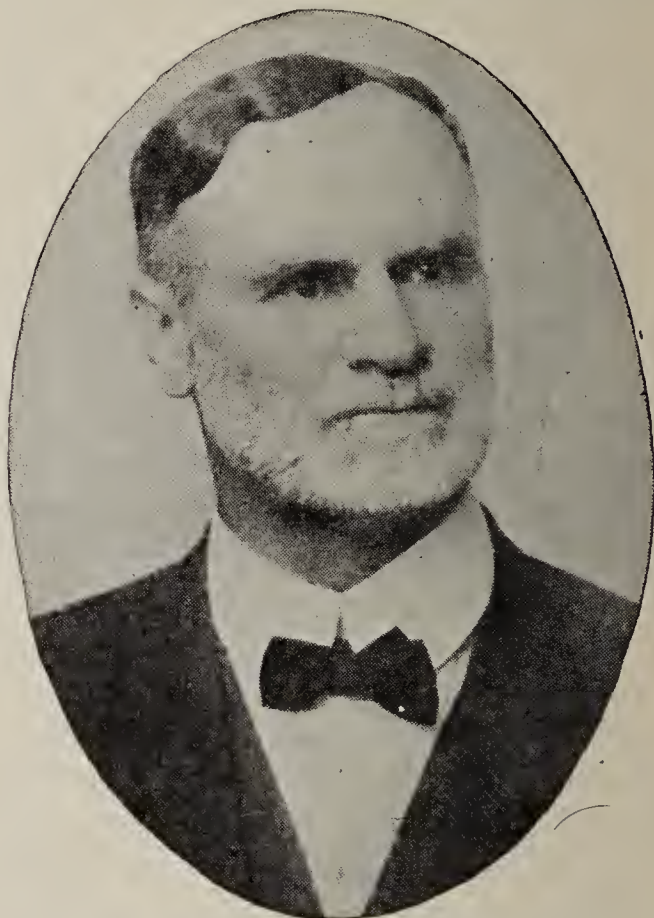
In November I made a missionary tour with Orson F. Whitney to the Wayne Stake, in which we held meetings in all the larger settlements in said stake and enjoyed the meetings and the association with our brethren and sisters. We were both successful in our utterances before saints and strangers.

Towards the end of the year I published a book entitled "Jorden Rundt" in the Danish language. It is a book of 300 pages octavo, and gives a detailed account of my first trip around the world in 1895-1897.

During the year I attended stake conferences in the following stakes of Zion: Beaver, Wayne, Jordan (twice), Tooele, Ogden (twice), Alpine, North Sanpete, Oneida, Ensign, Nebo, Davis, Sevier and Salt Lake.

In 1907 I traveled 5,160 miles, including 4,100 miles by railroad, 380

miles by street car, 550 miles by team, 10 miles by steam launches on the Utah Lake, 10 miles by autos and 10 miles by sleighs. During the year I



APOSTLE ORSON F. WHITNEY
AS ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN

delivered 165 public addresses, of which 22 were given in the Danish language; the addresses included 15 lectures on my travels, 1 talk on Palestine, 3 historical addresses, 7 funeral sermons, and 10 after-dinner speeches.

CHAPTER 57

(1908)

Editorial Labors on "Bikuben"—Called to preside over the Scandinavian Mission—Good Wishes from many Friends.

Owing to the illness of Elder Hans J. Christiansen, assistant editor of "Bikuben", I spent considerable time in January working in the editorial department of that paper. On Jan. 6th a very interesting New Year's party was held in my house attended by a number of neighbors and friends. An impromptu program including short speeches was carried out and refreshments served. In February Elder Torlief Knaphus made a bust of me in plaster paris which afterwards was cast into bronze. Bro. Knaphus is a real artist.

On Feb. 19th Elder Nils C. Flygare, an old friend and fellow-laborer of mine, died in Ogden. I was one of the speakers at his funeral on Feb. 23rd. I also spoke at the funeral of Patriarch Peter A. Forsgren, the first man baptized by divine authority in Sweden in 1850.

At a general conference held April 5th, I spoke at the overflow meeting. On April 8th I took possession of the Biographical Encyclopedia business, which for some time previous had been attended to by my son Parley P. Jenson. On July 16th I left home on a visit to Idaho, at which time I visited Mink Creek, Ovid, St. Charles, Bloomington, Preston, and other places in the interest of history.

On Oct. 13th Pres. Anthon H. Lund gave me a hint as to the probability of my being called on another mission in the near future, in order to give me a change from the historical labors which I had followed so closely for 3½ years, ever since I had returned from my last mission to Europe.

On Oct. 14th my daughter, Eleonore, left Salt Lake City for Europe, where she went to study music under world-renowned professors. I was not enthusiastic about her doing so on account of existing circumstances. On Nov. 1st I attended an interesting fast meeting in the Temple and may here explain that for a number of years I met with the General Authorities of the Church and others in the Salt Lake Temple attending special fast meetings. On these occasions we generally enjoyed spiritual feasts, and had many happy experiences.

On Dec. 9th I received the following:

"Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 9, 1908
Elder Andrew Jenson,
City,

Dear Brother:

We have this day written to Elder Søren Rasmussen, at Copenhagen, Denmark, releasing him as president of the Scandinavian Mission, to return home with a blessing and approval of the General Authorities of the Church, and you are hereby appointed to suc-

ceed him in the watch-care and presidency of that mission.

Elder Rasmussen has been requested to turn over to you all books, papers, accounts, and whatever else may be in his possession, to enable you to satisfactorily take hold of the business of the mission, as well as to enter into its spiritual concerns. This he has been requested to do at the date most convenient to both of you, when he might consider himself at liberty to return home at his own pleasure.

It will be your duty, as it has been that of your predecessor, to see that the gospel is preached as widely as possible in the places where the missionary Elders are now laboring; also in new fields as opportunity might present and as the Lord may open up the way.

We sincerely hope and pray that you will be able to receive the spirit of this calling and presidency, and that you may go forth as a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, fully equipped for the discharge of every duty connected with this important appointment; and that you may preside in wisdom and with dignity over all the affairs of the Church in that mission. We delegate to you full power to regulate everything connected with the mission over which you are called to preside, and to make such changes, releases and appointments as in your judgment, under the guidance of the spirit of the Lord, may be necessary for the welfare of the work of the Lord in your field of labor. And that you may be fully sustained and qualified for the performance of the duties which will devolve upon you as president of the Scandinavian Mission, we beseech God our Heavenly Father to endow you with power from on high, and to fill you with his Holy Spirit, that you may indeed be a blessing and a savior to the children of men in your ministry, and that you may carry with you an influence and power that shall be felt for good by all with whom you may be brought in contact.

It is our most earnest desire that you shall be an example in humility, in patience, in long-suffering, and in all the gifts and graces of the gospel to all men; and that your words may be the words of the Lord to the people whom you may address, and that you may be made to feel that there is a power and a spirit accompanying you that is not of man; also that you may be receptive to that spirit, to be guided and assisted by it in all of your labors and ministrations.

We shall be glad to hear from you as often as it may be prudent for you to communicate with us and we ourselves shall be pleased to communicate with you from time to time, as wisdom may dictate.

Praying the Lord to bless and qualify you for this work to which you are now called, and asking him to preserve you from the hands of your enemies, and to bring you home in due time in purity, peace and love, we remain

Your brethren and fellow-servants in the Lord,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
JOHN R. WINDER,
ANTHON H. LUND,
First Presidency."

I received a letter from Pres. C. N. Lund of Mt. Pleasant, dated Dec. 9, 1908, and another from Elder C. C. A. Christensen of Ephraim, both wishing me success on my mission. One of the paragraphs in Bro. Christensen's letter read as follows:

"I congratulate you as your friend and well-wisher, and also with regard to the people among whom your energies and labors will be performed for the promulgation of the great Latter-day work in which you have already taken so prominent a part for so many years. * * * You will soon have the destiny to a certain extent laid in your hands with regard to the mental happiness of many good men—your co-workers—in the mission field. Be a father to them, as well, if not more than their president. Their love and esteem through your kindness will amply reward you in time and eternity for such forbearance that you may have to extend to them."

During the following days I received a number of congratulatory letters from friends, all wishing me God-speed on my mission.

On Dec. 31st I met with a number of intimate neighbors and friends in a New Year's party and had a most enjoyable time.

During the year 1908 I traveled 4,410 miles, including 3,500 miles by railroad, 250 miles by team and carriages, 20 miles by auto, and 20 miles by steam launch. I preached 133 times, including 23 talks in the Danish language. It also includes 9 lectures on my travels, 5 funeral sermons,

5 historical talks, 12 after-dinner speeches, and 5 talks on politics.

CHAPTER 58

(1909)

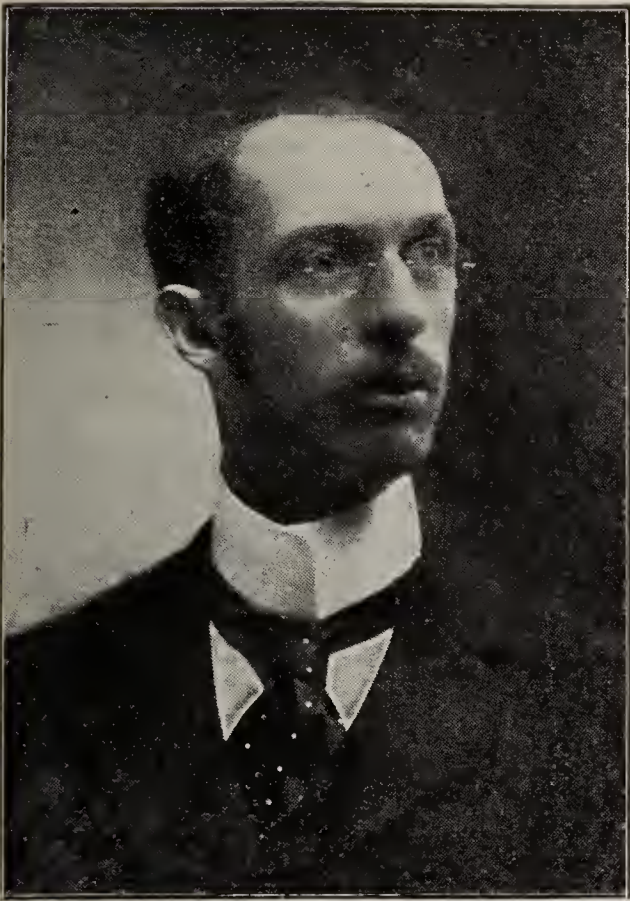
Farewell Parties—Set Apart to Preside Over the Scandinavian Mission—Travel Over Land and Ocean—Arrival in Denmark—Visit All the Conferences in Denmark and Norway.

On Fri., Jan. 1st, a New Year's and farewell party was held in my house, attended by a number of specially invited friends. In the evening I visited Pleasant Grove, where I took leave of my aged mother; her three sons were present. I had suggested a meeting of her children, prior to my departure for Europe, as it was somewhat doubtful whether after my return home I should find her alive, as she was 87 years and 5 months old and failing in health.

On Jan. 2nd I visited Herriman, where a splendid dinner was arranged in my honor, attended by relatives and friends. On Sunday, Jan. 3rd, and the two following days I attended farewell gatherings with the 3rd Quorum of Seventy at the home of Sister Anna Widtsoe, and with the Scandinavians, where Pres. Anthon H. Lund and other prominent people were present. A testimonial meeting was held in the 17th Ward on the 7th. The house was crowded to capacity and a fine program carried out, consisting of recitations, speeches, and singing. Among those present was Apostle John Henry Smith, who, together with others, spoke with feeling and encouragement. Such occasions are certainly seasons of rejoicing, and better than a coffin covered with flowers after one's death. In my short speech I referred feelingly to my true friends and co-laborers in the cause of truth. Notwithstanding my protest, a collection of nearly \$50 was taken at the door, which was handed to me after the meeting. A hand-shaking, such a one as had not previously fallen to my lot at home, was indulged in. I certainly appreciated the many good wishes that were spoken in my behalf. Among those present were many from distant settlements.

On Friday, Jan. 9th, together with my wife, Emma, I went through the

Twelve Apostles, Pres. Smith being mouth:



APOSTLE GEO. ALBERT SMITH

Temple with the other members of the prayer circle to which I belonged, and their wives. Geo. A. Smith, the president of our circle, had concluded that it would be a good thing for all the members of the circle to spend a day together in the Temple and get better acquainted. We enjoyed the day very much. In the evening the members of the circle with their wives, by invitation, were guests at the home of Geo. C. Lambert, where we spent a pleasant time in conversation, singing and partaking of refreshments. On Sunday, Jan. 10th, I spoke a few words of farewell in the prayer circle, attended a Seventies' meeting in the Relief Society Hall and said good-by to my brethren of the quorum, not expecting to meet them again before taking my departure for Europe.

On Jan. 12th, I was set apart for my mission to Scandinavia. Following is a copy of the blessing which I received under the hands of Pres. Jos. F. Smith, John R. Winder, and Anthon H. Lund of the First Presidency, and Elder Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant and Anthony W. Ivins of the

Dear Brother, Andrew Jenson, By virtue of the Holy Priesthood, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, we lay our hands upon your head and set you apart to preside over the Scandinavian Mission, to take charge of the work of the ministry in that, your native land, and in adjacent regions, that you may, in the discharge of your duties as a presiding Elder, as a servant of the Living God, and one holding the Melchizedek Priesthood, magnify your calling before the Lord in all humility and meekness, and in all acceptableness before Him from whom all blessings come, who presides over the destinies of all men, and of all nations on the face of the earth, and whose wisdom it is necessary that we seek for and obtain; that in your decisions in matters arising in your labors you may be wise and prudent, and always express the mind and the will of the Lord, and not the mind of man; and in your writing and publishing that you may be guided by the spirit of wisdom, judgment and understanding, and of perfect knowledge of all the facts, so that you may speak words that shall stand the test of truth for all time to come; that your influence may be salutary and saving in its character, and that all men with whom you come in contact shall learn to respect you for your integrity, for your love of the truth and for the knowledge of the gospel which you possess, and that they may honor you in your position as you honor all men in theirs, in every capacity in which they may be called to act in the Church. We say unto you, dear brother: seek diligently for that spirit which lifts up and enlarges the soul, which enlightens the mind, increases knowledge, strengthens faith and qualifies and prepares the servants of God for the duties and labors which devolve upon them. We bless you and we set you apart to do this work. We ask God to bless you and to preserve your life, to preserve your virtue, your honor, your integrity before all the world and before his own face, that at all times you may be able to render a just, righteous and noble account of your labors and your desires before the great Judge of the quick and the dead.

Now, Brother Andrew, go in peace, labor in humility before the Lord. Be not lifted up, but be meek and lowly, and peaceable in your spirit, that your example may go forth for good and af-

fect for good all who labor with you and under your direction, and all with whom you come in contact in your missionary labors.

Father, we commit Thy servant into Thy hands, we ask Thy blessings upon him, and pray that he may be successful beyond his own hopes, and that he may give to Thee, Father, the honor and the glory forever for every success that may attend him in his ministry and in his labors for the salvation of the children of men.

And we will give unto Thee, Holy Father, all the honor and the glory, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, Amen.

On the same occasion, I had private interviews with Apostles Francis M. Lyman, John Henry Smith and Anthony W. Ivins, who instructed me to enforce the Word of Wisdom strictly in the Scandinavian Mission.

A number of farewell parties were arranged in my honor, at which the best of feelings existed, and a fine influence predominated. I was the recipient of a number of poetical essays composed for the occasion. On Sunday, Jan. 17th, I delivered my farewell discourse in the Tabernacle. In the evening of the same day a number of close friends assembled in my house, on which occasion I blessed the different members of my family.

On Monday, Jan. 18th, I called at the President's Office and the Historian's Office, and had an interesting conversation with Pres. Joseph F. Smith, who expressed many good wishes and bestowed blessings upon me, as did also Patriarch John Smith and a number of other brethren who were present. Toward evening I left Salt Lake City, where I took leave of many friends at the railroad station, among whom was Pres. Anthon H. Lund, to whom I delivered my keys to the Historian's Office. Some of the brethren accompanied me to Ogden. During the following night, while traveling, I enjoyed a good sleep, something that I needed very much after the excitement connected with leave-taking during the past few days. I arrived in Kansas City on the 20th in the afternoon. Boarding a street car,

I soon found myself at Independence, 302 So. Pleasant St., the headquarters of the Central States Mission, where I met Pres. Samuel O. Bennion and family, and a number of other Elders. In company with some of these Elders I visited the place where the saints



PRESIDENT SAMUEL O. BENNION

crossed the Missouri River when they were driven out of Jackson County by the mob in 1833. On the road, about three miles from Independence, we called on Mary W. Mason, a widow of the late James C. Mason, and a daughter of the late Abner F. Staples, who, she said, helped to tear down the saints' printing office in 1833, and also took a hand in tarring and feathering Bishop Partridge. She was fair in her statements, and did not think her father's actions to the "Mormons" were any credit to him, for she believed now that the "Mormons" were a good people.

In the evening of Friday, Jan. 22nd, I left Kansas City, and arrived in Chicago the next morning. Here I met Pres. German E. Ellsworth and many of the Elders, and took dinner at the mission house. I also addressed the

Sunday School, and general assembly in Chicago. In the evening Pres. Ellsworth accompanied me to the La Salle station, and I left Chicago on a Lakeshore train for Cleveland, Ohio, where I arrived early in the morning of Jan. 25th. Taking a suburban railway train to Willoughby, 19 miles from Cleveland, I walked 2½ miles to Kirtland, where I was shown through the Temple. Ascending to the top of the tower of the Temple on a windy day I caught a severe cold, which remained with me for three months or more afterwards. From Cleveland, I visited Rochester, New York, and vicinity on the 26th and 27th. In that neighborhood I also visited Canandagua, where a bitter anti-Mormon clerk waited on me and began to curse and swear when the name of Joseph Smith was mentioned. "How do you know that Joseph Smith was a fraud, as you say," I asked him. He acknowledged that the records of the court did not prove it. I then queried, "Then why do you call him a fraud, for according to American jurisprudence, a man is considered innocent until he is proven guilty." Being unable to get anything I wanted at the county clerk's office, I spent some time at the Canandagua public library, where I copied a few items for Church history. Next I visited the Hill Cumorah, near the village of Manchester. I recognized the hill from my former visit there in 1888, ascended to a place near the top where Joseph first saw and afterwards obtained the plates, and then visited the old farmhouse, standing at the north end of the hill and learned that the rich banker, Pliney T. Sexton, now owned the hill, and that a man by the name of Putney Clemons, took care of the farm, including the hill, for Mr. Sexton. Continuing my journey I arrived in New York Jan. 28th, and was cordially received by Pres. Ben E. Rich and other Elders. I took the advice of Pres. Rich, not to go out in the cold, and so he sent Elder A. B. Andrus down to get my steamship ticket and to make all necessary arrangements

for my voyage. Taking a hot bath I felt better the next morning. Pres. Rich and two other Elders administered to me and I enjoyed a good night's rest. The Elders and Sister Laura Rich thought I had better change my date of sailing, but I felt it my duty to go on and believed the Lord would give me strength according to my day. Seldom have I found the adage, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," illustrated better than on this occasion, on the part of the brethren and sisters in New York.

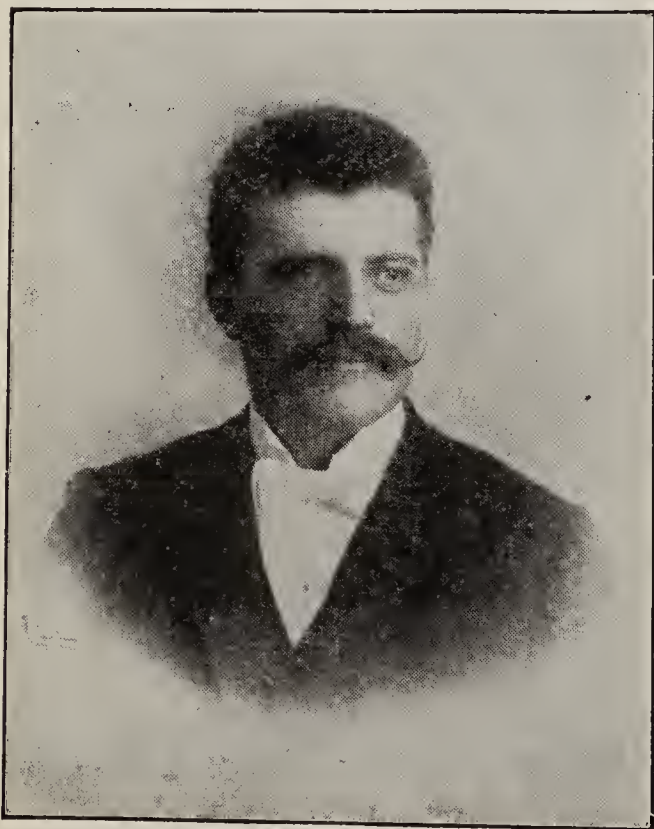


PRESIDENT BEN E. RICH

On Saturday, Jan. 30th, at noon, I boarded the steamship "Baltic," bid farewell to my brethren and was assigned to a very comfortable stateroom, which I had all to myself. I was the only "Mormon" Elder on board. During the voyage across the Atlantic I still suffered with my cold, but the ship's doctor, as well as the stewardess, waited on me with tender care, and I felt somewhat improved before I reached Europe. On my arrival at Liverpool, England, Feb. 8th, I missed an Elder who had been sent from the mission office to meet me, and I therefore passed through the custom house alone, boarded a street car and found my way to the mission office at 295

Edge Lane, where I was well received by the Elders and sisters. Pres. Chas. W. Penrose returned in the evening from a visit to Cardiff, Wales.

Having enjoyed my visit with the saints in Liverpool, I continued my journey on Feb. 9th, and traveled about two hundred miles to London, where I presented myself at the new conference house known as Deseret, recently purchased by the Church in London. Here I met Alvin Edgar Jordan, president of the London Conference, and a number of other Elders, and spent a few hours very pleasantly with them. In the evening I traveled to Harwich. Here I boarded the steamer "Vienna," and set sail for Holland. The night was stormy and the sea rough, and it was only by hugging my berth closely that I escaped seasickness. I arrived at the Hook of Holland early in the morning of Feb. 10th, and was soon comfortably seated in a railroad car bound for Denmark.



PRESIDENT SØREN RASMUSSEN

Traveling via Bremen and Hamburg I arrived at Kiel, in Holstein, where I boarded a steamer which took me to Korsør, Denmark, whence I traveled by rail to Copenhagen, where I arrived on Feb. 11th. At the station I was met by Pres. Søren Rasmussen and two other Elders, who took me to

the mission office at Korsgade No. 11. There I met a hearty welcome by a number of other Elders and local saints, and how thankful I felt that I had reached my destination in safety. I had experienced a somewhat trying time since I left home; traveling alone while sick, was not pleasant, but the full-hearted reception which I received on my arrival in Copenhagen made me feel that all is well that ends well. My travels from home to Denmark this time represented 7,065 miles. The next few days were spent in reading and writing letters and in my obtaining information about the mission.

My first Sunday in Copenhagen, Feb. 14th, was fraught with activity. I first spoke in the branch Sunday School; next I addressed the theological class and then the whole school. In the afternoon I addressed the saints with much freedom and feeling, during which many clear eyes were moistened and hearts touched. I felt the Spirit of God resting mightily upon me, as I addressed the large congregation of saints and strangers, where so many knew me from my former missions. In the evening I addressed a large congregation, followed by others of the Elders. The choir sang in my honor "Blæs sagte I storme fra iskolde Nord" (my own composition) in my honor. We had a splendid meeting, and I shall never forget my first Sunday in Copenhagen of what turned out to be a mission of more than three years duration. How warm-hearted the saints and many investigators were who were present in the meetings!

It was deemed unnecessary for me to make a trip through the mission with Pres. Rasmussen, as I had so recently filled special missions to the countries in the North, and so Pres. Rasmussen took his departure for home Feb. 15, 1909, after he had turned the affairs of the mission over to me, and had introduced me to the bankers and others with whom we were doing business.

I was soon busy acquainting myself with both financial and spiritual mat-

ters pertaining to the mission, which was delivered to me in fine condition. On the 16th I moved my effects from the room I had temporarily occupied to the president's room, and installed myself as comfortably as possible. Soon I made some changes in the activities of the Elders and endeavored to keep the affairs of the mission continuing in a progressive way, as had been the case before my arrival.

On Monday, March 1st, I left Copenhagen on a trip to Jutland, traveling via Korsør and Nyborg to Odense, where I stopped to advise with four Elders from Zion, who lived under the roof of a rear building in the so-called "Postgaarden," Overgade 56. I advised the Elders to secure better quarters, where they would not be ashamed or humiliated to meet their friends. In Odense I contacted several



CONFERENCE HOUSE IN AALBORG,
DENMARK

editors of newspapers, who received me kindly and gave me notices in their papers, explaining why I again had arrived in my native land. From Odense I traveled via Aarhus and Randers to Aalborg, meeting Elders and local saints on the way. In Aalborg, where I first saw the new chapel which had been built by the saints in 1907, we had good meetings, and I associated most pleasantly with the Elders of the

Aalborg Conference, sixteen in number. From Aalborg I visited Frederikshavn and then returned to Copenhagen.

On March 19th I left Copenhagen for Berlin, Germany, where I visited my daughter, Eleonore, who was studying music in the German capital. I spent a pleasant Sunday in Berlin, speaking about five minutes in German and five minutes in English in the Sunday School, and in the afternoon addressed the saints and strangers through an interpreter. After the meeting, the saints flocked around me, expressing their love and good will and pleasure over my remarks. I seemed to get along remarkably well with the very limited stock of German words at my command. After a very pleasant visit with the brethren (Elders from Zion) and the local saints of Berlin, and endeavoring to give encouragement to my daughter in her studies, I returned to Copenhagen March 23rd.

Having been summoned to appear in the police court to make a report in a bankruptcy case of one of the sisters. I appeared in said court, March 26th, and was examined for about two hours, but was able to prove, I believe, to the satisfaction of the court, that the money had been used for emigration purposes, and that there was no money in my keeping.

On Saturday and Sunday, March 27th and 28th, I attended my first conference in Copenhagen as president of the mission. On this occasion 31 Elders from Zion were present, several splendid meetings were held and timely instructions given the Elders at a Priesthood meeting on March 29th.

Through the invitation of Elder F. F. Samuelson of Aarhus, a member of the Danish "Rigsdag," I visited the "Rigsdag," and listened to a debate on tax reform. After the close of the session, Bro. Samuelsen took me through the building, showing me the various rooms and departments.

On April 2nd I left Copenhagen by train on my trip to the other confer-

ences in the mission, traveling by rail and steamer via Kallundborg to Aarhus, where we had a splendid conference on April 3rd and 4th. Thirty-seven Elders from Zion were present, and, together with the other Elders, I was blessed by the Lord in giving advice to the saints. On April 9th I traveled from Aarhus to Aalborg, where we had an enjoyable time in our conference which was held on April 10th and 11th, attended by 24 Elders from Zion.

After that conference, I traveled to Göteborg, Sweden, where I, by special invitation, attended a conference, and I enjoyed myself in associating with Pres. Peter Sundwall and the other Elders and many local saints.

From Göteborg, I went by rail to Christiania, Norway, where I was made welcome by Alma B. Larson, president of the Christiania Confer-



CONFERENCE HOUSE IN CHRISTIANIA,
NORWAY

ence, and other Elders, and where I preached in the evening of April 21st to a large congregation in a beautiful hall which had been finished since I had last visited Christiania. The singing of the choir under the able leadership of Elder Otte E. Johnson, was thrilling.

The next day, April 22nd, I left Christiania bound for Bergen. First I traveled by rail to Drammen, changing cars here to Vikesund, where I again changed cars and traveled to Krøderen at the lower end of Lake Krøderen, a long but very narrow sheet of water, on which steamers

took passengers in the summer to the north end of the lake; but when the lake was frozen over, passengers were taken in sleighs or carts to Gulsvik, a station on the railroad which was being built from Bergen to Christiania. The lake being still covered with ice, we traveled in the old-fashioned way, which was a great novelty to me. There were seven passengers who traveled in four sleighs. My traveling companion in the sleigh was Ingeborg Abrahamson, a deaconess in the Lutheran Church. She proved to be an intelligent, talkative young lady who seemed to enjoy conversing with me all the way. We rode on the ice about 14 miles to Wegager, a halfway station on the east side of the lake. Here we changed teams and continued the journey in carts pulled by one horse like the sleigh and traveled 13 miles further to Gulsvik, where we took lodging for the night at a hotel. The day was sunny and otherwise fine, and I thoroughly enjoyed the ride both in the sleigh and cart. Our first driver was Eivind Nyhus, who did his best to make us comfortable. He was a pleasant youth who amused us with his provincial dialect. The scenery all along Lake Krøderen was grand; the water, the timber-covered "fjelde," or mountains, and the quaint looking farm houses which peep forth through the openings in the timber, made a picture long to be remembered.

On Friday the 23rd, having enjoyed a splendid night's rest in Gulsvik, I continued my journey to Bergen, and it proved to be one of the most interesting journeys of my life. Leaving Gulsvik early in the morning we traveled up the Hallingdals Elv, and climbed the mountains which separate the western part of Norway (Westlandet) from the eastern part. As we ascended the snow increased and the farm houses became less numerous. The timber-covered slopes and many freaks of nature witnessed as we passed along, reminded one of crossing the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. At length we reached the summit,

about 5,000 feet above sea level, somewhat midway between the station of Finse on the east side and that of Hallingskeid on the west side. All along the road we passed through numerous tunnels, the longest of which (the one near Myrdal) measures five miles. Going down the mountain we soon reached a little town called Boss, and at Bolstad, 48 miles from Bergen, we reached the head of the Bolstad Fjord, which, also at this point is the head of navigation from the west. Thence traveling along the fjords the scenery was overwhelmingly grand and interesting. The railway passed through tunnels cut out of solid rock, and where there were small openings or levels between the water and the base of the mountains, we saw small towns and farm-houses. A number of the latter were also noted on the slopes way up on the mountain sides, or on the top of these. At 8 o'clock in the evening the train arrived at Bergen, 218 miles from Gulsvik, or 319 miles the way we had traveled from Christiania.

At the railway station in Bergen I was met by Elder James M. Keller, president of the Bergen Conference, and other Elders, and I was soon at the headquarters of the Bergen Conference at No. 5 Kong Oskarsgade, where I met a number of other Elders from Zion. This was my first visit to the quaint old city of Bergen. I received a hearty welcome from the Elders and several of the local saints who called to bid me welcome. With 16 Elders from Zion in attendance, we held a splendid conference in Bergen on Saturday and Sunday, April 24th and 25th. At our evening meeting about four hundred people were present. In many respects the historical town of Bergen reminds me of Joppa in Palestine, because of its location in part, on steep slopes and its narrow and very irregular streets. We held a Priesthood meeting on the 26th, and in the evening I spoke to the young people with much freedom. The Sunday School was attended by two

hundred people. Tuesday, April 27th, was a stormy day, and I was busy inspecting the records of the conference. A social was arranged for the evening of the 27th, at which a bevy of beautiful Norwegian girls, dressed in their national costumes, rendered excellent service as waitresses. I sang the Hawaiian "Aloha Oe." While in Bergen I took my meals and slept at the conference office, the Elders having engaged two sisters to do the cooking. Three good meals were served each day.

Having finished my labors in Bergen I climbed to the top of the so-called Fløjen, back of the city, from which point we had a beautiful bird's eye view of Bergen and vicinity. I thought it was one of the grandest and loveliest I had ever seen. In the city we looked through some premises offered for sale, a four-story brick building on Kong Oskarsgade, close to our present location, and I wrote hurriedly to the First Presidency about it. In the evening I walked to the harbor accompanied by some of the Elders and many of the local saints, who had gathered to say good-bye to me, and a fine group of people it was, and how I realized after all that love begets love, and as we say in the slogan, "As we cry in the woods, so is the echo." I came to Bergen an entire stranger a few days before and now in going away I felt like leaving home.

As a passenger on the steamship "Lyra," I waved to the group on the wharf until they could be seen no more. The day and evening were fine—the only day it did not rain while I was in Bergen. It is said, sarcastically, that it rains so continuously in Bergen that umbrellas are in demand during 365 days in the year, and that some of the animals not used to seeing a man or a woman without an umbrella are sometimes stampeded when pedestrians walk the streets without that equipment.

I arose in the morning of April 29th, while the ship was standing off Moldøen. Owing to a heavy snowstorm

during the night, the entire landscape was covered with snow and the day was cold. From Bergen to Moldøen the steamship route lies between the mainland and islands, but soon after leaving Moldøen we entered the open sea, where the waves ran high. At Aalesund I found sixteen of the saints at the wharf to meet me. A brother Anderson from Bolden introduced me to them, and we conversed ten minutes very pleasantly on the wharf. Their faces beamed with joy and intelligence and their hand-shaking was warm. As the "Lyra" left the wharf there was waving of hats and handkerchiefs until the ship was far out. Once more passing out into the open sea, we at length arrived at Christiansund, a remarkable city built on three islands, where I spent half an hour on shore.

On Friday, April 30th, in the morning, I arrived in the ancient city of Trondhjem, 375 miles from Bergen. At the wharf I was met by Elder Søren Andersen, president of the Trondhjem Conference, and Geo. W. Christoffersen, the conference secretary. On Saturday and Sunday, May 1st and 2nd a conference was held in the saints' hall on Gamle Kongevej No. 6, attended by eleven Elders from Zion, and a goodly congregation of local saints. The last meeting was held in "Haandværker-Industriforeningens" a large hall in Kjøbmandsgade, and was attended by about 250 people. The usual Priesthood and Sacrament meetings were held.

I accompanied a number of the Elders to Munkeholmen, where we went through the famous tower in which the renowned statesman Peter Griffenfeld was imprisoned for 18 years. We also viewed the old fortifications. Returning to the mainland we attended a farewell feast given by the Trondhjem saints in honor of the missionaries, at which refreshments were served, and games indulged in.

On Thursday, May 6th, I left Trondhjem and traveled by rail to Christiania, where I arrived about

noon on the 7th. On Saturday and Sunday, May 8th and 9th, we held a splendid conference in Christiania, attended by 35 Elders from Zion, and a large congregation of local saints. Many friends were present also. In all our meetings powerful testimonies were borne by the Elders from Zion. Accompanied by Pres. Larsen, I called on the American Consul, Henry Bordewich, and afterwards on the American Minister, the Hon. Herbert D. Peirce, at the American Legation, who received us very kindly. We made full explanations to him of our missionary work in Norway and the proposed legislation to stop our propaganda. He promised to extend to us all the protection he could, and assured us of his friendship towards us, and his willingness to use his personal influence with the state minister. He also promised to get us an interview with the king, if possible, but could not assure us of success, as there was considerable red tape connected with foreigners being granted such audiences. In the evening of that day, I delivered a much advertised lecture on my trip around the world and visit to Palestine. The hall on that occasion was filled to capacity, and I spoke nearly two and a half hours.

On Friday, May 14th, I left Christiania and traveled by ferry to Copenhagen. Thus I finished my first tour to the conferences as president of the Scandinavian Mission, realizing all the time the great responsibility which rested upon me, but thanks to the Lord, who gave me strength sufficient for my day.

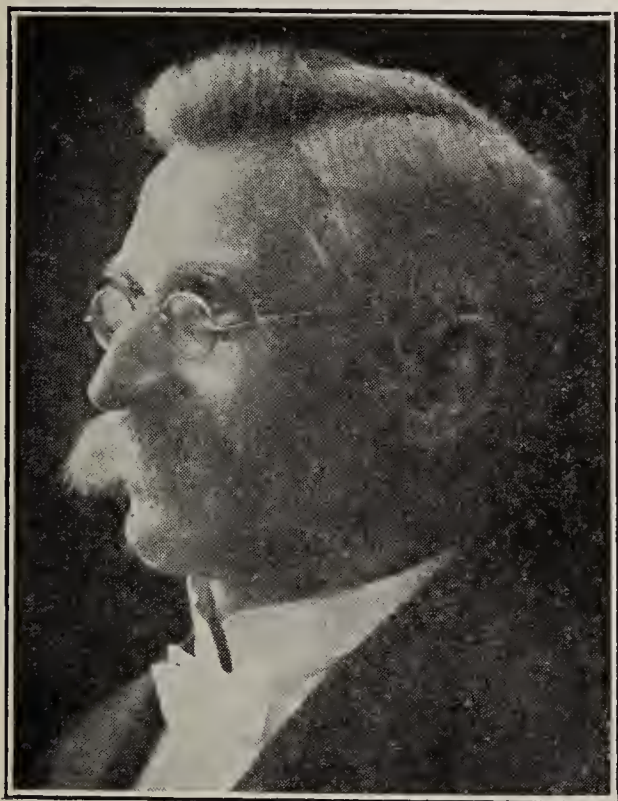
On June 2nd I left Copenhagen, accompanied by Pres. James J. Larsen, on a missionary tour to the islands of Lolland and Falster, on which tour we also visited Nakskov, and held a successful meeting in Hotel Skandinavien in the same building where I delivered my auspicious lecture 28 years before. Some of the hearers remembered my former visit and seemed to enjoy what I now had to say.

CHAPTER 59

(1909—continued)

Presidents Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose and Others (including my wife Emma) visit Scandinavia—Voyage to the Far North—The Midnight Sun—The Northernmost Branch of the Church in the World—My Second Tour to the Conferences.

On June 26th my daughter Eleonore arrived in Copenhagen on a visit to Denmark, and on the 28th I received a telegram from Pres. Charles W. Penrose, stating that Pres. Anthon H. Lund and party, with which my wife, Emma, and my daughter Eva, were traveling, had arrived in Liverpool, and would proceed to Denmark by steamer. Hence, on July 2nd, accom-



ANDREW JENSON IN 1909

panied by my daughter, Eleonore, I left Copenhagen about noon and traveled to Esbjerg, but on our arrival there we were quite disappointed in not meeting the Lund party. We started back towards Copenhagen on July 3rd; but as we were waiting in the railway station in Fredericia, the train from Hamburg arrived, bringing Pres. Lund's party. They having missed the steamer for England sailing for Esbjerg had taken a steamer for Hamburg. Our meeting was very fortunate and enjoyable. We at once joined the Lund party, and traveled to Aarhus,

where we arrived in the evening of the 3rd.

On July 4th we all entered the Fair grounds in the morning, and attended meetings of the Danish-American Society, where prominent men from both sides of the Atlantic spoke. Crown Prince Christian (now King Christian X of Denmark) was also present and gave a short speech. In the evening we held a meeting in the saints' hall in Borupsgade No. 12, where about sixty Elders from Zion were present.



CHARLES W. PENROSE SPEAKING WITH ANDREW JENSON AS TRANSLATOR

Presidents Lund and Penrose were the speakers. We spent the following two days in Aarhus.

On the 7th we left Aarhus for Aalborg, where we stopped at a hotel. Aalborg is Pres. Lund's birthplace. We ascended Skovbakken and crossed and re-crossed the Limfjord on the pontoon bridge to and from Nørre Sundby. In the evening we held a meeting in the hall which was crowded. President Penrose, Pres. Lund and I were the speakers.

On July 8th, accompanied by my wife and daughters, I left Aalborg and traveled to Hørby, whence we went by express to Thorshøj, and then walked in the rain about two miles to my birthplace (Damgren). One of my

cousins lived in the neighborhood, and after visiting Try, where I went to school, and Torslev, where I had been christened as a child in the Lutheran Church, we proceeded by train from Hørby to Sæby, where my father's family lived before we emigrated to America in 1866. After enjoying these visits to memorable places of my youth, we returned to Aalborg, just in time to attend a special meeting, in which I was the first speaker, followed by Pres. Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose. We thoroughly enjoyed the meeting, and so did the large congregation, among whom were many strangers who had come out to see their old townsman (Pres. Lund).

On Friday, July 9th, in the forenoon, we left Aalborg and traveled by rail to Frederikshavn, where we boarded the steamer "Fiona," and sailed for Göteborg, Sweden. On learning that no train would leave for Christiania until the next morning, we lodged at a hotel for the night. Leaving the

company at the hotel, I sought and found the missionaries laboring in Göteborg, with whom we then spent a few pleasant hours visiting different parts of the city.

Early in the morning of July 10th we continued the journey by rail and arrived at Christiania in the afternoon. A host of Elders met us here at the station, and in carriages we were taken to a hotel on Carl Johansgade No. 20. We held a Priesthood meeting with the Elders from Zion in the evening at which Presidents Lund and Penrose were the principal speakers. On Sunday, July 11th, Pres. Lund and I addressed the Sunday School. From 2 to 4 p. m. we held a public meeting in a large hall at Osterhausgade 27, at which I was the first speaker, followed by Presidents Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose. In the evening we held our principal meeting, in which the Spirit of the Lord was manifested in a great degree. We spent part of the next day visiting Holmen-



Left to right, standing: Andrew Jenson, Eva H. Jenson, Eleonore J. Reynolds, Eva Ann Lund, Charles W. Penrose.
Sitting: Emma H. Jenson, Sarah Ann Lund, Anthon H. Lund, Romania B. Penrose.

kullen, and other places of interest, and in the evening Presidents Lund and Penrose and I left for Bergen, leaving our women folks in Christiania. We traveled to Drammen, where we lodged for the night at the missionary headquarters at Thornegade 13. The next day, July 13th, we continued the journey from Drammen, and traveled by way of Viksund to Krøderen, the terminus of the railroad. Here we boarded a steamer and sailed up the lake (Krøderen) to Gulsvik, where we



EVA H. JENSON IN NORWEGIAN COSTUME

boarded the Bergen railway train and traveled over the mountains to Bergen. This ride was extremely interesting to Presidents Lund and Penrose, who had never crossed these mountains before. At Bergen we were met by a dozen Elders or more and a large crowd of local saints, and after a warm hand-shaking and greetings we went to the conference house where Presidents Lund and Penrose spent the night, while Conference President Enoch E. Christoffersen and I found

lodging with a family of saints. On Wednesday, July 14th, we, the three visiting brethren and Pres. Christoffersen, took a carriage ride up to Fløyen, and afterwards held a Priesthood meeting with the Elders from Zion. In the evening, according to appointment, we held a good and well attended meeting in a large hall rented for the purpose, at which Presidents Penrose and Lund preached. I may remark here that in all instances as long as I traveled with Pres. Penrose, I acted as his translator in the meetings. Presidents Lund and Penrose and I left Bergen in the morning of July 15th, and returned to Christiania over the same route which we had taken on our westward trip.

At Christiania President Anthon H. Lund, with wife and daughter, decided to go direct to Stockholm, Sweden, by rail, instead of taking the long trip to "Nordkap" (North Cape) of Norway, according to our previous arrangements, and so, Pres. Penrose and wife, and I, with my wife Emma and two daughters, Eleonore and Eva, left Christiania at 3 o'clock p. m. for Trondhjem. We greatly enjoyed the beautiful scenery as we traveled northward, and the hour of midnight found us traveling up the Glommen, after witnessing a glorious sunset. In the middle of the night we could read common print in the twilight. We arrived safely in Trondhjem on Saturday, July 17th, and were met at the station by Conference President Søren Andersen, who conducted us to a hotel. In the afternoon we visited the cathedral. This historic building is the northernmost cathedral in the world. In the afternoon we visited Munkeholmen, crossing the water in a little gasoline boat. On Sunday, July 18th, we attended three successful meetings in Trondhjem. The first one of these was held in a small hall, where the speakers were Presidents Lund and Penrose and I.

On Monday, July 19th, Pres. Penrose and wife, my wife and two daughters and I went on board the

little steamship "Erling Jarl," and sailed out of the Trondhjem Fjord, enjoying the beautiful scenery along the route. On the 20th we passed Hestmanøen and at about the same point crossed the Arctic Circle. Continuing northward, always in sight of beautiful scenery, we passed Bodø, Svolvør and other places. The day was somewhat cloudy, but toward evening the weather cleared up, and at 10 o'clock p. m. the sun was shining. None of us had ever seen the sun shine so late in the evening before, and it was a thrilling sight.

After enjoying a good night's rest we arose in the morning of July 21st as our ship was nearing Tromsø, and at 10 o'clock a. m. we entered the harbor of that fine seaport. Tromsø is a town containing 7,000 inhabitants, picturesquely situated on a fjord. The scenery here was grand and we were surprised to find everything so green in this high latitude. We soon found Elders Ingvat G. Henriksen and Leo M. Greenhalgh who were laboring as missionaries in Tromsø and we had a pleasant conversation with them. We also took a walk through the town and purchased a few trinkets from some Laplanders who, dressed in their native costume, paraded their wares before us. There was a big camp of Laplanders across the fjord.

After stopping in Tromsø an hour the ship continued its northward course through beautiful fjords and passing several mountainous islands. At 10 o'clock p. m. we arrived at Hammerfest, the northernmost city in the world. According to Pres. Penrose's plan this place was our most northerly destination, though I was in favor of continuing the voyage to Vardø. As the night was cold and cloudy and we should have had to start on our return trip in three hours without seeing the midnight sun, I succeeded in converting Bro. Penrose to my plan of traveling further north. Hence we landed in Hammerfest to remain on shore as long as the steamer laid in the harbor. Our landing was effected

by means of a small boat, as the harbor was too shallow to permit the steamer to come close to the wharf. In landing we were confronted by a very strong and naucious odor arising from decaying fish and the making of "tran" (fish oil). We took walks through the town and also ascended a hill lying immediately back of the little city from which we obtained a most excellent view of the town and harbor. Hammerfest, a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, is situated in latitude 70 deg. 40 min. and 11 sec. north; it carries on a lively trade with Russia. The cod liver oil is the most valuable marketable commodity of the place. About midnight we again boarded the ship and continued the voyage.

At 5 o'clock in the morning of July 22nd the ship passed into "Magerø sund," the sound which separates Magerø (on which Nordkap is situated) from the main land. At 6 a. m. we reached Honningvaad where the ship communicated with the shore by boat. In continuing our voyage the captain, in order to oblige his passengers, steered out of the regular course and sailed along the eastern coast of Magerø toward "Nordkap," the northernmost point in Europe. We had an excellent view of that landmark at close range and enjoyed it, but as we were now unprotected by islands out in the Arctic Ocean, and the waves rolled high owing to a fresh northern breeze, our companions soon found themselves called on to retire to their berths and remain quietly in these until we arrived in Vardø. The day was cold and the clouds rested heavily upon the hills along the coast. At 6 o'clock p. m. we sailed into the harbor at Vardø. Here we landed to remain a day or until the ship should return from its further voyage northward. After landing at Vardø we soon found Elders Heber J. Hansen and Karl I. Knudsen, who labored as missionaries in Vardø. With their help we were soon comfortably lodged in the best hotel in town, where we, after visiting with our brethren, spent a comfortable

night which we appreciated thoroughly after our rough experience at sea.

The next day (Friday, July 23rd) guided by the Elders mentioned and one solitary local saint (Sister Marie V. Kofod) we walked through the principal streets of the little city, climbed up the hill immediately behind the church and also visited the old fortification Vardøhus, lying immediately outside the city. This fort was founded in A. D. 1210, and 30 Norwegian soldiers now guarded the place, commanded by Major M. C. Arneson, who received us with great courtesy. He took out an old "stok" or beam, about ten feet long and six inches square, on which were inscriptions commemorating the visit of Christian IV, king of Denmark and Norway, in 1599; Oscar II, king of Sweden and Norway in 1873; king Haakon and queen Maud, July 26, 1907, and other notable people. The commander took us around the fortification walls and led us up in the bell tower where we enjoyed a fine view of the islands on which the town of Vardø is located, and the main land. Far away to the southeast we could dimly discern the coast of Russia.

According to appointment made the day before, we held a most successful meeting in the evening in "Arbejderforeningens Lokale." The meeting had been announced in the local newspaper ("Vardø-Posten") and the town crier had also been sent around announcing the meeting. About 250 people came out and listened with marked attention to our discourses. Pres. Penrose with me as interpreter, occupied most of the time, and I gave a short closing discourse in Danish. After the meeting, many came forward to shake hands with us and thank us for what they had heard. The singing by my daughter Eleonore and my daughter Eva's piano solo were much appreciated. Elders Hansen and Knudsen and Pres. Søren Andersen (who remained behind in Vardø) saw us on board the "Erling Jarl," that ship having returned to Vardø from its tour to Kir-

kenæs at 10:00 o'clock p. m. Elders Hansen and Knudsen and Sister Kofod and a host of friends who had attended the meeting, followed us to the harbor and stood at the harbor entrance as we sailed out precisely at 11 o'clock p. m. The night was still cloudy as we sailed out of Vardø harbor and commenced our return voyage, but the clouds seemingly were lifted for our special benefit, which enabled us for the first time in our lives to see the midnight sun "in all its glory." We remained on deck until midnight.

As I sat gazing upon the sun I wrote the following:

"On board the S. S. "Erling Jarl," off the coast of Norway at midnight between July 23rd and 24th, 1909.

I am writing these lines while sitting in the beautiful light of the midnight sun. I have watched on the deck of our steamer since 11 o'clock sitting by the side of Emma, Eleonore and Eva. Not a cloud has hidden the sun from our view for a single moment. We have certainly enjoyed the sight."

Pres. Penrose also remained on deck with us until midnight, while Sister Penrose, who was affected by the movements of the vessel, retired a little earlier after seeing the sun at its best, or at the height of two sun disks above the horizon.

For many years I had desired to see the midnight sun, and now my wish was gratified. I remarked to Pres. Penrose that I had prayed for the clouds to lift and the sun to come out. In turn he told me that he also had prayed, and we all felt very thankful for what we had seen.

The next day, Saturday, July 24th, I arose as the ship was passing Nordfyn, and as "Nordkap" soon afterwards hove into sight, I called up the rest of our company to enjoy the scenery with us. The voyage was continued to Hammerfest. After landing there we walked around the harbor to Fuglnæs, where we saw "Meridiansstøtten," the light-house, and other landmarks. With my daughters I took a walk around the mountain lying north of the

city, and on that trip we visited the northernmost forest in the world. It consisted of scrubby birch trees. On board the ship at 10 o'clock we ordered nuts, fruits and lemonade, with which we celebrated Pioneer Day in the Ladies' saloon. It was perhaps the first time that Utah's Pioneer Day (July 24th) was celebrated by Utah people in the northernmost city in the world. We retired for the night while the ship still lay in the Hammerfest harbor.

The following day (Sunday, July 25th) we continued the voyage to Tromsø. Here we landed at once, met our brethren (Hendricksen and Greenhalgh) and took a walk to the Laplander's camp, a short distance out of the city. At 1 p. m. we held a short meeting at the hotel, where the Elders lived, a few saints and friends being present. Pres. Penrose was the principal speaker. We went aboard again at 2 p. m. and enjoyed the afternoon and evening's voyage very much as the weather was fine, and the scenery along the fjord was grand. We landed for a few moments to see the little town of Harstad, near which lies the old church of Trondenæs, which in the middle ages was the northernmost church building in Christendom.

We landed at Lødingen about midnight. Here we found that we would have to wait four hours for the arrival of the steamer with which we should continue the journey to Narvik. We took leave of the captain and other officers of the "Erling Jarl" who had been kind and courteous to us while on board. We certainly had a pleasant time on that steamer and felt some regret in leaving the ship. Instead of going to the hotel we took a midnight walk upon the hills and the beach at Lødingen. At 4 o'clock in the morning of July 26th, the steamship "Bjarkø" arrived. We boarded her at once and were soon on our way up a fjord to Narvik, about 65 miles from Lødingen. On our arrival at Narvik at 8 o'clock a. m. we were met at the wharf by Elders Jens Edw. Rasmussen and Andrew H. C. Ottersen (who were labor-

ing there as missionaries) and a few local saints. We were soon quite comfortably lodged, and visited the dock, where the Swedish iron ore is shipped to foreign lands by steamers. Narvik had 5,000 inhabitants in 1909 and enjoyed the distinction of being the most northerly railroad station in the world. In the evening we held a successful meeting in the Methodist meeting hall. About 200 people were present. Pres. Penrose occupied most of the time, and I made a short speech. We did not retire until midnight, as we held a meeting with the local saints. We ordained Bro. Niels Agle a Teacher, and Emil Evensen a Deacon.

Early in the morning of Tuesday, July 29th, we left Narvik for Stockholm, Sweden. As the train rolled up a heavy grade to the top of the mountain ridge which separates Norway and Sweden, we enjoyed the sight of most beautiful scenery. At Rigsgrændsen, about 25 miles from Narvik, and 600 feet above the level of the sea, we entered Sweden. From this point it was down grade all the way to the Bay of Bothnia. We soon reached the head waters of the Tornea River, which further down separates Russia from Sweden. The trip along the shore of the large Tornea Lake was interesting, and at one point we could, in looking across the lake, see the mountains of Russia. Otherwise Lapland, through which we passed, was desolate and forbidden, and almost uninhabited, save for about 6,000 Laps who roam over the country with their reindeer.

At 2 a. m. we arrived at Kiruna where the iron ore shipped out at Narvik is mined. Later in the evening we reached Gellivare, another mining town, where rich iron ore is mined and shipped to the Bay of Bothnia for further transportation. At Boden about 17 miles inland from Luleå, we stopped over night. On July 28th, in the morning, we continued the journey from Boden, and though the ride as a whole was somewhat tedious, it was most interesting as we passed through

the Swedish "Norrland," a great country traversed by many rivers emptying into the Bay of Bothnia. We crossed all these rivers, and arrived at Stockholm on July 29th.

At the station we were met by Pres. Peter Sundwall and other Elders who conducted us to a private lodging house at Vasagatan 36. We held a Priesthood meeting with about sixty Elders from Zion who had gathered in from the different conferences in Sweden to attend the general conference held the previous Sunday, at which Pres. Anthon H. Lund was present. In the evening we held a general meeting, in which Elder Penrose occupied most of the time, Bro. Gustaf A. Teudt doing the translating. On July 30th, with Elder Teudt as translator, Pres. Penrose and wife, and I with wife and daughters visited the Royal Palace and the "Nordiska Museum," containing old Swedish armory and royal coaches. After that we took in the Exposition on Djurdgårdsöen, a fine exposition of useful arts. It was nearly midnight when we returned to our hotel. On Saturday, July 31st, our little company took leave of the saints at Stockholm, and started for Copenhagen, Denmark. Riding in comfortable railway cars we enjoyed the scenery en route very much, and passed through many important cities of Sweden. Arriving at Malmö, we stopped there over night.

Bright and early on Sunday, Aug. 1st, we were astir and down by the wharf, where we boarded a steamer, sailing from Malmö at 7:30 a. m. and arriving at Copenhagen, Denmark, about 9 o'clock. Since I left Copenhagen on July 2nd, I had shouldered heavy responsibilities and had learned that it was no easy task to lead a company in sight-seeing. However we had enjoyed a good time throughout, and had met with no accidents or harm in any way.

At the Mission Office in Copenhagen we found Pres. Anthon H. Lund and wife and daughter, who had arrived from Stockholm the previous

Tuesday, and we prepared for Sunday School, where I translated for Pres. Penrose. I did the same in the afternoon and evening meetings. I also translated the remarks of Sisters Penrose, Jenson and Lund.

On Monday, Aug. 2nd, in the forenoon, we held a Priesthood meeting, and in the evening Pres. Lund with wife and daughter left Copenhagen for Germany, leaving a fine feeling behind them. We attended a concert in our big hall in the evening in which my daughters Eleonore and Eva took a prominent part. The whole affair was very much of a success. Next day, Aug. 3rd, Pres. Penrose and wife left Copenhagen for Berlin, Germany.

I now spent several days in Copenhagen attending to matters which had been neglected during my extensive travels. The brethren in Copenhagen assisted me materially to make it interesting for my wife, and two daughters, who became favorites with the saints. Besides taking in the sights of Copenhagen, they enjoyed visits into the country.

On Aug. 18th I left Copenhagen for Germany to accompany my wife and daughters part of their way home. We arrived at Berlin the same evening. Here I left my daughter Eleonore to continue her study of music, while I accompanied my wife, Emma, and daughter Eva by way of Holland to Paris. In Holland we spent some time in taking in the sights of interest. On our further journey to Paris we visited Antwerp and Brussels, Belgium, and also the renowned battlefield at Waterloo. We spent several days in Paris, visited Versailles and other places of interest, and on Aug. 31st I parted with my wife and daughter who went to England to visit relatives on their way home, while I returned to Denmark.

On Sept. 1st I arrived at Hamburg, where I changed cars and then traveled through Schleswig-Holstein to Kolding, Denmark. Thence I continued the journey to Aarhus, where I called a special meeting of the Elders

from Zion laboring in that city. I returned to Copenhagen Sept. 6th, where I, a little later, had an interview with Dr. Cooke, who claimed he had discovered the North Pole. Later in the month I made a visit to the island of Bornholm, together with James J. Larsen. On this visit we climbed Rytterknægten, the highest elevation on Bornholm, from the top of which we enjoyed a beautiful view of the surrounding country. We held a meeting in the city of Rønne.

On Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 25th and 26th, a conference was held in Copenhagen, attended by 31 Elders from Zion. There was a rich outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord in the different meetings held.

On Oct. 1st I left Copenhagen to make my semi-annual tour of the conferences of the mission, traveling by steamer to Aarhus, where a conference was held on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 2nd and 3rd, attended by 24 Elders from Zion. Traveling from Aarhus to Aalborg, we held a meeting in Randers on the 7th, and a conference in Aalborg on the 9th and 10th. At this conference Isaac A. Jensen was released as president of the conference and James A. Johnson appointed his successor. After that a successful meeting was held in Hjørring, where about 250 people were present. From Frederikshavn I traveled by steamer to Christiania, Norway, where we held conference on Oct. 16th and 17th. Several interesting and inspired meetings were held at which the ten branches in the Christiania Conference were represented, and 29 Elders from Zion were in attendance. From Christiania I traveled by railroad to Trondhjem, and the following day we held a conference there, attended by 13 Elders from Zion. As usual we had a good time and visit with the local saints, and planned for the future of that northernmost conference in the mission. In the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 26, I boarded a steamer and traveled to Aalesund, where we held a meeting in

the evening in the Good Templars Hall attended by about one hundred people. After the meeting the saints and their friends repaired to the little hall in which the saints in Aalesund held their general meetings, where a feast was arranged in honor of departing Elders and my visit. A good program was carried out, and the whole affair was enjoyable.

From Aalesund I continued the journey to Bergen, where a conference was held on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 30th and 31st. The usual number of meetings were held, and after the conference, going down the west coast of Norway, I visited Haugesund, Stavanger and Christiansand. From the latter place I took a steamer direct to Frederikshavn, Denmark, whence I returned by way of Fredericia to Copenhagen.

In November I finished proof-reading of a new edition of the Pearl of Great Price, and during the year I revised a number of pamphlets for republication. In December I made a visit to the Aalborg Conference, at which I held meetings in Aalborg, Hjørring, Brønderslev and other places, and returned to Copenhagen in time to spend Christmas week with the Elders and saints there.

On Dec. 29th I boarded a steamer and sailed from Copenhagen direct to Christiania, Norway, where I arrived the next day. A robbery of money amounting to 1600 kroner had been committed at the conference house in Christiania, and my presence in Norway was made necessary for the purpose of investigating the matter.

In the evening, from 10:00 p. m. to midnight, I participated with the Elders and local saints in a social gathering at the saints' hall at Osterhausgade, and just as the clock struck 12:00 midnight, I addressed the saints in a brief speech and gave them my New Year's greeting, telling them a few facts and figures connected with the preaching of the Gospel in Norway in early days.

During the year 1909 I had traveled

about 22,700 miles, had preached or spoken in public capacity 290 times, including the translation into Danish of 15 sermons by Pres. Penrose. Some of my sermons were delivered in English, but most of them in the Danish language. After my arrival in Europe I had traveled in England, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Belgium and France.

CHAPTER 60

(1910)

Illustrated Lectures Delivered — President Rudger Clawson in Scandinavia—President Joseph F. Smith and Bishop Charles W. Nibley and Party Visit Scandinavia—Participation in the Peace Congress in Sweden—Attend the Passion Play at Oberammergau—Attend Conferences and Meet Opposition in Nyborg and Other Places—More Illustrated Lectures.

On Saturday, Jan. 22nd, Pres. John H. Berg and a few emigrating saints sailed from Christiania, and immediately after their departure I installed Søren Andersen as president of the Christiania Conference with Anthon J. T. Sørensen as traveling Elder. After that I returned to Copenhagen, where I spent most of the time until Feb. 10th, when I started out on a lecturing tour, together with Elder Lars Frederiksen, who was to manipulate a projecting machine. On this tour I gave lectures in the cities of Næstved, Slagelse, Korsør, Odense (where about 450 people attended the two lectures given), Esbjerg, Silkeborg, Aarhus (two lectures), Hobro, Randers and Skanderborg.

After a hasty visit to Copenhagen I resumed my lectures and proceeded to the city of Skive, where the brethren, who should have brought the machine, failed to put in an appearance when over 500 people had assembled to hear the lecture. I mounted the platform and said that I expected the apparatus to arrive by the next train. This kept them in good humor until the last train had arrived; then all lost patience, but I attempted to be equal to the occasion by alluding to the stormy night and by telling them, without pictures, as interest-

ingly as I could about conditions in Utah and the policy of the Latter-day Saints. The day being stormy, the Elders who should have brought the lantern concluded that nobody would face the storm to come to meeting; but they reckoned without their host. The storm should not have prevented them from coming as the trains were running regularly. After that I lectured to large and appreciative audiences in Hobro, Aalborg, Hjørring and Frederikshavn.

After a short visit in Malmö, Sweden, I attended spring conference in Copenhagen on Saturday and Sunday, March 26th and 27th, where 23 Elders from Zion were present. Elder Hans Mikkelsen was appointed to succeed James J. Larsen as president of the conference. From Copenhagen I went to Aarhus, where a conference was held May 2nd and 3rd with 25 Elders from Zion in attendance.

On April 6th, in honor of the 80th anniversary of the organization of the Church, I gave a lecture on Church history in Aarhus. On our way to Aalborg we held a splendid meeting in Randers. On Saturday and Sunday, April 9th and 10th, we held conference in Aalborg. From Aalborg I proceeded by rail and steamer to Christiania, Norway, where we held conference April 16th and 17th with an attendance of 25 Elders from Zion; thence I traveled to Trondhjem, where we held conference on April 23rd and 24th. From Trondhjem I traveled down the Norwegian coast to Bergen, where, with 14 Elders from Zion in attendance, we held our spring conference. From Bergen I traveled to Christiania by rail and returned to Copenhagen.

On Tuesday, June 14th, a special meeting was held in Copenhagen in honor of the arrival in that city of Apostle Erastus Snow and his fellow-missionaries 60 years before. A number of the brethren from Sweden came over the sound to celebrate with us. I also sent the following cypher telegram, the full meaning of which I had

previously explained to Pres. Anthon H. Lund: "Lund, President's Office, Salt Lake City. 'Hilsen, Jensen, Andersen'." I sent this cablegram from the central telegraph station in Kjøbmagergade at 10:00 o'clock a. m., which was the exact hour of the arrival of Elders Erastus Snow, John E. Forsgren and Geo. P. Dykes in Copenhagen, June 14, 1850.

At 4:00 o'clock p. m. the Elders from Zion (24 in number) left Copenhagen and traveled nine miles to Klampenborg, whence we walked about two miles into the woods and climbed to the top of a timber-covered hill back of "Ulvedalene" where we held a short memorial service. First we sang "High on the Mountain Top", Elder Oluf J. Andersen offered prayer, after which I gave a short address on the introduction of the gospel into Scandinavia. Pres. Carl A. Carlquist, Albert Capson and Hans Mikkelsen followed with a few remarks in the order named; then we sang the doxology and Elder Bengt Johnson, jun., offered the benediction. A fine spirit prevailed and all seemed to be filled with the spirit of the occasion. Our meeting lasted about an hour.

After our return to Copenhagen, we held a fine spirited and well-attended meeting in our large hall, at which the following program was carried out: Singing by the choir "O, min Fader, du som troner"; prayer by Elder Carl Kjær; singing "Nu lyder atter Jesu Bud"; speech by Andrew Jenson; song by a male quartette; recitation by Sunday school children (the articles of faith); piano solo by Martha Nielsen; speech on the Word of Wisdom by Jens P. Dam (representing the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Copenhagen Branch); a bass solo by Elder Carl Kjær; speech by Oluf J. Andersen on the introduction of the gospel into Norway; speech by Sister Esther Henriksen in behalf of the Y. L. M. I. A.; speech by Sister Kirsten Knudsen in behalf of the Relief Society; singing by the choir "Gjør hvad er ret"; speech by

Albert Capson on the introduction of the gospel into Sweden; remarks by Pres. Hans Mikkelsen; singing "Skal Zion's Sønner svigte"; benediction by Elder Bengt Johnson, jun. The meeting lasted about two hours, and, notwithstanding the sultry and oppressive air in the crowded hall, the people enjoyed the occasion.

On June 16th I called on the American consul for the purpose of ascertaining his opinion in regard to Elders paying taxes in Denmark, when they had no income. He drew attention to a certain paragraph in the law bearing upon the subject and said that the Minister of the Interior (Indenrigsministeren) had the final word in regard to foreigners.

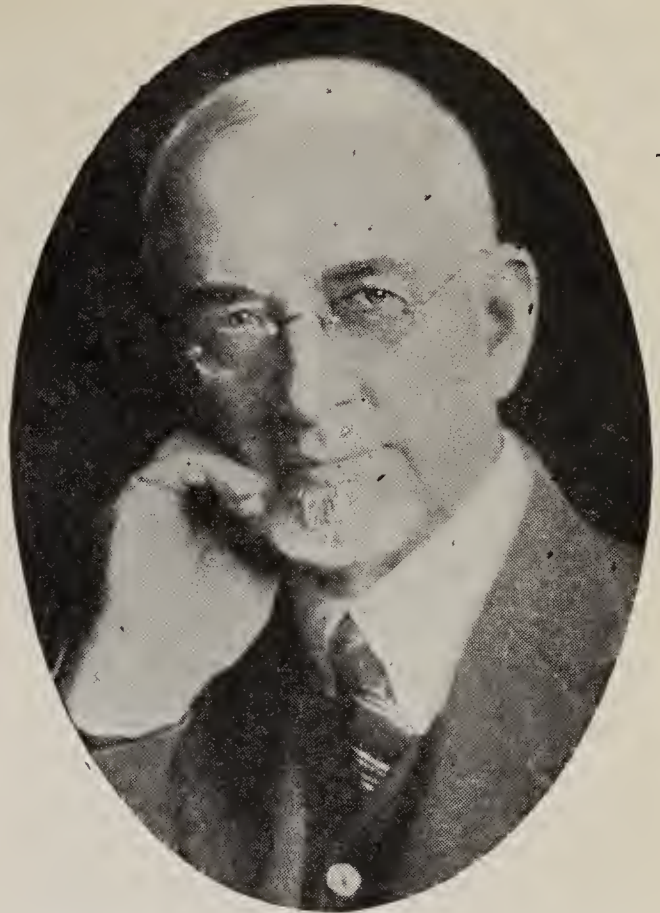
On June 17th, on a visit to Aalborg, I installed Elder Richard C. Miller as president of the Aalborg Conference. I also called at the little city of Sæby, (the former home of the Jensen family). Next I visited Aarhus, Silkeborg, "Himmelbjerget", the most elevated point in Denmark (550 feet above the level of the sea), Skanderborg and other places of interest.

On June 28th I met President Rudger Clawson at Esbjerg, who had just arrived by steamer from England, and we held a meeting with the Elders and local saints the same day. The following day Pres. Clawson accompanied me to Copenhagen. Here meetings were held, at which I acted as translator for Pres. Clawson. On July 1st, after a pleasant voyage, Pres. Clawson and I arrived in Christiania, Norway, where we attended a special conference, at which 31 Elders from Zion were present. Pres. Clawson and I then journeyed to Bergen, where we held a successful meeting on July 6th. Thence we returned to Christiania, and then journeyed by rail to Stockholm, Sweden, where we held a special conference on Sunday and Monday, July 10th and 11th.

From Stockholm we took the canal route to Göteborg, which proved very interesting as we passed through the

several locks, canals and lakes through the heart of Sweden. I had taken this trip before, but thoroughly enjoyed it again with Pres. Clawson as a companion. From Göteborg Pres. Clawson and I crossed the Cattegat by steamer to Frederikshavn, Denmark, and then traveled by rail to Aalborg, where a special conference was held on Friday, July 15th, attended by 25 Elders from Zion. From Aalborg we proceeded to Aarhus, where we held a Priesthood meeting on Saturday July 16th, and then journeyed to Copenhagen, where 37 Elders from Zion met with us on Sunday, July 17th. Two days later (July 19th) Pres. Clawson left Copenhagen for Hamburg, Germany.

On July 27th the Scandinavian Mission was honored by the arrival in Copenhagen of the following brethren and sisters: President Joseph F. Smith and wife (Mary T. Smith), Franklin R. Smith, Charles W. Nibley (Presiding Bishop of the Church) with his wife Julia B. Nibley and two daughters. We took the visitors to the mission office in two automobiles and the president and his whole party soon found themselves at home with us. We conversed with our visitors until noon and then took the whole



PRESIDING BISHOP CHARLES W. NIBLEY

party out sightseeing. In the evening we held a meeting in our hall, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion by our local sisters with flowers and a "Velkommen" streamer hung between the two pillars in the lower end of the hall. Pres. Smith delivered the first speech in the meeting. He was followed by Bishop Nibley. Here I may say that it became my duty and pleasure in all instances during our travels in Denmark and Norway to translate for our distinguished Utah visitors. We had a splendid meeting in Copenhagen, although the parties were somewhat tired after their long journey from England. As the meeting had not been advertised, on account of lack of time, the attendance was not as large as it should have been, but other well attended meetings were held in Copenhagen before the party left.

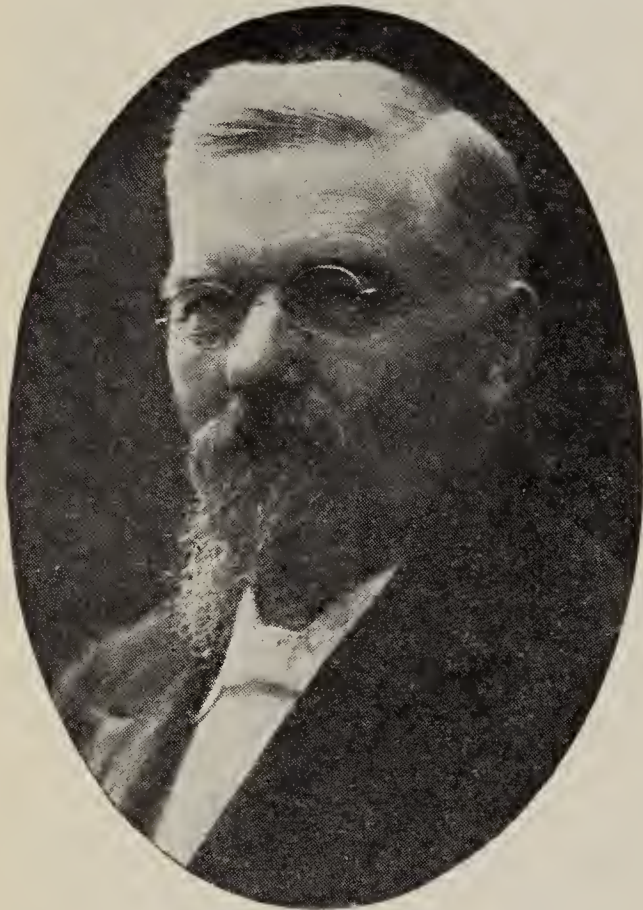
On Thursday, July 28th, the President's party and I left Copenhagen by steamer for Christiania, Norway, where an enthusiastic reception was given us by the Elders and local saints. The time was spent in meetings and sightseeing.

On the 30th our party traveled to Stockholm, Sweden, where we were



PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH SPEAKING WITH ANDREW JENSON AS TRANSLATOR

made welcome by Elder Peter Sundwall, president of the Swedish Mission. In Stockholm, on Sunday, President Smith and Bishop Nibley gave some excellent advise and bore powerful testimonies. On Monday Pres. Sundwall and I went to Riddarhuset,



PRESIDENT PETER SUNDWALL

(House of the Nobles) where we secured admission for Pres. Smith and Bishop Nibley to the International Peace Congress. Bro. Sundwall and I had already been appointed delegates to the Congress by the Utah State Peace Society. During the first session, after several speeches delivered in the French language, a well rendered cantata was given. After the regular session, the American members of the Congress met together under the direction of Mr. Benjamin F. Trueblood of Boston, the secretary of the American Peace Society. I was appointed a member of the committee on Propaganda. In the afternoon our party went out in two automobiles to see the city, including Djurgården, and took dinner at Skansen. We then returned to the hotel and got ready for our departure. At the station we said goodbye to the Elders and saints who had come down to see us off. Just as the train pulled out

the saints sang: "We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet", and the ladies of the company received bouquets of flowers.

We arrived in Malmö the next morning. Here we were met by Pres. Albert Capson and several other Elders and saints. The trip across Öresund was pleasant, the weather being good. At Copenhagen we took our guests on a sight-seeing tour which terminated at the studio of the photographer (Emil Clausen), where a number of pictures were taken.

In the evening a rousing meeting was held, the hall being crowded. This meeting was attended by 51 Elders from Zion. President Smith was powerful in his utterances.

The following day (Aug. 3rd), at our morning prayer, Pres. Smith and Bishop Nibley spoke a few words to the brethren. The president also offered a beautiful benediction, after which we were all photographed in front of the building. At 11:00 o'clock we said goodbye to our distinguished guests, they being bound for Berlin, Germany. They all felt well satisfied with their short visit to Scandinavia. Having seen the President's party off, I returned at once to Stockholm to continue my attendance at the Peace Congress. I arrived there the next day (Aug. 4th), and went to Riddarhuset, where I attended two sessions of the Peace Congress.

At 4:00 p. m. Pres. Peter Sundwall and I, together with most of the members of the Congress, left Stockholm by a steamer on an excursion to Saltjöbaden. The scenery along the route of travel was indeed interesting. At our destination we were taken to dinner at a magnificent restaurant situated on an island. Both at the dinner table and after (speaking from the veranda), a number of speeches were made in French, German, English and Swedish, all of which were timely and interesting. Beautiful music was also provided. We returned by steamer to Stockholm. All

along the route we were greeted by the populace which cheered us repeatedly.

The next day (Aug. 5th), I attended another session of the Peace Conference at Riddarhuset. In listening to the speakers and trying to understand the discussions which were all in German and French, or mostly so, I received the impression that some of the main participants had self-aggrandisement at heart more than the peace of the world. After the exercises of this the last regular meeting of the Congress, the members proceeded to Skansen in Djurgården, where the royal band discoursed sweet music and where national dancing in costume was beautifully executed. Peace was beautifully illustrated by young ladies dressed in white. A lady posed as the Statue of Peace, while each of the young ladies, representing the twenty nationalities present (each holding in her hand the banner or flag of the particular country she represented), marched slowly and solemnly up to the front of a pedestal and there swung the flag while an ode to Peace was being sung. In the evening we attended a meeting in Folkets Hus and afterwards I had a long conversation with a Baptist minister, who intended to give a lecture on "Mormonism" and "tell the truth".

On Saturday, Aug. 6th, as a member of the Congress, I responded to an invitation to participate in an excursion arranged by the local Peace Committee, and left Stockholm in a special train consisting of ten first-class cars, having on board about two hundred people, for Uppsala, where we successively were taken through the University, the Cathedral and the Library. After that we returned to the railroad station, boarded the train and left Uppsala for Älvkarleö, whence we walked through the woods along the river Dalälven to the celebrated falls. Here the river pitches 49 feet over the rocks in its mad rush, making a terrific noise. We ate

dinner in the open air in the rear of "Turist-Hotellet", in full view of the falls.

Continuing the journey we soon traveled along the shores of the Baltic and passed through Gävle, a town of 30,000 inhabitants. It was there that the first converts to "Mormonism" in Sweden were made in 1850. At 11:00 p. m. we arrived at Falun, a town of 10,000 inhabitants and the capital of Dalarne, famed for its copper mines. Here our train halted for the night, and we slept quite comfortably in our cars.

On Sunday, Aug. 7th, while we were still in bed our train pulled out of Falun and after traveling to Insjön, we left the cars and boarded a little steamer which took us across the little lake (Insjön) and afterwards up the river Dalälven to Leksand, a romantic village situated on the Östervik, the south bay of Lake Siljan. Here we landed and walked to the village and there attended services in the church, after first watching with great interest the arrival of the people dressed in their national costumes. One company from the neighboring village of Rönnsås arrived by boat, and I lent a hand toward helping the passengers to land on the sandy beach. After the services in the church were over, an open-air meeting was held, at which several members of our party made short talks, eulogizing the great Gustaf Vasa and his brave followers who rose up against a tyrant king and secured the independence of Sweden about 390 years previous. Among the speakers were Dr. Quidde of Munich, Germany; Prof. Halldan Koht of Norway; Niels Petersen, a lawyer from Copenhagen, Denmark; Dr. Riquier of France; Prof. Kozlowski of Warsaw, Poland; Dr. Alexandre Giesswein of Budapest, Hungary; Prof. Krauperkraft of Turin, Italy; Prince Dolgoroukoff of Moscow, Russia; Mr. Nathaniel Niles of the United States; Mr. W. L. New of Shanghai, China, and Broins Ole Larson, an old gentleman

of Leksand, who spoke words of welcome to the visitors. The meeting throughout was very spirited.

After eating dinner at the hotel we boarded the steamer "Gustaf Vasa" and left Leksand amid the cheers of the people who had assembled in great numbers to see us off, and the cheers on the boat were in keeping with those on the shore. At Insjön we again boarded the train and continued the journey to Grängesberg. Here we marched up a hill (viewing on the way the great iron mines), to an assembly room where speeches were again made, and fine musical numbers rendered by a local male chorus consisting of workmen. Grängesberg has great iron works which employ 1500 men and takes out about half a million tons of iron in a year. On Monday, Aug. 8th, we left Grängesberg for Trollhättan. Here we took dinner at the Grand Hotel and then visited the falls. I had been there a short time before, together with Pres. Clawson, but I enjoyed looking at this scene of natural beauty once more. From Trollhättan we traveled to Göteborg. This ended our interesting journey by the special train.

I visited the conference headquarters at Öfra Husargatan 17, and there met President Carl A. Carlquist and other Elders from Zion. Returning to my traveling company, I participated in a banquet given at Grand Hotel Höglund in honor of the members of the Peace Congress. A number of after-dinner speeches were made and among others I occupied a few minutes giving greetings from the Scandinavians in America and gave a toast for a United North. After the banquet, which was a grand affair, some of the guests being dressed in gala attire, I repaired to the railway station ready to return to Copenhagen. I had thoroughly enjoyed my trip with the Congress, and was glad I went to Stockholm a second time to attend its meetings. I only

listened and looked on at the general meetings, but in our excursions I had many opportunities to become acquainted with prominent members of the Congress, and on several occasions discussed Utah affairs and "Mormonism". I made many friends and believe I left a good impression with them.

The following countries were represented at the Peace Congress: United States of America, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, France, Great Britain, Germany, Australia, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Poland, Belgium, Holland, China, Finland, Egypt, Armenia, Italy and Switzerland.

On Tuesday, August 9th, I left Göteborg and traveled to Hälsingborg, where I crossed the Øresund to Helsingør (Elsinore), Denmark, whence I traveled by rail to Copenhagen. The few following days I met several of the prominent people who had been members with me on the Peace Congress and endeavored to entertain them by guiding them to places of interest.

In the latter part of August I visited southern Sweden in the interest of history, and on Monday, August 22nd, together with Pres. Albert Capson, Elders Andrew Funk, Bengt Johnson, jun., and Dan Swenson, and Sisters Clara Lundberg and Nannie Person, I left Malmö, traveled to Skurup, where we visited the old village of Skurup and its church and had the assistance of the parish priest (A. Kjellander) in hunting up genealogy for Bro. Capson. In the afternoon we hired a carriage and traveled through a beautiful country northward to the Chateau of Skönabäck, near which we found the old house in which the first branch of the Church in Sweden was organized April 24, 1853. We took a photograph of the house and enjoyed ourselves very much in visiting the buildings of the chateau, the beautiful lake and surroundings. The old house in which the branch was organized is still called

"Capshuset" after the former occupant, Capson, one of the earliest converts to the restored gospel in Sweden and father of Bro. Capson, president of the Skåne Conference, who was one of our party. We returned



"CAPSHUSET" AT SKÖNEBÄK

where the first branch of the Church in Sweden was organized

to Malmö by train and spent the evening in company with some young saints who had gathered for the evening awaiting our arrival. The next day (Tuesday, Aug. 23rd), together with Pres. Capson and Elders Funk and Johnson, I traveled to Lund where, after much inquiry, we found the location of Carl Capson's old home, in which the Skåne Conference was organized in June, 1853. The place was



CAPSON PROPERTY IN LUND, SWEDEN

where the Skåne Conference was organized in 1853

now 152 Stora Södergatan (formerly Södra Tullgatan).

I had heard so many accounts of the Passion Play, which for a hundred years or more had been presented regularly every tenth year at Oberammergau, Bavaria, and hence, being so near, I concluded to visit the place, for which purpose I left Copenhagen on August 26th, 1910, and traveled by rail to Masnedsø, by ferry to Orehoed on Falster and by rail to Gjedser. Here I boarded a steamer and crossed the Baltic to Warnemünde, and then traveled by train to Berlin, where I boarded a south bound train at 10:30 p. m. for Munich. Changing cars at Munich I traveled to Oberammergau, where I arrived Aug. 27th. This town is beautifully located in a narrow valley or canyon at the foot of lofty mountains (the Alps). After securing a complimentary ticket for the Passion Play from the Burgomaster of the town (Mr. Sebastian Bauer) on the strength of my being an American newspaper correspondent, I spent the afternoon taking in the sights of the place and conversing with a number of people, who like myself, had come to see the Passion Play. I secured lodging with a Mrs. Munch, but as the bed was too short for my size I did not enjoy much rest.

On Sunday, August 28th, after first attending Catholic service in the village church, I took my seat in a novel half open-air theatre at 8:00 o'clock a. m. and witnessed the Passion Play for about four hours with the greatest interest. Then there was a recess from 12:00 o'clock noon until 2:00 o'clock p. m. when the play was continued until 6:00 o'clock p. m. Notwithstanding the unusual length of the play I enjoyed it thoroughly from beginning to end. It was at once interesting, instructive and impressive. On several occasions during the play the hearts of the spectators were touched and tears flowed freely.

A potter by the name of Anthon Lang impersonated Christ, and all the

principal actors in the sacred tragedy sustained their parts well and seemed to play with the spirit of it. The Apostle Peter, Pilate, the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdelene, Annas, Caiaphas, John and Judas were especially interpreted very well. All the players were citizens of the village, who otherwise are engaged in common pursuits of life; 685 people participated as actors, 50 of whom were women and 200 children, but only 125 persons had speaking parts. The presentation of the Passion Play at Oberammergau dates back to about 1634, or back to the time when America was first settled by English people. At that time a plague raged in the Tyrol district of Bavaria, including Oberammergau, and the people of that town made a solemn vow that if the Lord would stay the plague they would, as a free will offering, present the passion play every tenth year. This vow has been faithfully kept ever since.

Immediately after the play I proceeded at once to the railway station and started on my return trip, and arrived at Berlin on Monday, August 29th. I traveled by train to Warnemünde, by steam ferry to Gjedser, Denmark, by rail to Orehoved, by steamer to Masnedsø and by rail to Copenhagen, having come all the way from Oberammergau, a distance of seven hundred miles, in 24 hours. Seven hours before I left Oberammergau I mailed postal cards to Copenhagen, but they arrived there after my return. My success in making time was in making a close connection in Berlin.

In the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 13th, I delivered a lecture in Hillerød to about 500 people who crowded the hall to its utmost capacity. It was quite an effort to keep the crowd quiet with hundreds at the door unable to gain admission. I was highly complimented for my success in keeping the turbulent element at bay in a town where the attempt of many at holding "Mormon" meetings had ended in

riots. At one of these attempts made some years before, the Elders were mobbed and roughly handled. A Mr. Aagaard, assistant editor of the "Nord Sjællands Venstreblad" wrote a fine report of the meeting in his paper.

The next day (Sept. 14th) I lectured in the little city of Frederiksværk. On our arrival we soon learned that a bigotted little snipe of official in the shape of a "Birkedommer" had forbidden the holding of the lecture. I hastened to that official's office to find out the reason why and was confronted there by a big burly representative (Fuldmægtig) by the name of Buhrsch, who acted and spoke to me so insultingly that it soon came to hard words between us as I demanded causes for stopping the lecture, the hall having already been hired and paid for. At last he had to tell me that the "Birkedommer" had stopped it because we were "Mormons" and taught immoral doctrines. I demanded a refusal in writing, but he would not give it to me unless I applied for permission to lecture in writing. He however, refused me paper, thinking perhaps that it would be impossible for me to get the documents written elsewhere, but I hurried out of the building to a neighboring shop, obtained a sheet of paper, wrote the petition in good Danish and in polite language and presented it to "His Majesty the 'Fuldmægtig'." He soon became more gentlemanly in his behavior and asked me for time to consult the parish priest. Just imagine a civil officer consulting a parish priest for permission to hold a public meeting! I surmised that the priest would do all he could to stop the lecture, and this proved correct. The "Fuldmægtig" soon returned and said he was sorry that he had to stick to the former decision. After consulting the priest he said he now would emphasize the instruction of the chief (Birkedommeren), but he condescended to give us his refusal in writing, the thing that I wanted. Armed with

that and my own petition which might be serviceable for future use, I hurried back to the brethren at the hotel, telling them there would be no lecture that night, and so we returned to Copenhagen.

At the mission office we had quite a laugh over the little episode, but I felt so annoyed over it that I could not sleep during the night. To be outwitted and defeated by a Lutheran priest was an experience that did not suit my temperament.

On Friday, Sept. 15th, I left Copenhagen with Elder Lorenzo Petersen and traveled to Nykjøbing on Sjælland, where I lectured in the evening to about 250 people; good order prevailed and everything came off most satisfactorily. On this tour we also gave illustrated lectures at Svinninge, Holbæk (where 600 people were present), Kallundborg, Tolløse and Hvalsø. In delivering these lectures a number of Elders were with me.

On Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24th and 25th, we held our fall conference in Copenhagen, at which 35 Elders from Zion were present; we had a glorious time.

On Sept. 28th I read proof on the first sheet of the Book of Mormon of which we were printing 10,000 copies in a cheap edition. There were still some copies left of the former edition in a higher priced binding.

On Sept. 29th I left Copenhagen on my semi-annual trip to hold conferences in other parts of the mission. Thus we held a conference in Aarhus Oct. 1st and 2nd; in Aalborg Oct. 8th and 9th, in Christiania, Norway, on Oct. 15th and 16th; in Trondhjem Oct. 22nd and 23rd, and in Bergen Oct. 29th and 30th. On these occasions we enjoyed spiritual feasts and received the heartiest welcome from the saints and a number of strangers who attended our meetings. I also gave illustrated lectures in Brønderslev, Denmark, and in Christiania, Rorøs, Trondhjem and Bergen, Norway. From Bergen I returned via Christiania to Copenhagen.

On Nov. 18th I left Copenhagen on another lecture tour, accompanied by Elder Lorenzo Petersen. Our first attempt at lecturing was at Nyborg, on the island of Fyen, where we hired a large hall. But soon after our arrival in the town we received a message from the mayor, who was also the chief of police. He wanted to see me as he had not given us permission to hold meetings or show pictures. We called and found a small, officious and bigotted man who could scarcely talk decently when he informed me that if we were going to say and do something in favor of the "Mormons," he would forbid the showing of pictures and regretted that he did not have power to forbid the giving of the lecture altogether. All pleadings on our part being futile, I went to the editor of the "Nyborg Social Demokrat," Mr. Ludvig Hansen, who telephoned the mayor interceding for us on the ground of religious liberty and the common rights of citizens and men. But the bigotted official would not give in. In the meantime 250 people had gathered in the spacious hall and our apparatus was in order ready to show the pictures. I had explained to the people that the mayor at the last moment had forbidden us to exhibit our pictures which consisted of some of the finest Palestine and American views that had ever been brought to Nyborg. I read off the whole list and gave good explanation about them, repeatedly referring to the mayor's arbitrary mandate. The people evidently felt disgusted with him, but listened to me for fully one and a half hours, while I talked fluently about our people, the main points of our religion and conditions in Utah.

My address was so well received that the people in leaving the hall contributed money more liberally towards the expenses connected with the hiring of the hall than they had done at their entering, and many were heard to make favorable remarks concerning the lecture, while they condemned the action of the mayor in

strong terms. After the meeting the editor of the "Nyborg Social Demokrat" told me that he would write an article in his paper about the affair, a promise which he faithfully kept. His paper the next day contained a splendid article under the caption of "Politimester Buck og Mormonerne."

On this trip I also lectured in Odense (the largest town on Fyen), Kjerteminde, Middelfart, Bogense and Assens. At the last named place a silly fellow, who had been in America, stood up and said that while visiting Utah he could not get work because he was not a "Mormon," and said further that if a young girl from Denmark or elsewhere went to Utah and some old "Mormon" desired her for a wife, she would be forced to marry him, even if he looked as ugly as a monkey. I called him a liar to his face. Another man wanted to discuss some points of religion, but as I was informed his "upper story" was not in very good shape, I refused to discuss further with him.

We then returned by rail to Odense and the following day traveled by rail to Svendborg, where we boarded a small steamer and sailed for Langeland. At Rudkjøbing, the only city on Langeland, I delivered a lecture in the evening, but it being poorly advertised the attendance was small. I also lectured on Ærø (a small adjacent island), in Svendborg on Fyen (600 people present) and at Faaborg.

In company with President Niels J. Larsen I visited the island of Als and the battle ground at Dybbøl, then a part of Germany, where we viewed with sadness the graves of a great number of Danish soldiers whose blood was shed in 1864 in the defense of their country. I then returned via Aarhus to Copenhagen.

On Dec. 7th I lectured to a large congregation in Aarhus, refuting the falsehoods which Pastor Frimodt-Møller had circulated by lecture and literature, hostile to the "Mormons."

We had advertised the lecture in two of the leading newspapers which brought out a large crowd.

Sunday, Dec. 11th, witnessed the 60th anniversary of my birthday. I awoke about 7:00 o'clock in the morning by the branch choir singing under my bedroom window one of my favorite songs. I arose and the company came in and were treated to cake and candy which had been imported from Utah. The postman brought many letters, cards and telegrams of congratulations. I attended the Sunday School, where a number of children over eight years of age, who had not yet been baptized, were present. I whispered to one of the brethren that I should like to baptize these children in the evening as a fitting finish to my birthday. The idea received immediate response and finding twelve children in the evening dressed ready for baptism I baptized them in the font in the meeting house. After the baptisms we confirmed them all in the conference office and I gave each of the children a copy of the L. D. S. hymn book. Throughout it was a very happy birthday for me.

The following day about two hundred guests assembled in the hall at which time speeches were made and otherwise a program carried out in my honor. In the evening I wrote a petition to the "Justitsminister," asking for the privilege of giving illustrated lectures in the different cities of Denmark. On the last day of the year I received an answer from that official explaining that a general permission to hold illustrated lectures in the different cities of Denmark could not be granted, but that application should be made for that purpose to the chief of police in every separate case.

The end of the year found me busy attending to the affairs of the mission at Copenhagen, and I again spent a very happy Christmas with the saints there.

During the year 1910 I delivered

about 320 public addresses, including 50 illustrated lectures and 20 translations for other speakers. About 300 speeches were delivered in the Danish and 30 in the English language. I baptized 26 individuals in 1910.

CHAPTER 61

(1911)

Interview with Denmark's Minister of Justice—With the Clawson Family in Scandinavia—Meet Opposition, and Gain the Good Will of the Danish Press—Visit to Iceland—Anti-Mormon Meetings—A Lawsuit.

The beginning of the year 1911 found me hale and hearty in old Copenhagen, attending Sunday School and meeting. I made a quick visit to Aarhus and was otherwise busy assisting the Elders in making out their annual reports, and revised for reprinting the pamphlet entitled "Den Fremmede fra Vesterlandet." On Jan. 18th I visited at the Rigsdag hall in Copenhagen, and with the assistance of Bro. Frederik F. Samuelsen, who was a member of the Rigsdag, I had an interview with the Minister of Justice (Justitsministeren) F. Bülow for the purpose of getting a better understanding of a letter which he had written to me under date of Dec. 29th, 1910. He was very polite and courteous and explained that it was not customary to give universal permission to any one to lecture all over the kingdom, though he, personally, had no objection, and did not think any of the police authorities, or any of the Danish communities, would offer any objections after this. But in case they should, I was at liberty to refer the case to him, and he would then investigate the matter. This, I said, was perfectly satisfactory to me. The minister was a tall fine-looking man and very bright and intelligent, and I took occasion to compliment him, while I also thanked him for the service he had rendered me by giving me his personal opinion and promising protection.

On Jan. 20th I boarded the steamer "Gefion" and sailed from Copenhagen

for Malmö, Sweden, where I boarded a railroad train and traveled via Östersund (Sweden) to Trondhjem in Norway, where I arrived Jan. 22nd. Here I attended to some important business, held meetings and visited saints, then traveled down the Norwegian coast by steamer via Aalesund to Bergen, where I arrived Jan. 28th, and where I held meetings and installed Elder Christen M. Jensen as president of the Bergen Conference. After being the guest of honor in a feast, attended by 150 people, in Bergen, I traveled by rail over the mountains to Christiania, and returned to Copenhagen Feb. 6th.

On my return to mission headquarters I read proof on the 39th sheet of the Book of Mormon. On Feb. 8th I received a letter from Pres. Joseph F. Smith, from which the following is an abstract:

"Salt Lake City, Jan. 24, 1911.
Pres. Andrew Jenson, Korsgade 11,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

My Dear Brother Jenson: Your esteemed favor of Dec. 15th last, reached me Jan. 2nd inst., and I desire to thank you for your very kind and brotherly feelings expressed therein, and I assure you they are reciprocal. The photographs sent me by Bro. Oluf J. Andersen are duly received. * * * On the evening of the 24th of December I visited my folks on 2nd West St., opposite your home, and while there Sister Emma brought me over a parcel containing the amber necklaces, breast pins, and hair pins and I had the pleasure of distributing them to my wives the following day, and I know that you will be pleased to learn that every one of them was delighted and satisfied with her portion. The necklaces were very fine; the other articles very delicate and pretty, but less durable. Of course I did not anticipate receiving them as a gift from my friend and neighbor, but coming as they did from your generous hand, there seemed to be no alternative for me but to accept of them with the sincere appreciation and thanks which your generous kindness deserves. * * * When I last saw your folks, they seemed to be enjoying usual health. Day before yesterday I met your son Harold, who has grown to be a very fine young man. * * *

I thank you, Bro. Andrew, for the very kind and neighborly expressions contained in your letter, and I assure you that I appreciate your kindness, and also your energetic and ceaseless exertions in behalf of the great cause of Truth in which we are engaged. I sincerely hope your presidency over the Scandinavian Mission will score a period of progress and success that will be equal, if not superior, to that of any of your predecessors, and that in the due time of the Lord you may return home full of joy and satisfaction in the fruits of your labors and find at home your family in possession of every blessing, and welcoming your return with that joyous welcome merited by the completion of your work well done. * * *

With love to all, Yours,

JOSEPH F. SMITH."

The pamphlet "Den Fremmede fra Vesterlandet" was republished. And about the same time a new edition of the Book of Mormon came off the press. We received the first 400 copies of the sacred volume on Feb. 24th from the bookbinder. It sold at retail at 1½ kroner per copy. Under date of Feb. 28th I wrote and mailed the following:

"To the Hon. Minister of Justice: Your Excellency will probably remember a conversation which the undersigned had with you in the presence of "Folkethingsmand" Samuelsen on the 17th of January, in regard to a petition of a former date which I had written asking for permission to deliver lectures in the different towns of Denmark. To this petition I received a written answer to the effect that no such general permission could be given, but that I would have to apply to the chiefs of police in the different towns. But during the conversation with your excellency of Jan. 17th, you promised me that if some police chief should deny me the desired permission, that the case could be referred to you, and then you would look into the details of the matter.

Such a case, Your Excellency, I am sorry to say, has come up. My representative at Næstved, Sjælland, a Danish-American, by the name of Andrew C. Andersen, appealed personally to Mayor (Borgemester) Hønschell in Næstved, and also Chief of Police Hagen of the same place, for permission to show my pictures, or deliver an il-

lustrated lecture. But he received a positive denial on the ground, as well as Mr. Andersen could understand, that the lecture possibly would turn out to be friendly to the "Mormons."

Under these circumstances, I take the liberty to remind Your Excellency of your promise to me on the 17th of January. Næstved on Sjælland is one of the towns where I would like very much to deliver my illustrated lecture which is, as I explained in my former communication to Your Excellency no propaganda for the "Mormons," but intended in a general way to impart to the people general information about Utah and its inhabitants. I refer to historical facts and true conditions connected with the Latter-day Saints in order to remove existing prejudice and ill feeling which I find exist in many parts of Denmark against my co-religionists, and thus make it more pleasant for our members to live in Denmark. Up to the present time, many of those who have accepted of "Mormonism" have almost been compelled to migrate to foreign countries, owing to that scorn and enmity which has been hurled against them here. If the public opinion toward them was friendly, many of them would undoubtedly remain in Denmark.

In closing, permit me to remark that I personally occupy a somewhat prominent place among the Danish-American citizens in America, who always bid any lecturer from Denmark a hearty welcome to Utah, and render to all such assistance in every possible way. As a native of Denmark I have during the 45 years that I have spent in America always entertained the most friendly feelings toward my native country and its people, and on many occasions I have stepped forward in their defense, both in private and public, opposing certain Americans who would belittle and speak sneeringly of our little Denmark. I therefore feel myself humiliated and insulted when anyone here in Denmark undertakes to deny me the friendship which we in America so willingly extend to our countrymen who visit us in America. Looking hopefully forward for the decision that Your Excellency may render in this case, I subscribe myself your obedient servant,

ANDREW JENSON,
Danish-American Journalist.
Temporary Address, Korsgade 11,
Copenhagen. Dec. 28th, 1911.

Early in March I made a visit to Jutland on which I delivered illus-

trated lectures in Frederikshavn to about 250 attentive listeners. I also lectured in Sæby, Hals, Nørresundby, Nibe, Mariager, Randers, Aarhus, Skanderborg, Fredericia and Kolding.

I commenced our spring conferences with holding a conference in Copenhagen on Saturday and Sunday, March 25th and 26th. On March 31st and April 1st we held conference in Aarhus. Our conference in Aalborg was held Saturday and Sunday, April 8th and 9th.

Leaving Aalborg for Norway I lectured in Brønderslev and Frederikshavn. In Christiania, where I arrived April 14th, we held conference on Saturday and Sunday, April 15th and 16th. From Christiania I proceeded to Trondhjem, where I arrived April 21st, and held conference on Saturday and Sunday, April 22nd and 23rd.

From Trondhjem I traveled to Bergen, where we held conference, Saturday and Sunday April 29th and 30th. I returned to Copenhagen May 5th.

On June 6th Pres. Rudger Clawson's family arrived in Esbjerg, where I met them. Pres. Clawson sent word by his wife that he would probably join us in Stockholm later, but could not find time to accompany his family all the way. The company consisted of Lydia S. Clawson, wife of Pres. Rudger Clawson, five children, Hyrum B., Gay, Samuel G., Lorenzo S., and Lydia Clawson, and also Vira Hirst, and Ivy Spencer, nieces of Sister Clawson, and Thomas Wheatley, jun., Bishop of Honeyville, Utah. I took charge of the company on their arrival, and got them through the custom house.

We left Esbjerg on June 7th and proceeded to Aarhus, where we held a meeting in the evening. Thence we traveled to Frederikshavn, via Aalborg, where we boarded a steamer which took us to Göteborg in Sweden. Here we traveled the popular route on the canals and lakes of Sweden to Stockholm, and thence northward to

Boden, near the Russian border. From there we traveled via Keruna, through Lapland, and crossed the mountains between Sweden and Norway, reaching Narvik on Wednesday, June 14th. Here we held a meeting that evening, and afterwards climbed the mountain, accompanied by two Elders from Zion who labored in Narvik, and also some local saints, expecting to see the midnight sun, but the night being cloudy we could not see it plainly as the thick clouds resting on the tops of the mountains hindered us. We spent the next day, June 15th, in Narvik, but left Narvik at 6:00 o'clock p. m. after having enjoyed the hospitality of the saints in that town, where there was a small branch of the Church—the northernmost L. D. S. branch in the world. We arrived at Lödingen at 10:45 p. m. At 1:00 o'clock in the night the beautiful steamer "Midnatsol" arrived at Lödingen from the north, and our little company immediately went on board. As we left Lödingen the sun came out and its reflection upon the clouds was grand beyond description. I aroused my company, and though the midnight hour had passed the sun was still hugging the horizon, and Sister Clawson and party enjoyed the sight as much as if they had seen it at exactly the hour set, 12:00 o'clock midnight.

After a very pleasant voyage in a southwesterly direction along the shores of Norway we arrived at Trondhjem on June 17th. While some of the party made the trip to Hell, a little village situated a few miles from Trondhjem, I prepared for the meetings which were held during the day. The visit to Hell was enjoyed by our party, though they did not find anything there to compare with the imaginary hell where every one is parched with thirst and heat, but in the Norwegian Hell they found the air cool and pleasant and plenty of water.

We spent a very pleasant Sunday (June 18th) in Trondhjem, and I had

all the company, children and all, speak to the congregation, while I helped them out by translating for them. In the evening we started for Christiania, and in crossing the mountains we suffered considerably from the cold as we had not sufficient clothes with us to keep us warm. On our arrival in Christiania on the morning of June 19th, we received a hearty welcome from Conference President P. C. Rasmussen and other brethren, and held a well attended meeting in the saints' hall in Osterhausgade. As on several former occasions, the members of our company, children and all, spoke to the saints and strangers assembled, while I translated for them, and then followed a cordial handshaking and good will until 11:00 o'clock p. m.

Early in the morning of June 20th we left Christiania for Copenhagen by rail. At Helsingborg we crossed by ferry to Helsingør and Denmark, and thence by railroad to Copenhagen. During this trip I traveled 3350 miles, spoke 10 times in public, and translated for others 25 times. I felt the responsibility of so many depending on my leadership, but we got through without accident, and the best of feelings prevailed during the whole journey. All the members of our little company complied with my counsel at all times, and I piloted them through with much less expense than ordinarily as I obtained reduction in fares. While Elder Alvin E. Olson piloted the Clawsons to museums and through the city in automobiles, I was busy attending to the affairs of the mission office and preparing material to be used in defense at an anti-Mormon crusade which had been announced for the evening of June 21st in the large hall in "Konsert-Palæet." Mr. Kjærsgaard, the chairman of the committee of arrangements for that meeting, wrote me a letter asking me to appoint three of our numbers to serve with six other men—three chosen by a Lutheran priest and three chosen by the

assembly—on a committee to judge the genuineness of some documents that the anti-Mormon lecturer, Hans Peter Freese, was supposed to introduce in a committee meeting to be held after the large meeting. I selected Bro. Oluf J. Andersen and Pres. Anthon J. T. Sørensen, together with myself, to serve on said committee.

Before the appointed hour, 8:00 p. m., we three, and nearly all the other Elders who happened to be in Copenhagen, and a large number of local saints, proceeded to the place of meeting in Bredgade, where, before an audience of about one thousand people, Mr. Hans P. Freese, assisted by a Mr. Storm, as translator, and Johannes Thoresen, who had toured the country as an anti-Mormon lecturer, harangued the people for nearly one hour and a half, in the usual anti-Mormon way. Mr. Freese's main authority was the official report of the Smoot investigation affair in Washington, D. C., by which he wanted to show up Pres. Joseph F. Smith and Apostle Francis M. Lyman as criminals. Pastor Thoresen attacked the methods of us missionaries in making proselytes in Denmark, and alluded to me personally as a man who had two wives.

We were given no opportunity to answer in the general meeting, which made the audience very much displeased. The committee appointed, together with the members of the press, went into a smaller hall, where about fifty people, mostly Lutheran priests and newspaper men, were admitted. An animated, and, at times, heated discussion took place, at which I took the most active part, but was ably assisted by Oluf J. Andersen, Anthon J. T. Sørensen and Joseph K. Nicholes. The Lord was with us and gave us words to say, and we were able to down our opponents so much so that the entire body of newspaper men who were present became our friends and took sides with us, something

hitherto unheard of in the history of "Mormonism" in Denmark. At the close of the meeting, several of the editors shook hands with us warmly and declared themselves in sympathy with us. The meeting lasted two hours and when we, about midnight, finally emerged from the committee room, we found the yard of "Concert-Palæet" still full of people, standing in small groups, discussing the merits and demerits of "Mormonism," our Elders and local saints taking an active part in these discussions. At mission headquarters we Elders who had participated thanked the Lord for the great victory we had won on this occasion.

Early in the morning of June 22nd Elder Anthon J. T. Sørensen entered my room with "Politiken," one of the leading newspapers, in his hand, and read a synopsis of the meeting held the previous evening. It was the best of its kind I had ever seen in a Danish newspaper. The "Social-Demokraten" had an article almost as favorable, and as we obtained the other daily papers they nearly all had something good to say about the meeting. We almost leaped with joy, for it was the first time in Denmark, according to my knowledge, that the Danish newspapers had said that much in our favor.

Our visitors, the Clawson family, and the others who had spent the previous evening at the Tivoli, in care of Elder Alvin E. Olson, spent the day shopping and taking in sights. We also took the whole company to a photographer, where we had a group picture made. In the evening we held a meeting in a large hall, and in the congregation there were several newspaper men. The editor of "Extrabladet" gave a fair synopsis of the proceedings in its paper the next day. We had advertised that we would refute the falsehoods uttered against us in the anti-Mormon meetings held the evening before, but we only redeemed our promises in part as we decided to use our visitors to testify of the con-

ditions in Utah. After introductory speeches we introduced the visitors in the following order: Sister Lydia S. Clawson, her children (Hiram, Gay, Samuel, Lorenzo, and Lydia), Vira Hirst, Ivy Spencer and Bishop Wheatley. Elder Anderson gave the concluding speech. The choir sang, and then our visitors were introduced to the saints with a regular Scandinavian hand-shaking, and greetings. Sister Vira Hirst captured the hearts of all by her piano solos and her singing of a verse in Danish, accompanied by piano. Saints and friends remained in groups in the mission house yard till midnight, conversing about Utah and the "Mormons."

On Friday, June 23rd, our visitors left Copenhagen for Berlin, Germany. Elders and local saints accompanied them to the station to see them off. My parting with this interesting company was very affectionate, the group had become attached to me and I to them. Sister Hirst felt sad at parting; she had won the hearts of all with whom she had associated in her travels in the far north, with her musical ability and her broad, happy smile. With their departure I felt exhausted and "took a day off." The responsibility of leading the company, and the excitement of the anti-Mormon crusade had worked on my nerves and physical condition.

On June 28th a lecture was delivered to upwards of 300 people in Næstved, defending our cause against the attacks which Hans P. Freese and Johannes Thoresen had brought forth in an anti-Mormon meeting held in Næstved about a week before. After we were through a Mr. Anderson, and a Mr. Willamsen, and a young reporter from "Næstved Tidende," spoke, the latter against us. We gained all our points and I think we left a good impression upon nearly all present.

On June 30th, accompanied by Elders Oluf J. Anderson and Jos. K. Nicholes, I called on U. S. Minister Egan and had a pleasant conversation

with him in regard to Utah affairs. The anti-Mormon lecturer Mr. Freese had called on him, but had made no favorable impression on him. He accepted of copies of our written documents and assured us that there was no reason why we should feel alarmed over the anti-Mormon agitation going on.

On Saturday, July 1st, at a Priesthood meeting, Elder Anthon J. T. Sorensen was released as president of the Copenhagen Conference, and I appointed Oluf J. Anderson his successor as president of said conference, which pleased all the Elders. Elder Sorensen finished his mission in Norway.

On July 5th I was impressed to go with some departing emigrants to Esbjerg. Consequently I bought a railway ticket good for two weeks on the railroads in Denmark, and with a number of Swedish emigrants and returning missionaries from Sweden, I took charge of the company and got them safely on board the steamer in Esbjerg. My impressions were verified before I got the little company safely on board, because of some trouble with their baggage. From Esbjerg I went to Aarhus, and then returned to Copenhagen. Returning to Odense I addressed about three hundred people in a large hall in Odense, where I gave any one who desired to do so permission to ask questions at the close of the meeting. A Lutheran priest and some others raised objection to what I had said, but one spoke in our favor and I was enabled to answer all their questions, and apparently made a good impression upon the people. From Odense I traveled up the west coast of Jutland, visiting quite a number of towns that I had not visited before. I gave a lecture in Silkeborg, and afterwards visited Falster, and other places.

On Aug. 6th, accompanied by Alma L. Petersen, I sailed from Copenhagen as a passenger on board the steamer "Sterling," on a trip to Iceland, which

island had for many years belonged to the Scandinavian mission, but hitherto none of the presidents of the mission had ever visited it. After a voyage favored with good weather, we arrived at Leith, in Scotland, on Aug. 8th, and the next day visited Edinburgh, where we met some Elders, and took in the sights of that interesting city. Early in the morning of Aug. 10th we continued the voyage, and about noon the next day, Aug. 11th, the outlines of some of the Faroe Islands could be seen far ahead, and as we got nearer the scenery became very interesting.

There are in that group of islands belonging to Denmark, eighteen inhabited islands, and about half as many smaller ones uninhabited. The population was about 20,000 in 1911, and the main town Thorshavn, the only real seaport of the islands. Here the Danish Kultusminister (minister of education) who had been one of our fellow passengers, and his family landed, and so also did Capt. Johan Hansen and a Mr. Ronne, who was once a priest on the islands. With all these I had become well acquainted on the voyage. We spent about four hours on shore taking a long walk to the sanitorium, situated about two miles from Thorshavn. While on land we met with a number of Faroe Island dignitaries, and managed to get posted in regard to conditions of the islands. Some of the high officials wanted to know what I intended to do on my visit. I replied that I should endeavor not to do anything in defiance of the mandates of the Danish "Kultusminister." The minister was a pleasant, broad-minded man, with whom I had several conversations on board the steamer.

In continuing our walk we met some Lutheran priests, to whom we introduced ourselves as "Mormon" Elders. There were seven of them on the Faroe Islands, who preached in forty-three edifices. We thoroughly enjoyed our short stay on shore, but decided

that the Faroe Islands would not be a very desirable place to live. We returned to the ship anchored about a quarter of a mile from shore, to continue our journey toward Iceland.

When we arose in the morning of Aug. 13th, the mountains of Iceland were visible on our right and the Westman Islands soon hove in sight ahead. As we approached them they appeared very picturesque. In the afternoon the ship cast anchor off a little town in a small bay sheltered by lofty mountains. Boats soon came out from land to meet the ship and after landing, Bro. Petersen and I walked about four miles to the top of an extinct crater, known as Helgafjeld, 800 feet high. We walked through the town that contained nearly 1500 inhabitants. Finally we hired a motor boat to take us to a curious cave facing the bay. As we approached it large flocks of birds which were in the rocks swarmed out until they numbered thousands.

Continuing our journey we cast anchor off Reykjavik early in the morning of Aug. 14th. Immediately from shore boats surrounded the steamer, and Elder Jacob B. Johnson, one of the missionaries from Zion laboring in Iceland, came on board and recognized us. We landed and met Elder Haldor Johnson, the other missionary laboring in Iceland. We secured a comfortable room in a boarding house and soon felt at home. The two Elders so far had not met with much success as missionaries. We obtained permission to give illustrated lectures the next Saturday and Sunday, and to charge a small entrance fee to pay the hall rent. Reykjavik, a town of about 18,000 inhabitants, has regular streets and fine buildings, but no harbor, on account of which it is difficult to land in stormy weather.

Bro. Petersen and I decided to make a trip inland, accompanied by Elder Haldor Johnson. Consequently we hired two horses, at the rate of three kroner per day for the journey, and Bro. Johnson went out in the country to secure a horse for himself on even

better terms. On Aug. 15th, early in the morning, accompanied by Elders Alma L. Petersen, and Haldor Johnson, I left Reykjavik on horseback. I rode a gentle mouse-colored animal, while my companions rode two sorrels. The three animals were small Icelandic ponies. The first part of our journey was over good roads; we crossed several creeks, passed a number of lakes, and finally a rocky divide, into the so-called Thing Valley Basin, where there is a large lake. After traveling 32 miles inland we descended from a higher to a lower plateau through a most romantic gorge, along which volcanic rocks rose to dizzy heights on either side.

It was in this region that the leading men of Iceland many hundred years ago met as genuine democrats and passed laws for the benefit of the island. We arrived at this historical place in the evening, having halted several times on the road to bait our animals, and put up at the hotel called "Valhøll" (Valhalla or heaven). We found it, as one traveler remarked, "A hell of a heaven," as the accommodations were very poor and the prices very high. Before retiring, we visited the beautiful waterfall nearby. A number of travelers, or tourists, who were fellow passengers with us on the "Sterling", stopped at the same hotel. They were going to other points of interest inland. They generally had two horses each, while we only had one, but we got there as easy as they did, and nearly as quickly. I stood the ride remarkably well, though I had scarcely been on the back of an animal since I traveled in Palestine in 1895 and 1896.

On Wednesday, Aug. 16th, we prepared for an early start, but the native boy was two hours late in bringing our horses. This delay gave us a fine opportunity to visit the chasms, gulches, rents and splits in the black rock, which abounded everywhere in this region. We had prayer in a lovely secluded spot among the hills. Our journey this day was through a rough,

rocky, hilly country, and over a road that was merely a trail. With great care two-wheeled vehicles could be taken over, however. This section of country abounded with lava beds, the whole island being of volcanic origin.

After crossing a number of ridges, we at length descended into a beautiful passage, in a valley called "Laugarvatnsvellir," then crossed another ridge to "Langavatn", where, on the edge of the lake are three or more boiling springs. Here we nooned together with an Austrian traveler (Otto Volkert), a young merchant from Vienna, and his Icelandic guide. We sent to a neighboring farmhouse for eggs, which we boiled in one of the hot springs. We also bought milk and thus enjoyed our dinner.

Continuing our journey, we forded a number of streams, only crossing the largest river ("Bruara") on a bridge; crossed a number of rocky ridges and finally reached the geyser tavern very tired after riding about 33 miles during the day. While we were eating a most scanty meal at the hotel, an Englishman was heard calling out with a loud voice, "Come and see," and we all ran at the top of our speed to the geyser, which was sending a mighty column of hot water high up in the air. This we called exceedingly good luck, as many people make the long journey to the geyser without seeing it in action. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

While we camped at noon at Langavatn, we had a most plain view of Mount Hekla, an active Volcano, and Tungafellsjökull" in the distance eastward. We saw them at different angles and also other jöklar (snowfields or glaciers) in the distance, and the whole landscape was truly interesting.

On Thursday, Aug. 17th, we commenced our return journey from the geyser, but not until we had witnessed a second eruption of the great geyser, and a fine performance of the so-called little geyser. There are a number of other hot springs, mudsprings and fissures through which

sulphur vapor rises and the water is boiling continuously. The whole region of country which lies adjacent to the world-renowned Hekla is warm and abounds with hot springs. On our return journey we called at farmhouses and got cows' milk, mixed with cream from sheeps' milk to drink. At one place we got clabber or sour milk, to eat, which made Bro. Petersen sick, but which tasted good to me. I rather enjoyed the strange diets. We put up for the night at a farm-house, situated on the top of a hill overlooking the Thingvalla Lake. Here was good grazing for our animals, and mutton and coarse bread for us. I slept in the same room as the family, while Elders Petersen and Johnson slept in the hay in the barn.

We continued our journey the next morning (Aug. 18th) and traveled by way of Thingvellir, the same road that we came out on, visiting many places on the road and eating lunch at the gate-house. I had stood the trip very well until the middle of the day when the small of my back became affected because of the jolting of my horse and the continuous shaking of my body, and I suffered considerable pain during the remainder of the journey. Elder Johnson left us before we reached Reykjavik to take his hired horse home, and Bro. Petersen and I arrived in Reykjavik in the evening, tired and hungry. On our inland journey we had traveled upwards of 130 miles and for us who had for years not been used to horseback-riding, that was quite a distance. We felt truly thankful after we had delivered our horses to their owner and could lie down to rest in our temporary home.

On Saturday, Aug. 19th, we spent most of the day writing postal cards to friends, and in preparing for our lectures. We advertised in three papers, and printed one thousand handbills which the two Elders distributed in the town. We delivered our lecture in the evening to about 35 people, but the hall we had hired would seat about 400. This was a great disappointment

to us, as we had advertised well and had reason to expect a full house. Even some of those who came and paid their 25 øre for admittance left before the lecture was through, thus seemingly showing their incapacity for enjoying the pictures. It is, however, possible, that some of them could not understand Danish. We held a special meeting with the two Elders Johnson on Sunday. I gave them such advice as the Spirit dictated to me. At 6:00 p. m. we held a Sacrament meeting with the two Elders and two sisters, namely, Kirstin Jonsdottir and Thorlief Amalia Josephsdottir, the first one an unmarried elderly lady and the other a young girl. A few other baptized members of the Church in Reykjavik did not respond to our invitation. The records showed that there were 26 members of the Church in Iceland, who lived very much scattered, and some of them had probably lost the faith. We paid 25 kroner for the use of the hall for the two nights, and we paid 10½ kroner for advertising in the papers and for the printing of 1000 hand-bills. We charged 25 øre for entrance and received six kroner the first night and 16 kroner the second night. We felt that we had done our duty and hoped that those who were present would have the chance to investigate the principles of the gospel.

We spent most of Aug. 21st perusing the little information contained in the mission record, which commences with 1873. We obtained some data from the two Elders in addition thereto, and gave them instructions in regard to keeping records in the future. In our temporary home, we four Elders engaged in solemn prayer, and the Spirit of God rested upon us so that our hearts were softened and our eyes dimmed with tears, and thus ended our short but profitable associations with our brethren in Iceland. We hired a boat to take us out to the same steamer that had brought us to Iceland the week before. The two

brothers Johnson accompanied us to the ship.

At 6:15 p. m. the steamer "Sterling" lifted anchor and stood off at sea. The weather was fine, and we enjoyed the voyage, watching the shore and looking at the numerous mountain heights as we passed along. About dark we doubled Cape Reykjanes, and then changed our course in the direction of the Westmann Islands. The steamer was crowded with passengers.

On Aug. 22nd, about 6:00 p. m., the "Sterling" anchored off the Westmann Islands, and stopped there two hours. Continuing the passage along the coast we enjoyed fine views of the ice-covered mountains, and a glimpse of old Hekla in the distance. After sundown we saw the last of the mountains of Iceland as the ship steered away towards Scotland. Among the passengers were a number of Icelandic students going to Copenhagen to attend the University there. I talked morals and "Mormonism" to them and they seemed to enjoy the conversation.

Wednesday, Aug. 23rd, was spent on board the steamship—only sea and sky all day. The weather was fine. There were representatives of 12 nationalities on board, viz: Danes, Icelanders, Norwegians, Swedes, English, Scotch, Irish, German, Hollanders, Americans, Canadians and Austrians.

On Thursday, Aug. 24th, early in the morning, we passed the clift known as Rona on our right, and a little later we passed the Skäk Cliff in very close proximity on our left. This rocky cliff was inhabited by innumerable birds, a species of sea-gulls, which were frightened away from their nests by the steamer's whistle. Further to our left we saw Sala Skjær, on which stands a lighthouse. Early in the afternoon the shores of Scotland were seen ahead and about 3:00 p. m. we passed a narrow strait with Scotland on our right and the island of Hoy and South Ronaldshay on our

left. Crossing thence the so-called Moray Firth we rounded Cape Peterhead, the northeasternmost point of Scotland. During the afternoon and evening it was quite windy and the sea consequently presented a troubled surface.

In the morning of August 25th we were sailing southward along the east coast of Scotland. It was still quite windy and many of the passengers failed to show up at the breakfast table. At Leith we parted with a number of English passengers which gave those of us who continued the journey more room on board, the passengers in the first class cabin being reduced from 56 to about 40, and leaving about a dozen passengers in the second class cabin. Bro. Petersen and I landed at Leith and walked to the Waverly station in Edinburgh. Here we took a train for Glasgow, where we arrived, after an hours pleasant ride. On this journey we passed through beautiful farming districts; it was in the midst of the wheat harvest.

In Glasgow we made our way to the headquarters of the Scottish Conference, where we met four of our Elders from Zion, who accompanied us on a sightseeing trip through parts of the great city, during which we visited the exhibition ground, the University, and the Botanical Gardens. Leaving Glasgow at 8:20 p. m., we returned to Edinburgh, whence we took a street car to Leith and boarded the ship "Sterling" about 11:00 o'clock p. m.

On Saturday, August 26th, the ship left her place at the pier and we continued our voyage out of the Leith harbor.

We spent Sunday, Aug. 27th, quietly on board conversing with other passengers and in the evening, according to the request of several of the passengers, I lectured in the ship's saloon and showed the pictures more successfully than I had done in Iceland, for here, on board, the lecture met with a hearty approval which was exhibited

by continued cheers, and a vote of thanks at the close of the lecture.

Continuing our voyage on August 28th we spied the shores of Jutland, Denmark, in the neighborhood of Hirtshals and about noon we doubled Cape Skagen. We passed the easternmost point of Læsø on our right and three hours later the lofty Anholt lighthouse on our right; at 11:30 p. m. the ship anchored in the outer "rhed" near Copenhagen.

On the morning of August 29th the "Sterling" weighed anchor and moored at the wharf on Christianshavn. We found everything well at the mission office and rejoiced with our brethren on our safe return. Since Elder Petersen and I left Copenhagen on Aug. 5th we had traveled about 4380 miles, of which 4020 miles were by steamer, 120 miles by rail, 2 miles by automobile, 165 miles on horseback and 5 miles on small boats. I spoke in a public capacity and in private meetings five times, namely, once in a little Priesthood meeting, once in a Sacrament meeting, twice lectured with pictures at Reykjavik and once on the ship "Sterling".

For several days after my return from Iceland I was busy attending to mail matters which had accumulated during my absence.

On Sept. 4th I spoke in an open-air meeting at Sjøborg, a suburban village of Copenhagen, and on Sept. 6th I went to Næstved to attend a police court, where Pastor Eigil Bang was a witness in a case at law that I had planted against Johannes Thoresen. The priest objected to taking the oath as he tried his best to shield his friend Thoresen who had lied against me in a lecture he delivered in Næstved on June 22nd. He claimed he had forgotten all. But I insisted that he take oath like other witnesses. I spoke up twice or three times in the court, pleading for my right, although I had a lawyer (Mr. Christensen from Aarhus) there to defend me. Mr. Bang in court even offered to pay a fine, if he could be excused from taking the oath.

In the evening of Sept. 15th I lectured in Helsingør, refuting the lies which Pastor Johannes Thoresen had uttered in a lecture which he recently had given in that city. On Saturday, Sept. 16th, together with other Elders, I crossed the Øresund to Helsingborg, Sweden, where we ascended the old tower locally called "Kärnan" and also visited the grave of Elder Peter A. Björklund who died while laboring in Sweden as a missionary in 1893. A nice little monument had been erected in his honor.

On Sept. 18th I gave an illustrated lecture to about 150 people at the Søborg Hus Kro. On request from Elder J. Wesley Anderson I went to Frederiksværk where I met a number of Elders from Copenhagen and had a splendid time during the day at Frederiksværk visiting and inviting people to the meeting which would be held that evening. Our object was to counteract Mr. Johannes Thoresen's lecture of the previous evening. At 8:00 p. m. the spacious hall at Hotel Arreso was filled with people mostly in the galleries, and it was evident from the noisy demonstration in the beginning that disturbance was intended. I stepped to the front and appealed to the honor and chivalry of the Danish people and said I relied on them to keep order. My boldness seemed to overawe the people, and after the singing of a hymn by the Elders I commenced my lecture which was prolonged for about one and a half hours. To quell the disturbance in the beginning the Elders who were with me had scattered in the hall and had put out by main force a few roudies from the gallery, among others a drunken soldier. We quelled the disturbance and the best of order prevailed until the end of the meeting. I met Mr. Thoresen's lies, refuting them by arguments and official documents and held the majority of the people spellbound. I remember this as one of my life's most successful efforts in defending the truth.

At the close of the meeting I was

confronted by the "Birkedommer" who wanted to know who had given me permission to speak. I replied that no one had, but that we had simply rented the hall and lectured according to the privileges that were accorded every respectable and responsible man in Denmark. He said this was not so. I replied that I knew better and that speech was free in Denmark. He forbade me to speak again in Frederiksværk. I replied that I intended to ignore his orders and take the consequences, and he went away angry, while the Elders rejoiced and thanked the Lord for our success as we retired to our rooms in the hotel. I can but praise and thank the Elders from Utah, my missionary companions, who on this occasion stood by me nobly, for had it not been for their boldness and determination, together with my own, I would perhaps have become subject to personal violence on the part of our opponents.

On Friday evening, Sept. 22nd, I delivered a successful illustrated lecture in Buddinge to 125 people. On Saturday, Sept. 30th, and Sunday, Oct. 1st, we held a successful and enjoyable conference in Copenhagen, and the other fall conferences throughout the mission were held later in October and November. On my tour to these conferences I gave special lectures in Aarhus, in Broust (near Aalborg), and other places in Denmark, and in Trondhjem, Norway. In Trondhjem in the afternoon of Oct. 29th, I gave an extended lecture defending the saints against the wicked and unwarranted attacks to which our Elders there had been subjected at that time. Particularly hurtful was a certain film drama which had been played a couple of weeks before in Trondhjem, and which had caused a mob to rise the previous Sunday with such affrontery that it was considered best not to hold meeting in the hall.

In my lecture I spoke with much freedom, and everybody listened with undivided attention. The hall was crowded, several persons having to

stand as they could not get seats. Among the audience were some of the mob leaders of the previous Sunday. We had another large attendance in the evening meeting when Presidents Fred C. Mickelsen and Jacob W. Olsen and I were the principal speakers. Throughout we had a most excellent conference. We had taken all precaution to protect ourselves against any possible attacks from mobs, having stationed some of our physically strong Utah or Idaho Elders at the doors and posted the police on the outside.

One of our local brethren sat by the window to watch for any demonstration from the outside, and if the mob had attempted to rush upstairs, our boys would immediately have received the signal and there would have been lively fighting. Our boys would from the top of the stairway have had the advantage and could have stood off a great number of men. This was no doubt apparent to the mob leaders, one of whom (a shoemaker by the name of Staalmø) confined his efforts to walking to and fro in the yard, cursing and swearing as we discoursed the word of the Lord on the inside. At the close of the last meeting we all felt jubilant over our successful conference. Sister Anna Eikram treated all the Elders and some local saints to a fine dinner at Fru Matzow's Cafe, and to a fine lunch at the home of Mr. Olsen, just before the evening meeting. The day before, another sister, Mrs. Furer, whose husband was not in the Church, treated us to a fine dinner at the conference house. I refer to these details of hospitality to illustrate what was frequently done during the time of holding conferences in Norway and Denmark.

On Nov. 17th I had quite an experience in trying to hold a meeting at Gjentoft, where 150 people were present, including the village priest and some others, who had come as opponents. After short speeches by the Elders, I commenced a sermon based on the Articles of Faith. While the other Elders spoke, an old gentleman

cried out repeatedly in insulting terms, and after I had spoken about 15 minutes, the village priest jumped up and wanted to read something. I objected and told him to sit down. He refused and continued to talk, but I soon drowned his voice and got the upper hand of him and continued my talk in the midst of much noise and confusion. Two or three others, in sympathy with the priests, also made disturbances. I stood my ground against all odds and did not flinch in my efforts. I seemed to possess supernatural power which enabled me to hold out against all opposition.

One man hollered out: "A man of your intelligence and ability ought to be ashamed of yourself for being a 'Mormon'." At last we thought it best to quit, so we sang a hymn which seemed to quiet the excited congregation, and most of them retired in an orderly manner from the room, while some remained and flocked around us to engage in conversation. It was then seen that we had friends in the audience. Returning to Copenhagen late in the evening we were somewhat disturbed in our feelings, but satisfied with the partial victory we had gained over our opponents.

On Nov. 18th I called at the American Legation and consulate with Elder Thomas P. Jensen who had received a notice from the Copenhagen police authorities, ordering him to leave the country by the 4th of December next. This order came in consequence of the fact that he had been banished from the country eleven years before.

Three days later, accompanied by Elder Thos. P. Jensen, I called on the American Minister, Mr. Egan, and had a long and pleasant conversation with him. He promised to do all in his power to prevent the banishment of Elder Jensen. Referring him to a suit that had been planted against me, he advised me to take a lawyer. The suit here referred to against me was based upon an article in which Elder Oluf J. Andersen, who was my assist-

ant editor of "Skandnaviens Stjerne", accused Mr. Freece of being a falsifier. The article was taken from a Utah newspaper published in the neighborhood of where Hans Peter Freece was born from his father's second wife, and contained certain statements that his own sister contradicted. This article was published when I was in Norway filling appointments and holding conferences. But as I was the managing editor of the mission paper mentioned, I was held responsible for its contents. I called on Lawyer Angelo of Copenhagen and engaged him to take my case in defending myself against Mr. Freece. I gave him papers and documents which he might need in court.

In the evening of Nov. 23rd I went to Gjentofte by train and participated in a discussion which followed an anti-Mormon meeting in the hotel hall, where we had held forth the previous Friday evening. Our arch enemy, Mr. Johannes Thoresen from Silkeborg, who had been imported for the occasion, was the first speaker and dished out his usual quantity of abominable lies. He was followed by the local Lutheran priest (Mr. Plum), a Pastor Coch from Hellerup, and a merchant by the name of Christensen. On our side, Oluf F. Hansen, one of our own local brethren, I and Jos. K. Nicholes spoke. The meeting was, in the main, orderly, and the people listened with attention to both sides. We stood our ground well, though it proved, in my estimation, that as a rule no good comes out of a discussion, no matter how ably we may defend the cause, especially in a community where the great majority is against us. We left the meeting somewhat satisfied, but yet, thinking of a great many things which we ought to have said in our defense, which we did not say.

The next day I again went to Gjentofte, for the purpose of holding a meeting which we had appointed, but though the owner of the building had rented us the hall and received his

money for it, he refused to open the door to let us in, though the people assembled in large numbers—anxious to hear us speak, as everybody expected something from us after the previous night's experience. It was afterwards learned that a Mr. Christensen, a wealthy Indremissions agitator, who disturbed the meeting the previous Friday evening, was at the bottom of the whole plot, and that it was through him that the owner of the hall had closed his doors against us.

Early in December I visited Aarhus where I called upon the police to have them stop the scurrilous film drama called "Mormonens Offer" which was played for the first time in Aarhus on Dec. 4th. The chief promised to send a man to watch the play, and if there was anything obscene in it, he would stop it. This play had gone a round in pictures in Denmark and Norway for sometime as one of the most profitable pictures ever filmed. It seemed to suit the people's taste for sensational matter.

On Sunday, Dec. 10th, I delivered a successful lecture at Hellerup, near Copenhagen. The Copenhagen Branch choir was there to help us out. The parish priest was present and wanted a discussion after the meeting, but we thought it better not to allow him to speak, as we knew that he would endeavor to destroy the good influence which had been brought to bear upon the congregation. However, he was said to be rather a liberal-minded priest and in a few words, he remarked that one who is dissatisfied with infant baptism did not have to go to the "Mormons" for baptism by immersion; they could go to some recognized Christian sect; for instance the Baptists. He said also that most of what I had said was true Christian doctrine.

The Saints in Copenhagen remembered my birthday on Dec. 11th; many congratulatory letters and cards came, and at 6 p. m., according to in-

visitation, a number of Utah Elders and local members joined in a social. In the evening I baptized Niels C. L. Kjølby and his wife, and then together with other Elders I accompanied them to their home to partake of their hospitality. This family afterwards emigrated to Utah and we remained intimate friends for many years. I spent another Christmas very pleasantly with the Elders and Saints in Copenhagen, and a most interesting watch party was arranged for New Year's Eve. About 110 people were present. During the year, with its troubles, trials, joys and sorrows, I traveled about 20,160 miles. I delivered 313 public addresses, including 19 illustrated lectures, two open-air talks and 25 translations. About 290 of my speeches were given in Danish and 23 in English.

CHAPTER 62

(1912)

Visit to Bornholm—My Last Visit to the Conferences—Purchase of a Property in Bergen—Interesting Meetings—Farewell Incidents.

In the beginning of the year 1912 I was busy with the annual reports. In the afternoon of Jan. 1st we had a genuine leap year feast, at which the men provided baskets and the ladies drew numbers for partners. When I received my American mail, Jan. 6th, there was among it a letter from the First Presidency, written Dec. 22, 1911, containing, among other things, the following: "We take great pleasure in informing you that we have arranged with Elder Martin Christoffersen to succeed you as president of the Scandinavian Mission. Bro. Christofferson will leave here soon after the next April conference."

On Jan. 15th, I delivered an illustrated lecture to a temperance society in Copenhagen. My congregation consisted of 150 respectable people, who listened very attentively to the lecture, and at the end gave hearty applause. Both before that date and afterwards I delivered illustrated lectures in Søborg and Brøndshøj. Later,

I made a hurried visit to Aalborg and Aarhus. Richard C. Miller was appointed president of the Copenhagen Conference. On Feb. 9th I accompanied my lawyer, Wm. Angelo, and the witness, Peter Hansen, to the court room, and Elder Hansen gave a good and concise testimony, being well acquainted with the Freece family in Utah, he being a resident of Redmond, two miles from where the Freece family lived in the neighboring town of Salina.

On March 13th I wrote a letter to his Majesty the King of Denmark, expressing my desire to have an audience with him, so that I might bring a greeting from him to his former subjects in Utah. Through the assistance of the American Minister, the Hon. Mr. Swenson, everything was arranged for such an audience, but at the last moment the question was sprung as to whether or not I was a "Mormon". As the minister could not deny my religious adherence, the final answer was that the King would not give audience to a "Mormon." The real excuse given was that His Majesty's state of health prevented his granting the audience. In the spring of the year I gathered material and edited a new work of reference for use in the Mission.

On March 23, 1912, I received the following:

"Salt Lake City, Utah, March 8, 1912.
Pres. Andrew Jenson,
Copenhagen, Denmark:
Dear Brother:

We have already written you the fact that Elder Martin Christoffersen has been called to succeed you as president of the Scandinavian Mission, and now desire to say that he, with others, left here on the 6th inst., for New York, from which place he is to sail on the 15th inst., and we have just mailed to him, in your care, his letter of appointment to take effect as soon as it shall be deemed advisable for you to turn over the affairs of the mission to him, the date to be left to you and him to decide among yourselves. When this is done, you, of course, may consider yourself free to return home. In thus releasing you

it affords us very great pleasure indeed to say that your earnest, diligent and faithful labors have met with our entire approval and given us entire satisfaction, and we shall be glad to welcome you home again, after having performed such a good mission.

Praying God our Heavenly Father to continue to bless you and abundantly qualify you for further usefulness in the Church of which we all have the honor to be members, we are with kind love, your brethren and fellow-laborers,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
ANTHON H. LUND,
CHAS. W. PENROSE."

On March 23rd I left Copenhagen, together with Richard C. Miller, on the steamer "Scandia" on a trip to the Island of Bornholm. After a somewhat stormy passage, we arrived at Rønne on Sunday, March 24th. We made the round trip of the island, visiting Nexø, Svaneke, and Christiansø, the latter being one of a little group of four islands lying off the northeast coast of Bornholm. Here I gave an illustrated lecture in the evening of March 30th, 75 persons being present. We slept overnight in the "blue-room", which on a certain occasion was used as a bedroom by King Frederick VII of Denmark, when he visited the group as Crown Prince.

Returning to the main island I visited the little village of Arnager on March 26th, where I delivered an illustrated lecture to about one hundred people, who filled the small hall to its fullest capacity. I conversed with several of the older people who were acquainted with some of the Latter-day-Saints who joined the Church in Arnager in an early day, and who had subsequently emigrated to Utah. In early days Arnager and vicinity were a fruitful field for missionary work, and quite a number of families, who afterwards figured in Utah affairs, have come from Arnager. In the evening of March 27th I lectured to about 150 persons in the prohibition hall at Rønne. The same evening Elder Miller and I boarded the steamer at Rønne, which brought us safely to

Copenhagen on March 28th after a stormy passage.

In the evening of March 29th I boarded a steamer and sailed for Aarhus, starting on my last conference trip while filling this mission. The night was cold and stormy. With 27 Elders from Utah in attendance, we held a splendid conference in Aarhus, March 30th and 31st. Peter H. Sørensen was sustained as president of the Aarhus Conference to succeed Elder Peter C. Rasmussen. Besides attending the usual meetings in connection with the conference, I delivered a special lecture to a large and attentive audience, on the restoration of the gospel.

From Aarhus I proceeded to Aalborg, where 20 Elders from Zion, including Martin Christoffersen, who had arrived in Copenhagen March 31st, assisted me in the conference held April 6th and 7th. I delivered a special lecture on the resurrection. In the evening of April 9th a farewell party was given in my honor by saints and friends. I was presented with a number of presents and in my speech I referred to my earliest experiences in Denmark.

Leaving Aalborg on April 10th, Martin Christoffersen and I traveled by rail to Frederikshavn, and by steamer, across the Cattegat, to Göteborg, Sweden, where we met some of the Elders. Continuing the journey by rail from Göteborg, we arrived in Christiania April 11th. Accompanied by Pres. John Halverson, I proceeded to a lawyer's office, where I signed a document, completing a loan of 25,000 kroner on the Christiania property, which amount was to be applied for purchasing property in Bergen to be used as a conference home and assembly hall.

A splendid conference was held in Christiania on April 13th and 14th, attended by 25 Elders from Zion. From Christiania Elder Christoffersen and I crossed the mountains to Bergen, where we found some of the anti-Mormons in that city in commotion

because the "Mormons" had bought a good piece of property at a reasonable price, and that I had brought the money with me from Christiania to pay for it. It was fortunate that I arrived on that particular day, and could hand over the purchase sum at once. The Lutheran priests of Bergen had tried to influence the "Totalafholdsforening" to break their bargain, and not sell us the property, and the newspapers had teemed with lies and misrepresentations against us. Even the Bergen City Council had decided by unanimous vote to advise the government not to grant the concession that we had petitioned for to permit the property we had bought to be deeded to Pres. Joseph F. Smith. There was a new law in Norway at that time, which forbade a foreigner to hold real estate in Norway, except by special permission from the king. On my arrival I found the Elders in Bergen quite excited over the affair, as it was a common understanding among the people that the "Mormons" would never be permitted to take possession of the property. I assured the brethren that everything would come out all right, and that we would get what we had purchased.

On Tuesday, April 16th, I awoke with a decision on my mind to the effect that a board of directors (5 in number) be formed to receive the deed, and that I step in personally as the money-lender, so that the name of President Smith should not be known in the transaction. With that object in view I went to a lawyer (John Stabell), accompanied by Elders Martin Christoffersen and Hyrum D. Jensen, and he at once coincided with my views, and we engaged him to represent us at a meeting with the "Afholds" directors which had been appointed for 12:00 o'clock noon. I called a meeting of the Elders and some local brethren at the conference office (Kong Oskarsgade 5) and organized a branch committee consisting of three local saints and two American Elders. We then proceeded

to Kong Oskarsgade 44 and met with the "Afholds" directors and two lawyers, Mr. Stabell representing our side. I paid the sum stipulated, 19,000 kroner, and the deed was made out to "Bergens Menighed af Jesu Kristi Kirke af Sidste-Dages Hellige". I then had the five directors representing the "Bergens Menighed" make out a mortgage to me for 25,000 kroner, so that the Church as a whole was not known in the transaction; the mortgage which I took I could transfer to the Trustee-in-Trust at any time. The whole transaction was consummated with the best of feelings all around and the committee representing the old owners was pleased, though they had not expected that we would get the property, as the agitation against the "Mormons" in Bergen had been fierce ever since it became known that the "Mormons" intended to purchase the property ("Jury-Lokalet," No. 44 Kong Oskarsgade) for meeting purposes. We rejoiced exceedingly that we had thwarted the plans of our opponents, for while they were guarding "one gate", we went quietly into the other and took possession.

When it became known that we had petitioned the Norwegian government for permission to hold real estate in Norway, the Bergen City Council recommended to the government that the petition be denied. Our petition, at the time of my visit to Bergen, was still pending before the government, but whether it would be granted or not, we were in possession of the property, and Norwegians, not foreigners, were holding the title.

As soon as we had obtained the deed to the property the Elders began at once to move their effects from Kong Oskarsgade No. 5 to No. 44 in the same street, and before night we were located in our new quarters, where we hoisted the Norwegian flag on the flagpole in the front of the building and had a time of rejoicing. In the evening choir practice was held in the new hall, and many people gathered in front of the building to listen

to the songs of Zion. Bro. Christoffersen and I both made a few remarks to the choir, and congratulations were numerous for getting into such comfortable quarters. The purchased property contains a substantial two-story rock building, about 100 by 50 feet; there were good-sized rooms and a number of closets in the first story, and a large hall and three other rooms and a hallway in the second story. Besides these, there were three rooms in the attic. On the premises there were also sheds and outhouses. In my estimation this property was the best for the money the Church had ever bought in Scandinavia.

I was busy on April 17th at our new conference headquarters in Bergen, looking into financial affairs, and the Elders from Zion were busy arranging matters in their new home.

On April 18th I purchased for the Church 27 benches for use in our hall at a cost of 200 kroner. In the evening of Friday, April 19th, we held our first meeting in our new hall, it being a conference of the young people, attended by about two hundred persons.

On Saturday and Sunday, April 20th and 21st, we held a splendid conference in our new hall in Bergen. One of the meetings was attended by 350 people. I dedicated the building by prayer, and also made a short speech on the occasion.

In the evening of April 22nd we had a lovely feast, attended by 200 people, both saints and friends. The spacious hall was filled with tables and benches and all sat down to partake of a "square" meal in our new home. Six young girls, dressed beautifully in Hardanger costumes, waited on the tables, and a lively and interesting program was carried out. I sang my farewell song, and on being called back I gave "Aloha Oe". I felt myself very much endeared to the good saints in Bergen. Sister Rachel Moe wrote an original poem in my honor, and another sister, a young girl (Birgiht Petersen), wrote a similar poem. Still another poem was read on Sun-

day in my honor. During the feast I was presented with a Norwegian flag, mounted on a brass standard.

Throughout the conference, and in all my visits this time, the saints and many friends showed me marked attention. The weather was beautiful throughout.

On Tuesday, April 23rd, early in the morning, I met with the Elders in Bergen for prayer. In speaking a few parting words to them, my feelings overcame me and I believe we all had tear-filled eyes. The Elders and quite a number of local saints accompanied Bro. Christoffersen and me to the railroad station. We said goodbye to our friends in Bergen and left for Christiania, where we arrived at night, after a rather fatiguing ride. Elders met us at the station, and at the hall we joined in the festivities which had been arranged in honor of Pres. Halversen and myself. Beautiful presents were given us and Elder Blum, leader of the Christiania choir, had composed new music for my farewell song, entitled, "Farvel til gamle Norden", and it was sung most beautifully by Bro. Warring. Elder Anton J. T. Sørensen read an original poetical essay suitable for the occasion.

On April 24th Pres. John Halversen sailed from Christiania homeward bound, and Elder Carl M. Nielsen succeeded him in the presidency of the Christiania Conference. On Wednesday evening I lectured to a large audience on "Marriage and Morals among the Latter-day Saints". On April 25th I completed an additional loan of 5000 kroner on the Christiania property with Lawyer Eber, and in the afternoon Elder Christoffersen and I left Christiania by rail for Trondhjem, where we arrived the following day, April 26th. On Saturday and Sunday, April 27th and 28th, we held a good conference in Trondhjem. The spirit of testimony rested mightily on the people and a good impression was made upon both saints and friends who attended. As usual a Priesthood meeting was held on the Monday fol-

lowing. In the evening of that day I delivered a lecture on Palestine. At the close of the lecture a banquet was arranged in my honor, at which an enjoyable program was carried out. Refreshments were served and I sang my farewell song and made a few remarks, bidding farewell to the saints in that part of the mission. This interesting party broke up about midnight. During the banquet some of the choir members sang with emphasis my song "Blæs sagte I Storme" and also a translation of Parley P. Pratt's hymn "When shall we all meet again."

On April 30th I bade farewell to the saints and our friends in Trondhjem and with Martin Christoffersen traveled by rail to Christiania, where we arrived on May 1st. From Christiania we traveled by steamer to Copenhagen where we arrived the following day, May 2nd. On Saturday and Sunday, May 4th and 5th, we held a fine conference in Copenhagen, thirty-three Elders from Zion being present, and we enjoyed a great outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord. After the Priesthood meeting on Monday I lectured on the restoration of the gospel to a large audience. On May 7th I was busy taking stock and balancing the accounts of the mission preparatory to handing over the affairs of the mission to my successor.

On May 12th I received a letter from Pres. Rudger Clawson, written in Liverpool, dated May 9th, of which the closing paragraph read as follows:

"I read with interest the account of your farewell visits throughout the mission and the information that you have purchased a valuable piece of property in Bergen as a future home for the Elders in that conference. I congratulate you most heartily upon the success of your missionary labors, and trust that your homeward journey, when once undertaken, will be pleasant and profitable to you. You are certainly a 'lucky boy' in having the privilege to go home by way of Russia, Japan, Hawaii and California. Bro. Clawson wouldn't object to a

prospect of that kind. * * * Your undeviating friend and brother,
RUDGER CLAWSON."

In the afternoon of Sunday I delivered my farewell address in Copenhagen to a very large audience. My last testimony before leaving my field of labor seemed to make a deep impression upon my hearers. After the meeting I was subjected to a handshaking that nearly paralyzed my right arm. Much love and good feeling were manifested and I spent Tuesday, May 14th, in making ready for my departure, made several farewell calls on families of saints, and addressed the young people's meeting in the evening. The King of Denmark, Frederik VIII, died that day (May 14, 1912) in Hamburg. Elder Peter C. Rasmussen arrived from Aarhus to join me on my homeward journey through Russia.

In the morning of Wednesday, May 15th, the news of the death of King Christian VIII reached Copenhagen. I turned over the mission affairs to Bro. Christoffersen and immediately made ready to leave Denmark. In the afternoon I was at the open place at Amalienborg, the royal residence, together with 100,000 others and witnessed the proclamation making a new king of Denmark. The prime minister, Mr. Claus Berntsen, appeared on the portico of the second story of one of the four royal palaces constituting the castle complex called Amalienborg and announced in a loud, clear voice: "Kong Frederik den 8de er død. Længe leve Hans Majestæt Kong Christian den 10de." Then the new king, a tall handsome man, 40 years of age, stepped forward and delivered a neat little speech in which he promised that he would follow in the steps of his illustrious father and conscientiously guard the rights of the people. After the king had finished speaking, a male chorus sang, "Kong Christian stod ved højen Mast," which was received with hearty cheers. Then the new Queen and the two royal children

(boys) appeared and bowed to the people, being heartily cheered. Another national song was rendered, after which the immense crowd dispersed and the king descending from the portico entered his carriage and drove away, passing within a few feet of where I stood. By using my editorial card I had obtained a prominent position in the crowd and stood there during the ceremony, where I could see and hear what was going on very well. After these ceremonies I returned to Korsgade No. 11, said goodbye to a number of saints and friends, many of whom followed me to Havnegade, where they and several strangers gathered (nearly the whole membership of the Copenhagen branch), and here a scene of love and good will was enacted which I shall never forget. Bouquet after bouquet was fastened upon me, or placed in my hands, and good wishes and loving words in my behalf touched my heart and brought tears to my eyes again and again. I was scarcely more wrought upon when I took leave of family and friends three years and four months before in far-off Utah.

CHAPTER 63

(1912—continued)

Homeward Bound—From Denmark to Stockholm, Sweden—Visit Finland En Route—Travel by Rail Through European Russia and Siberia to Vladivostok—Brief Sojourn in Japan—In Crossing the Pacific We Call at Hawaii—From California to Utah.

In the evening of Wednesday, May 15, 1912, the little steamer "Sverige," which was taking Elder Peter C. Rasmussen and me away from Copenhagen, sailed for Malmö, Sweden, where we were met by Elder John J. Cederlund, who conducted us to the conference headquarters at Kornettsgatan No. 9, where a special meeting was in session. This meeting had been appointed and prolonged to give Elder Rasmussen and me an opportunity to speak. We addressed the assembly for about half an hour. Then followed handshaking and expressions of good will. The night was spent at the conference house in Malmö.

The following is a day by day account of the travels through Finland, Russia, Manchuria, Japan, Hawaii and California to Salt Lake City, Utah, culled from my private journal:



ELDER PETER C. RASMUSSEN

Thursday, May 16. Arising early Elder Peter C. Rasmussen and I proceeded to the railroad station in Malmö, Sweden, accompanied by Elders Bengt Johnson, jun., and John J. Cederlund and a few others. We bade adieu to these friends and left Malmö for Stockholm, where President Andreas Peterson met us at the railway station and took us in an automobile to the mission headquarters in Svartensgatan 3, where we found a meeting in session. I addressed the assembly about twenty minutes, followed by Bro. Rasmussen. At mission headquarters we met Elders Carl A. Carlquist, Geo. C. Mitchell, Sven Svenson, Arthur Nielsen and others.

Fri., May 17. I was busy in Stockholm changing Danish money for Russian money and buying a ticket for St. Petersburg. Together with Bro. Rasmussen and Elder Mitchell I visited the new building to be used in July next for the International Olympic, and next spent a few hours at the Royal Library, getting titles of anti-

Mormon publications for the Historian's Office.

Sat., May 18. Bro. F. F. Samuelsen arrived in Stockholm from Aarhus to accompany Elder Rasmussen and me to St. Petersburg. I spent most of the day writing letters and postal cards to family and friends. In the evening Elders Rasmussen and Samuelsen and I left Stockholm as first-class passengers on board the Finish steamer "Döbeln" and sailed out towards the Baltic among the numerous islands known as the Swedish Archipelago. The evening was beautiful, though a little cold, and we enjoyed the voyage immensely.

Sun., May 19. When we got on deck we saw nothing but sky and the blue waters of the beautiful Baltic. About 11:00 o'clock a. m. land was visible on our left and about 12:30 p. m. the ship entered the harbor of Hango. Here we stopped 1½ hours, during which time Brothers Rasmussen and Samuelsen and I went on shore, taking a walk in the little railway town containing about 3,000 inhabitants. It was the first time in my life that I stood upon Finland's soil.

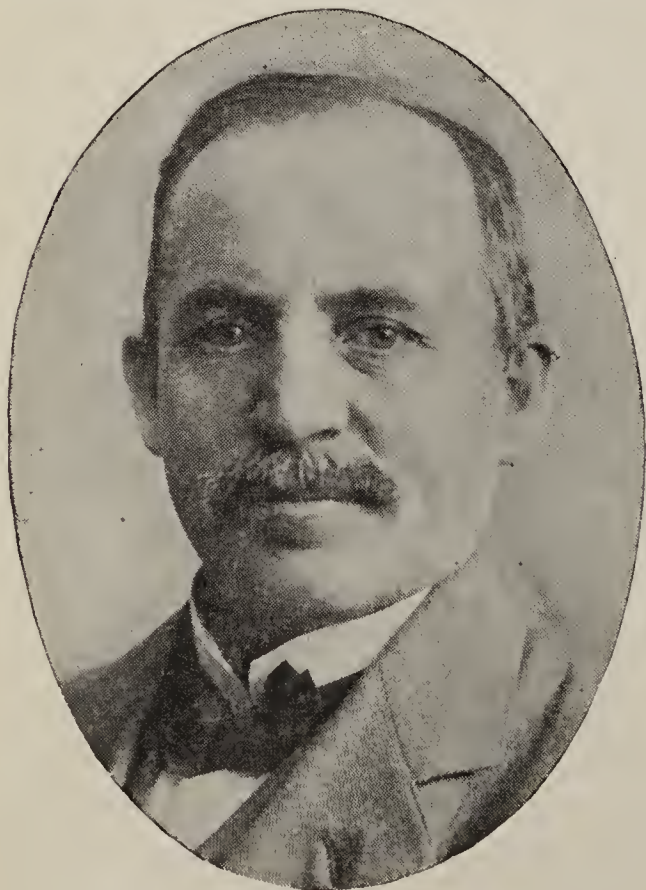
Finland at one time belonged to Sweden, but the Russians had taken

possession of the country by force, like the Germans in 1864 took Schlesvig away from Denmark; and the right of self or local government which the Finns to some extent had enjoyed under Russian rule was gradually being taken away from them by the Russians.

Continuing the voyage from Hango, we soon found ourselves in the bay of Finland, and the steamer stood out eastward till we were opposite Helsingfors, the capital of Finland; thence the steamer headed eastward and after passing in between a number of fortified islands, we entered the Helsingfors harbor. Here we landed, hired a carriage and drove around the city for an hour. Helsingfors is a beautiful city containing about 140,000 inhabitants.

Mon., May 20. As we arose at 8:00 o'clock a. m. we beheld a beautiful morning in the open sea, we having sailed from Helsingfors at 3:00 o'clock in the night. As we sailed eastward, vessels became more numerous and we passed several islands. At 5:00 o'clock p. m. we passed the city and fortifications of Kronstadt, where numerous Russian battleships were anchored. The strongly fortified islands drew our special attention. The afternoon was warm and pleasant, and the sun shining from a cloudless sky did much towards giving us a cheerful first impression of Russia. There were only a few passengers on board, among them two young Americans. We approached St. Petersburg through a beautiful and unique canal and sailed up the river Neva, anchoring near the Nicolai bridge. We showed our passports and after landing took a "drosky" to Hotel du Nord. Finding the prices there too high for our purse we drove to 51 Newsky Prospective, where we secured rooms more reasonable.

Tues., May 21. (Russian time May 8). We were busy in St. Petersburg, buying tickets for Tokyo, Japan, visiting places of interest such as the re-



ELDER FREDERIK F. SAMUELSEN

nowned Isaac Church, the beautiful church built over the place where Alexander II was killed, and Peter Pauls fortifications. We crossed the river Neva on the Troiski bridge. I also assisted Brother Samuelsen to get his return ticket. Bro. Samuelsen left us in the evening to return to Denmark. Elder Rasmussen and I paid 137 rubles each for our tickets from St. Petersburg to Tokyo, Japan.

Wed., May 22. (Russian time May 9). We arose early, walked to the railroad station, and managed to find the right train and got on board without much trouble. My limited knowledge of German helped me wonderfully during our travels through Russia.

We left St. Petersburg at 10:00 a. m. and traveled in a comfortable second class car to Moscow (610 versts or about 400 miles from St. Petersburg), where we arrived at 8:00 p. m. On the road we entertained ourselves with an Armenian and his young Russian wife, who could talk a little German. On our arrival at Moscow we found no one who could talk English or German, so we hailed a "drosky" driver who took us to the Hotel Metropole, where we at once made satisfactory arrangements for our stay, getting a room on the fourth story of a very large building for 5 rubles a day. While Bro. Rasmussen wrote, I took a long walk out into the city to orient myself in the old historic town of Moscow. Between St. Petersburg and Moscow we saw many small towns where nearly all the houses were small wooden structures and the whole appearance of the country indicated poverty. We also crossed several rivers which nearly everywhere had overflowed their banks, and placed many towns more or less under water.

Thurs., May 23. (Russian time May 10). We attended to business for our further transportation and visited the renowned Kremlin. Our visit there became so much more interesting by our meeting a polite young lawyer (Alexander Wilenkine) who could talk

English. He took pains to explain many things to us about the Kremlin and conditions in Russia. As we met him in the great court building within the walls of the Kremlin, he took us into a large court room where judge and jury entered to render an important decision, and then he took pains to tell us something about Russian jurisprudence which he in some respects thought superior to our American system. After leaving him, we visited the royal palace, the cathedrals, and the grand Alexander II monument. We entered one of the gates where custom compels all men to uncover their heads as they pass through. We of course followed suit. Leaving the Kremlin, we crossed the Moskva River on the bridge immediately above the Kremlin and on the opposite bank we had a most beautiful view of the Kremlin. We recrossed the river on the Moscovretzky bridge.

Fri., May 24. (Russian time May 11). We again visited the Kremlin, and then went by street car out into the suburbs of the city, where we visited the so-called Novo-Dyevichy Monastir (convent or nunnery), a most beautiful place enclosed by high walls. We happened to arrive just in time to attend a funeral and to hear and witness the orthodox Greek Church priests chant and pray, clad in their rather handsome white robes. A chorus of nuns sang and chanted after the priests. The graveyard and church buildings as well as the dwellings containing the cells of the nuns and the houses of the priests were very attractive. On our rambles in Moscow we also visited the "Church of the Redeemer" (Chram Christa Spassitelja), which is one of the most beautiful and costly buildings in the world. Hiring a drosky we went to the Kurski Railway Station, boarded the Siberian train and left Moscow or "Moskva" toward evening.

It was most interesting to watch from the car windows the disappearance of Moscow as we were carried

away from it; at last, looking back over the immense plain upon which Moscow is situated we could see nothing but the towers of the Kremlin and the domes and spires of the many other churches. We soon crossed the Moskva River, passed through a well cultivated country dotted with towns and villages, crossed the river Oka on a fine bridge and arrived in the city of Tula, a great manufacturing town. From Tula the train took an easterly course through the heart of Russia.

As good luck would have it, a Russian who could speak English shared our compartment with us, and was kind enough to post us about the country as we traveled along. Having paid for places to lie down we slept well during the night, though I was unable to hire bed clothes. Bro. Rasmussen had a traveling blanket with him and I covered myself with a couple of overcoats and got along very well. These second-class Russian cars have a passage running through them on one side and the car is divided into six compartments, each of which accommodate four passengers. The back of the seats, which hang on hinges, are turned up at night and thus form upper berths. With only four in a compartment, travelers can make themselves quite comfortable, but the passengers must bring their own bed clothes along, except on the tri-weekly express trains running through Siberia; the coaches on these are all sleepers and everything needed for comfort is furnished. It was our intention to have traveled in an express train, which makes the journey to Vladivostok from Moscow in about nine days, but we applied for passage too late, and consequently had to travel by slower trains which take 12 days or more to make the same journey.

Sat., May 25. (Russian time May 12). In the morning we beheld a green, well cultivated country and noticed that spring in this part of Russia was much farther advanced

than between St. Petersburg and Moscow. We ate breakfast in Merchansk, where our English-speaking friend left us. Leaving Merchansk we continued the journey eastward, stopped for dinner in Pensa and crossed the great Volga river about 11:00 o'clock p. m. During the day we passed through several cities of considerable size and many very extensive pine forests. The population in this part of Russia was mainly composed of Tartars of the Mohammedan faith. The day was warm and pleasant. After our English-speaking friend left us, we made the most of a fine young Siberian student who could speak about as much German as I could. We could discover neither Americans, Germans or Englishmen on our long train. This, of course, made the journey less interesting for us.

Sun., May 26. (Russian time May 13). I arose soon after midnight to get a look at the city of Samara as we stopped at the station a few minutes. Early in the day we passed Bougourouslan and then traveled through a steppe-like country in a northeasterly direction to the river Belaya, which we crossed just before reaching the city of Oufa. After crossing the Oufa river we commenced ascending toward the Ural mountains. I watched the scenery until a late hour. The day was cold and stormy. During the day we passed through a number of large and important towns and through an apparent rich country, though sparsely inhabited. We were getting used to Russian methods and Russian food, but could not get accustomed to the language. By some effort I began to read the Russian characters or letters, so that I could use my Russian time table and notice the names of the stations as we passed along. Since we left Merchansk we had been only three in our compartment, but tonight a Tartar slept with us as a fourth man; he could neither speak English nor German, but we talked with him by signs.

Mon., May 27. (Russian time May 14). I arose early to watch the scenery as we were climbing the Ural mountains; about 4:00 o'clock a. m. we passed Zeatoonst and soon afterwards at the little station of Urzhumka we reached the summit of the Ural mountains, which for a long distance north and south form the boundary between Europe and Asia. A stone pyramid with the inscription "Europe" on one side and "Asia" on the other stands on the summit about 2,500 feet above sea level. From this summit we noticed a mountain top on our left, where there was a wireless telegraph station from which messages were sent to St. Petersburg, and as far east as Vladivostok. A snow-capped range of mountains was noticed on our right. From the Ural we descended upon the great Siberian plain known as the steppes, where grass was plentiful but trees scarce. The plains seemed to be as endless as the sky above it. The Ural mountains are mostly timber covered. In passing we saw several mining towns which in some respects were like our American mining towns. About 9:00 o'clock a. m. we arrived at Cheliabinsk, the first town of importance reached in Siberia from the west. The town has at present about 2500 inhabitants and is situated on the river Mias 2058 versts (about 1370 miles) from Moscow, or 2451 versts by shortest route from St. Petersburg. At Cheliabinsk we changed cars and continued the journey eastward at 11:00 a. m. Bro. Rasmussen and I had a compartment to ourselves to begin with. As we traveled along we soon tired over the scenery, steppes and sky never-ending. We passed through a number of growing railway towns, surrounded by extensive farming districts. Among the more important stations at which we stopped during the afternoon and evening, Shumikka, Kurgan, Makushino and Petropavlovsk may be mentioned. At Kurgan we crossed the river Tobol.

Tues., May 28. (Russian time May 15). Another beautiful day dawned

with a clear sky and endless steppes. Early in the morning we passed the town of Isil-Kul and later we crossed the great river Irtysh or Om and arrived at Omsk, a large and important town of Siberia and one with an interesting history. At present it is a center for Danish butter-making and other industries. Continuing the journey eastward we passed Tartarskaya, Kainsk and Chulym. We became accustomed to getting hot water at the railway stations free of charge (the Russian government furnishing the same) and buying bread, eggs, "sanskah," cheese, and other "eats," from women venders. At nearly every station, when the train stopped, women, standing behind long tables, were at their post, and as soon as the train stopped the passengers engaged in a race with each other for supplies. I ate soup with bread at the station buffet. A plate of soup cost 30 kopecks, a loaf of bread 5 kop., a pint of milk 10 kop., an egg 4 kop. A good meal generally cost one ruble—50 cents in American money (1 ruble equals 100 kopek). Bro. Rasmussen and I generally bought our food and ate it in the cars. We ate at least three times a day and, as our appetites were good, we ate with relish, thanks to the hot water so easily obtained en route.

Wed., May 29. (Russian time May 16). A little after midnight we crossed the great river Ob and rolled into the growing town of Novo-Nikolavski. Here a young woman (a Russian) was ushered into our compartment, and though at first we looked upon her as an intrusion, she afterwards became good company for us, as she was sociable and talkative, and she could speak a few words of English. She traveled with us to Irkursk and we missed her very much when she had left us. After crossing the river Ola the country changed feature; instead of the everlasting steppes we entered the so-called taiga or woodland, where a thrifty growth of small trees is seen, mainly upon swampy lowlands. About 9:00 a. m. we arrived

at Taiga where our young friend, Mr. Saveljeff, left us, taking a branch line to Tomsk. After that we began to neighbor with a Russian student, who could talk German, and a Chinaman who could talk a little English and also an elderly Russian drummer who could talk German. From Taiga we traveled through the taiga country and stopped for meals, or to buy food, at Marlinsk, Bogotol, Achinsk, and Chernorechenskaya, crossed the Kiya and Chulzm and other rivers, and felt that we were making some headway toward the Pacific.

Thurs., May 30. (Russian time May 17). I got up just as we rolled into Krasnoyorsk, one of Siberia's leading manufacturing and trading towns. It lies on the river Yenisei, which we crossed soon after on a splendid bridge. The country in this part of Siberia is mountainous. During the day we stopped for meals and supplies at Kanski, Taishet, Nizhneudinskaya and other places. Near Kanski we crossed the Kan river. Later in the day we crossed the Birusa river and the Uda river late in the evening.

Fri., May 31. (Russian time May 18). We continued to travel through a heavy timbered, mountainous country. Early in the morning we passed Tulun and about 8:00 o'clock local time (3:30 a. m. St. Petersburg time) we arrived at Zima, after crossing the river Oka, and arrived at Irkutsh about 5:00 o'clock p. m. Here we changed cars (3048 versts or 2028 miles from Cheliabinsk) and I wanted to spend a few hours here in order to see Siberia's second city in point of importance, but Bro. Rasmussen desired very much to go on. Hence we secured seats in the train which left Irkutsh an hour after our arrival and traveled down the Angara river to Lake Baikal. Here the scenery is lovely beyond description. For several years after the building of the great Siberian railway, passengers and goods were ferried across the Baikal, but shortly before we arrived a railway had been built

at an enormous expense around the south end of the lake to connect with the railway on the east side. Lake Baikal is the largest and deepest fresh water lake in the old world and is surrounded by mountains. In making the railway around the lake the road-bed had to be cut in solid rock most of the way. I watched the scenery as we passed in and out of tunnels until the south end of the lake was reached and then retired. We had a little trouble about securing comfortable seats at Irkutsh, but by tipping the railway officials we obtained a compartment to ourselves.

Sat., June 1. (Russian time May 19). During the night we had rounded Lake Baikal and in the morning the train was climbing the mountains lying immediately east of the lake, traveling along the Selenga river; we stopped for breakfast at Berkknendinsk and arrived at Zaigraevo at 8:00 a. m. The mountain regions in this transbaikal territory reminded us of the scenery immediately north of Sanpete Valley, Utah. We crossed a mountain ridge to Petrovsk Works and later in the day at the station of Talboga we saw several wandering Buriats. They are said to be a cross between the Chinese and Tartars, and are very ugly in appearance.

Along the line were numerous gangs of men engaged in widening the track bed in order to make the great Siberian road a double-tracked one. It was interesting to note how the sandy slopes of deep cuts were finished by driving small stakes in the ground about six inches apart for forming regular squares and then interweaving them with wicker work. For many miles we followed the river Khilop and at last reached the summit of the Yablonovn mountains between the stations of Sakhando and Yablonovaya which divides the headwaters of the river Kuku, a tributary of the Ingoda, flowing eastward to the Pacific. From the headwaters of the Khilok the water flows westward toward Lake Baikal, and thence far off into the Arctic

Ocean. About 11:00 p. m. we arrived at Chita, on the Chita River, one of the original Siberian penal colonies. Here a number of other passengers came into our car and we had to share our compartment with a man, a boy, and a dog during the night.

Sunday, June 2. (Russian time May 20). During the night we had traveled for a long distance down the Ingoda river and passed Aga. Shortly after having crossed the Borch river, we saw a caravan of camels traveling on a wagon road in the same direction that we were going. As we neared Manchuria we noticed large encampments of Russian soldiers, and we learned from fellow passengers that Russia constantly kept a large army near the frontiers, ready to rush into that territory in case of revolt or disturbances about the railroad. We crossed the boundary line into the town of Manchuria at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

Learning that we would have to stop at this frontier town 15 hours, we determined to put the time to the best possible advantage. I took three lengthy rambles through the interesting town, where the Chinese predominate and Russian soldiers and police govern. We found the Chinese bazaar especially interesting. Here all kinds of food and trinkets were offered for sale by the hundreds of vendors. Being invited by our friend the Belgian consul, we accompanied him and his wife to a moving picture show, which was at par with shows of a similar kind shown in other countries. After returning to the station at a late hour, I sat up the remainder of the night writing my journal, while Bro. Rasmussen in the midst of other passengers who, like us, were waiting for the next train, tried to snatch a little sleep sitting in a chair. The town of Manchuria has about 12,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the Russian soldiers who had a large encampment on the south side of the railroad, while the business town was on the opposite side of the track. Manchuria is situ-

ated in an open, treeless prairie country, and its environment reminds me very much of Cheyenne, Wyoming, as I first saw that town in 1870.

Mon., June 3. (Russian time May 21). We ate bread and milk for breakfast in Manchuria, had our passports viseed and our luggage examined by the custom officials and prepared to continue our journey eastward. Our Belgian friend secured a place in the same compartment with us for himself and wife, and we found them pleasant and obliging companions. The wife spoke only Russian, but understood considerable of what we said. At 8:00 o'clock a. m. we rolled out of Manchuria and traveled all day through a sparsely settled country. At each station where we stopped, the Chinese population seemed to be out en masse to see the train, and Russian soldiers, armed to the teeth, were present everywhere. A little army also traveled with us on the train. At Kingan we passed through a long tunnel (it took us seven minutes to go through) and we soon reached Bogoda, where we ate supper. During the day we passed a Chinese prison, from which it is said thousands of Chinese robbers have been led forth to execution.

Tues., June 4. (Russian time May 22). At 10:00 a. m. we crossed the great river Sungari and entered the new city of Harbin. Here we parted reluctantly with Consul Wilfrid Grosjean and wife who were to live in Harbin, and while the train stopped at the Harbin station one hour and ten minutes I walked into the commercial part of the city and witnessed many things that greatly interested me. In the course of a few years Harbin has grown from an insignificant Chinese village to a city of 50,000 inhabitants. It is perhaps, at present, as wicked a city as can be found on earth. Robberies, theft, and murders occur almost daily. Even the Russian soldiers cannot, with their iron rule, keep order in that city. There were some fine modern buildings in Harbin, but most of

the houses were low one-story edifices and the bulk of the inhabitants Chinese. We continued our journey at 11:10 a. m. and found that we had a new room mate, a Mr. A. H. Hofschneyder, who could talk English, German, Greek, Italian and Russian. He was quite sociable and told us many things about the country through which we traveled, some of which, however, may have been exaggerated. But we were thankful for his company.

At every station we saw multitudes of Chinese dressed in almost every conceivable style of dress and mixed among them were the tall, good-looking Russian soldiers. Near Emianpa, where we ate supper, Mr. Hofschneyder drew our attention to some low mountain ridges in which he said the so-called Hungusers (renegade Chinamen who have turned robbers) had their strongholds, from which they often emerged to commit robberies and murders, and sometimes to kidnap rich people, or their children, and then demand huge sums as ransom.

Before leaving us at Harbin, our Belgian friend informed me that a Russian official the day before had observed that I was making notes. This official had called Mr. Grosjean to one side to inquire if I were a spy who should be arrested. My friend explained that I was an American journalist, making notes for his paper, and that I was absolutely harmless as far as the Russian government was concerned. Upon the consul promising that he would be responsible for me, the officer dropped the matter. I had been taking notes at the time without thinking of giving offense to Russians, but after this little episode I was very careful about writing when anybody saw me.

Wed., June 5. (Russian time May 23). I was much pleased with the appearance of the country through which I passed. At 9:00 o'clock we crossed the boundary line between Manchuria and the Russian province known as the Littoral Territory, or the Ussuri

district, into the Russian town of Pogranichnaia, where we stopped an hour. Continuing our journey (going through two short tunnels), we passed Prodekovo, where the soldiers' barracks and the almost innumerable small white lumber houses of the more permanent Russian inhabitants courted our special attention.

At Nikolskoe, our friend Mr. Hofschneyder left us to go north on another train, and we continued our journey from Nikolskoe down the Sui-fun river to Razdolnoe and soon reached the Uglovoi Bay, an arm of the Pacific Ocean, which we had longed to see for several days. At 7:25 o'clock p. m. we rolled into the beautiful new station at Vladivostok, thankful indeed that our long and somewhat tedious railway journey was at last ended. For twelve days we had traveled continuously with the exception of the 16 hours we laid by waiting for a train in Manchuria. We traveled the following distances since we left St. Petersburg on May 22nd:

St. Petersburg to Moscow..	610 verst
Moscow to Chiliabinsk	2,058 "
Chiliabinsk to Irkursk	3,048 "
Irkursk to Manchuria	1,424 "
Manchuria to Vladivostok....	1,605 "
<hr/>	
Total	8,745 verst

On our arrival in Vladivostok I left Elder Rasmussen at the railway station to look after our satchels, while I went out in town and engaged a room at the Grand Hotel (4 rubles for the night), which we immediately took possession of; but before retiring we took a long ramble through the heart of the town.

Thurs., June 6. (Russian time May 24). We arose quite early and first went to the harbor to arrange for our passage to Japan. We already had tickets to Tokyo, and a steamer belonging to the Russian volunteer fleet was in the harbor to sail for Tsurugu in the afternoon. We next called at the American consulate, our attention

being drawn to it by an American flag floating in the breeze in front of a large building; there we had a pleasant conversation with a Mr. Newhart belonging to the consulate. It afforded us much satisfaction to have the opportunity to converse freely with an American in good English, a privilege that we had not enjoyed since we left the Elders in Stockholm. And then to see good "Old Glory" in this far-off corner of the globe!

We next proceeded to the great business house belonging to the firm of Hunst & Albers, where we at once became acquainted with two young Danes, Valdemar Hansen and Hugo de Nully Brown, who were most affable and accommodating to us, the latter showing us through the establishment and helping us to buy a few articles to take home. After an extensive walk through the center of the city (which had about 60,000 inhabitants) and along the busy wharves, we hired a Chinaman to take our valises to the steamship "Penza."

Precisely at 2:00 o'clock we sailed from Vladivostok and enjoyed the scenery very much as we passed out of the Bay of the Golden Horn, on which the city we were leaving is situated, and through the East Bosphorus Strait to the open Japanese Sea. Vladivostok is built on slopes which rise to the height of from 300 to 487 feet above sea level. It looks grand and imposing from the seaside. Before we sailed I regulated my watch setting it according to local time. I had retained St. Petersburg time since I left that city and found on arriving at Vladivostok that my watch was 6 hours and 46 minutes behind local time. In other words, when the clock shows 12 noon in St. Petersburg it is 6:46 p. m. of the same day in Vladivostok. The difference of time between St. Petersburg and Copenhagen is 1 hour and 11 minutes, and consequently there is a difference of 7 hours and 57 minutes between Copenhagen and Vladivostok. Hence, since leaving Copenhagen we had traveled nearly one

third the distance around the globe. Another one-third would bring us home to Salt Lake City.

Before night we were far out upon the blue waters of the Japanese Sea, the last headland being passed upon our left about 4 p. m. In the second cabin, where we became comfortably located (two of us in a large state room), we were thrown together with nine other passengers, all Russians, except one heavy-set, whiskey-bloated Frenchman, and a pleasant young Austrian, with whom I conversed in German. The captain of the "Penza," who could speak English, was very kind to us.

Fri., June 7. The weather continued good. I spent the day reading, writing and conversing. I also visited with the captain, Fritz Tenne, who gave me some useful information about Japan. The weather was fine.

Sat., June 8. As we looked out of the port hole of our state room we beheld the mountainous shores of Japan in close proximity, and we steamed into the Tsuruga Bay, landing at Tsuruga at 6:00 o'clock by steam launch, as the ship cast anchor a short distance from the wharf. We passed through the customs without trouble, hired two jinrikishas to take us through the town to the railway station, a distance of about two miles. This was the second time I rode in a jinrikisha (a two-wheeled cart propelled by human instead of horse flesh), and we found this way of locomotion at least interesting. In passing thus through the town of Tsuruga, following some of its main thoroughfares, we got a pretty good idea of a Japanese town.

Securing seats in a small Japanese second class railroad car, we left Tsuruga at 7:39 a. m.; first, our journey led through an open valley covered with rice fields, then through mountains, following canyons and passing through tunnels, some of them quite long. Emerging from the mountains we came to an open country, skirted Lake Biwa and arrived at Mai-

bara at 9:30 a. m. Here we changed cars and stopped about 1½ hours, during which I took a long walk through the town. At 11:05 a. m. we continued our journey by the Shimbashi (Tokyo) express, and traveled through valleys and mountains, crossed several large rivers and stopped a short time at the principal stations, such as Ogaki, Gifu, Nagoya (where we saw a large



ANDREW JENSON RIDING IN A
JINRIKISHA

castle and other large buildings), Hamamatsu, Shidzuoka, Numadzu, Kodzu and Hiranuma. Soon after leaving Nagoya we saw the Pacific Ocean, and from that point on we skirted its shores at intervals.

On our left we saw the great mountain Fuji (the so-called Sacred Mountain of Japan), 12,370 feet high. It is an extinct volcano, and the highest mountain in the country. Everything that we saw and witnessed in Japan was so different from Russia that it seemed as if we suddenly had dropped into a new or different world. The clattering of wooden-bottomed slippers on the feet of the natives at the stations, and the cries of venders of

wares at the stations were deafening, and yet it was very amusing indeed to see these little Japs imitate the Anglo-Saxons in dress, manners and general deportment. Throughout, these Japs that we met on that journey seemed extremely obliging and courteous, and quite a number of the men could speak English.

At 8:30 p. m. we arrived at the Shimbashi station in the outskirts of Tokyo (314 miles from Tsuruga). Here we were met by Pres. Elbert D. Thomas and Elder James Scowcroft and a native brother, Takahashi. We were overjoyed indeed to see these our dear brethren, as it was dark, and it would have been a most difficult problem to find our way anywhere alone. I had telegraphed Pres. Thomas from Tsuruga in the morning telling him that we were coming. Our valises were sent by jinrikishas to the mission office at 81 Yakuojimae-Machi, Ushigome Ku, while we went there by street car. At the mission house, a comfortable and attractive building, erected in foreign style, we met Elders Melvin F. Barton, James A. Miller and Heber Grant Ivins, and also Sister Edna Harker Thomas, wife of Pres. Thomas. The cordial reception given us made us feel at home at once.



PRESIDENT ELBERT D. THOMAS

Sun., June 9. We attended the Sunday School at the mission house at Tokyo from 9 to 10:30 a. m., and listened with interest to what was going on, though we could not understand the language used. Sister Thomas, who was teaching the children's class, made the session very interesting by showing some stones and relics from Palestine, which I lent her for the purpose. From 11:00 a. m. to 12:00 noon we attended the Sacrament meeting, at which I spoke about 20 minutes, with Bro. Barton as interpreter, followed by Elder Rasmussen. Our remarks seemed to be appropriate for the occasion and to give good satisfaction. In the public meeting, commencing at 7:30 p. m., Elder Barton preached a gospel sermon. About 55 people, mostly children, attended the Sunday School, twenty the Sacrament service and thirty the evening meeting.

We enjoyed the day, though we could not converse with the people, with the exception of a few who could talk a little English. In being introduced to the different members and friends after the meetings, we noticed the awkwardness of some of the natives in shaking hands, a custom with which the Japanese do not seem to be acquainted. They simply bow to each other when they greet one another, and hardly touch each other. Our Sunday in Japan was a new experience to us indeed. In a walk between meetings we visited two Buddha temples.

Mon., June 10. I spent the forenoon writing and reading the "Deseret News". About noon, accompanied by Elder Ivins, Bro. Rasmussen and I went by street car to the Shimbashi station, where we met Pres. Thomas and then traveled by rail about 18 miles to Yokohama (a city of about 350,000 inhabitants), where we arrived about 2:00 p. m. We then traveled about a mile to the business center of the city, or to the office of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha steamship line office and secured passage on the

"Tenyo Maru" for America, to sail for San Francisco the next Sunday (June 16th).

We next took another jinrikisha ride through the heart of the city to a certain bridge, whence we walked quite a distance to a wooded hillside outside of the city, where Apostle Heber J. Grant and the three other Elders with him met for prayer on Sept. 1, 1901, and dedicated the Empire of Japan for the preaching of the gospel. Since that time this spot has been looked upon as sacred and has frequently been visited by Elders. We all three engaged in prayer and felt the presence of God's Holy Spirit. I prayed first and was followed by Elders Rasmussen and Thomas. We almost shed tears of joy, as we prayed earnestly and sincerely for the success of the Japanese Mission and for ourselves and families in Zion.

After this pleasant experience, we took a long walk through a foreign quarter of Yokohama known as the Bluff district, reached an elevated spot affording a fine view of the harbor and finally traveled by jinrikishas back to the railway station, whence we returned by train to Shimbashi and by street car to our missionary home in Ushigome Ku.

Tues., June 11. Spent all day at the mission headquarters, culling historical notes and writing letters and post cards to family and friends.

Wed., June 12. Busy all day at the mission office culling historical notes from the records of the mission for Church history. In the evening I addressed a Japanese class in English—a class taught by Elder Ivins in the mission house. There were nearly thirty intelligent students present who listened attentively to my little speech on proper living and practical Christianity, advising the natives to copy the virtues, but not the vices of the whites. Elder Rasmussen also spoke. I was becoming quite interested in the Japanese people.

Thurs., June 13. In company with

Pres. Thomas I spent all day making purchases and in sight-seeing. I bought several articles to take home. We visited the Shiba temple (Buddha), the entrance to the Imperial Palace, and the Usakusa Park, where we climbed a high tower and obtained a beautiful view of the city. Thence we again crossed the city by street car to the Uena Park, where we saw a large statue of Buddha, and also a statue of the renowned General Komatsu (meaning a little pine tree). We saw two trees which had been planted by Gen. U. S. Grant and wife during their visit to Japan in 1879. We thoroughly enjoyed our visits, and must at least have traveled 20 miles by street car alone besides walking many miles.

Most of the articles to take home were bought in business houses known as the "Mitsukoshi". Tokyo is a great city and by far the most unique of all the large cities of the world that I ever visited. It is said to cover an area of nearly 10 miles square, and to contain two and one-half million inhabitants. The streets are nearly all narrow and crooked, but order and politeness seem to be the rule everywhere.

In the evening, in response to an invitation, we visited Sister Saigo, one of the most devout and faithful members of the Church in Tokyo, who lived in a genuine Japanese home. She and her mother and brother treated us royally, though we had to sit on mats spread on the floor while eating and being entertained with music by some native instruments that jarred our senses very much, and yet with the Japanese it was supposed to be classic and fine music. Our sister could talk a little English, so the time passed pleasantly. Altogether this was a "red letter day" in our travels. While Pres. Thomas escorted me, Bro. Rasmussen was being conducted through the town by Brother Miller. On our return to the office late in the evening we met another of our Elders laboring in Japan, viz., William Sam-

uel Ellis, who called at mission headquarters on his way from Kofu to Sapporo, on the island of Hokkaido.

Fri., June 14. I spent all day at the mission headquarters assisted by Pres. Thomas and Elder Heber Grant Ivins, culling from the missionary journal such important items which I thought would be wanted for Church history.

Sat., June 15. Having worked till nearly 2:00 o'clock the night before, I arose late, but finished the historical work that I wished to do by noon. In the afternoon Sister Thomas and child and Brother Rasmussen and I rode out in jinrikishas about two miles to the Peers School (school of nobles), where we witnessed Pres. Thomas and Elder Ivins, Barton and Miller, and three other Americans play base ball with Japanese players. It was the intention that the Tokyo-American team, of which our Elders were members and Elder Ivins captain, should have played a base ball team representing the Peers School; but only seven of the American team came, our boys were divided and played with the Japanese boys (i. e., Elder Ivins and Barton and other Americans on our side and Pres. Thomas and Elder Miller and our other Americans with 6 Japanese opposing them). The scoring was 4 to 3 in favor of the team in which Elder Ivins and Barton played. There were six innings played, and the game throughout was well played and interesting. Among the audience were three princes of the royal blood—as far as we could learn, grandchildren of the present Emperor of Japan. Sister Thomas and Brother Rasmussen and I had seats immediately behind the princes. On our return to the office Sister Ei Nachie made us a present. The girl who works at the mission house treated us all to a splendid Japanese supper which we endeavored to eat in the regular Japanese way. Bro. Rasmussen and I were becoming experts at the use of the "chop sticks".

Sun., June 16. We arose quite early to make ready for our departure, but

before we got away the Sunday School children had gathered to the number of fifty or more, and we said good-bye to them in the Japanese way by bowing quite deeply. The children answered in concert by saying "sayonara", repeating it several times before we left the premises. It made a deep impression upon us. I gave each of the children a printed photo of myself.

Bro. Thomas accompanying us, Brother Rasmussen and I took the street car to the old foreigners quarters, where we saw the "Hotel Metropole," at which Elder Heber J. Grant and fellow missionaries first lived after locating in Tokyo. We also visited the St. Luke's Hospital, where Elder James Scowcroft had undergone an operation in the breast a few days before; he was getting along fine, the operation having been very successful.

We also visited Tokyo East Hongwauji, the most elaborate Buddha temple in Tokyo. Unlike all other temples that we have seen this was a clean one. In other Buddha temples that we had entered, pigeons were allowed full sway, but all birds were kept out of this one. At the Chimbashi station Sister Thomas and child joined us and the four of us left at noon for Yokohama, where five jinrikishas took us to the steamer "Tenyo Maru" lying in the Yokohama harbor. We boarded that fine ship at once. Bro. Thomas, wife and child took lunch with us and helped to locate us snugly in our state room. At 3:00 p. m. we took leave of Brother and Sister Thomas and the ship sailed. The water being low (tide out) we were delayed just outside of the entrance to the harbor and did not get fairly under way till 5 p. m. The evening being cloudy and misty we did not enjoy the scenery as we sailed out as much as we would have done had the day been clear. About 9:00 p. m. we passed a lighthouse on our left which was the last we saw of Japan, and when we retired we were fairly out on the great Pacific.

Mon., June 17. The day was cloudy

and a little cold. I spent most of the day reading "The Conquest of Mexico," by Prescott. The ship's log, posted up at noon, read as follows: Lat. 34° 58'. Long. 144° 33' 30". Distance run 271 miles from Yokohama. To Honolulu 2117 miles.

Tues., June 18. I spent the day mostly reading and watching the other passengers play games.

Wed., June 19. I wrote a narrative of part of the journey for "Bikuben." At the dinner table copies of a small newspaper published on board were circulated. It contained telegrams dated Tokyo, June 17th, telling of rains, floods and railway disasters in Japan, and one dated Chicago, stating that Col. Roosevelt had arrived in Chicago and was dissatisfied because the commission had given all the contested seats to Taft without looking into the merits of the case.

Thurs., June 20. The sun peeped from behind the clouds the first time since we sailed from Yokohama. I spent the day reading and writing. The young people danced on the upper deck in the evening. It was interesting to watch the passengers and to see how they were employing their time. We were 173 passengers in the first class, among them a few Japanese. According to the printed list there were 7 clergymen, 3 majors and 3 doctors on board. All the rest had only "Mr.," "Mrs." or "Miss" as a prefix to their names. Some of the passengers were continually reading, others promenading the decks, again others playing deck games, some playing cards, others conversing, a few courting, many smoking, and a number drinking. The ship was one of the most comfortable and convenient that I had ever traveled on. There was almost everything imaginable to make life pleasant on board. Breakfast was served in the large dining hall at 8:30 a. m., broth (on deck) at 11:00 a. m., tiffin at 1:00 p. m., tea at 4:00 p. m., dinner at 7:00 p. m., and supper at 10:00 p. m. Gongs were sounded to announce meal hours. Most of the pas-

sengers seemed to be wealthy people and to be traveling for pleasure. There were 38 passengers in the 2nd class and 439 in the 3rd. The ship's crew, all told, consisted of 255 men and a lady; hence, there were 926 souls on board.

Fri., June 21. We were getting into a warmer climate, though it was still cloudy. I spent most of the day reading and writing. In the evening about 30 Japanese wrestlers entertained the people with feats of wrestling, all naked except around the waist and loins. Considerable skill was manifested. After that the passengers met in the smoking saloon and engaged in betting on how many knots or nautical miles the ship would make the following day. The selling of numbers from 268 to 392 brought from \$3 to \$23 a number; then all below that was sold for \$17 and the "high field" brought \$43. The man that got the right number was to have 50 per cent of all moneys, the ones having 5 numbers below or above were to have 25 per cent each. About \$200 was risked altogether.

Fri., June 21 (the second time). As we crossed the 180 degree of longitude this day we had two Fridays this week. I spent part of the day writing. In the afternoon games arranged by a committee were played and in the evening moving pictures were shown on the upper deck. The moon came out most beautifully in the evening.

Sat., June 22. I sent a wireless telegram to Pres. Woolley of the Sandwich Islands as follows: "Please meet me at Honolulu Monday morning with mission records after 1895. Andrew Jenson."

Sun., June 23. We attended religious service in the dining saloon. Rev. J. N. Mills, a minister from Evanston, Illinois, preached the sermon. He was a broad-minded man on some points. Referring to the newly organized Christian Church of China, he said though it might be different to the Church (Presbyterian) that he represented, it might perhaps be just as

good, perhaps even better. I agreed with his statement, as one man-made church might be just as good as another and even better.

Mon., June 24. About 4:00 o'clock a. m. we were sailing between the island of Kauai (on our left) and Ne-hau (on our right), and at 9 p. m. we sighted the island of Oahu; about 2:00 p. m. we were near the city of Honolulu. The health officers and custom house officers came out in a small craft and boarded our ship. All the passengers passed before the doctors, and at 4:00 p. m. we went on shore. Bro. Rasmussen and I walked to the conference house on Punch Bowl street, where we received a hearty welcome. The brethren had looked for us all day, but had been led astray by the telephone people who had said that the "Tenyo Maru" had not been sighted, when it lay in the harbor.

Tues., June 25. After meeting with many dear friends, some being Hawaiians, Elder Ernest L. Miner, president of the Honolulu Conference, accompanied Bro. Rasmussen and me to the top of the mountain called Punch Bowl from which we enjoyed a most glorious sunset as "King Sol" was disappearing behind the rugged heights of the Oahu mountains beyond Pearl Harbor. After supper seven of us—Pres. Miner and little daughter Odetta Miner, Sisters Kate McAllister, and Mamie Abbott (lady missionaries), Sister Mercy Hadfield (a visitor from Utah), Bro. Rasmussen and I—went down town and listened to the playing by the celebrated Hawaiian band and solo singing by some Hawaiian ladies from the band stand in the city park. Then we separated, our friends returning to their homes while Bro. Rasmussen and I returned to the ship "Tenyo Maru" for the night.

Elder Peter C. Rasmussen and I sailed from Honolulu on the ship "Tenyo Maru." By 10:00 o'clock a. m. we were off Diamond Head; distance run from Honolulu, 5 miles; distance to San Francisco, 2083 miles. Having doubled Diamond Point or Head we

sailed along the shore of the island of Oahu in a northeasternly direction, and as we proceeded on the voyage the dim outline of Molokai was visible. At 4:00 o'clock p. m. nothing but sea and sky were to be seen; the day was warm and pleasant.

Wed., June 26. The day was beautiful but a little windy.

Thurs., June 27. Another beautiful day. We were reminded that this was the 68th anniversary of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum.

Fri., June 28. We spent the day reading and writing and watching the playing of games in the afternoon. I played checkers with some of the passengers.

Sat., June 29. The weather was getting colder as we came further and further north. I conversed freely with some of the passengers. The "Tenyo Maru" was a triple screw turbine steamer, built in Japan. It represented in material, construction, stability and also in splendor, comfort and spaciousness of accommodation, the highest expression of the ship builders' art, all the machine devices for comfort and safety having been employed. The ship was 575 feet in length and had a breadth of 63 feet. It had accommodation for 275 first class passengers, 54 second class passengers and 800 Asiatic steerage. A new system of ventilation provided fresh air in each state room in all kinds of weather and the model ice making plant insured a constant supply of fresh foods in perfect condition. There was also a wireless telegraph apparatus on board.

Sun., June 30. Together with about 40 other passengers I attended services conducted by a Mr. Parshley, a Church of England missionary and school teacher who had labored in Japan. He preached a sermon with considerable oratorical ability on the unifying powers of Christianity—a sermon suited to the taste of most of the listeners. He reviewed the condition of the world, but failed to men-

tion any method whereby it could be improved only that Christianity could do it, but how and by whom he did not say. After the services I conversed with a Catholic Priest, a Rev. Shiel, on religious subjects and we agreed on many points.

Mon., July 1. The mountainous coast of California was seen through the morning mist and later we saw five torpedo boats steaming down the coast. At 11:30 a. m. the pilot came on board and about noon we steamed through the Golden Gate and cast anchor in the quarantine district. Here health officers came on board, and we all passed review before landing. About 3:00 p. m. we sailed up to the company's wharf in San Francisco.

On our arrival in San Francisco we made our way to the conference office at Broderick St., San Francisco, where we met Elder Heber J. Hatch, president of the San Francisco Conference, and other Elders who labored under his direction.

The next day (July 2nd) I received a telegram from my wife Bertha, stating that she would arrive in San Francisco on the 3rd to meet me.

On July 3rd I went to the ferry where I met not only my wife Bertha, but also my son Harold and daughter Eva. It was an added pleasure to meet three of my family instead of one. We spent several days visiting places of interest in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley and other places.

On July 10th we went by rail to Los Angeles, where we attended meetings and also went to San Pedro from which port we made a trip to the island of Santa Catalina. Visiting Ocean Park on July 16th we met Pres. Joseph F. Smith and his wife Edna L. and daughters Martha, Emma, Lutie and Edith who had arrived the previous evening from Salt Lake City to spend a month in southern California. Pres. Smith bade me a hearty welcome and we spent the afternoon and part of the evening very pleasantly together.

In the evening Pres. Smith accom-

panied us to Venice, a nearby coast resort. My son Harold was keeping company with Miss Martha Smith. At Ocean Park we also met our true friend and fellow laborer, Apostle George Albert Smith and his family and other friends from Utah who were rustivating on the sea shore. During my visit in California I spent considerable time working on the mission records in Los Angeles, as well as doing considerable sight seeing.

On Wednesday, July 17th, we left Los Angeles, homeward bound. We arrived in Salt Lake City in the morning of July 19th, and found everything in good condition there. I visited the "Bikuben" Office, the Historian's Office and the President's Office and was also bid welcome home by a number of former friends and associates whom I met on the street. I was pleased to note the magnificent Hotel Utah, the L. D. S. Gymnasium and other important buildings which had been erected since I left home in 1909. Otherwise everything looked familiar to me in the "land of Zion," and I was glad to be home once more to meet family, neighbors and friends.

On my return home I found that A. Wm. Lund had been chosen as an assistant Church Historian. He was first sustained in that position at the general conference of the Church held April 9, 1911.

I left home Jan. 8, 1909, and returned July 19, 1912; hence I had been away just 3 years, 6 months and one day. During my absence I traveled about 77,690 miles, namely, 47,000 miles by rail, 27,906 by ocean steamers, 370 miles by cabs and other vehicles, 42 miles by row boat, 2 miles by canal boat, 15 miles by sleighs, 230 miles by automobiles, 165 miles on horseback, 67 miles by jinrikishaw and 1893 miles on foot. During my mission I delivered 1034 public addresses, including 78 illustrated lectures and 62 translations for other speakers. I had enjoyed good health nearly all the time I had been away

and rejoiced in the success that had attended my labors.

On Saturday, July 20th, I called at the President's Office and had a long conversation with Presidents Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose. The first Sunday after my arrival home



A. WM. LUND
ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN

(July 21st) I spent as follows: I attended and spoke in the circle meeting in the Temple in the morning; later by invitation I visited the 16th Ward Sunday School, where I delivered a short lecture on the Utah Pioneers; then, accompanied by my wife Emma, I attended the dedication of a monument in honor of Elder Orson Pratt in the city cemetery, where by special request I gave a short speech, following Pres. Charles W. Penrose and Gov. Spry; in the afternoon I attended a session of the Liberty Stake quarterly conference, and in the evening a pioneer program in the 17th Ward. The day was very warm and I suffered somewhat in consequence of the heat, having recently come from a colder climate. The meeting with old friends was very pleasant indeed, but I missed the faces of so many who during my absence had passed beyond the veil.

Among others I met Bro. Oluf J. Andersen who had returned from Scandinavia two or three days before. In the home I made some changes, as I took possession of the room for my private use which had been occupied by my mother-in-law while I was away from home, until her death in December, 1909. On my return home I missed her indeed for she had been living with us ever since I married her daughters.

On July 30th I commenced laboring again at the Historian's Office. Objecting to going back into my small ill-shaped room which I had occupied before going on my mission, my desk was placed in the southwest corner of the largest room in the Historian's Office, where the air and light were good. In August I visited Pleasant Grove, Ogden and other places, and on Sunday, Aug. 11th, I preached in the Tabernacle, giving a somewhat full account of my mission and the conditions prevailing in the Scandinavian countries.

During the remainder of the year I was quite busy filling special appointments to preach or lecture in different wards and settlements of the Church. I also made a visit to Idaho, Brigham City and other places, and attended the weekly circle meeting held in the Temple. I spent Thursday, Sept. 5th, in the Temple, speaking 15 minutes, and then witnessed the marriage of my daughter Eva to Alvin E. Olson, Eva taking her own endowments that day also. Pres. Anthon H. Lund performed the ceremony.

We spent the afternoon in part decorating the lawn with flags and bunting. Electric wires had been stretched across the lawn so that at night it looked like a fairy garden. The guests began to assemble about 8:00 o'clock p. m. Upwards of three hundred people responded to invitations and they were served one hundred at a time, at small tables, each of these accommodating four persons with the nec-

essary chairs placed on the lawn. After refreshments had been served an impromptu program was carried out and while the first hundred ate, Bishop Søren Rasmussen, Elder Asahel H. Woodruff and Pres. Anthon H. Lund made short speeches. A fine influence prevailed and many of those present expressed themselves that they had never before seen or participated in a wedding reception which was prettier or better arranged than this one. The Clive orchestra discoursed sweet music during the evening. The presents more than filled two large tables.

Later in September I visited Sanpete Valley and attended the stake conference at Mount Pleasant Sept. 15th.

On this visit I gathered some additional information which I added to the history of North Sanpete Stake and some of its settlements. I also wrote several biographical sketches which later were printed in the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia.

At the October Conference I was one of the speakers in the outdoor overflow meeting on the Temple Block.

On Oct. 30th I acted as chairman in a Republican rally and also made a short speech, this being my only attempt that year to take part in the campaign.

On Nov. 24th I was one of the speakers in a conference of the Granite Stake.

The year 1912 was, like many of its predecessors, an eventful one to me, and witnessed, among other things, my second trip around the world, my first circumnavigation of the globe having taken place in 1885-1887. I felt thankful for the blessings bestowed upon me by my Heavenly Father, in that I had been permitted to return home in safety from a mission of three years and a half to a foreign land and that at the end of the year my family circle was unbroken, all being in good health and through the blessings of the Lord in comfortable circumstances.

CHAPTER 64

(1913)

Condensed Report of My Church Activities—
Round the World Club Organized—Visit the
Grand Canyon of the Colorado—Cruise on
the Great Salt Lake—A Special Blessing.

By the beginning of the year 1913 I adjusted myself once more to home life and was busy at the Historian's Office getting documents, accumulated during my mission, into proper shape, ready to be made a part of Church history. I also resumed the publication of the L. D. S. "Biographical Encyclopedia," and on Feb. 8th I mailed 160 letters and circulars, pertaining to the business of that work. I also made a trip to Sanpete and Sevier counties.

On March 29th I wrote the following letter:

"Salt Lake City, Utah, March 29, 1913.
President Anthon H. Lund, City.

Dear Brother:

Having now spent about eight months at the Historians' Office since my return home from my last mission, I am in a position to judge pretty well concerning the wants of the office. You are well acquainted with the fact that we have at the office nearly two thousand valuable records brought in from the missionary fields and also that I have deposited in about two hundred paper boxes the notes and documents and letters that accumulated on my hands during the years I traveled in the various stakes of Zion, and the missionary fields throughout the world. This vast collection is valuable for Church history, especially when woven into the material that should be culled from the printed periodicals, the documentary history of the Church, so far as it has been collated, and the thousands of letters now on file at the office. You are also aware of the fact that years ago we outlined the work to be done in systematic order as follows:

1. Compiling of a journal history of the Church from 1830 to 1900, including histories of the general quorums of Priesthood, auxiliary organizations, Church emigration, etc. The latter will include upwards of three hundred companies of saints who crossed the seas on their way to Zion, and nearly the same number of emigrant companies which crossed the plains before the advent of the railroad.

2. Histories of every stake of Zion (about eighty in number), including those which are now defunct, with their auxiliary organizations, quorums of Priesthood, etc., and separate histories of all wards (about eight hundred in number, counting those also which have ceased to exist), with their local quorums of Priesthood and auxiliary organizations.

3. Histories of every mission of the Church (about forty in number, counting those which exist no longer) with separate histories of every conference and every branch in all parts of the world, with their numerous auxiliary organizations.

When I mention the fact that there have been nearly four hundred conferences and perhaps upwards of two thousand branches of the Church organized since 1830, some idea may be formed of the vastness of the labor contemplated.

Almost single-handed, assisted only occasionally by a typist, I have already worked into proper shape the journal history of the Church from 1830 to 1852, inclusive; also a journal history of the British Mission (not including the separate conferences and branches) from 1837 to 1900, and the Scandinavian Mission from 1850 to 1860, inclusive. I have also finished the histories of about twenty of the wards in this city. But it will be seen that the work thus far done is scarcely a commencement of what we have set out to accomplish.

In order to put my notes to proper use and make the contemplated histories mentioned in the foregoing somewhat complete, the following is necessary:

1. The perusal of the two thousand records on file at the office and the making of proper extracts from them.

2. The perusal and culling from all printed periodicals of the Church, including the "Evening and Morning Star," "Messenger and Advocate," "Times and Seasons," "Deseret News," "The Prophet," "The Messenger," "The Mormon," "The Frontier Guardian," "The St. Louis Luminary," "The Western Standard," "The Millennial Star," etc., not to speak of all of the Church publications in foreign languages. (The culling from these periodicals, however, has been done up to 1852).

3. The perusal and culling from hundreds of private journals, some of which we have already at the Historian's Office, and hundreds of others that we can borrow. (The work on

these has been done also partly up to 1852).

4. The perusal of stacks of letters filed away at the Historian's Office. (The culling from these has also been done up to 1852).

5. The working into proper shape of the stacks of notes which I have gathered in the missionary fields and stakes of Zion. (The work on these has also been done up to 1852).

6. At the rate we have been working it will take many, many years to bring the histories down to the close of the nineteenth century, as we have outlined them. Neither you nor I expect to live long enough to see it done, unless we get the help and facilities that we have asked for during the past twenty years. Those who shall succeed us may be as efficient workers as we have been, but I claim that any man, in order to be efficient in collecting data and putting them into shape, must serve at least 25 years as an apprentice and travel around the world and visit in the stakes, the same as I have done; and I would suggest that the Church would save thousands and thousands of dollars by letting the work be done by those who have lived into it and necessarily must have a thorough understanding about it.

If we had had more workers and less "wards" at the office, a great deal of the labor now undone could have been accomplished during the past twelve years, for at the close of the century, we had practically all of our material on hand to have gone to work in earnest. The labor performed at the office in the way of clipping and scrapping by the two sisters last employed has been a perfect revelation to me, and with more such workers we can accomplish something. We need immediately one clerk who can read the Scandinavian languages and write good English, another who can read German and French and write good English, another who can peruse and cull material from the stacks of letters at the office, another who can look up the missionaries from 1830 to 1860 to precede the missionary record which was commenced in 1860, and, at least two or three indexers. This force would, of course, not become permanent, but in order to do the work quickly that might have been done more gradually in the past, if we had had the necessary help, there should be no further procrastination. Your health is failing, and I find that I cannot stand the close application that I stood when I was younger. If

we cannot get a new Historian's Office right away, I would suggest that the Genealogical Society be moved to other quarters, and that we occupy all the upstairs rooms, and if that is not sufficient, I can make room for two clerks in my private office in the 17th Ward, where a part of the indexing and other labors could be attended to, in case of an emergency, the same as was done prior to my going on my mission.

In conclusion I wish to draw your attention to the fact that while the histories of the stakes and wards are in a state of preparation, occasional visits to different parts of the country will be absolutely necessary. After preparing our material, we should submit local histories to local people. Therefore, I ought to, personally, go somewhere every Sunday, to read proof of what we have written, and to fill in gaps that necessarily exist in our compilation.

I feel, dear brother, that unless something is done right away, a great deal of the work we have commenced will never be finished. The sources from which I gathered a great deal of my information are closed forever, as the parties that I interviewed in my travels are with us no more. A further delay, in my estimation, would be equal, so far as I am concerned, to destroying my life, at least in part, as no one can put my notes and the material so closely associated with them into shape which will resemble that contemplated by you and myself. I, therefore, earnestly plead with you to use your influence with the First Presidency to have something done right away, or I am afraid that it will be too late.

Your brother and fellow laborer,
ANDREW JENSON."

At the general conference held in April I was one of the speakers in the overflow meeting on the 6th, and I also spoke in the Scandinavian gathering.

At a meeting held at my home May 15th, 1913, to which I had invited a number of missionaries, we effected a temporary organization of Elders or missionaries who had circumnavigated the globe. I was elected temporary president. Among those present at that meeting besides myself were Elbert D. Thomas and wife (Edna Harker Thomas), Thomas P. Page, David T.

Howell, Ezra T. Stevenson, and Heber S. Cutler, all of whom had circumnavigated the globe, and a number of other guests. Soon afterwards this temporary organization resulted in the creation of the so-called "Round the World Club," which for some time afterwards held meetings about four times a year, and members of the club also visited, by invitation, some of the surrounding stakes. To become a member of this club a person must have circumnavigated the globe as a missionary for the Church.

On May 19th I left home on a trip to Arizona, traveling on the Union Pacific Line via Las Vegas to Barstow (in California), where I changed cars, taking an east bound train on the Santa Fe route. Crossing the desert and the Colorado River, I arrived at Holbrook, Arizona, May 21st. Thence I traveled to St. Johns by automobile, where I arrived May 21st and immediately commenced my historical labors by perusing the stake and ward records. After visiting some of the settlements in the St. Johns Stake, I crossed the mountains to the Snowflake Stake where I visited the different settlements and gathered much historical information from the records and by interviewing old settlers by which I added considerable data to that which I had obtained on a previous occasion. On June 5th I left Holbrook and traveled to Williams, where I changed cars for the Rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, traveling over a desert country and through cedar and pine forests. At the Bright Angel Hotel I could not secure either horses or mules to take me down into the canyon at that late hour of the day. I therefore decided to go down on foot, and Fred Tennhardt from Topeka, Kansas, whose acquaintance I had made on the train, decided to accompany me. I shall not attempt to describe the impression that the first sight of the Grand Canyon made on me, as I viewed it from the Rim. The grandeur of nature as here displayed baffles all human description.

I had heard many speak of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, but I never comprehended till I saw with my own eyes what nature here has produced. I decided at once that, in all my travels in different parts of the world, I had never seen anything so grand and beautiful before. With my newly-made friend I started down the Bright Angel Trail at 4:45 p. m. on foot. We met many tourists on horse or mule back returning to the top, and some also who had made the trip on foot. When these tourists were told of our intention to go down so late in the day, they all declared that it would be impossible to make the trip even half way before midnight, but not heeding this warning we hurried down as fast as we could.

The distance from the Rim to the river is about seven miles and the descent about 6,000 feet. My companion soon gave out, and I had great difficulty in getting him to the Indian Farm, a sort of a half-way house down the slope. He told me frankly that if he ventured further down he would not be able to return to the top that night. Hence, I left him with the two men who were guarding the trail while I continued the journey alone and reached the river about sundown. I washed in the muddy water of the river, swallowed a mouthful and filled a little paper sack with river sand to take back.

The darkness of the night settled down upon me as I was slowly climbing upon my return trip and I sincerely prayed to the Lord to give me strength to reach the top. I certainly felt lonesome and not at all comfortable when the howling of wolves and the hissing of snakes, the hooting of owls greeted my ears, and the dense darkness seemed to be made more intense by the perpendicular walls which bordered the trail everywhere. Finally I came to the plateau on which stood the Indian farm house where my companion had stopped, but I missed the trail in the darkness and passed fully

half a mile up the incline before I discovered my mistake.

Retracing my steps I at last reached the house and found my companion in bed. I crawled into another bed placed at my disposal by the guardsmen and rested from 11:00 p. m. until 4:00 a. m. the next morning. This was Friday, June 6th. At the break of day Mr. Tennhardt woke me up and suggested that we commence our trip up the mountain. To my astonishment he stood the trip on this occasion better than I did; in fact he seemed better able to climb than to descend. We carried with us a canteen filled with water which we had secured at the Bright Angel Hotel, and it lasted us until we got on top. It had taken us about four hours to walk four miles.

I believe I am safe in saying that never in my life was I more tired than I was when I reached the top, and I am satisfied that if I had not been an observer of the Word of Wisdom and otherwise been in good health, I should never have been able to make the trip. Upon reaching the hotel at the summit I threw myself on the bed I had hired for the night, but had not occupied, and I thought only of rest and a chance to recuperate a little, when my attention was drawn to the fact that the railway train, on which I intended to return to Williams, in order to fill an appointment at a conference in Maricopa Stake, would leave in five minutes. Consequently, without having time to wash and brush up, I hurried to the train, and got there just in time to board the train as it rang the bell to start. I certainly must have looked a sight with my clothes and face covered with dirt and sweat.

On the train I was able to get a wash and a good meal, and traveled to Ash Fork, where I parted with Mr. Tennhardt, my companion in distress, who was going to California. I changed cars and traveled to Prescott, the old capital of Arizona. I arrived at Phoenix, the new capital of Arizona at 10:50 p. m. on June 6th. Here I stopped overnight.

The next morning (June 7th) I was delighted with the tropical vegetation which was visible everywhere. During the travel from the Rim of the Grand Canyon to Phoenix we had dropped from an elevation of 7,000 feet to 1,074 feet above the level of the sea, which means almost a complete change from a winter to a summer climate. In the morning I boarded an Arizona Eastern Railway and traveled via Tempe to Mesa, where I was met by Pres. James W. Leseuer, who took me in his automobile to his modern home in the suburb of the city. I just arrived in time to attend the conference of the Maricopa Stake held on that and the following day. After attending the conference I was busy with the records, gathering material to complete the histories of the stake and wards. From Mesa I made a trip with some of the brethren to the so-called Granite Reef Dam, 12 miles above Mesa. The next day (June 12th) I left Mesa and traveled across the desert to the ancient city of Tucson, where I spent the night.

The next day I visited places of interest in the city, especially the Mexican quarters of the town. I then traveled to Bowie, where I again changed cars and continued the journey to Thatcher. In passing from the barren desert into the well cultivated district inhabited by the saints in Graham County, Arizona, I was deeply impressed by the great contrast. On my arrival at Thatcher on June 13th I was made welcome by Pres. Andrew Kimball and other friends and acquaintances of former years. After attending the quarterly conference of the St. Joseph Stake on Saturday and Sunday, June 14th and 15th, I spent several days in the stake visiting different settlements and wards in the interest of history. In traveling from Thatcher to Phoenix I visited the great Roosevelt Reservoir and dam which in magnitude surpassed anything of the kind I had ever seen. I arrived in Salt Lake City from this trip June 25th.

Two days later I accompanied the Old Folks of Salt Lake City on an excursion to Brigham City. There were 961 persons on a special train of 15 first-class cars, including 850 persons over 70 years of age, among whom were 91 persons between 80 and 90 and six over 90.

On Saturday, June 28th, a terrible accident happened to our son Leo who in playing with another boy was pierced through the eye with an improvised sword. It led, after terrible suffering, to the loss of his right eye, after an operation. We had administered to the lad a number of times and prayed very earnestly that his eye might be saved, but it seemed on this occasion that our prayers and faith did not have the desired effect.

On Friday, July 11th, my daughter Eva gave birth to her first-born, a male child, who was afterwards given the name of Marcus Andrew Olson.

On August 4th, accompanied by A. Wm. Lund, Alvin E. Olson, Harold H. Jenson, Allen Tingey, Alma Davis, R. K. Thomas, Preston Cutler and Ray Cutler, I went on board David L. Davis's steam launch, "Cambria II" and set out for a cruise on the Great Salt Lake. From Saltair we steered in a northeasterly direction to Antelope Island and landed for an hour or so at the ranch owned by Mr. Dooly of Salt Lake City. Originally the island was used by the Church for grazing purposes, but in due time passed into the hands of White and Sons, butchers, who used it for raising fine Hereford stock. The present owners now had a herd of 90 buffalo and other stock on the ranch. The old house, originally built by the Church, was still standing.

Continuing our voyage we reached the north end of Antelope Island and then crossed over to the south end of Fremont Island, where two houses (formerly occupied by the late J. U. Venner who, with his wife were the sole inhabitants of the island for years) still stood. We sailed around the east side of Fremont Island toward the Lucin cut-off, and after

viewing the railroad there we turned around and headed for the north end of Fremont Island where we cast anchor in a bay and spent the night on board. I slept beside Capt. Davis on the aft deck, but was disturbed in my slumbers by unpleasant dreams.

The next day (Aug. 5th) a heavy wind sprang up early in the morning, and in a few minutes the lake changed from a smooth and placid surface to one abounding with waves covered with white caps. Capt. Davis ordered the anchor lifted in order to get away from the shore as the wind blew right toward the island. In lifting the anchor the vessel turned to the right instead of the left of the wind, and Capt. Davis, being afraid to turn the little craft around, found it necessary to reverse our course to the left of Fremont Island instead of steering northward toward Promontory and thence across the lake to the other islands which we desired to visit. Having arrived at the south end of Fremont Island, some of the company desired to return to Saltair on account of the rough sea and sea-sickness to which all except myself and Ray Cutler had succumbed. But I used my influence for going ahead and prevailed, so we steered across the lake in a northwesterly direction to Hat Island, where we landed and made exploration. We next steered south to Carrington Island and landed for a few minutes on its eastern shore. We then steered our course for the north end of Stansbury Island where I landed with four others, and from this point steered direct for Saltair where we arrived in the evening.

In August I made a tour to Ogden Valley to perform historical labors, after attending a quarterly conference in Huntsville on Sunday, the 13th.

On August 31st I made a trip to Emigration Canyon and over the so-called Little Mountain to follow the original pioneer trail into the Valley. During the latter part of August and the beginning of September and also later in November, I visited a number of wards in Salt Lake County to gath-

CHAPTER 65

(1914)

er additional data on Church history.

On Tuesday, Oct. 7th, at the close of the general conference, I addressed the special priesthood meeting in the Assembly hall by invitation of Pres. Joseph F. Smith and spoke on the importance of record-keeping. When I was through, Pres. Smith remarked "Good boy, Andrew, good boy," and other speakers complimented me, and Pres. Smith in his address to the Priesthood endorsed my remarks and thanked the Lord who had inspired such men as Andrew Jenson to do the work they did for the Church.

On Sunday, Nov. 30th, I preached in the Tabernacle on the "Fruits of Mormonism."

On December 16th I received my second anointings in the Salt Lake Temple, together with my wives Emma and Bertha. Emma also received the same blessing for my deceased wife Mary. I shall never forget the blessings bestowed upon us on this occasion, Pres. Anthon H. Lund officiating. After we were through with the ordinance, I repaired to the east room in the Temple and prayed earnestly to the Lord for a special blessing which I feel satisfied will be given me, if I am faithful. In the evening we had a pleasant social in our house, at which Pres. Anthon H. Lund and wife, Charles W. Penrose and two wives and a number of others were invited guests.

During the year 1913 I traveled 6,800 miles, including 5,100 by railway, 250 by teams, 650 by automobile, 20 on horseback and 130 by steam launch (on the Great Salt Lake). I delivered 162 public addresses, including 20 talks in Danish, 7 funeral sermons, ten lectures on travels, 20 historical discourses and five after-dinner speeches. I also attended during the year stake conferences in Jordan (twice), St. Johns, Snowflake, Maricopa, St. Joseph, Alpine and Ogden stakes.

On these visits I perused many local records for the purpose of obtaining data to add to the historical items previously gathered.

Marriage of My Son Harold H., and Mariha Smith—Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol. 2, Published.

The first part of the year 1914 I was busy together with some of the clerks at the Historian's Office adding eight years to the data in Church Chronology, which brought the information on that work down to 1913 and after that we were busy preparing a new and more extensive index to the whole work, including the original Chronology from the beginning to 1898 and the supplement from 1898 to 1905 inclusive, and then the last supplement from 1905 to 1913. This last revision with improved index was made consistent from the fact that there were about 8,000 copies left of the original 1898 edition. Additional data was added regarding the general authorities of the Church and the way in which the divine authority or Priesthood of each could be traced back to the Prophet Joseph Smith and through him to the Savior.

Taking charge of "Bikuben" as I had done for ten years without any financial expense to the Church, had been a heavy task on my time and talent, and I had asked to be relieved from the responsibility, but in a conversation I had with Pres. Joseph F. Smith and Pres. Anthon H. Lund on March 6th I was asked to take charge of the paper until Elder Peter S. Christiansen, who had conducted a printing office of his own in Aarhus, Denmark, and who had recently arrived in Utah, could get sufficient experience to run the paper. Hence I continued in charge of "Bikuben" a little longer.

At the April conference I spoke in the open-air meeting on the Temple Block. At a meeting of our Globe Missionary Society, held at the residence of Ezra T. Stevenson at 125 A St., April 16th, we perfected the organization and called our Society the "Round the World Club", appointing Ezra T. Stevenson and Orson D. Rom-

ney as vice presidents. The latter had just returned from his second trip around the world. At that time the Society included nearly all the missionaries then alive who had circumnavigated the globe as L. D. S. Elders.

On May 3rd I addressed a special fast and prayer meeting in the Salt Lake Temple.

On May 15th a celebration was held in honor of Pres. Anthon H. Lund's seventieth birthday, and as chairman of the program committee I took an active part throughout. It was a brilliant affair, about 250 people—nearly all representative Scandinavians—sat down to dinner. Among those present were Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Charles W. Penrose, and Apostles Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Rudger Clawson, George A. Smith, and Orson F. Whitney.

On August 28th we moved "Bikuben" from 149 West North Temple St. to the Sharon Building, 57 W. South Temple Street, where we kept the office until April, 1920, when the four foreign newspapers ("Bikuben", "Utah Posten", "Beobachter" and "Utah-Nederlander") were moved into a remodeled building, 39 E. Temple Ave., which had previously been used as a tithing office barn. There these four papers, known as the "Associated Newspapers", were continued until their suspension took place in October, 1935.

On September 1st, 1914, my son Harold married Miss Martha Smith, a daughter of Pres. Joseph F. Smith, who performed the ceremony in the Salt Lake Temple. After the Church rite was solemnized the Smith and Jenson families repaired to our house, where dinner was served and a spirit of happiness and satisfaction prevailed. In the evening a grand reception was given at the residence of Edna L. Smith, mother of the bride, in which about 200 people participated. Soon afterwards President Smith and I gave the newly married couple a sum large enough to help secure a home at 209 West North Temple St.

In October I continued the printing of the "L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia," Volume 2. The publication of this book was commenced before I left on my mission to Denmark in 1909, and up to that time 29 sheets, or numbers, of 16 pages each, had been printed. Our first issue now was number 30, and 22 more numbers were published subsequently, making the second volume the same size as volume I. The second volume, which was bound and ready for delivery early in 1915, contained 1180 biographical sketches of prominent men and women in the Church.

During the year I made several trips in the interest of Church history to the surrounding stakes of Zion, attended a number of meetings, including quarterly conferences of the Alpine, Pioneer, Davis, Box Elder, North Weber, South Sanpete and Bear Lake stakes.

On November 18th my wife Emma, who for some time had been a regular temple worker, was taken sick and had to be brought home in an automobile. This was practically the beginning of a sickness which terminated in her death in 1937.

On November 23rd I met at the President's Office with the following Norwegians to consult about "Bikuben" and the Norwegian meetings: Charles L. Olsen, Ole Guldbrandsen, Christian Johansen, Ingvald C. Thoresen, Ramm Hansen, O. J. P. Widtsoe, Mrs. Anna G. Widtsoe, Miss Gaarden, Ole H. Berg and C. M. Nielsen. Pres. Anthon H. Lund took charge of the meeting and he and I spoke several times. The brethren all expressed themselves as pleased with the impartiality which I, as responsible editor of the paper, had shown towards the Norwegians and Danes; yet they desired to see a Norwegian associated with the paper. They also desired a Norwegian to act as president of one of the Scandinavian organizations in Salt Lake City.

During the year 1914 I traveled about 4,000 miles, and spoke in public

about 150 times, including 12 sermons in Danish, ten funeral sermons, ten historical talks, 11 lectures on travels and 7 after-dinner speeches.

CHAPTER 66

(1915)

Our First Family Automobile—Climb Mount Timpanogos—Two Trips to California.

On Jan. 26, 1915, the last form of the "L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia", Volume 2, was printed and the sheets taken to the "Deseret News" bindery. How thankful I was that the book at last was ready for delivery! That volume had annoyed me more than any book I had so far published, and I had been at it so long that I had grown sincerely tired of the whole business. But as promises had been made and small amounts of money paid by subscribers in advance, I could not withdraw from the task.

The two volumes of biographies which I had now finished were the first of its kind ever attempted in "Mormon" literature except the issuance of a small biographical work containing about 100 pages which I edited and published in 1888. I am happy to say that my brethren of the First Presidency, and the leaders of the Church generally, appreciated my labors and I also felt satisfied that my efforts had been acceptable to my Heavenly Father. I had practically published two books within one year, the first one being Church Chronology which was issued from the press in July, 1914.

On April 5th I spoke at the overflow meeting of the general conference.

On April 7th I attended the special Priesthood meeting in the Assembly Hall and was asked to speak on Church Chronology, but I suggested to President Smith that Bro. Anthon H. Lund or Charles W. Penrose might do it more effectively than I could, as I had spoken about the Chronology six months before. Thereupon Pres. Penrose made a nice talk for both the Chronology and the Biographical Encyclopedia, followed by Pres. Lund who mentioned that I had turned over

to the Church nearly \$3000 as net profits from the sale of Church Chronology. The next day I turned over the affairs of "Bikuben" to John S. Hansen, who had been appointed my successor as manager. I had pleaded for my release for some time, as my labors at the Historian's Office demanded all my time and energy.

On April 9th I purchased a Reo automobile for one thousand dollars and Jack Newman erected a garage for me on my 17th Ward property. Together with my family I rejoiced in now being the owner of an automobile. Since the death of my horse "Tony" in 1895, I had not been the owner of a horse, or anything on wheels, except a two-wheeled cart, on which I hauled forms to and from the printing office.

Up to this time I had enjoyed excellent health, but in April, 1915, I found it necessary to submit to a medical examination at the office of Dr. Z. Lund, fearing that some urinary trouble might lead to grave consequences, but the examination disclosed no serious difficulty, yet this was the beginning of what perhaps is common with most men when they grow older, and I have suffered off and on, more or less during the past few years.

On July 10th I left home on a trip to California. Accompanied by my wife Emma, my son-in-law Alvin, my daughter Eva and son Harold, we traveled comfortably in a Pullman standard and arrived in San Francisco July 11th. Thence we traveled to Santa Cruz where we stopped an hour at the "Big Trees". We also made a stop at Monterey, and arrived at Los Angeles on the 13th. Here we spent some time sight-seeing, visiting Mount Lowe, San Gabriel and other places of interest and then proceeded to San Diego. We also crossed the boundary line to Tiajuana where for the first time in my life I witnessed a bull fight. Returning northward we visited San Luis Rey, known in connection with the history of the Mormon Battalion, and traveling further northward we

arrived in San Francisco on July 21st where we took in the Panama Exposition. We returned home by way of Sacramento, arriving in Salt Lake City August 2nd.

I spent nearly sixteen years of my life at Pleasant Grove, Utah, and often looked wistfully up to the top of Mount Timpanogos, which formed a background to Pleasant Grove. During these years I entertained a great desire to climb to the top of that grand old mountain, one of the highest in the Wasatch range, and as a company of hikers were organized in Provo to make the trip, my son-in-law and I decided to join them. Traveling by automobile as far as Wildwood in Provo Canyon, we commenced our hike, and of nearly 150 hikers only 12 reached the top. With great exertion I managed to be one of the twelve. Many young men in the prime of life failed to reach the summit, some apparently from the effects of bad habits, while some of us who reached the top were observers of the Word of Wisdom. This hard climb gave me a fine opportunity to test my physical strength or endurance. Yet I cannot deny that I was a very tired man when late in the evening I returned to Wildwood. Nevertheless I had enjoyed the trip immensely. I had never before in my life witnessed such a panorama as the beautiful Utah Valley presented as it lay spread out before us with its checkered towns and fields, viewed from the top of Mount Timpanogos.

When within two miles of Wildwood we were met by a Bro. Partridge of Provo, who, on learning that the Historian and his companion had been left on the mountain, secured a horse and came in search of us. This ended our troubles, as my son-in-law and I both mounted the horse which was led by Bro. Partridge into Wildwood. From Wildwood we returned to Provo by automobile the same night.

On August 15th I attended Scandinavian Conference at Huntsville where I gave some data on the early history

of the Scandinavian Mission. About a thousand people attended this celebration, and lunch was served on the public square. Pres. Anthon H. Lund and other prominent men were present.

On Sept. 2nd my daughter-in-law Martha, Harold's wife, gave birth to a fine boy who was afterwards named Harold Smith Jenson.

One of the earliest successful missionaries in the Scandinavian Mission, Patriarch Ola N. Liljenquist, died at Rexburg, Idaho, April 24, 1906. Later I served as a member of a committee which took steps to erect a monument in his honor. This was unveiled at Hyrum, Cache County, in May, 1916.

On October 9th I left home on another trip to California, accompanied by my wife Bertha, and traveled by rail. After visiting the L. D. S. settlement of Gridley in California, we arrived at San Francisco Oct. 11th. I registered as a delegate from Utah to the Peace Congress which was held in San Francisco at that time, and on October 12th and 13th we attended six meetings of the congress in the Civic Auditorium and listened to the reading of some well-prepared papers. Most of the speakers were professors and leading men from all parts of the country. After that we spent several days at the Fair in San Francisco, and then traveled down the coast as far as San Diego. On the journey we visited several of the old Catholic missions and attended a L. D. S. conference at Los Angeles on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 23rd and 24th. We returned home by way of San Bernardino, Las Vegas, St. Thomas, Bunkerville, Overton and Panaca, and arrived in Salt Lake City, Nov. 4th. I was not quite well when I left home on this trip, but during the travel I began to feel much better. My wife Bertha enjoyed the trip with me.

On Nov. 28th I preached in the Assembly Hall to an appreciative audience, occupying about one hour.

We spent New Year's Eve at home with a few specially invited friends.

In casting a retrospective glance over my life, I acknowledged the kindness of the Lord so far. I had been blessed abundantly by him in fulfillment of the promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you." As a youth I led a clean, virtuous life, as a married man I passed through many trials and disappointments, but the Lord has given me strength according to my day; as a churchman I filled eight missions to distant lands and to the United States; as a historian I worked diligently and successfully and traveled at least 300,000 miles in the interest of Church history, and the Lord had singularly blessed me with means wherewith to defray traveling expenses. As a librarian I had made a collection of books and periodicals which I valued above everything else I owned in the shape of material possessions. Being now 65 years of age I was within five years of the allotted time of man, three score years and ten. My children were by this time all married off except Bertha's son Leo. Andrew, my oldest boy, was at the end of the year herding sheep in Nevada, and I had during the past few years rendered help in caring for his family. My son Parley was engaged in the profession of a lawyer in Salt Lake City; Minerva had married a miner and a non-member of the Church; Eleonore, who had married Geo. B. Reynolds, with her two children, was spending the winter at Panaca, Nevada, while her husband was working at the mines. Eva with her husband, Alvin E. Olson, were living on my premises. Harold and Martha and their little son were living with Mrs. Edna L. Smith across the street from our home, while their new home was being erected on the corner of West Temple and 1st North streets.

As the clock struck the midnight hour on the last day of the year, our family and invited guests arose, and shaking hands, wished each other a happy new year. The invited guests

were Arthur F. Barnes and wife, Mrs. Maria Francis, her daughter Mary Kelly Pye and child, and members of my own family including Alvin, Eva, and Marcus.

During the year 1915 I had traveled about 12,400 miles, namely, 8070 miles by rail, 250 miles by steamer, 3,860 miles by automobile, 40 miles by team, 15 miles by motor chair car at the Fairs in California and about 20 miles on foot, including the hike up Mount Timpanogos and back. I had talked in public at least 100 times, sometimes in English and sometimes in Danish. Included are lectures on my travels, funeral sermons and after-dinner talks. I had also learned that automobile riding is pleasant, but expensive, when the wear and tear on the machine, besides the gasoline and oil are considered. I reckoned the cost of travel of my automobile about 15 cents per mile.

During the year I attended stake conferences in the Malad, Nebo, Morgan, Davis, Los Angeles and Deseret stakes. I also was present at 29 circle or prayer meetings in the Temple.

CHAPTER 67

(1916)

Consultation With the First Presidency—Denial of Apostle Francis M. Lyman.

My family arose quite early on the morning of the first day of the year 1916. During the day we called upon a number of friends and relatives. Thus we visited my son Harold and Martha and the Smith families across the street. Harold and Martha's baby was fat and plump, weighing about 25 pounds. In the evening our whole family attended a Scandinavian New Year's party in the Le Grand Ward. Pres. Anthon H. Lund gave the opening speech and I also addressed the children and showed them relics from my Palestine trip.

At the April conference I addressed an overflow meeting. Later I visited Cache County where I attended a Scandinavian conference at Logan May 21st. In May I visited the Panquitch Stake.

On September 8th I was elected a

delegate to a county convention to be held in Salt Lake City the following week, which I attended.

On September 30th I wrote an important letter to the First Presidency offering the Church the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia.

At the general conference held in October I was called to speak in the general Priesthood meeting and on the 8th addressed an overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall.

On Oct. 12, 1916, I received the following from the First Presidency:

"Salt Lake City, Oct. 12, 1916.
Historian's Office.
Elder Andrew Jenson,
Dear Brother:

After reading your letter of the 30th ult. and considering the propositions therein, we have this to say: We fully agree with you that more than one individual should be engaged in gathering and compiling Church history, and after becoming settled in our new office building it is our intention to give this matter full consideration; but what we feel more concerned about now is the notes taken by you in your extensive travels, and referred to by you in your letter; also in your talk in the Priesthood meeting last Friday evening you referred to your notes which are not in readable form, that is, not in form to be used or utilized by anyone else except yourself, and for that reason it is our desire that from now on the whole of your time be devoted to putting those notes into the form designed by you when you made them. And so anxious are we in regard to the matter that Pres. Lund, as the Church Historian, has been asked to keep in close touch with you and report from time to time the progress made until all of the notes are written out and thus disposed of.

As to the proposition made by you that the Church take over and assume the responsibility of publishing a third volume of your Biographical Encyclopedia, it is clear to us that this cannot consistently be done, as it is an individual enterprise entered into by you, which you yourself had better carry through, * * * which we hope will be done to your entire satisfaction financially and otherwise. We are, with kindest regards, your brethren,

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
ANTHON H. LUND,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
First Presidency.

When the national election came off Nov. 7th it resulted in Woodrow Wilson being re-elected president of the United States, and Simon Bamberger (a Democrat) elected governor of Utah, over Nephi L. Morris (Republican). There was considerable disappointment over the election. The ballot for President was very close, and the result was not definitely known until several days after the election.

On Saturday, Nov. 18th, Apostle Francis M. Lyman died in Salt Lake City. I had called on him the day before, when he was very sick at his residence at 1040 Third Avenue. Bro. Lyman had always been a true and sincere friend to me and I frequently traveled with him attending conferences and other meetings. Then he always had a kind word to say in regard to my publications, especially in reference to Church Chronology and the Biographical Encyclopedia and my historical labors generally. Thus my truest and best friends were passing away one after another, and I sometimes dreaded the thought of being left in mortality to await the decisions of other "Pharaohs who did not know Joseph."

During the year 1916 I worked diligently at the Historians Office and in visiting many of the stakes of Zion in the interest of Church history. Thus I visited the Morgan, Kanab, St. George, Panguitch, Beaver, Deseret, Juab, Tooele, Box Elder, Bear River, Benson, Cache, Hyrum, Snowflake, Little Colorado and Eastern Arizona stakes, including visits to all the wards and settlements in all these stakes, and also did additional work on the histories of the Alpine and Weber stakes. During the year I traveled about 8,400 miles, including 6,300 miles by rail, 1,710 miles by automobile, 240 miles by carriages and other vehicles, 100 miles by sleighs, etc. I spoke in public 172 times, not counting instances when I simply took part in discussions. I spoke by appointment in 18 quarterly conferences. Being obedient to council I think I did

more real historical labor during the year 1916 than I had done in any other previous year. During the year I attended 18 prayer meetings in the temple.

CHAPTER 68

(1917)

The Historian's Office Moved to the New Church Building Across the Street—Travel With the President's Party Through Southern Utah—Death of My Mother.

On Jan. 1, 1917, I went up to the State Capitol and witnessed the installation of the new state office. Shaking hands with Simon Bamberger, the new governor of Utah, I said: "At last the time has come for Judah and Ephraim to become one nation upon the mountains." Mr. Bamberger was a German Jew.

The weather on New Year's day was cold and the valley was covered with deep snow. The oldest settlers did not remember so cold a winter or so heavy a snow fall.

At a meeting of the Utah State His-

torical Society, held Jan. 15, 1917, I was elected president of the Society, after which I took an active part in the meetings and business of the society.

On Sunday, Jan. 21st, I delivered a lecture in the 17th Ward on Church history. Subsequently I delivered a number of similar lectures in some of the other wards.

January 29th was the real commencement of moving the Historian's Office library to the new Church Offices across the street. I helped all day and so did the whole office force. We moved many of the written books and documents that day. The following day the moving of books continued, but a severe snow storm ended the continuance of the work about noon. A. Wm. Lund and Alvin E. Olson commenced placing the books in order in the library room in the new building, while I continued to work at the old building for several days longer.



L. D. S. CHURCH OFFICES

On Feb. 28th we moved our desks and papers, which we had been using for the past few days at the old office, to our new quarters in the new building. I took possession of a room which I had spoken for from the beginning on the third story in the southeast corner of the building and I commenced at once to arrange my papers and documents so as to be ready to continue my usual routine of labors on the morrow. In the evening I remained a couple of hours later than the others, and when alone I engaged in secret prayer, opening my heart to my Heavenly Father. God grant that those blessings for which I asked on that memorable occasion may be granted unto me. The entire third story of the new Church building was placed at the disposal of the Church Historian and his assistants. The north half is occupied by the library and there are private offices for each of the assistant Church historians, namely, Andrew Jenson, Brigham H. Roberts, Joseph F. Smith, jun., and A. Wm. Lund. My room is 20 x 19 feet and has a fine lavatory at the southeast corner. The view looking south and east from my room is most magnificent. The clerks under my charge at that time were provided with desks in the large room, 20 x 48, in the center of the building facing south. Joseph F. Smith, jun., occupied the southwest corner of the story which has the same accommodations as I have in the southeast corner.

The main story of the new Church building is occupied by the First Presidency and general Church offices. The President's office is in the rear of the building, facing north. President Lund's Office is in the northwest corner, and immediately south is the office of President Chas. W. Penrose. Further south is a general assembly room for the auxiliary organizations, and the Presiding Patriarch of the Church occupied the southeast corner facing south and west. The second story of the building has rooms for the twelve Apostles and the Seventies

with a large assembly room in the center, facing south. The fourth story was allotted exclusively to the Genealogical Society, and the fifth story was set aside as a store room to be filled up as newspapers and other periodicals that were not used in the library below accumulate. The basement of the building was from the beginning used as a stack room for printed matter intended for binding as circumstances and conditions might require. Among other printed matter about 8,000 copies of unsold Church Chronicles were stored away to be bound later as the books might be needed. These books could have been sold long before if they had been advertised more liberally.

This year, as in previous years, the old folks of Salt Lake City were entertained in the Salt Lake Theatre by an appropriate drama. Usually one such entertainment was arranged each winter, besides the general summer outing, and as picture shows became more numerous and popular, the Old Folks Central Committee were able to arrange several such entertainments for the elderly people during the winter. After a while old folks outings were arranged in nearly all the stakes of Zion and the Central Committee after that confined their outings for the people of Salt Lake City to more local points, such as Saltair, Lagoon and Liberty Park. The old folks gatherings have become popular and have been copied very extensively in the missions of the Church and even by non-Mormon communities.

By March 8th I finally had my room in the new Church building in working order. It contained my old desk which I had used in the other building, and three cabinets, two of them being private property, were placed along the north wall. Thus I was ready for active work better than ever before.

This year the usual annual Scandinavian reunion was held in Logan May 27.

On Saturday, July 21st, with my wife Bertha, I left Salt Lake City on

an outing to Yellowstone Park. On this trip we did not only enjoy the grand sights and drives and visits in the park, but I also did considerable historical labor while visiting the different wards in the Yellowstone Stake of Zion.

In the early days of the Church it was customary for President Brigham Young, with a retinue of many others, to make annual visits to the settlements of the saints in the Rocky Mountains, both north and south; but such trips had not been taken for many years. In 1917, however, Pres. Joseph F. Smith decided to make such a tour, accompanied by many of the Church authorities, and I was included in the company. On Sept. 11th we left Salt Lake City in four automobiles; a fifth one belonging to Elder Heber J. Grant of the Twelve, having started ahead of the others. As we passed through Payson, Pres. Jonathan Page, jun., and a large number of saints came out on the main street to greet the party and Pres. Smith made a short speech.

At Mona the party was met by the presidency of the Juab Stake and many others, in a number of automobiles which accompanied the party to Nephi. Here we were distributed among the people for the night and a splendid meeting was held in the Nephi tabernacle in the evening, the edifice being filled to capacity. The singing was excellent and the speakers were the following: Pres. Joseph F. Smith, Heber J. Grant, Hyrum M. Smith, Joseph F. Smith, jun., Stephen L Richards, Charles W. Nibley, David A. Smith, Joseph W. McMurrin and Andrew Jenson.

On Wednesday, Sept. 12th, the President's party left Nephi in five automobiles as follows. The first automobile, with Pres. Joseph F. Smith and wife (Mary), Joseph F. Smith, jun., and wife and David A. Smith and wife; Second auto belonging to Bishop Charles W. Nibley: with Anthon H. Lund who had arrived from Salt Lake City by train, Charles W. Nibley and wife (Julia), Hyrum M. Smith and

wife and the chauffeur; Third auto: Heber J. Grant and wife, Robert A. Judd and wife, and two children (Thomas Grant and Augusta), and Miss Clarissa A. Beesley; Fourth auto, belonging to Stephen L Richards: Stephen L Richards, wife and child (Phillip), Lynn Richards (chauffeur), Joseph W. McMurrin and daughter Lucille; Fifth auto: Andrew Jenson, Franklin W. Otterstrøm and Karl Lapeer (chauffeur). Altogether we were 29 persons in the company.

At Levan the citizens, including a large number of children, met the party and were addressed briefly by Presidents Smith and Lund. At the Sevier Dam the party was met by Pres. Orville L. Thompson and other leading men from Scipio in four automobiles, which then escorted us to Scipio, where 150 children met the party in front of the school house. At Holden a large concourse of people, including many children, distributed bouquets among the members of the party, and the journey was continued to Fillmore, where we arrived at 11:30 a. m. A meeting was held in the beautiful new chapel where the assembly was addressed by Pres. Joseph F. Smith and nearly all the rest of the adult members of the party. After the meeting a special lunch was served in the High School Building by the Domestic Science class. We rolled out of Fillmore at 2:40 p. m., visited Cove Fort (built by the Church in 1867) but now owned by private parties. The fort was still in an excellent state of preservation, although the north rooms were more or less in ruins. Continuing our journey we reached Beaver at 7:00 p. m. Here the party was distributed among several families to spend the night. Pres. Smith went with Pres. McGregor. A meeting was held in the Opera House commencing at 8:15 and closed at 10:00 o'clock p. m. Pres. Joseph F. Smith was the first speaker followed by others.

On Thursday, Sept. 13th, we left Beaver at 8:45 a. m. and traveled 35 miles to Parowan. At Paragoonah a

brass band came out to serenade the party and here also we met Pres. Wilford Day, Wm. H. Lyman and other prominent men who escorted the party to Parowan, where a stake conference was commenced soon after the arrival of the party. Pres. Smith and others spoke. A young people's meeting in the evening was addressed by Hyrum M. Smith and others; 956 persons were present in the forenoon and 857 in the afternoon.

On Friday, Sept. 14th, Pres. Joseph F. Smith and others of the party left Parowan with their respective wives to hold meeting in Cedar City, while the rest of us remained at Parowan to continue the conference. We left Parowan at 2:30 p. m. and traveled 75 miles to St. George, where we arrived at 7:30 p. m. Here Pres. Lund and I stopped over night with Pres. Edward H. Snow. In the evening a splendidly arranged festival was held in the St. George Stake tabernacle. An interesting program was carried out in the main hall in which Pres. Smith and Bishop Nibley were the principal speakers. After that the vast congregation repaired to the basement, where the long tables fairly groaned under the weight of melons, grapes, apples, pears, plums, etc., of which all partook until their appetites were fully satisfied. On Saturday and Sunday the quarterly conference of the St. George Stake was held during which all the members of the President's party were given an opportunity to speak.

On Monday, Sept. 17, we left St. George at 7:45 a. m. and drove to Cedar City (65 miles) where a large number of children met the party in front of the school house and were addressed by Pres. Smith and others. After that the whole party took lunch together at the house of a Bro. Wood and then continued the journey via Parowan and Paragoonah; thence we traveled up Little Creek Canyon over the summit of the mountain and through Bear Valley to the Sevier River, and then up said river to Panguitch (125 miles from St. George)

where a well-attended meeting was held in the evening, at which all the men spoke. We were distributed over night in different places, as previously arranged.

On Tuesday, Sept. 18th we left Panguitch at 9:30 a. m. and arrived an hour later in Circleville, where a meeting was held at which most of the adult brethren of the party spoke. Resuming the journey we traveled via Junction and Marysville, crossed the mountains to Monroe, where the people had assembled in the meeting house. Pres. Smith spoke to them and introduced the rest of the company. After meeting we were treated to ice cream and cake in the rear room of the new meeting house, after which we traveled on, and after stopping to greet the people at Elsinore and Inverury, we arrived at Richfield at 8:15 p. m. and were taken to different families to stop over night. A meeting was held in the evening at the Richfield 2nd Ward at which Pres. Smith and others of our party spoke. The house was crowded and about as many people stood on the outside unable to get in.

On Wednesday, Sept. 19th about 9:00 a. m. we left Richfield, and after making short stops at Venice, Sigurd and Aurora we arrived at Salina, where a well-attended meeting was held from 11:00 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. As one of the speakers I chose as my subject "The salt of the earth." At the close of the session lunch was served for all in the old meeting house, where also Pres. Smith addressed the people in behalf of the boys, who were leaving for the army. After that we went to Redmond, where a short halt was made, during which flowers were distributed freely by the children, who, together with the older people, who had gathered, all shook hands with Pres. Smith and other members of the party. Our next stop was at Centerfield, where the children and the adults had gathered in front of their meeting house. Pres. Smith spoke and introduced the rest of us, and each of us

was presented with a bouquet of flowers. Continuing the journey to Gunnison we soon reached Stirling, where Pres. Lewis Anderson of the South Sanpete Stake met us and escorted the company to Manti, where we found the Main street decorated with flags and bunting and hundreds of children drawn out in line, who after singing "We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet", marched along side of the automobiles to the Tabernacle, where Pres. Smith gave a short address. After this reception, which was the greatest ovation yet given the party, we were taken to different homes for entertainment over night. A meeting was held in the evening where the President and others spoke.

On Thursday, Sept. 20, we left Manti at 9:00 a. m., but after traveling about two miles, a spring in Heber J. Grant's car broke, and the automobile in which I rode had to remain behind to render assistance. I rode into Ephraim with a Bro. Bennion, and arrived there in time to take part in the ovation offered to the visitors in that town. Pres Smith was the principal speaker at the meeting. We then continued the journey, stops being made at Chester and Spring City. At the latter place Pres. Adolph Merz met us and conducted us to Mount Pleasant, where a largely attended meeting was held in the pavilion, at which Pres. Smith and others spoke. We all lunched at different houses, after which Pres. Smith and most of the party left for Salt Lake City, arriving there in the evening. Elder Grant's auto and the one in which I rode, remained in Mt. Pleasant until Bro. Grant's car was repaired.

On Friday, Sept. 21st, Elder Grant's auto and the one in which I rode, left Mount Pleasant at 9:00 o'clock a. m., and by way of Spanish Fork Canyon we traveled to Salt Lake City, where we arrived in the afternoon.

During this memorable trip we traveled about 725 miles by automobile and held 21 regular meetings, including conference meetings, etc., besides

about 20 stops in small towns, and two meetings which Bro. Heber J. Grant held at Hurricane and Cedar City on Sunday, Sept. 23rd. Pres. Smith spoke at some length at all the general meetings and briefly at all the stops, while the rest of the brethren delivered speeches varying from two and a half to fifteen minutes. My own talk was as a rule only five minutes; the exception to this were my talks in Parowan, St. George and Manti. Altogether I spoke 11 times. Pres. Smith tried his best to treat everyone in the party with courtesy and respect and made a splendid impression upon all whom he addressed.

At the October conference I again addressed an overflow meeting.

On Dec. 9th I delivered a historical discourse in the Tabernacle, speaking for over one hour. I believe it was one of my most successful talks.

On Sunday, Dec. 16th I lectured at Huntsville to a large and appreciative audience on Jerusalem. Just before the evening meeting, I received a telephone message, telling me that my mother had died at Pleasant Grove at 6:00 o'clock that evening. Consequently I returned home immediately and the next day with my wives Emma and Bertha I traveled by automobile to Pleasant Grove, where I, together with my brother Jens, made all the necessary arrangements for mother's funeral. On Dec. 19th I again went to Pleasant Grove with my whole family and attended mother's funeral. My two wives dressed mother in her burial clothes and placed her in her casket and many friends from Pleasant Grove and elsewhere came to the house (the home of my brother Jens) to view the remains, before taking them to the Tabernacle, where the funeral services were commenced at 1:00 o'clock p. m. The speakers on this occasion were Bishop Charles P. Warnick, Louis P. Lund, Niels Larsen of Vineyard, Richard D. Wadley, Franklin C. Banks, Wm. L. Hayes and Bishop Swen L. Swenson. Appropriate hymns were sung. The pallbearers were Parley P.

Jenson, Harold H. Jensen, and Alvin E. Olson representing my side of the house and Dan Adams and his two sons (Milton and Arza) representing my brother Jens' part of the family. My children presented a floral contribution with the word "Grandma" in gold letters on a pink ribbon, and there were numerous other floral contributions.

Mother was born July 7, 1821, in Smaagaarden, Skjæve Sogn (parish), Hjørring amt, Denmark. Becoming a convert to "Mormonism" she was, together with father, baptized Dec. 8, 1854, and emigrated to Utah in 1866. With a few exceptions her home since her arrival in Utah had been in Pleasant Grove, where she left a fine record as a good Latter-day Saint, and a strict observer of the Word of Wisdom and the law of tithing.

During the year 1917 I traveled about 5,700 miles, namely, 2,100 miles by rail, 3,500 miles by auto and 20 miles by team. I spoke in public 130 times including five or six funeral sermons, 25 sermons in Danish and 20 lectures on Church history. Whenever I was home on Sundays, I invariably attended circle meeting in the Temple.

CHAPTER 69

(1918)

Visit Fort Limhi and Fort Hall in Idaho—
Once More in California—Demise of President Joseph F. Smith.

I commenced the year 1918 exchanging New Year's greetings with Pres. Heber J. Grant and several others on the steps of the Church Office building. In the afternoon I attended a Sunday school party in the 17th ward, and in the evening a Scandinavian meeting in the Le Grande Ward where I spoke to the children. My whole family was with me, and we took Pres. Anthon H. Lund in our automobile to the scene of the festivities. We also attended the wedding reception of Harold S. Barnes at the home of his parents (Bro. Arthur F. Barnes and wife). Harold married a Miss Alice Rasmussen of Redmond, Sevier County, in the Salt Lake Temple.

During the remainder of the winter I attended a number of old folks gatherings, among which was a fine entertainment at the Wilkes Theatre in Salt Lake City, and, by special invitation, I attended old folks gatherings at Lehi, Pleasant Grove and Alpine.

On March 6th I spoke in the Temple Annex by invitation of Pres. Anthon H. Lund, and at the general conference on April 7th I was one of the speakers in the overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall.

On June 7th I left Salt Lake City on a tour to Idaho and Wyoming, by automobile, on which tour I attended quarterly conferences in Preston, Idaho, in Afton, Wyoming, and in Paris and Montpelier in Bear Lake Valley, Idaho. On this trip also I visited nearly all the settlements in the stakes mentioned as well as in the Idaho, Bannock, Teton, Benson and Rigby stakes.

Together with Pres. Lewis W. Shurtleff and other local officials I visited the ruins of old Fort Limhi, on a tributary of the Salmon River, which was the first Anglo-Saxon settlement founded in the state of Idaho. Our company consisted of 17 souls who left Idaho Falls July 16, 1918, by automobiles.

We soon found ourselves out on the desert, where the roads, on account of recent rains, were quite muddy, and we had some trouble in getting through the so-called mud-lake country which at that time was being settled up pretty fast, a scheme of pumping water from the lake having been inaugurated. After traveling zig-zag through that country we struck the old pioneer trail and arrived at Gilmore, on the top of the divide, where I met my daughter Eleonore and her two children (Odyessia and Parley). I invited them to accompany us to Salmon City and Fort Limhi.

According to appointment we held a meeting in the Opera House in Salmon City July 16th, at which I gave a lecture on the first settlement of

Latter-day Saints in the Salmon River country. Remarks by James Duckworth, Christian Anderson and Lewis W. Shurtleff followed. My daughter Eleonore sang "Come, Come, Ye Saints", and the congregation seemed highly pleased. A number of prominent citizens of Idaho came up on the stand at the close of the meeting to be introduced. John E. Rees, president of the Idaho Historical Society, presided in the meeting which was advertised as the second annual celebration of the Limhi Historical Society.

The next day (July 17th) we left the hotel at Salmon City and rode to Fort Limhi, where we spent several hours looking around the premises, measuring the old mud walls still standing and locating the graves of James Miller and George McBride, who were killed by Indians Feb. 25, 1858. We held an interesting meeting on the lawn and in the shade of the trees in front of Mr. Franklin Whitman's house, Mr. Whitman being the present owner of the premises. I presided in the meeting. Nearly all the adult members of the company made remarks, and we sang "When first the glorious light of truth" and "We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet". Eleonore sang "O, ye mountains high". I read a few extracts from the history of Fort Limhi, and the remarks made by the brethren and sisters were timely and instructive. Even the owner of the property, who had previously decided to erase the old fort walls to the ground, was so impressed with what he had heard and seen that he said he would now do his best that the remnant of the old fort should be preserved, and if the state of Idaho would set apart the ground as a memorial park, he would agree to take care of it without any remuneration. Bro. Lewis W. Shurtleff of Ogden, one of the founders of Fort Limhi in 1855, was the hero of the occasion and explained many things concerning the founding of the fort and the thrilling experiences of the people.

Our little meeting was attended by about thirty people, including Mr. Whitman's family. After this meeting we returned to Salmon City and later Alvin E. Olson and I, with Bro. Chr. Anderson as chauffeur, visited the Lost River country, stopping for the night at Mackey. The next day (July 18th) we resumed our journey early in the morning and traveled to Moore, where we, after considerable trouble in traveling over bad roads, succeeded in finding Bishop William N. Patten. Here we gathered some material for history and then rode to Arco, where there is another ward of our people. Not finding Bishop Wm. B. Lowry at home, we gathered a few old settlers together and obtained data for history. We then continued the journey, passed the sink of Little Lost River and then crossed the desert via Roberts to Idaho Falls.

We had enjoyed the trip, had not met with accidents of any kind and felt thankful to Bro. Anderson for his very efficient help. On the trip we passed over many dangerous places, especially in Salmon River Canyon, but Bro. Anderson, being an experienced and careful driver, got us through safe and well. Bro. Anderson was a member of the High Council of the Bingham Stake and acted for many years as Bishop of the Ammon Ward.

After returning to Idaho Falls, traveling in my own car, we visited nearly all the settlements of the saints in Shelley and Blackfoot stakes, and on July 14th we traveled about ten miles via Springfield to an isolated bridge spanning Snake River on to the Indian Reservation, where Bishop Richard Ward met us with a team and Mr. Treco and Arave Jepson of Blackfoot with an automobile, and with these conveyances we continued the journey to the site of old Fort Hall, situated in a bend of Snake River. Then we drove across the prairie to the Indian reservation on to the second location of Fort Hall on Spring Creek where we righted a monument which had fallen down. We then re-

crossed Snake River and went on to Sterling, where we participated in a 24th of July celebration in a hall, in which I was the orator of the day; a nice little program was rendered. We then met with some of the old settlers and wrote up the history of Tilden, near Fort Hall. Afterwards we visited Aberdeen, American Falls, Rockland and Neeleyville, whence we traveled about forty miles up Snake River and Bannock Creek to Paulina, or Meadow, where we arrived about sundown. Finding our visit unannounced and the Bishop and other leading men away from home, we had considerable trouble to find a place to stay over night. But at length we succeeded in finding a German brother by the name of Pohl who lived on the side of the mountain in a one-room house with a wife and daughter. He received us kindly and treated us to the best the family had. The daughter, rather a pretty girl, we named "The daughter of the hills." Next day (July 26th) we traveled to Crystal and across the mountains to Pocatello, where we met with old settlers, and thence went up to the Portneuf River and visited all the settlements in the Portneuf Stake of Zion. We returned home July 29th.

During this prolonged tour into Idaho and Wyoming we traveled 2,750 miles including 2,680 miles by auto, and 20 miles by team. We had visited nearly all the wards and branches of the Church in 14 stakes of Zion, namely, Oneida, Star Valley, Bear Lake, Montpelier, Idaho, Bannock, Teton, Fremont, Rigby, Bingham, Shelley, Blackfoot, Pocatello and Portneuf. By actual count I find that we had visited 167 wards and branches of the Church during our trip, in each of which we gathered valuable historical matter. During the trip I attended four quarterly conferences and delivered 110 public addresses, not counting the many short subsidiary meetings in which I gave advise on record making. My visits to old Fort Limhi and Fort Hall were especially interesting, and

I think important from the viewpoint of history.

After spending a few days at home I made ready for a trip to California, on which I, together with Alvin and Amanda Loland, left Salt Lake City on Aug. 1st. We arrived at Los Angeles on August 2nd. Passing on to Ocean Park, we there met my wife Bertha, and her son Leo, my daughter Eva and her children Marcus, Earl and Randine, who directed us to the six roomed-cottage which they had rented at 2715 Sixth St., Ocean Park.

The cottage was situated on high ground overlooking the ocean. This became our temporary home while we enjoyed the coast climate and sought relief from the warm weather. Our families being healthy and robust, we all enjoyed the occasion, frequently bathing in the waves of the great Pacific Ocean. While enjoying life on the coast, I spent much of the time perusing records and adding to my collection of historical documents.

While sojourning in California we also visited Pasadena, Long Beach, San Diego, Camp Kearney and other places and took in the sights of Los Angeles and vicinity. We occupied our temporary Ocean Park home until August 29th, when we traveled by rail to San Pedro, where we boarded the steamship "President", and after a voyage of 400 miles up the California coast we passed through the Golden Gate and landed at San Francisco. We lodged at the Winchester Hotel on Third St. near the market. While in San Francisco we visited the Golden Gate Park, the Cliff House, the Presidio, and also spent some time at the new public library, situated at the Civic Center. On Sept. 1st we left San Francisco, homeward bound, and arrived in Salt Lake City the following day.

Resuming my work at the Historian's Office, I read proof on 96 pages of the 3rd volume of the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia. Eighteen 16-page sheets of Vol. 3 had been printed. The rest of the volume I

expected to publish after the war was over.

In October Salt Lake City was visited by a terrific attack of influenza, on account of which all public gatherings were closed. In our house my daughter Eva was very sick with pneumonia, but her life was saved by faith and the administration of the Elders. During the epidemic I was frequently called out to administer to the sick, but through being careful and by the blessing of the Lord I did not take the disease.

On Oct. 12th I assisted Pres. Joseph F. Smith in blessing my son Harold's baby boy who was named Mark Bigler. Pres. Smith came down in his automobile, and I had a long conversation with him in regard to his mission in Hawaii. The President had been in poor health for some time, frequently being confined to his bed. He continued to get worse and finally died on the morning of Nov. 19th. In the passing of President Smith I felt to mourn as much as I did when my own natural father passed away in 1892. We had become very much attached to Pres. Smith, not only because he was the president of the Church, but also as a close neighbor and as a true and devoted friend, who never failed us in time of need. Looking back upon the event of his death, I call it a radical change in my own life and experiences. How much I missed the friendship and devotion of that great and good man, whose family has also become connected with my own through marriage.

Owing to the prevailing epidemic of influenza throughout the land no public services were held over the remains of Pres. Smith except at the cemetery, where a temporary stand was erected and short services conducted consisting of four musical numbers and speeches by Bishop Charles W. Nibley and President Heber J. Grant. George Albert Smith offered the invocation and Charles W. Penrose dedicated the grave and offered the benediction. The

street all the way from the President's Office to the grave was lined with mourners.

On Nov. 23rd, at a meeting of the Apostles, the First Presidency of the Church was reorganized as follows: Heber J. Grant, president, Anthon H. Lund, first, and Charles W. Penrose, second counselor. The counselors were the same who had served with Pres. Smith. Pres. Grant was the seventh leader to hold the position of president of the Church.

During the year 1918 I traveled about 8,500 miles, including 3,800 miles by rail, 404 miles by steamers, 4,000 miles by automobile, 26 miles on horseback. I spoke in public 190 times, did much historical work, published 280 pages of volume 3 of the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia, and had material on hand for much of the balance of the book.

About the close of the year my son-in-law Alvin E. Olson ceased his labors at the Historian's Office, where he had acted as an employee, hoping to improve his financial position.

CHAPTER 70

(1919)

Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol. 3, Published—Financial Help From the First Presidency, Uncle Jesse Knight and Others Made the Publication Possible—Ordained a High Priest After Serving as a President of the Third Quorum of Seventy for Many Years.

Under date of January 10, 1919, I received a letter from the First Presidency in answer to letters I had written Sept. 30th and Oct. 10th, in which they promised me a thousand dollars to assist me in publishing Vol. 3 of the Biographical Encyclopedia. In appreciation of this gift I wrote the following:

Salt Lake City, Jan. 19, 1919.
Presidents Heber J. Grant, Anthon H. Lund and Chas. W. Penrose:

Dear Brethren: Your letter of the 10th inst. brought to me a happy and pleasant surprise. Your magnificent gift of one thousand dollars to assist in the publication of Volume 3 of the Biographical Encyclopedia will enable me to do what I have desired to do from the beginning, namely, to

write and publish biographies of worthy men and women—members of the Church—who have done things that the people generally are interested in without catering to people of means, in order to obtain money on individual accounts, that is, ask people to pay for their individual sketches to be printed. In publishing the first two volumes I did the best I could by publishing sketches of dead people who were worthy of note, but with your aid I shall be able to make Volume 3 an ideal volume that the public ought to appreciate. Again I thank you.

As regards my notes, I am happy to state that if I can have the needed help I shall have nearly all my notes pertaining to the general history and the histories of stakes and wards in readable shape by the April conference next. But I should visit all the stakes and wards (those not already visited) once more and read to the old settlers what I have written in order to insure accuracy. I could have had the copying of my notes or the getting of them into shape done before, but I have endeavored to associate my notes with material obtained from other sources, in order to turn out somewhat complete historical articles, and this has, of course, taken time. But I am confident that when you examine what my extensive travels and notes now represent, you will be satisfied that my life's labor has not been in vain.

After completing the histories of the stakes and wards there is still much to be done in connection with the missions, conferences and branches abroad, but if I can get the necessary clerical help, that work can also be finished, though not so completely in detail as originally contemplated.

I have buried myself in old records and histories until sometimes I feel that I have specialized too much in that line, and been too much confined to office work of late years.

With kindest regards I remain
Your brother and fellow-laborer,
ANDREW JENSON.

On Jan. 21st I wrote the following letter to my brother Jens, this being the 70th anniversary of his birth:

Salt Lake City, Utah Jan. 21, 1919.
My dear brother Jens:

We had thought of making you a visit on your birthday, but influenza conditions seem to make this impracticable, and I therefore send you

these few lines by way of congratulations. You have reached the allotted age of man—three score and ten—and in less than two years from now, if I live, I shall reach the same goal. Well, my dear brother, I think our lives have been somewhat successful. When I think of our humble parentage, of our school boy days in the little village of Try, in dear old Denmark, of our acceptance of 'Mormonism' in the days of our youth, our journeyings to America, our pioneer experiences in the Wild West, and our subsequent experiences, I feel that the Lord has been kind to us, that we have not struggled in vain, but that after seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, we have been blessed with wives, sons and daughters, with houses and homes, and throughout have been quite successful among the children of men. And we, I think, shall leave behind us an honorable name, that our children and grandchildren shall have no occasion to be ashamed of. I only hope they will follow our examples as regard to honesty and the leading of an upright life.

In contemplating our past lives, there is only one thing that grieves me, and that is this, that we have not all followed the same religious path through life. I wish I could have the privilege to witness you return to your 'first love', your love for the gospel of Christ as restored to the earth in our day, and as it was brought to us in our native land by the servants of God. Can't I have the pleasure of baptizing you and see you return to the true fold and spend the remainder of your days on board the good ship Zion, which so far, has successfully weathered all storms? I feel from the bottom of my heart to say: My dear brother Jens, come back to us! Come back to the cause that filled our youthful days with joy, happiness and hope—the cause that has been the source of all we are, all we possess, all we can expect to be, and that which eventually can save us in the Kingdom of God, if we prove true to it to the end. In conclusion I wish you many happy returns of the day! May your health be good, your mind bright and your conscience clear.

Your affectionate brother
ANDREW JENSON.

At a meeting held in the 17th Ward March 30th, I was ordained a

High Priest by Elder George Albert Smith, after which I assisted in ordaining a number of other brethren High Priests. I was mouth in ordaining John South, George Thomas Marsden, Joseph Charles Wade, John Hulterstrom, and William Baldee. Thus I ceased to be senior president of the 3rd Quorum of Seventy with which quorum I had been identified since Oct. 8, 1883. I had acted as a president of the quorum since 1886 and as senior president since 1913. I left the quorum with a degree of regret, as I had become attached to its members, and I may here remark that all the Church work including all my missions, which I had ever done in an official capacity up to this time, was done as a Seventy, having been ordained to that office in the Priesthood May 14, 1873, by George Q. Cannon, when I was set apart for my first mission to Scandinavia.

At the meeting held of the Utah State Historical Society at the Capitol April 3, 1919, I was appointed to visit Ogden to learn the condition of affairs there in regard to the semi-centennial celebration of the completion of the first trans-continental railroad or the 50th anniversary of driving the golden spike at Promontory May 10, 1869. In answer to my letter to the Commercial Club three men, namely, D. Carlos Kimball, A. N. McKay and Wm. A. Williams met with us in Ogden and assured us that the Commercial Club was heart and soul with us in the contemplated celebration. Pres. Lewis W. Shurtliff and Mayor Thos. S. Browning were also enthusiastic in regard to the matter, and two days later (April 5th) a state committee was organized consisting of Governor Simon Bamberger, Andrew Jenson and Thos. S. Browning, the latter to be acting chairman.

An effort was made to secure a complete list of the survivors of those

who had worked on the Utah Division of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads during the construction of these railroads in 1868 and 1869. Assisted by Daniel Spencer, general passenger agent of the Oregon Short Line, passes were sent to all these railroad builders to enable them to be present at the celebration.

On May 10th the great Golden Spike Celebration took place in Ogden. I assisted in various ways. About 600 men, who had assisted to build the railroad in 1868 and 1869, were present, but were not given a place in the parade. A general meeting was held in Lester Park in the afternoon, at which a number of railroad dignitaries spoke, as also did Pres. Heber J. Grant and Gov. Bamberger. I gave a ten-minute speech. I introduced James Kirkham, one of the railroad workers, who sang "At The Head of Great Echo the Railroad Begun".

Later in the month of May I made another trip to Ogden, and on May 17th, accompanied by Bishop L. Jones, Marvin J. Stone, Amos I. Stone and others, I visited the site of the Farr and Mound fort, locating the old lines and making other observations in the interest of Church history.

In June I visited Millard and Beaver counties in the interest of Church history and also parts of the St. George and Parowan stakes. On July 17th I took charge as vice-chairman of an annual Old Folks gathering in Liberty Park. About 2,000 people over 70 years of age were present, besides thousands of others. Each ward took care of its own aged people by way of banqueting them while the Central Committee provided lemonade, ice-cream and cake. An interesting program was carried out, and Gov. Bamberger delivered the principal speech.

In the latter part of July and the month of August I visited Sanpete,

Wayne and Sevier stakes in the interest of Church history and on Aug. 20th attended a Scandinavian Conference in Preston, Idaho; on Sept. 21st a similar gathering in Ogden. On September 2nd I set apart my wife Bertha as secretary of the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society; she had been acting as assistant secretary for some time.

On Oct. 13th I left Salt Lake City on a trip to Arizona, visiting en route Pueblo, Colorado, where I addressed a number of missionaries, drawing attention to the fact that Pueblo was settled by Latter-day Saints as an Anglo-Saxon town in 1846, and suggested that the Elders in their propaganda might draw attention to that fact, in order to gain prestige with the people who thereby might be led to investigate the message of the Elders. In Arizona I visited a number of settlements including Holbrook, St. Joseph, St. John, Eagar, Alpine and Luna Valley, Nutriosa, Snowflake and all the settlements in the Snowflake Stake. After that I extended my visits to the settlements in the Maricopa and St. Joseph stakes. From El Paso, Texas, I visited Ciudad and Juarez in Mexico and later our settlements in the St. Luis Stake and Young stakes in Colorado and New Mexico.

During the year I had been a very busy man and felt quite satisfied at the close of the year with the results. During the year I had traveled about 10,000 miles including 5,700 miles by rail, 4,150 miles by automobile, 26 miles by team and 14 miles by rowing boat. I had preached about 30 times including several sermons in Danish and some funeral sermons. I also attended 155 historical meetings during the year, at which I generally gave instructions on record keeping, besides reading history for corrections. I attended two general conferences of the Church and stake quarterly confer-

ences in the following stakes: Nebo, Weber, Alpine, St. George, Wayne, Bear River, Cottonwood, North Weber, South Davis, St. Johns, Snowflake, Maricopa, St. Joseph and Young stakes, and preached in all of them. Reading from my notes and adding to these much historical information, I visited the following stakes: Nebo, Weber, Alpine, Ogden, North Weber, Juab, Millard, Beaver, Parowan, St. George, North Sanpete, South Sanpete, Sevier, Wayne, Bear River, Cottonwood, South Davis, St. Johns, Snowflake, Maricopa, St. Joseph, San Luis and Young. In all my travels during the year I enjoyed good health and was successful in my labors.

CHAPTER 71

(1920)

My Son Harold Called on a Mission to Great Britain—The 70th Anniversary of My Birth Remembered.

I spent New Year's Day of 1920 with the family, filled somewhat with meditations in regard to the past and with no definite plans in regard to the future, except that I still had an earnest desire to do right and continue to serve God and keep his commandments. In the evening, with my whole family, I attended a Scandinavian New Year's party in the Le Grand Ward, mostly arranged for the pleasure of the children. A program consisting of a few short speeches, some singing and the personification of Santa Claus were the principal features. I made a short speech and sang a song. In the early part of the year I delivered a number of lectures on the Mormon Battalion, the Pioneers of Utah, the introduction of the restored gospel to different countries and other topics.

On Saturday, Jan 10th, President Anthon H. Lund called me into his office for consultation about dividing the Scandinavian Mission, including Denmark and Norway, into two missions. I was in favor of the division under the circumstances and sug-

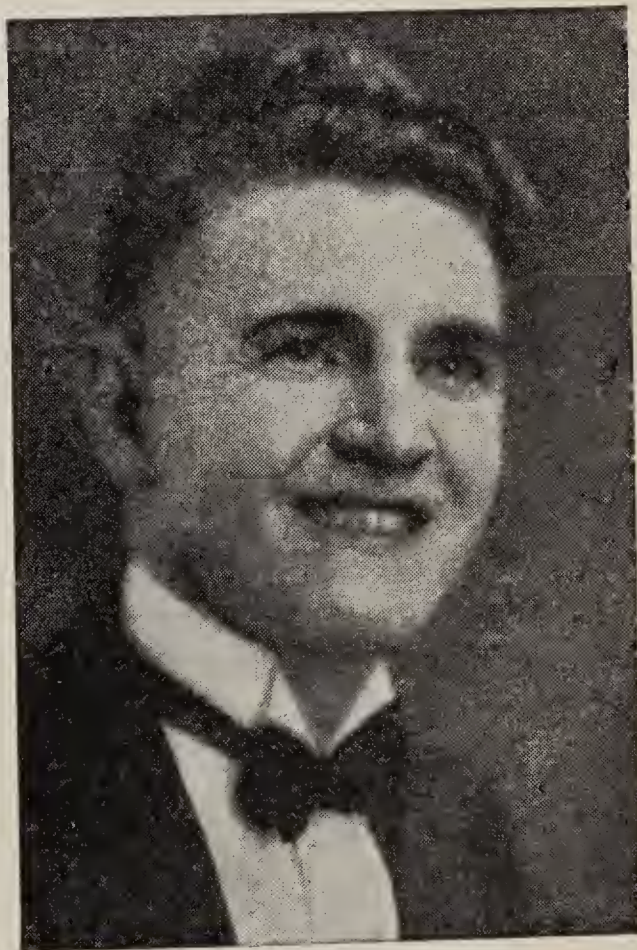
gested that August S. Schow be the first president of the Norwegian Mission. The division went into effect on or about the 1st of April, following. Thus what was originally the Scandinavian Mission now became three separate missions, namely, the Swedish, organized in 1905, the Norwegian and the Danish missions.

I was busy all the afternoon of January 10th assisting in taking care of the "Railroaders" at the Hotel Utah, in connection with the celebration held that day in honor of the completion of the Utah Central Railroad fifty years previously. About 300 guests were entertained at a fine banquet, the invited guests including the survivors of the builders of the Utah Central Railroad and state, county, city and Church officials of the Jubilee committee. Speeches were made by Mayor Boch, Pres. Heber J. Grant, Charles W. Nibley, Charles W. Penrose, Lon Haddock and myself. I was the originator and promoter of the celebration.

In the latter part of January I visited Tintic and Nebo stakes in the interest of Church history. On Feb. 16th I preached in the Tabernacle, on the 28th in the Temple and on April 4th in an overflow meeting of the general conference. On April 16th I assisted in moving the Utah State Historical Society from Delbert W. Parrott's State Fair Office to room No. 120 on the first floor of the State Capitol. Here we arranged our office equipment and documents as best we could and left Miss Dorothy Gleater in charge of the office. I took part in founding a library for the Utah State Historical Society and among the first books donated for that purpose was a nearly complete set of all the books I had written and published. I also assisted in adding to the society many relics and other material which naturally belongs to a historical society. On May 6th I attended a Scandinavian conference at Salina and a similar one in Logan July 18th.

On July 23rd I read the last proof on the last few pages of the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia, Vol. 3, including the title page and preface. I felt very thankful that the work on that volume was done. It had been a heavy burden on me for several years and had been connected with much worry and perplexity. But I was pleased when I contemplated that I was the author of the only literary work of its kind in the Church and perhaps the only work of the kind ever published with merit instead of money as its basis. The financial outcome of the work was what had caused anxiety, but when it was completed I felt a happy relief. And yet the money matters were still pending as only part of the 1,500 copies had been subscribed for.

In 1920 my son Harold was called on a mission to Great Britain and



ELDER HAROLD H. JENSON

started with another missionary July 27th for Europe. I accompanied him to Ogden, where I bade him Godspeed and gave him such advice as I thought proper and timely.

After attending a quarterly con-

ference in the Woodruff Stake on August 1st I visited the sites of Fort Supply and Fort Bridger, and during my visit I made myself thoroughly acquainted with the locations and some of the interesting history connected with the founding of these two settlements or forts, paying particular attention to Fort Supply which was founded in 1853 and abandoned in 1857 on account of the Johnston Army troubles. I also visited all the wards and branches of the Woodruff stake in the interest of Church history. On August 16th I received from the bindery the first bound copies of the Biographical Encyclopedia, Volume 3. We only published 1,500 copies of the volume and after disposing of as many as we were able the balance was sold to the Deseret News Company at the original cost.

On Sept. 16th I left Salt Lake City on a tour to Vernal and the Uintah Stake. On this trip I visited all the settlements in the Uintah Stake in the interest of Church history and also the wards in the Duchesne Stake, and returned home Oct. 1st. In October I visited all the wards and settlements in the Millard and Deseret stakes, and in November I visited Cassia Stake in Idaho. In November, also, I visited the settlements in the Malad Stake in Idaho and the Bear River Stake in northern Utah.

The 70th anniversary of my birthday was celebrated Dec. 11, 1920. It seemed strange that I was now entering into the class of veterans and that from then on I belonged to the old folks as well as being a member of the Old Folks Central Committee. During the day I received numerous congratulations from friends in the shape of letters and telegrams and in the evening a reception was held at our house and, notwithstanding a severe snow storm, which came up, a large number of friends and relatives called, among whom were Anthon H. Lund of the First Presidency, An-

thony W. Ivins of the quorum of the Twelve; Hulda Augusta Grant, wife of Pres. Heber J. Grant, Dr John A. Widtsoe and wife, Anthony C. Lund of the Tabernacle Choir, Maria Y. Dougall, Hyrum J. Jensen, Søren Rasmussen, Maria Francis, and Mary F. Kelly Pye. An impromptu program was carried out consisting of songs, speeches and recitations, and I received more eulogy than I had ever received on any previous occasion. I was presented with a beautiful gold watch with chain and locket by a group of Scandinavians. Sister Madsen, wife of P. W. Madsen, originated the idea of presenting me with this time piece as a token of the respect in which I was held by the Scandinavians of Utah and elsewhere, and her son H. Harry Madsen took the initiative in carrying out the project. A number of other presents were received and also a profusion of flowers. The Historian's Office personnel sent a beautiful basket containing 70 carnations. Members of my immediate family presented me with gifts of various kinds.

During the year I had traveled about 7,500 miles, including 5,730 miles by rail, 1,650 by automobile and 80 miles by team. I had preached in public 132 times, besides giving instruction in 105 historical meetings. I attended ten stake quarterly conferences and spoke in the Tabernacle twice. Included in my public addresses were six funeral sermons. The quarterly conferences attended were in the Tintic, Utah, Woodruff, Palmyra, Duchesne, Cassia, Malad, and Bear River stakes.

CHAPTER 72

(1921)

Fill a Special Mission to the United States and Mexico—Death of Pres. Anthon H. Lund—Joseph F. Smith, jun., Chosen as Church Historian.

With the ushering in of a new year I was reminded forcibly that I was now seventy years old, having reached the allotted age of man—

three score and ten—according to Bible computation of age. I had said repeatedly that when I reached that age, there would be some change in my life's activities. I did not intend to withdraw from work with a view of spending the rest of my life in idleness, or inactivity, but I did not expect to rush through as if I had not a moment to spare. Ever since I had become a man and understood the object of the creation of man, I had endeavored to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and the Lord had blessed me with the other things in life so that I was quite comfortable financially, and if the property I had could be preserved I should perhaps not want for daily bread while finishing my sojourn in mortality. I spent part of New Year's Day calling on relatives and friends and exchanging New Year's greetings with them. Among others I called upon my son Harold's family, Pres. Anthon H. Lund, Nephi L. Morris and many others, and also attended a Scandinavian New Year's party in the Le Grande Ward.

On Sunday, Jan 2nd, I presided in the Circle meeting held in the morning. After that I attended fast meeting in the Temple and later in the day attended a meeting in the County Infirmary, where I was singularly blessed while speaking in both English and Danish.

On Jan. 9th I went by train to Logan where I met with the newly appointed presidency of the Logan Stake, and assisted the brethren in organizing the River Heights Ward. I was also one of the speakers in the Logan Tabernacle, and attended a Scandinavian meeting. Besides I arranged for obtaining additional information concerning the Logan and Cache stakes.

At a meeting of the Utah State Historical Society held at the State Capitol Jan. 17th, said society was reorganized and John A. Widtsoe was elected president, succeeding me.

Most of the other officers of the society were also changed. I had presided over the society since Jan. 15, 1917, during which time we had made a commencement of building up a library. We had also collected several valuable relics from pioneer days as a beginning to the establishment of a state museum. A room in the State Capital had been placed at the disposal of the society.

On Wednesday, Jan. 26th, I took charge of an old folks entertainment given at the Hippodrome Theatre. I made a short speech before the curtain, and so did Ralph Cloninger, the star player and host of the occasion.

About this time I was instructed by the First Presidency to prepare for another special mission, on which I was to visit the different missions in the United States and Mexico in the interest of Church history, and I was busy distributing the work to be done at the office during my absence.

To fill my mission I left Salt Lake City on Feb. 1st and traveled to Grand Junction, Colorado, where I met John M. Knight, president of the Western States Mission, and George E. Egley, president of the West Colorado Conference. We held a meeting in the I. O. O. F. hall in the evening, attended by 75 saints and strangers.

The next day Pres. Knight and I traveled to Somerset, where we held meeting with a lively branch of the Church. On the 3rd we traveled to Montrose, where there was a branch of the Church and where we held a meeting. After that we traveled to Pueblo and Denver, where several days were spent perusing records and attending meetings. On Feb. 11th I left Denver for the headquarters of the Central States Mission.

I arrived at St. John, Kansas, at 7:00 a.m. and made my way to the home of A. Calvin Glasscock. St. John was once the headquarters of the Southwestern (now Central) States Mission, but there is now only a small branch there. I was intro-

duced by Sister Glasscock to Elder Charles H. Miller, the president of the St. John Branch and at 2 p.m. I left St. John for Wichita where I, after considerable wandering, found the whereabouts of the Elders who occupied the basement of a L. D. S. chapel recently erected at No. 1857 South Wichita St., the headquarters of the St. John Conference. Here I met Elder Arthur C. Brown and Max R. Webb and some missionary sisters. I left Wichita at 10:30 p. m. and traveled to Kansas City arriving there at 7:00 a.m. the next day (Sun. Feb. 13th). At No. 3500 Walnut St. I met Brother A. B. Kallström, the president of the Kansas City branch who, together with his wife, gave me a hearty welcome and Brother Kallström took me for a ride through the residential part of the city. On our way to the Studio Building on Locust St. I met Samuel O. Bennion, president of the Central States Mission, Rey L. Pratt, president of the Mexican Mission, and a number of Elders and missionary sisters and a large number of local saints. We first attended the Sunday School and addressed the classes. After that Elder Pratt and I addressed the general meeting which commenced immediately after the Sunday School. We enjoyed great freedom of speech. After dinner Bro. Kallström took me for a long ride through the city, where, among other places, we visited Westport, now a part of Kansas City, then continued to Independence, where we attended the general meeting in the evening, at which I gave an address to a most appreciative audience. I left Kansas City Feb. 15th, and traveled to Oklahoma, the capital of the state of Oklahoma. Here I met W. G. Campbell, custodian, and Joseph P. Thoburn, secretary of the State Historical Society. After that I had an interview with Governor James B. Robinson who had visited Utah and seemed very friendly to our people. Leaving Oklahoma on Feb. 18th, I traveled

to Fort Worth, Texas, and then proceeded to Kelsey, which had recently been selected as a gathering place for the saints in the South. After attending a conference at Kelsey Feb. 19th and 20th and also visiting Enoch, another colony of Latter-day Saints, I proceeded to Austin, and thence to San Antonio.

During these visits I obtained considerable information regarding the careers of the late Lyman Wight and George Miller who figured so prominently with an apostate colony in 1846 and following years. From San Antonio I continued the journey to El Paso, Texas, where I met Rey L. Pratt, president of the Mexican Mission, and 18 other Elders from Zion. I spent a very busy Sunday at El Paso and enjoyed the society of the Elders and local saints very much.

After spending a day (Feb. 28th) with Pres. Pratt to obtain passports for Mexico, we crossed the Rio Grande and started on a long journey by rail to Mexico City. Pres. Pratt had selected 12 missionaries to assist him in reopening missionary work in Mexico and some of them got ready to accompany us, namely, Benjamin Echols, an elderly man, who was to direct the work in Mexico City, Leland A. Jackson and Glen B. Miner and John L. Haymore. The latter had been called to labor in the city of Chihuahua. Brother Pratt and I occupied a Pullman car in traveling through Mexico.

After a somewhat tedious journey, we arrived in the City of Mexico March 4th. Pres. Pratt secured rooms for the Elders while he and I took a cab to Hotel Cosmos at 1A San Juan de Letran No. 12 in the central part of the city.

At the hotel I received a telegram, stating that Pres. Anthon H. Lund had died on March 2nd and would be buried the following Sunday. This news certainly was shocking to me and made me feel completely upset. This death was unexpected in Pres.

Lund's case, as he seemed hale and hearty when I left home a month before. He and I had labored together many years, and had been intimately bound together in loving friendship. Feeling depressed in spirit, Brother Pratt and I took a stroll out in the streets of the City of Mexico on which we visited the government buildings and the Federal Palace, saw the great cathedral, the Municipal Building, the magnificent post office and Central Park. My first impression of the City of Mexico was a pleasant surprise. I had imagined a city similar to other Mexican cities, only much larger, but I found that the capital of Mexico consisted to a great extent of fine solid buildings, patterned as to architecture, largely after Spanish cities.

I left the City of Mexico on March 9th and enjoyed the ride by rail from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, situated on the Gulf of Mexico. In descending from the plateau or elevation on which the City of Mexico is situated, down to and through the tropical country in and around Vera Cruz, I enjoyed the beautiful scenery. What a contrast in traveling such a short distance. I found Vera Cruz a real tropical city, but wicked as to its inhabitants. It was apparently full of political agitators, who were disloyal to every good government on earth. With all my carefulness someone stole my passport, no doubt for the purpose of entering the United States on false pretenses.

On March 12th I sailed from Vera Cruz on the Netherlands steamer "Hollandia" and enjoyed the voyage on the placid water of the Gulf of Mexico and up the delta of the Mississippi River to New Orleans, where we arrived on March 15th. Here I found four Elders from Utah who were laboring there as missionaries. For several days I was busy with these Elders, culling from the newspapers of early days when New Orleans was the landing place in Amer-

ica for thousands of saints who emigrated from Europe to the gathering places of the saints in the Rocky Mountains. At the library I found many of the early newspapers on file which enabled me to establish correctly a number of dates connected with Church emigration which I had never been able to obtain before.

Leaving New Orleans I visited Baton Rouge, the capital of Mississippi, Memphis in Tennessee, and Little Rock in Arkansas and arrived at St. Louis on March 23rd. Here I met six Elders from Zion and secured a comfortable room close by the chapel with a family named Fleckinger, the wife being a member of the Church and the husband a friend. This was at 5021 Page Avenue. Being thus provided with a temporary home I made my way to the public library where there was a file of the "Deseret News." In the issue of March 17th of that paper I read that John A. Widtsoe had been chosen to fill the vacancy in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, caused by the promotion of Anthony W. Ivins, who had been called into the First Presidency to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Pres. Anthon H. Lund, and also that Joseph F. Smith, jun., had been chosen as Church Historian.

I was soon buried in historical labors in St. Louis and also telegraphed home instructing my wife Bertha to leave home at once to meet me in St. Louis. She arrived in St. Louis on Wednesday, March 30th, and assisted me in copying from old newspapers published in St. Louis, whereby much information was added to Church history pertaining to that part of the Lord's vineyard. The city of St. Louis has been connected with Church history since the beginning of 1831. Many of the saints from Europe, who were short of means when emigrating, located temporarily in St. Louis to earn means to take them to the "Valley", and at one time there was an organized stake of

Zion in St. Louis. During my temporary sojourn in that city I delivered a number of lectures on Church history and attended many other meetings at which I did considerable public speaking.

Having finished my labors in St. Louis, my wife Bertha and I said goodbye to our friends and the missionaries on April 6th, crossed the Mississippi River and traveled to Atlanta, Georgia. During our day's travel we ate breakfast in Illinois, dinner in Indiana, supper in Kentucky and stopped over night in Tennessee.



JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, JUN.,
CHURCH HISTORIAN

Continuing the journey the next day, April 7th, we arrived at Atlanta, the capital of Georgia, at 7 p. m. Here we were met at the station by Elder Fred D. D. Hogan, the mission secretary, Mrs. Grace E. Callis (wife of Chas. A. Callis) and Sister Roberta F. Clayton, one of the local saints. Pres. Chas. A. Callis was in Salt Lake City attending conference. After the return of Pres. Callis to mission headquarters on April 10th, we arranged an itinerary for my travels through the Southern States. This itinerary took us to Montgomery,

(Alabama), Tallahassee, Jacksonville, and St. Augustine (Florida), Columbia, Gaffney, Greenville, Raleigh (South Carolina) and Richmond (Virginia). Finally we arrived in Washington, D. C., April 28th.

The kind reception that we received in all our travels in the Southern States, the hospitality of the local saints, and assistance rendered on every hand, made our visit in the south very enjoyable. We appreciated the opportunity of attending the meetings, preaching the gospel on many occasions and witnessing the progress made by the missionaries. Our visit to St. Augustine, Florida, where there was a small branch of the Church and where we made the acquaintance of the Soloma family, was very enjoyable. Drinking water from the "Fountain of Youth" and seeing other attractions of that old town created a desire for a better knowledge of early United States history, St. Augustine ranking as a very important city, the oldest in the United States.

Having finished my labors in the south I next paid attention to the Eastern States Mission where I did historical researches in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, New Haven (Connecticut), Boston, and Plymouth (Mass.), Portland (Maine) South Royalton and the Memorial Cottage in Vermont, Palmyra, the Hill Cumorah and many other places of interest.

Our next field of labor was in Cincinnati, Ohio, and other places, prior to commencing our labors in the Northern States. We spent an interesting time in Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis (Minnesota), and in Duluth and Superior in Michigan. We finally returned home to Salt Lake City June 18th.

On my journey I had visited forty states of the Union and most of the largest cities of these states, including 18 state capitals. I delivered 81 public addresses, besides speaking

in many Sunday schools and missionary classes and historical meetings. In most instances I was singularly blessed in my utterances, and my wife Bertha developed into quite an interesting and able speaker. She was with me most of the time after she joined me in St. Louis on March 30th. Included in my public speaking I may mention two open-air or street corner meetings, one in Greenville, So. Carolina, and another in Philadelphia, Pa. My health was good nearly all the time, notwithstanding all the changes of climate, food, temperature and other experiences to which I was subjected. My wife Bertha also enjoyed the trip and had good health.

On Sunday, June 19th, the first Sabbath after my return home, I attended the quarterly conference of the Salt Lake Stake and was one of the speakers in the evening in the Assembly Hall, during which I gave a brief account of my recent mission to the Southern States and Mexico.

On June 23rd I visited President Charles W. Penrose who was lying very sick at his home at 1145 So. 9th East St.

On Sunday, June 26th, I spoke briefly in the circle meeting in the Temple and then spent most of the day in the Historian's Office engaged in prayer and meditation. The next day I had a long conversation with Joseph F. Smith, jun., in regard to Historian's Office matters.

On July 13th I took an active part in the annual outing of the old folks of Salt Lake City to Liberty Park, where about 2,000 people over 70 years of age were present. Among the presents distributed on that occasion were two rocking chairs given to John Redman and Christine Maria Johnson, the oldest man and woman present.

In July I made a visit to Sanpete and Sevier counties, gathering historical information. On August 12th

I participated with my family in an excursion of Temple workers to the Hermitage in Ogden Canyon, where we were all treated to breakfast and then visited the artesian wells near Huntsville. Here a meeting was held, at which President Heber J. Grant, George F. Richards, George A. Smith, Rudger Clawson, Richard R. Lyman, Bishop Chas. W. Nibley, Thomas E. McKay, Joseph L. Petersen and I gave short speeches, which were intermixed with musical numbers.

In September I made a visit to Utah County on which occasion I associated myself with a number of old settlers in order to locate the site of old Fort Utah, about two miles west of the center of Provo City. With the guidance of Brother Walter Cox, one of the early pioneers of Utah, and the present owner of the site, we were enabled to mark the exact location, and placed a temporary marker (a part of an old mill stone) on the site until a more substantial monument could be erected there.

At the general conference held in October I was one of the speakers in the overflow meeting held in the Assembly Hall, and I afterwards addressed a Scandinavian meeting in the same place. Before going to sleep that night I felt somewhat depressed in my feelings. But in the night I had a remarkable dream, in which I thought I was climbing to a certain height, choosing a road, or a sort of cut-off, shorter than the one traveled generally; but just before reaching the top I was stopped, I thought, in a narrow stairway and could not extricate myself without calling upon friends for help. When I awoke the meaning of my dream came upon me like a flash to the effect that I had better remain in line, loyal and true as hitherto; if not, I might place myself in a position where I could not help myself. In my dream I thought I was dressed in my Temple robes, but was nevertheless in distress.

In October I sold a piece of property that I had owned for many years in the 11th Ward, Salt Lake City. It had cost me \$4,000 and I sold it for half that amount.

On November 2nd, in the evening, a telegram was received from my son Harold reading as follows: "Released, wire Whitney \$300." (Sent from Liverpool, England.) This news startled us all, as we thought Harold was getting along all right with his missionary labors. He had but recently been moved from the Birmingham to the Liverpool Conference. The next day I sent the following telegram to Pres. Orson F. Whitney at Liverpool: "Please explain Harold's release." Early in the morning of Nov. 4th I received the following answer: "Harold released on doctor's advice; account increasing deafness and injured finger." This put us all at ease as we had feared that something even more serious might have happened to cause his release before the usual missionary term was up. When he returned from his mission Dec. 23rd, he was cheerful and happy. After filling his mission in Great Britain he had made a hurried visit to continental Europe on which he visited France, Switzerland, Germany and Denmark. He sailed from Liverpool, England, Dec. 7th on the ship "Melita", landed at St. Johns, New Brunswick, and thence traveled by rail via Montreal, Chicago and Omaha to Salt Lake City.

In the July number of the "Era" an article appeared under the caption "One Andrew Jenson", written by James H. Anderson, in which I am given credit for accuracy. It was one of the few bouquets which seldom come to a man more than once during a lifetime. I have found from my experience that to rely upon memory alone is unsatisfactory, but one should rather rely upon documents such as daily journals in which the authors have recorded events on the identical day on which certain events took place.

Under date of July 12th I wrote a letter to Presidents Heber J. Grant, Charles W. Penrose and Anthony W. Ivins, of which the following are abstracts:

"I returned home from my special mission to the United States and Mexico on the 18th, after an absence of four and one-half months, during which time I traveled nearly twenty thousand miles and visited forty states in the Union, besides Mexico. According to the plan arranged before I left home, I visited most of the larger branches of the Church in the Western States Mission, the Central States Mission, the Southern States Mission, the Northern States Mission and the Eastern States Mission. Besides attending to my historical labors I attended many meetings and some conferences and preached eighty-one discourses, besides addressing Sunday School classes and smaller gatherings. I found tolerably good records at the respective mission headquarters.

During my travels I tried my best to gather the material needed to complete the histories of the various missions, conferences and branches up to the close of the nineteenth century. Time only permitted me to do a little for the records covering the last twenty years. Years ago I was given a special appointment to write a detailed history of everything in the Church up to the 31st of December, 1900. The work after that will, no doubt, be done by younger men. My actual traveling expenses on my trip footed up to \$1,192.65, but as I have been informed that objections had been raised to these expenses, I have only charged \$714.45 to the Church (which amount has been paid me) and I made up the deficiency (\$478.-18) from my own pocket. On all my former missions I have, with but very little exception, borne all my traveling expenses.

Much as I dislike to do so, I feel myself, under the present circumstances, in duty bound to refer briefly to my past labors in the historical field. I think I owe it to myself and my family to do so in the interest of true history, as most of those who in times past knew me best, have gone beyond the veil, and some of the present Church authorities do not seem to attach much importance to the line of work to which I have devoted nearly my entire life. I would much

prefer that somebody else should tell the story.

I may be pardoned for believing I was born a historian, for ever since my early youth I have been a constant reader and student of the history of that Church into which I was baptized when I was eight years old. On my first mission to Scandinavia, in 1873-1875, I gathered much material for a history of the Scandinavian Mission, which I afterwards edited and published. From 1877 to 1879 I edited and published the history of Joseph Smith the Prophet in the Danish language, assisted by the late Johan A. Bruun. This was the first book ever published in Utah in a foreign language. In 1879-1881 I filled a second mission to Scandinavia, during which I labored as assistant editor of "Skandinaviens Stjerne" while doing missionary labor, and for a short time took charge of the Scandinavian Mission. On this, my second foreign mission, I gathered much more historical material, which I, after my return home, edited and published in a monthly periodical called "Morgenstjernen" in the Danish language. After publishing this periodical during the years 1882, 1883, 1884 and 1885, and having published in its columns a somewhat detailed history of the Scandinavian Mission from the beginning up to the time of publication, I was, in 1886, advised by the late Apostle Erastus Snow to change my periodical into an English publication. Following that advice I published five volumes of the "Historical Record" containing articles on Church history covering its early period and also published my first edition of Church Chronology, the copyright of which I subsequently gave to the Church.

In 1888 I filled a special mission to the United States in the interest of Church history, during which I visited the former homes of the Saints in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois. I filled a similar mission in 1893. In 1890 I ceased my labors as a publisher and after that devoted nearly my entire time to Church history. From 1890 to 1895 I traveled through all the stakes of Zion from Mexico on the south to Canada in the north, gathering material for stake and ward histories, and in 1895-1897 I visited all the missionary fields in the world in the interest of Church history.

In 1902-1903 I filled a special mission to Scandinavia to assist in publishing a new edition of the

Book of Mormon in the Danish language, the book having been revised by Pres. Anthon H. Lund and myself; and in 1904-1905 I filled a similar mission to Scandinavia, this time to publish a second edition of the history of Joseph Smith in the Danish language. Before, between and after these special missions, I labored at the Historian's Office, but continued traveling off and on in the different stakes of Zion, in order to obtain the data needed to complete the histories of the stakes and missions up to the close of the century. In 1909 to 1912 I filled another special mission to Scandinavia, this time presiding over the mission.

During my life time I have accumulated an unique library and have gathered material for fifteen thousand biographical sketches.

I have published three volumes of the Latter-day Saints Biographical Encyclopedia, containing about three thousand sketches of leading men and presiding officers in the Church. It is the first work of its kind ever published in the Church or out of it, as far as I know, on the basis of individual merit. In my judgment that work should be continued indefinitely, but not by any private individual. The work naturally belongs to the Church and could be done under the direction and responsibility of the authorities of the Church."

In November I visited the Emery Stake and after attending a conference at Orangeville I visited all the wards and settlements in the stake in the interest of Church history. I returned home by way of Nephi.

About this time I completed the revision of my private journal, having translated the early part of the same from Danish into English. That being accomplished, I became vain enough to think that I had the best and most complete and unbroken journal of any Elder in the Church, having commenced a daily diary when I was only thirteen years old and kept it up ever since. It is written on good paper, uniform in size and part of it already bound in good leather binding. I expect to leave my private journal and my scrap books (containing many of my writings and

other matters in which I figure personally) in the Historian's Office.

On Saturday, Dec. 24th, I worked all day in the Historian's Office finishing the history of the Scandinavian Mission from 1881 to 1900. President Heber J. Grant came up to greet us all and later sent to all the employees in the Church building a book entitled "One Hundred and One Famous Poems." He had already given each of the employees \$25 as a Christmas gift. I mention this to show the generosity of President Grant.

Monday, Dec. 26th, was observed as a holiday, as Christmas Day came on a Sunday. In the morning we exchanged Christmas presents, Harold and his children, and Eva and her whole family being present. We had an interesting though a noisy time. Parley and his wife and others were among invited guests at dinner which was served at 5 o'clock.

The last day of the year I spent working in the Historian's Office and during the day I exchanged New Year greetings with members of the First Presidency and others. With my family I took supper with Alvin and Eva in the cottage. Besides our two immediate families, Parley (my son) and his wife, and my son Harold and others were invited.

During the year 1921 I traveled about 22,500 miles, including 19,800 miles by rail, 1,000 miles by steamers, 1,300 miles by automobile, and 20 miles by team. I had delivered 170 public addresses, including four funeral sermons and 12 speeches in Danish.

CHAPTER 73 (1922)

Biographical Encyclopedia Recommended—My Brother Joseph Returns to the Church—Visit to Bear Lake, Idaho.

On Jan. 18, 1922, I received the following:

"Salt Lake City, Jan. 18, 1922.
Elder Andrew Jenson, Assistant
Church Historian,
Dear Brother:

We have this day addressed to each

and every stake presidency the accompanying letter which we sincerely hope will meet with their entire approval to the end that the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia (the 3rd and last volume of which is now published) may be purchased and placed where free access may be had to it by the members of the Church desiring to consult its pages. We sincerely hope that your efforts to dispose of this work which has consumed so much diligent labor and time will be patronized in the way indicated in our letter as well as by individuals who may be able to possess it for their own private libraries.

With kindest regards and best wishes, we are,

Sincerely your brethren,
HEBER J. GRANT,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
A. W. IVINS,
First Presidency."

Following is the letter referred to, addressed to the Stake Presidents, dated Jan. 18, 1922.

"Dear Brethren:

The third and last volume of the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia by Elder Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian, has recently been published. This and the two companion volumes make a very valuable work of reference, containing, as it does, some three thousand biographical sketches of prominent Church workers, including those of all the general authorities of the Church, living and dead. If a complete set of this work could be purchased by each stake and ward and placed in offices and libraries, where free access may be had to it, much desirable information pertaining to Church history not otherwise obtainable might be readily gathered from it. We therefore take pleasure in recommending the third volume of the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia to the kindly consideration of yourselves and presiding authorities of the wards of the stake over which you preside, the price of of which will be six dollars to the stakes and wards, if procured direct from Bro. Jenson, otherwise the price of the volume will be ten dollars.

Your brethren,
HEBER J. GRANT,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
ANTHONY W. IVINS,
First Presidency."

In February and March I made some improvement in my home at 154 North

2nd West St. I engaged a carpenter to build a porch in the rear of our home and to build cupboards and shelves in the kitchen upstairs, and also to build a window looking east from my lot. We also introduced new plumbing in our home and a heating system was installed. The plumbers with their men were busy a whole week installing a heating system and nearly completed their work by the 1st of March. At the same time two men spent a week painting and papering a number of rooms. From a humble beginning in 1882, when we built our first cottage on the premises, we had succeeded in introducing improvements in our home from time to time to such an extent that we were now more comfortable than ever before. The heating system particularly made appreciative changes in our household affairs.

About this time I gave to Thora Jenson, wife of my oldest son Andrew A. Jenson, a home in Poplar Grove. It was a one and a half story frame building, situated on Navajo Street in the southwest part of Salt Lake City. I did this in appreciation of Thora's loyalty and devotion to my son who had not been able so far to provide his family with a home.

This spring also my daughter Eva and her family, who had occupied the cottage I had built in 1882, and later moved to the rear end of our lot, moved into our big house to occupy the main story, while I with my wives Emma and Bertha and our son Leo occupied the second story. Since that time the cottage referred to has been occupied by tenants.

The exact date of moving upstairs was April 16, 1922, and on that day we ate our first meal in our new upstairs kitchen. We also enjoyed the even warmth throughout the whole house as the result of our furnace and heating system.

For some time my younger brother Joseph, who was living in Richfield, Sevier County, had been identified with the Reorganites in Richfield, but realiz-

ing that he had made a mistake, he was now willing to return to the Church again. Consequently, according to previous arrangements, I visited Richfield, on May 15th and baptized eleven of my relatives, including my brother Joseph and his wife, two of his children and other more distant relatives. While my brother and his wife never again became very active in Church affairs, having spent so many years of training on the outside, yet he and his wife both died as faithful members of the Church.

On May 31st Pres. Grant called me to his side and expressed himself as being very well pleased with my labors, and suggested that I get a dictaphone and more help in the typewriting line. The president seemed to endorse my sentiments as I had expressed them in my written communication to the First Presidency.

In a communication to the First Presidency I had suggested that I would like to take a stenographer with me and travel by automobile from Kirtland, Ohio, to Clay County, Missouri, following the route of Zion's Camp in 1834, and then follow the Pioneer Trail of 1846-1847 from Nauvoo to Great Salt Lake Valley for the purpose of locating the routes correctly, and also the different camping places along the same. In answer to this proposition, I received a letter from the First Presidency in which the following paragraph occurs: "We appreciate the interest you take in obtaining authentic and valuable information and making a proper record thereof, but after giving the matter careful consideration we have decided that in view of all present circumstances we would not be justified in going to the expense of this trip."

On Sunday, July 23rd, I attended two meetings held in the Tabernacle in honor of the Utah Pioneers of 1847. The forenoon exercises consisted principally of musical numbers and a pageant portraying the journey of the pioneers. In the afternoon I read a paper on the Utah Pioneers which I had pre-

pared, and after the meeting I was showered with compliments. The night before, at the banquet, Pres. Heber J. Grant, after I had given him some data, referred to me as "the man who knows more of Church history than the rest of us put together."

On the afternoon of Monday, July 24th, I participated with my family in a pioneer automobile trip to the mouth of Emigration Canyon, Fort Douglas, Liberty Park, City and County Building and Pioneer Square, and in the evening, accompanied the pioneers to Saltair, where a concert and a banquet were given in their honor. During the entire celebration I took an active part in waiting upon the surviving pioneers of 1847, of whom seventy were present, most of them being children in 1847. The whole affair was a great success, and all participants seemed to enjoy the occasion. It was the 75th anniversary of the pioneers entering Great Salt Lake Valley.

In August I visited Bear Lake Valley, accompanied by Bro. John H. Anderson of Logan, who took us in his fine automobile. We went up Logan Canyon and over the mountain to Garden City, where we visited the new bathing resort Lacota, at the mouth of Swan Creek, where Pres. Heber J. Grant the previous month had dedicated a home erected by the Y. L. M. I. A. Continuing the journey we reached Paris, where we were made welcome in the home of Pres. Wm. L. Rich. According to appointment we attended a Scandinavian conference in the Paris Tabernacle August 20th. Only fifty people attended the forenoon meeting, at which Bro. Anderson spoke in Swedish and I in Danish. The afternoon meeting was attended by about three hundred people, and we spoke in English, Danish and Swedish. In the evening Bro. Anderson gave a gospel discourse and I delivered a lecture on Church history to about five hundred people. We had throughout a glorious day and were blessed in our utterances, so that the hearts of the saints were made to

rejoice. Scandinavian meetings had not been held regularly in Bear Lake Valley for several years as the Danish and Swedish saints who had settled in the Valley at an early day had all become Americanized and could speak English, and there had scarcely been any new arrivals from the Scandinavian countries of late years, or since July, 1908, when I and others (some from Mink Creek) came over the mountains on a special excursion and held Scandinavian meetings. But it was suggested at this time that a Scandinavian conference should be held annually in Bear Lake Valley. Bro. Anderson and I returned to our homes on August 21st.

On August 24th I left Salt Lake City on a visit to the San Juan country. I traveled to Thompson's Springs, where I put up at a hotel for the night. The next day I continued the journey by stage to Moab, where I called on Bishop Walter D. Hammond and others, and then continued the journey by stage to Monticello where I was entertained by Bishop Joseph H. Wood, and spent the afternoon reading history to Kumen Jones and others. In the evening I met with other old settlers of Monticello. On Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 26th and 27th, I attended conference at Monticello. Apostle Stephen L Richards and representatives of the Church auxiliary organizations attended. After the forenoon meeting on Saturday I, together with Kumen Jones and his son (who owned the automobile), Peter Allen and Wm. J. Nix, left Monticello for Blanding which settlement we reached after a rather romantic ride by way of Ver-dure, Long Canyon, Devil's Canyon and Recapture Wash. I spent the evening with the old settlers in Blanding, and stopped here over night after culling dates for history from the stake and ward records. Blanding, a very prosperous new settlement, was formerly Grayson. On Sunday we returned to Monticello and in the afternoon and the time between meetings I spent with the clerks and others,

gathering material for local history. On Monday, Aug. 28th, I traveled from Monticello to La Sall, but during the latter part of the journey, going through Indian Valley, the automobile gave out, and we had to be helped into La Sall by another machine. Here we stopped about three hours and then proceeded on to Moab, where we held a meeting in the evening. On the 29th I left Moab and traveled by stage to Thompson's Springs, where I boarded a belated westbound train for Salt Lake City.

At the October conference I addressed an overflow meeting. In October I made a short trip to Sanpete Valley, attended an Old Folks gathering in the American Theatre in Salt Lake City, and also made two visits to Summit Stake, where I attended to historical labor in Wanship, Rockport, Oakley, Kamas, Coalville and Echo. In November I visited Cache Valley.

In December I visited some of the settlements of the saints in Box Elder, Weber and Davis counties. On Christmas Day we enjoyed an ideal Christmas at our home. Before the end of the year, I finished writing a history of all the branches in the Danish Mission. My eyes became somewhat affected by the close application of reading and culling from the old, faded records, some of which were written in the old-style Teutonic or Danish script.

During the year 1922 I traveled about 8,000 miles, including 6,530 miles by rail, 1,400 miles by automobile, 30 miles by team and 15 miles by sleigh. I preached or spoke in public 120 times. This included 15 funeral sermons, 15 sermons in Danish and some old folks and after-dinner speeches. I also conducted about a score of historical meetings, in which I read history to old settlers and gave instructions on record keeping. I spent most of the year writing histories of the Scandinavian, Samoan, Hawaiian and Tongan missions.

I also directed some indexing which was being done at the Historian's Office at this time.

CHAPTER 74

(1923)

Prepare for Trip to South America—Visit California, Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Panama and Peru.

I spent the first day of the year 1923 exchanging New Year greetings with the authorities of the Church and friends and attending a Scandinavian party in the Le Grande Ward at night.

On Jan. 5th I had a long conversation with Presidents Grant and Ivins in the President's Office, during which I offered my library of manuscripts and printed books to the Church, if they could be deposited in a separate section of the Historian's Office library. I also asked for permission to make a trip to Central and South America.

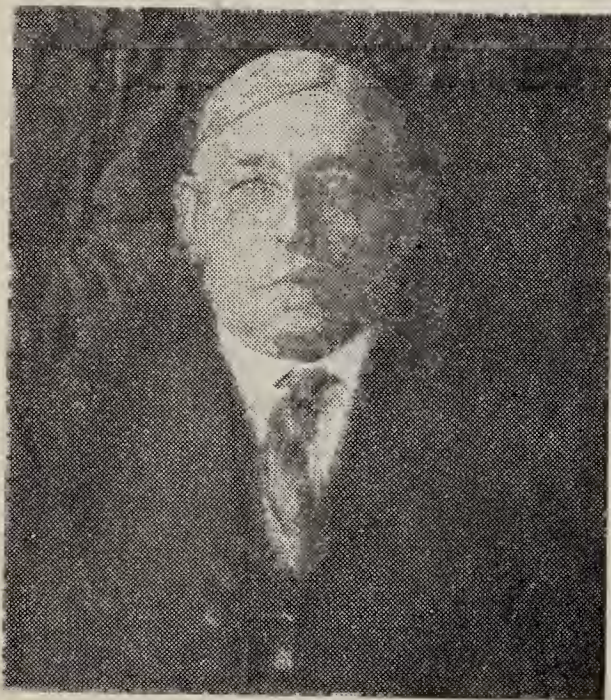
In January I made a visit to Cache County and also attended a stake conference in the North Sevier Stake. In the meantime I made preparations for my contemplated trip to South America. I submitted to a medical examination by Dr. Elias S. Wright who also vaccinated me preparatory to my departure on my trip.

The following is a day by day narrative of my trip to California, Central America and South America:

Mon., Jan. 22. Elder Thomas P. Page of Riverton and I started on our trip to South America. We traveled over the extreme south end of the Great Salt Lake and the salt beds until we reached Wendover. In Steptoe Valley the darkness of the night set in, and we retired to "enjoy" a night of disturbed slumber.

Tuesday, Jan. 23rd. The morning found us in the upper end of Feather River Canyon in the midst of snow-covered mountains, but we soon, in reaching a lower altitude, saw beautiful green fields in the Sacramento Valley, where everything bore evidence of much late rain, as the lower lands in many places were covered with water. At 1:00 o'clock p. m. we arrived at Sacramento, the capital of California. We were met at the station by Mr. Harry C. Peterson from the State li-

brary, who had been appointed by the Governor of California to meet me. Mr. Peterson took us to the State Capitol, where I was introduced to Mr. Ferguson, the librarian, and was soon busily engaged in perusing and culling historical data from newspapers and books. In the evening Mr. Peterson took Bro. Page and me to the State Art Gallery, where an informal reception was given to members of the California Legislature, which was commencing its sessions.



ELDER THOMAS P. PAGE

Wed., Jan. 24. I spent the forenoon at the state library at the Capitol and obtained important data for Church history. From the front of the Capitol I witnessed what was intended for a celebration in honor of the discovery of gold in California, Jan. 24, 1848, 75 years previously. The rain, which descended briskly all day, prevented a contemplated parade. There were, however, a few men, women and children dressed in pioneer habiliments who marched the street putting up markers at different places associated with the history of the city. At 3:00 o'clock p. m. Bro. Page and I left Sacramento and traveled by train to Placerville, where we put up at the Graystone Hotel. In the evening a Mr. Fairchild, the owner of a drug store, took us up to his father's private residence, where we were shown three live skunks which were kept as

pet animals in the house. They were tame and harmless and could be petted and coddled like kittens. This was the first time I had handled a skunk.

Thurs., Jan. 25. We hired an automobile and traveled ten miles over a hilly and heavy-timbered country to Coloma, on the south fork of American River, where we visited the James W. Maxwell monument and the spot where gold was first discovered. We also visited the old Marshall cabin, crossed the river on a wooden bridge, and returned to Placerville. We then traveled by auto, 28 miles, to Folsom, where we hired an auto and went 3½ miles in a northeasterly direction to Mormon Island of historical fame. The one branch of the river, which in early days made the spot an island, was conducted into the main stream, and a great iron bridge now spans the river, near the former island. There was a store on the slope of the hill near where the island was located, called Mormon Island store. The site of the former island is visited frequently by excursion parties from Sacramento and other places in the summer season. Returning to Folsom by way of the Folsom Penitentiary, we took the stage for Sacramento, where we arrived about sundown and lodged at the Travelers Hotel. We then took a street car for 3500 Fifth Avenue, where we found five Elders who were laboring in Sacramento as missionaries, and who were about to start out to hold an open-air meeting; we accompanied them to the selected spot. Bro. Thos. B. Smith was the first speaker and I, following him, related some incidents of Mormon history connected with the founding of the first Anglo-Saxon settlements in California. A large crowd gathered and listened to me attentively. Bro. Page then took all the Elders to supper, after which the brethren followed us to the Travelers Hotel and we spent an hour or so in pleasant conversation.

Fri., Jan. 26. I accompanied Elder Page to the railway station and saw him start for San Francisco to make

final arrangements for our South American trip. I then went to the State Capitol and resumed my research work, but I was taken away from that to accompany Frank B. Durkee (reporter for the Sacramento "Bee"), Dr. James A. B. Scherer (a local historian), Stanley J. Richard (of the Chamber of Commerce) and Harry C. Peterson (assistant librarian) on a trip to Mormon Island. They wanted to study the history of the island in my presence. We traveled in Mr. Richards' automobile by way of Folsom and spent some time climbing hills and taking photographs in the immediate vicinity of the island. I may here explain that the so-called Mormon Island is simply a sand bar in the south Fork of the American river, which gave name to the town built on the slopes of the adjoining hills on both sides of the river. At one time the town had about 3,000 inhabitants; now there was only a store and three or four other houses in the neighborhood. Returning to Sacramento I finished my work at the library, and in the evening Elder Thos. B. Smith and another Elder called on me and took me to their home, where I stopped over night, after a pleasant visit with the Elders and some local saints in Sacramento, some of them former residents of Utah.

Sat., Jan. 27. In the morning I left Sacramento for Modesta, the county seat of Stanislaus county, where I met Mr. Sol P. Elias, mayor of the city, and one of the old settlers of Modesta. He assured me that the Mormon settlement of New Hope, founded by some of the "Brooklyn" saints in 1846, was in San Joachin county and not in Stanislaus county, as I had supposed. Finding that I had come to the wrong town for information, I hurried back to Stockton, the county seat of San Joaquin county, where I spent several hours in the library, copying data concerning the New Hope settlement. At 6:00 o'clock p. m. I boarded the steamer "Isleton" for San Francisco.

Sun., Jan. 28. I arrived in San

Francisco early in the morning and took a street car for the missionary headquarters, No. 1649 Hayes Street, where I met Elders Isaac E. Riddle (president of the San Francisco conference), and other Elders. It was decided that I should go to Oakland and attend Sunday school there and return to San Francisco and preach in the evening. Consequently, I crossed the Bay in company with Elder Alonzo L. Hanson and attended first a teachers' training class in the Saints' hall in Oakland and later the Sunday school (about 200 people being in attendance). I took part in the class exercises and afterwards addressed the whole school about 15 minutes. Bro. W. Aird Macdonald, president of the Oakland Branch, then took me to the new chapel which was nearly completed on the corner of Moss Avenue and Webster St., about midway between the centers of Oakland and Berkeley, where I enjoyed a very pleasant visit with Bro. Elbert D. Thomas and family of Salt Lake City. Bro. Thomas took me to the Berkeley University buildings and grounds, showing me the magnificent library. Joining Elder Hanson in Oakland, I returned to San Francisco. In the evening I met Apostle Richard R. Lyman and with him I attended the evening meeting in the saints' hall in San Francisco. I was the first speaker, occupying half an hour. Elder Lyman delivered a discourse on scout work, having come to San Francisco on a special visit in connection with that organization.

Mon., Jan 29. At Hotel Clark, on Edge Street, I met Elder Page and with him went to the office of Thos. Cook and Son and made arrangements for our passage to South America, to sail from San Francisco the following Wednesday for Balboa, Panama, per steamer "Colombia". In the evening I spoke at some length in the Priesthood meeting in the chapel.

Tues., Jan. 30. I joined Elder Page at the office of Thos. Cook and Son, and we secured our tickets and passports to several countries, for which we paid \$675.60 each. I spent the afternoon at the municipal library culling historical data from printed books on Yerba Buena. In the evening, with Bro. Page and two missionaries, I visited Bro. Carl Kjær, one of my fellow missionaries in Scandinavia 11 years ago. They lived at Ingleside, about eight miles out from the San Francisco center.

Wed., Jan. 31. Elder Page and I boarded the steamship "Colombia" and sailed from San Francisco at 1 o'clock p.m. The day was beautiful and clear, though cold, and passing out of the Bay through the Golden Gate, we soon found ourselves upon the broad face of the Pacific Ocean, sailing southward along the coast of California. We retired to our comfortable state room, just as the last lights of the port of Monterey, the old capital of California, disappeared behind the intervening hills.

Thurs., Feb. 1. The day was stormy and I spent most of the day writing and reading.

Fri., Feb. 2. Soon after midnight the ship cast anchor off San Pedro and about 7 o'clock she sailed into her dock at Wilmington, a suburb of San Pedro. Most of the passengers, including Elder Page and myself, went to Los Angeles, 18 miles distant, by train. At the headquarters of the California Mission, 153 W. Adams St., I met Pres. Jos. W. McMurrin and other missionaries from Utah and also received mail from home. I also purchased a guide book to Latin America at the Chamber of Commerce, and a Dr. Hill, to whom I was introduced at the mission, took me in his car on a 15-mile ride, on which I visited A. W. McCune and his son Raymond at 626 Kingsley Drive. Bro. McCune gave me letters of introduction to His Excellency President Augusto B.

Leguia of Peru, Hon. Alberto Salamon at Lima, Peru, and Dr. Alejandro Puente, care of Cerre de Pasco Mining Company, Lima, Peru. I returned to the steamer, and at 6 o'clock p.m. Bro. Page and I continued the voyage.

Sat., Feb. 3. In the morning we were sailing southward with the mountains of Lower California in plain sight. There was a good band on board, which discoursed music at every meal. An amusement committee was appointed during the day with a Mr. Wright as chairman and a dance was held in the evening. I spent most of the day writing for the "Deseret News".

Sun., Feb. 4. At 10 o'clock some of the passengers gathered in the Social Hall and sang patriotic and sentimental songs and hymns. In the afternoon no land was in sight as the west shore of the Lower California peninsula at that point bends eastward forming the Magdalena Bay.

Mon., Feb. 5. We passed Cape San Lucas, the south point of the Lower California peninsula within half a mile off the land and had a good view of the lighthouse standing on high ground at the southernmost land point. In passing, many on board were busy with spy glass or kodak. About 9 o'clock a.m. we had crossed the Tropic of Cancer and had thus reached the tropics, but there was so far no heat to remind us of a tropical climate; in fact the weather was quite cold.

Tues., Feb. 6. No land was in sight as we sailed in a southeasterly direction toward the Mexican coast. During the day we made 258 miles. I spent most of the day conversing with fellow-passengers and reading.

Tues., Feb. 7. At 7 a.m. we cast anchor in the Manzanillo harbor. Nearly all the passengers went ashore, including Elder Page and myself. We visited the American consul, Mr. Stephen E. Aquirre, who was glad to meet Americans and who

gave us good information about the country. I climbed to the top of a hill on which there was a signal station. Manzanillo is a small town of about 2500 inhabitants and is one of the few seaport towns on the west coast of Mexico. It is also the terminus of the great railway which connects the west coast with the city of Mexico. Manzanillo is in several respects a typical Mexican town, but like many other seaports it is partly inhabited by people whose morals are not of the highest standard. Some of our fellow-passengers indulged in drinking while on shore, and came on board showing the effects. We resumed our voyage about 1 o'clock p.m., sailing southward down the rockbound coast of Mexico. At Manzanillo our tropical experience might be said to have begun. While on shore we found it quite hot, and on returning to the ship Elder Page and I changed our cold climate clothing to the tropical. We had provided ourselves with white apparel for that purpose.

Thurs., Feb. 8. The morning found us sailing southward with the mountains of Mexico on our larboard side. The steamer "Colombia" was one of the smaller vessels plying on the Pacific. She was about 380 feet long and was registered at 10,000 tons. She carried a crew of 107. Chinamen served in the kitchen and Filipinos as waiters at the table. On this voyage the ship carried 114 first class and 73 steerage passengers, including 48 Chinese. The "Colombia" was built in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1914 or 1915, for the Netherlands' South American trade, but afterwards was used in the China trade and was finally bought by the Pacific Mail Company to sail between New York and San Francisco. She was called an 11-knot-an-hour boat and seemed to be a steady seagoing craft. Andrew Thompson, a young Englishman, was captain of the "Colombia" and nearly all the officers were young

men. The passengers were Americans, Englishmen, Central Americans, Colombians and others. Some of them had traveled extensively and proved interesting fellow-passengers. Others were on a trip around the world.

Fri., Feb. 9. We continued sailing southward not far out from the mountainous coast of Mexico. Early in the afternoon we lost sight of land as we were crossing the Gulf of Tehuantepec. In the evening an entertainment was given in the Social Hall, in which a variety program was rendered. By special request I gave a 20-minute talk on the voyage of the ship "Brooklyn", which brought a company of Anglo-Saxon emigrants from New York to California in 1846, and told of the part that these emigrants had taken in pioneer work in the great West. At the close of the entertainment I received hearty congratulations from many of the passengers who expressed their pleasure in having received much information about a people that so often had been misrepresented. I had asked the Lord in prayer before the commencement of the exercises to assist me, and my prayer was answered.

Sat., Feb. 10. In the morning the "Colombia" cast anchor about half a mile from shore, off Champerico, a small port on the shore of Guatemala, Central America. Without landing we spent all day on board while the ship's crew was busy loading coffee to be taken to New York markets. Champerico is connected with the inland by a narrow-gauge railway. The town is situated on the edge of a plain and no mountains were in sight. In the forenoon four large sharks were caught with strong hooks and brought on board, where their terrible jaws were cut out and then the carcasses thrown overboard. Nearly all day the ship was surrounded by schools of sharks, some of them very large. One of those cap-

tured was 11 feet long and was estimated to weigh 700 pounds.

Sun., Feb. 11. At 7 o'clock a.m. we arrived on the roadstead, off San Jose, Guatemala. Here most of the passengers landed for a few hours, while a cargo of coffee was taken on board. We were, four at a time, placed in a basket, hoisted up in the air by the ship's machinery, swung out over the railing and lowered down into a lighter, which had been brought alongside the ship. In this we were taken about a quarter of a mile to the end of an iron pier, which had been built several hundred yards out into the ocean. San Jose is an important export town of Guatemala and a narrow-gauge railroad connects it with Guatemala City, the capital of the republic of that name, which is situated in the mountainous island, about 120 miles from San Jose. A few years ago Guatemala City was destroyed by an earthquake, but is now being rebuilt rapidly.

San Jose is built upon a sandy beach, behind which, at a considerable distance, are mountains of a volcanic nature. Thus is seen from the town of San Jose, two high peaks, one of which is called Agua (water) and the other Fuego (fire); the first has hot water in its crater, and the latter (a double cone) emits fire occasionally. Elder Page and I called on the U. S. consular agent (Mr. David M. Savage) who received us kindly and gave us valuable information about the republic of Guatemala. This is, as many Latter-day Saints believe, a Book of Mormon land, as the country is full of ruins, testifying that such people as the Nephites must have lived in this country many generations ago. After having visited the Plaza and other interesting points at San Jose, Bro. Page and I returned to the ship early in the afternoon. In the evening Dr. Hopkins, who had spent 37 years as a doctor missionary in China, delivered a lecture on China and the Chinese.

Mon., Feb. 12. Having continued the voyage southward, at 7 a.m. anchor was cast off Acajutla, a port in the Republic of Salvador. While the ship was unloading goods and taking on board a cargo of coffee, a number of passengers, Bro. Page and I included, landed under difficulties, we being once more hoisted up in a basket and lowered into a lighter, and on reaching the iron pier (about half a mile from the ship) we were again lifted up from the lighter and swung to and dropped on the pier. Acajutla is the terminus of a narrow-gauge railroad which connects it with San Salvador, the capital of Salvador, 65 miles distant.

As a train was just starting inland, some of us boarded it and traveled to Sonsonate, a city with about 15,000 inhabitants, which is the center of a rich agricultural district. We visited a large Catholic church, the Plaza, the alcalda's headquarters, and saw the business center of a typical Salvador town. A short distance behind the town, further inland, is the volcanic mountain chain from which, among the many other cones, the peak of Izalco is seen, from the summit of which smoke and fire frequently arise. We returned to Acajutla early in the afternoon and were compelled to pay an extra \$2.00 each, besides the \$2.00 we paid on landing, before we were allowed to return to the ship. It was a perfect graft on the part of officials. In the evening a mock trial was held on deck, which caused considerable amusement among the passengers, ridiculous as it was.

Tues., Feb. 13. About 6:30 a.m. the ship cast anchor about three quarters of a mile from shore, off La Libertad, a seaport town with about 3,000 inhabitants. Here most of the passengers, including Bro. Page and myself, landed in the usual way by hoisting apparatus and lighters, and we were then, as per previous arrangements, taken inland by

automobiles, 25 miles to San Salvador, the capital of the Republic of San Salvador, where we spent four hours taking in the sights. San Salvador, with a population of 80,000, is situated in a large valley, at an elevation of 2115 feet above sea level, near the foot of the volcano San Salvador.

On our journey from the seashore we saw many extensive coffee plantations, banana fields, and stretches of maize and sugar cane, not to speak of the native tropical flora, trees and bushes of many varieties. The road, which was splendidly built, was full of native ox-carts loaded with coffee en route for La Libertad. We also saw both men and women, carrying heavy burdens on their heads, bound for La Libertad and San Salvador, traveling in opposite directions. We surely enjoyed our day's experience, during which we got a fair insight into Central American life and its unique mixed population. On our return journey, we passed through Santa Tecla, seven and a half miles from San Salvador, a city with 24,000 inhabitants. This town is south of the volcano San Salvador, or Quezaltepec, whose immense crater can be visited conveniently from Santa Tecla. We returned to the ship, anchored in the open roadstead, about 5 o'clock p.m. About 10 o'clock the voyage was continued down the coast in a southeasterly direction.

Wed., Feb. 14. After sailing about 300 miles from La Libertad, we entered the Bay of Corinto, chief port of the republic of Nicaragua, about 10 o'clock in the morning. An hour or two later we were lying along the wharf. This was the first place since sailing from San Pedro that the passengers could land without the use of boats or lighters—a privilege which we fully appreciated. Nearly all the passengers went ashore and we enjoyed the opportunity of visiting places of interest and buying and mailing postal cards. Corinto has

about 2,000 inhabitants and is connected with Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, by rail. It has a front which shows off to advantage from the sea; it reminded me of Nukualofa, the capital of the Tongan Islands, which I visited in 1895. Elder Page and I spent the evening witnessing a German picture show.

Thurs., Feb. 15. We sailed from Corinto about noon and during the whole afternoon the hilly or mountainous coast of Nicaragua was in sight on our left.

Fri., Feb. 16. In the morning the mountains of Costa Rico, another of the Central American Republics, were in sight. We had sailed 232 miles since we left Corinto the previous day.

Sat., Feb. 17. At 7 o'clock in the morning we were sailing abreast the island of Coiba, off the coast of Panama. About 10 o'clock a.m. we passed Martata Point, of the Asuero Peninsula (a district of the republic of Panama). Towards evening we were sailing near the mountainous shore of Panama.

Sun., Feb. 18. At 8 a.m. the ship cast anchor near the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal. A doctor soon came on board, and so also did the custom house officers, and the pilot. Five large warships belonging to Uncle Sam were lying at anchor in the roadstead. The forts guarding the entrance of the canal and the white houses of Panama were interesting objects of observation, and the lofty hills covered with tropical vegetation, seen all around, presented general opposites to what I saw when I entered the Suez Canal in 1896. The Suez Canal is a sea level canal, while the Panama Canal has six great locks for raising and lowering vessels. The Suez Canal is a plain cut made through a sandy desert, while, as stated, the Panama Canal passes through a beautiful tropical country.

At 11 o'clock a.m. anchor was lifted, after which we soon entered

the canal and the "Colombia" laid to the wharf. Bro. Page and I at once started out to look for steamship offices to arrange for further voyaging, but, it being Sunday, we were unable to attend to business. We made two trips to Panama City, once by auto and once by street car, and spent part of the evening witnessing an Italian picture show. We also hired a room for a week, as we expected to spend several days in Panama before proceeding on our trip to South America. We returned to our ship and spent our last night on board the "Colombia".

Mon., Feb. 19. At 6:30 a.m. the "Colombia" started on her trip through the Panama Canal, and for seven and one-half hours after that we enjoyed every minute observing the magnificent locks, which lifted and lowered ships 85 feet.

There are six pairs of locks, three on each side of the Culebra Cut, which cut severs the Culebra Heights of the continental divide. Before the canal was built, the water on the Atlantic side reached the ocean through the Chagris River and on the Pacific side through the Rio Grande. I had heard and read much about the Panama Canal, but I never could appreciate or understand the grandeur of the work until I saw it.

We arrived at Cristobol, near Colon, on the Caribbean Sea (bay of the Atlantic) at 2 o'clock. Here Bro. Page and I took a hurried leave of those of our fellow-passengers with whom we had become pretty well acquainted on our voyage, and then hired a carriage which took us to the railway station, as we had decided to return to Panama City at once. We therefore left the station at 4 o'clock p.m. and surely enjoyed the ride through the tropical landscape and part of the way over arms of the artificial Gatun Lake. Part of the way also we traveled within sight of the canal and were especially interested in the thousands of dead

tree tops which rose above the surface of the lake. When the so-called Gatun dam was built, to stop the waters of the Chagris river, the Gatun Lake was formed and extensive forests were buried in the water. The trees were killed, but this was done so recently that many of the trunks and larger branches were left standing. We returned to Panama City about sundown and immediately took possession of our rented room in a tall four-story building, 97 Avenida Central (Central Avenue).

Tues., Feb. 20. We took several rambles through the City of Panama, getting acquainted with the different quarters.

Wed., Feb. 21. We made a trip by street car to Balboa, and afterwards hired an automobile and went to the site of Old Panama, about six miles distant down the coast. This town was first founded by the Spaniards and was for a long time the largest and richest city in America, but it was destroyed by the pirate Morgan in 1671 and has never been rebuilt. The ruins of an old church tower and of many other buildings stand there as the remnants of a past civilization; many of them are hidden in the luxuriant tropical vegetation, but others are in plain sight and easily reached. The arch of an old bridge and a part of the old sea wall are objects of great interest to the tourists.

In the afternoon we visited Ancon in the Canal Zone, joining Panama City on the north. This is a modern city and is very artistically laid out. Panama City, the capital of the Republic of Panama, has about 70,000 inhabitants. Balboa and Ancon are American Canal Zone towns and the best of order is kept in the Canal Zone by American police, but vice is said to have full sway in Panama City, where Americans have practically no jurisdiction. And while the city has well paved streets, street cars, electric lights, water system,

etc., modeled after a modern American City, it is still a Spanish town in most of its features, and the inhabitants represent all colors and races. A person visiting Panama for the first time certainly meets surprises all along and such a mixture of whites, blacks, yellows and browns is perhaps not seen in similar detail in any other part of the world.

Thurs., Feb. 22. This was Washington's birthday and many of the business houses and offices in Panama, Balboa and Ancon were closed.

Fri., Feb. 23. We spent most of the day endeavoring to secure transportation on a Peruvian steamer which was to sail the following Sunday, but failed to make satisfactory arrangements, so we secured passage with the Grace Line, which had a steamer sailing on March 1st.

Sat., Feb. 24. I left our temporary home early in the morning and walked up a very steep incline to the top of Ancon Hill, 625 feet above sea level and witnessed the rising of the sun in the Pacific Ocean. From the top of the hill I also had a most interesting view of Panama City, Balboa, La Boca, Ancon, Panama Bay, part of the great canal including the three rocks on the Pacific side of Culebra Cut and the islands of the bay. Later I met Elder Page in the Administration Building at Balboa, where we spent the remainder of the day, and then, after visiting the American Club House, we walked to Panama City, visiting places of interest on the way.

Sun., Feb. 25. I fasted till evening. Starting out about 8 o'clock a.m. I walked through the lower sea-side part of Panama City to the military district of Balboa, thence to the canal and saw several steamers enter that waterway from the Pacific. I next visited La Boca, the colored town of Balboa. Nearly all the colored people, many of them negroes imported from Jamaica, live there in fine two-story lumber houses built

by the government on posts reaching over six feet from the ground. I returned to our rented room to rest. Since coming to the tropics I had become quite lazy and could have spent much of my time in sleep, although the heat was not, as a rule, oppressive.

The town of Panama was full of U. S. marines who had landed from the ships to see a bull fight. Everything was astir and no signs of Sabbath were in sight on the surface, although Bro. Page found a few natives and soldiers worshipping in a Catholic church in Balboa. We attended a Church of England service and spent the remainder of the evening on the Sante Anna Plaza at Ancon, where young men and women (going in opposite directions to each other) marched around the music stand, while the band played tunes appropriate for the occasion. This seemed to be an old Spanish custom. They kept up this march for several hours.

Mon., Feb. 26. We boarded a railroad train at Panama at 7 o'clock a.m. and traveled 48 miles to Colon, where we arrived about two hours later. We spent four hours in Colon and Cristobal, visiting places of interest, not being satisfied with our hurried visit there a week before. We visited the great hotel Washington, standing on the shore of the Caribbean Sea at the foot of the main street of Colon and then rode in an automobile seven miles via Fort Davis (where 2,000 U. S. soldiers were stationed) to Gatun Lake, where we spent another four hours very pleasantly, visiting the great Gatun Dam and its magnificent spill-way.

We then ascended the tower in which there is machinery that is raised to manipulate the locks to let vessels pass through. We witnessed the descent through the three locks at this point of two large vessels—one a Chilian and the other a British steamer—and one of the engineers

in charge made interesting explanations to us concerning the operations of the locks. The whole canal system is built on a gigantic scale, and certainly reflects great credit upon the builders. We returned to Panama City in the evening.

Tues., Feb. 27. We went to Balboa by street car in the morning and secured tickets to sail on the Grace Line Steamship "Santa Luisa" on the following Thursday, for South America. We then returned to Panama and obtained the visée of the Peruvian consul, after which we went to Balboa once more and spent the afternoon in the library. During the day we met an artist by the name of Campbell, who had visited Salt Lake City about ten years previously. He recognized me and called me by name, remembering that I had shown him some attention and favors when he visited the Historian's Office. Moral: Bread cast upon the water shall return after many days. A kind word, or kind act bestowed at random on general principles often returns with interest to the giver, and causes joy and satisfaction years afterwards.

Wed., Feb. 28. I spent nearly the whole day at our room writing for the "Deseret News" and getting ready for continuing our travels.

Thurs., Mar. 1. We left our temporary home in Panama at 11 o'clock and took a hack for the docks at Balboa, where we waited all day for the steamer "Santa Luisa" to arrive (coming through the Canal). But the steamer was delayed in the Gatun Lake several hours because of the extraordinary amount of traffic in the canal going in an opposite direction. At last we were told that the "Santa Luisa" would not arrive at Balboa until 8:30 o'clock in the evening, so I took a walk, together with a Mr. McBride, a botanist, while Elder Page stayed with our valises, which we had taken on board the tender that was to take us out to the steamer on

its arrival. But in the meantime the steamer got through sooner than expected, and though we returned at 8:15 we had delayed the departure of the launch ten minutes and there was danger of us being left. It was on Bro. Page's request that the tender waited.

While waiting at Balboa we boarded the U. S. warship "California" (the admiral ship of the Pacific fleet) and were shown all through the ship by a polite attendant. In sailing out we saw the Pacific and Atlantic fleet of the U. S. navy at anchor in the Panama Bay. Never before had I seen so many warships collected together in one place. To see these magnificent vessels all lit up with electric light as we passed them made an impression not soon to be forgotten. The United States of America certainly is a power in the world.

At last we started and were soon sailing alongside the steamer "Santa Luisa" which was moving slowly by her own steam out into the bay, and at 9 o'clock p.m. we boarded this fine ship, and Bro. Page and I were assigned to State Room No. 4. We were indeed glad to continue our voyaging after the long delay at Panama, and after the rather exciting experience of the afternoon.

Fri., Mar. 2. As we arose in the morning no land was in sight. The weather was good and the ocean calm. When the observations were taken at noon we were off the coast of Colombia and had sailed 218 miles since leaving Panama the previous night. The S. S. "Santa Luisa" was a vessel of 10,000 register tons; the captain's name was Dexter.

Sat., Mar. 3. The day was fine and pleasant and at 11 o'clock a.m. we crossed the equator. In the afternoon King Neptune and wife and their suites held court on board and several of the passengers, both men and women, were initiated into the kingdom over which Neptune reigns. The process caused considerable

amusement, but everything was done good-naturedly, as no one was taken by force for initiation. Hence Bro. Page escaped the ceremony and I, of course, was immune, having crossed the line already twice before.

Sun., Mar. 4. Early in the morning we passed Cape Blanco, Peru, and about 7 a.m. the ship cast anchor in the open roadstead off the little town of Talara, the port for shipment of oil from wells owned by the Standard Oil Company of the United States. Here six of the passengers disembarked, while others came on board. From our anchorage we had our first glimpse of the Andes Mountains in the distance. The coast land looked very barren and desert-like. Not a tree or shrub of any kind was in sight. About 9:30 a.m. we rounded the Parinas Point, the most westerly point of the continent of South America, and later we dropped anchor off the seaport town of Paita (population about 3,000). In a short time our ship was surrounded by boats, which brought out passengers and mail, and took back similar loads. About 20 new passengers boarded the ship here. Paita is located below a naked hill on the seaside and is an important business place connected by rail with the inland town of Piura (13,000 inhabitants), 60 miles inland. A number of people came on board to sell Panama hats and other wares. I conversed quite freely with a number of fellow-passengers and, by this time, it had become quite well known on board that Bro. Page and I were "Mormon" Elders, and I had opportunities to explain the principles of "Mormonism" and the morals of its adherents. One of our table-mates was a grandson of the late Geo. Francis Train, who was favorably known to the people of Utah in bygone years as a lecturer. Most of our fellow-passengers were Americans bound for different places in South America. The weather during the day was cool and pleasant; the

so-called Humboldt current which there strikes the west coast of South America was the cause of the change of temperature from the day before.

Mon., Mar. 5. In the morning we were sailing close to the desert coast of Peru and at 8 o'clock a.m. anchor was cast off the sea port of Salaverry, a town with 3,000 inhabitants, situated at the foot of a volcanic cone and a great elevated stretch of desert sand. Here we stayed for eight and one-half hours while the ship was unloading a cargo of steel or iron bars, and taking on board a cargo of sugar. Some of the passengers landed for a few hours, but as the landing was somewhat dangerous because of the swell of the ocean, I did not feel inclined to do so, as the place had no particular attraction. Far inland the rugged heights of the coast range of the Andes were seen very plainly, some of the peaks being quite lofty; they showed off in great contrast to the great desert stretching from their base to the sea. We resumed the voyage at 3:30 p.m.

Tues., Mar. 6. We arrived in the Bay of Callao about 11 o'clock a.m. Soon after the anchor was dropped about one third of a mile from the pier of Callao, a doctor came on board and other officers who examined our passports and doctor's certificates. About fifty of the passengers landed, this being the end of their voyage. Soon afterwards Bro. Page and I and most of the other passengers also landed to visit the town, being taken to shore on small motor launches. Thus I had the opportunity for the first time in my life to put my feet on South American soil. A short walk from the custom house landing brought us to the plaza, where we boarded a street car, and left Callao and traveled eight miles to Lima, the capital of Peru, where we put up at Hotel Grau, and then visited places of interest.

On our way up from Callao we con-

versed with an English-speaking gentleman and on making known to him our desire to meet a Dr. Alejandro Puente, to whom Bro. A. W. McCune had given me a letter of introduction, he volunteered to take us to the office of the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company on Beytia street, Lima. He made himself known to us as Rex Trower, a son-in-law of A. W. McCune. This wonderful meeting made matters easy for us, as Mr. Trower showed us around to other places in the city as well—a help much appreciated by us who did not understand Spanish; and besides, Bro. McCune had expressed a desire that I should take greetings to his son-in-law. We paid \$2.00 (4 sols) a piece for two spacious rooms at the hotel for the night.

CHAPTER 75

(1923—continued)

Visit Lima, Cusco in Peru—Pass Through Bolivia to Chili—Experience in Valparaiso—Important Meetings in Santiago—Cross the Andes Mountains—Sojourn in Argentina.

Wed., Mar. 7. We met a Mr. Lind, a fellow-passenger on the "Santa Luisa", and took breakfast together. We then visited the great cathedral on the beautiful Plaza de Armas, in Lima, where we saw the bones or mummified remains of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. We next took an automobile ride to places of interest and then called on Dr. Alejandro Puente, who received us very kindly and immediately set to work to obtain audience for us with His Excellency Augusto B. Leguia, president of the Republic of Peru. He saw the president who in the midst of some special meeting with representatives of Central American republics could not receive us until the next day, which of course would be too late for our itinerary; but he dictated letters of introduction to the prefects of Cusco and Arequipa, which Dr. Puente gave us as we called on him again at noon. We also called to see Hon. Alberto Salamon, Peru-

vian Minister of Foreign Affairs, but failed to make connections with him. But this gentleman afterwards sent a special messenger on board the "Santa Luisa" with letters of introduction to the prefects of Cusco and Arequipa and another officer at Molindo. This messenger came on board just before the ship sailed.

While in Lima we visited the office of "The West Coast Leader", the only English newspaper published at that time in South America between Panama and Valparaiso. Finally we visited the Museum and then returned to Callao. There we took a walk and then went back to the ship, which lifted anchor at 6.00 p.m. After sailing past the barren island of San Lorenzo we were once more on the broad face of the Pacific. We had enjoyed our short visit in Lima, which is one of the oldest cities in America, being founded by Pizarro in 1535 and at the time we were there had a population of nearly 250,000. Callao, the seaport of Lima, had about 50,000 inhabitants in 1923.

Thurs., Mar. 8. We cast anchor for a short time off the seaport town of Pisco and after that found ourselves sailing between the mainland on our left and some barren yet picturesque island on our right. The weather was cool and pleasant. A heavy mist hung over the land looking east so that the Andes Mountains were hardly visible, although not so very far away. The coast was still barren, and looked like a continuous desert. Only where a river puts into the ocean, or where irrigation had been resorted to, was there anything green in sight.

In the evening Captain Dexter invited Bro. Page and me into his cabin and chart room and took great pains to give us information about navigation, showing us the different uses to which the nautical or astronomical instruments on board were put in steering and managing the ship's machinery. Capt. Dexter was

a native of Nova Scotia, about 40 years old. He was sociable and well posted in regard to affairs generally. Without entering into a religious discussion, we explained briefly some of the fundamentals of "Mormonism".

Fri., Mar. 9. About sunrise we were sailing a few miles from the Peruvian shore, which at this point was skirted with lofty but barren desert hills. The sky was clear, but every day the weather seemed to get colder as we got further away from the equator and reached the point where the cold Humboldt current strikes the coast nearer the Antarctic south. About 11 o'clock a.m. the ship cast anchor off Mollenda, and about an hour later we bade farewell to the "Santa Luisa" and landed, being hoisted from the launch (which took us ashore from the ship) in a chair to the top of the wall.

After attending to mail matters and taking a walk through the town which contained about 10,000 inhabitants, we boarded a Southern Peru Railway train and started for the inland town of Arequipa, 107 miles away. This railway journey was very interesting as we climbed the mountains to an elevation of 7,750 feet above sea level, most of the way through a genuine desert where the only green spots were a few cultivated acres by the various railway stations, and these spots were irrigated from a pipe line built in connection with the railway from Arequipa to Mollenda. The building of the railway exhibits great engineering skill indeed, the climbing being made over a somewhat easy grade all the way.

We arrived at Arequipa at 8 o'clock p.m. and hired an automobile to take us to the "Quinta Bates Home" at 604 Jerusalem St., where we engaged lodging and board for four days as it was considered best to stop in Arequipa a few days in order to become used to the high altitude, instead of going still higher at once.

After taking a walk to the "Plaza", and back, we returned to the "Home" but the high altitude would not grant us sound slumber.

Arequipa has about 60,000 inhabitants and is in point of population the second city in Peru. It lies near the foot of Mount Mista, whose snow-capped summit is 18,960 feet above sea level. We found the atmosphere cold and invigorating at Arequipa and our heavier clothing comfortable.

Sat., Mar. 10. Elder Page and I spent the forenoon visiting cathedrals, churches, government buildings, and other places of interest at Arequipa. In the afternoon we took street car rides to Tingo Miroflores. We also waited on Dr. Juan Manuel de la Torre, the prefecto of the Department of Arequipa, to whom the president of Peru had given me a letter of introduction. As the prefect could not speak English and we could not speak Spanish, we had to converse through an English-speaking Peruvian.

Sun., Mar. 11. Together with four other persons (two men and their wives) Bro. Page and I walked about four miles across the Chili River and through the village of Yanaguara to the Harvard University Observatory which is situated on elevated ground overlooking Arequipa and the whole basin in which it is situated. Here we were kindly received by Prof. Bailey, who had charge of the observatory. He made explanations to us concerning the telescopes and other instruments, and permitted us to look through one of the powerful telescopes at Mount Mista, 11 miles distant, on which an iron cross, 30 feet high, had been erected by the observatory men. Two other mountains, namely, Chachani, 20,000 feet high, and Pechu Pichu, 18,967 feet high, raise their snowy summits heavenward near Arequipa as parts of the Andes range. In the afternoon we took an automobile ride to the so-called Jesus Springs (mineral water)

and thus had another splendid view of the Arequipa Basin from a point high up on the mountain side. These springs are about eight miles from Arequipa. On this trip we saw the first llamas which we had seen in South America.

Mon., Mar. 12. We purchased railway tickets for La Paz, via Cusco, and changed some of our American currency for Peruvian money.

Tues., Mar. 13. We left Arequipa and started on our long railway journey further inland. As we proceeded up a heavy grade, we saw beautiful fields and gardens as long as irrigation was continued, but after that there was nothing but bad lands with an occasional plot of irrigated spots, at the base of the foot hills of the Andes Mountains. After traveling 44 miles we had reached an altitude of 12,000 feet above sea level and crossed the summit of the Andes at an elevation of 14,688 feet. The descent on the east slope was quite steep, and we soon passed between two large mountain lakes, and after crossing another divide we found ourselves following a river, and thence across a broad pampas or plain, until we reached Juliaca, a small railroad town. Here we lodged at the Ratti Hotel for the night. Both the room we occupied and the food served us were miserable. We also felt the altitude quite oppressive, that of Juliaca being 12,550 feet above the level of the sea. The least exertion made us pant for breath and in order to sleep we had to place a very high pillow under our heads. Our hearts beat unusually fast and we began to feel concerned about our physical condition, but while we did not sleep soundly during the night, we breathed more freely after relaxing from all physical exertions. During the day, as we traveled along, we saw numerous herds of llamas and alpacas and a number of Indian villages and ranches, where the habits and industries

of the inhabitants were most interesting to us. Some of the country through which we passed reminded us of our mountain country in Utah. Juliaca is 189 miles by rail from Arequipa.

Wed., Mar. 14. After partaking of a very poor breakfast we boarded the semi-weekly train for Cuzco and rolled out of Juliaca. Our course was northward up the Rio Pucaro and its tributaries until we reached the summit of the mountains, 14,153 feet above sea level, at Santa Raya, 99 miles from Juliaca. This summit divides the waters draining into lake Titicaca from those falling into the Atlantic Ocean through the great Amazon River system. It was with some degree of satisfaction that I found myself on the headquarters of that great river of which I had read since I was a young boy.

From the summit we descended very rapidly down the Rio Villeonota (one of the tributaries of the Amazon), and about sundown we had descended to an altitude of 10,000 feet. Leaving the river, we traveled up grade, following a small stream to Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas and now a city of 30,000 inhabitants. At Cuzco, 210 miles from Juliaca, we were met at the railway station by a colored man who conducted us to Hotel Colon, where we put up for the night. Later we made arrangements to stop there during our sojourn in Cuzco, agreeing to pay five solos (about \$2.50) per day for room and three meals. During the day we noticed Inca ruins along the railway and terraced farms on the mountain slopes, while the narrow strips of land along the river were highly cultivated. When crossing the divide we were within a few hundred feet of the perpetual snow limit. On our arrival at Cuzco we had traveled 506 miles inland since we left Mollendo on the coast.

Thurs., Mar. 15. With a Mr. Wilson as guide, we visited the Ca-

thedral and a number of Catholic churches on Cuzco, among others the San Domingo church, which is built on the ruins of the ancient Inca Temple of the Sun. We also saw very interesting ruins from the Inca period in several other parts of the city.

In the afternoon with Mr. Wilson as interpreter I called on the prefecto of the District of Cuzco, to whom I had letters of introduction from the President of Peru, the Peruvian Minister of the Interior and the prefecto of Arequipa. The prefecto received me kindly, but could not speak English, and as I could not speak Spanish, our conversation was short; but he sent a uniformed officer of his court with me to the University, where Elder Page and I and four other travelers had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. Albert A. Giesecke, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Giesecke, although not a Catholic, had charge of the Cuzco University and was formerly mayor of the city. He took us through the most interesting museum (made interesting to us by his intelligent explanations) and showed us much kindness and advised us how to see the Inca Fort and other points of interest in and near Cuzco, which city is perhaps the most interesting place in South America because of its Inca antiquities. Once it is believed to have had 200,000 inhabitants. In the museum we saw a number of mummified Incas, much Inca pottery and weapons of war, numerous skulls, utensils, tools, images, and other articles which enabled us to understand Inca history better than ever before. There was also a large collection of old Spanish and Latin books, some pictures and three interesting bronze statues—one representing a nude Inca slave with her hands tied behind her and two Inca chieftains.

Fri., Mar. 16. The past night and the morning were stormy. It con-

tinued to rain on and off all day, and the mountains all around were covered with heavy clouds. I called again on Dr. Giesecke and then hired a horse for five soles and together with a fellow traveler, who could speak Spanish, I ascended to the top of the hill, 700 feet above Cuzco, to visit the immense Inca fortifications which were wonderful indeed. The query is: Who built these great walls? Was it the Nephites or the Lamanites? Who were the Incas? What I have seen in Cuzco will perhaps cause me to study the Book of Mormon more thoroughly hereafter. We were gone on our mountain trip about three hours, and we suffered no inconvenience except that caused by the rain. If I had not been provided with a good heavy overcoat, I should have suffered from the wet and cold.

My companion, Bro. Page, was not well enough to make the ascent. He felt the light atmosphere so oppressive to his lungs that he breathed with difficulty. Being somewhat heavily built, such a trip as this was really dangerous for him and could easily have cost him his life. I spent the afternoon writing, paid 15 soles for three days' keep according to an agreement made beforehand, though the hotel man wanted to charge us 24 soles. It is a general rule throughout South America to charge English-speaking people about double price for everything. One of our fellow-travelers who could speak Spanish got through much cheaper than we did at the hotels and elsewhere. Any man who cannot speak Spanish experiences all kinds of inconvenience while traveling in South America, and finds himself fleeced almost everywhere.

Sat., Mar. 17. Before awaking in the morning I dreamed that I had had a conversation with Pres. Heber J. Grant and that I called upon my family in spirit, although I seemed to understand in my dream that my

body was in South America. We traveled by mule tramway to the railway station, boarded the train and left Cuzco at 8 o'clock a.m. We enjoyed our daylight ride down the valley of the Rio Custanay, where flourishing towns, villages, haciendas, farms and Indian huts greeted the eye, and we became better acquainted with the country than we did at our arrival the previous Wednesday, when we traveled after dark. The morning was misty, and in places heavy clouds rested on the mountains nearly down to their base. I found my overcoat a great comfort to me all day.

We traveled down grade for thirty miles until we reached Huanbutia where the Custaney empties into the Villeanota River, a tributary of the Amazon, which we now followed to the summit at La Raya, 14,153 feet above sea level. This summit divided the waters flowing into the Amazon from those flowing into the great basin of which Lake Titicaca is the center. On our journey up the Villeanota for a distance of 99 miles we enjoyed the scenery immensely. There were quaint villages, well cultivated and irrigated farms in the long valley or canyon; and far up on the mountain sides farther up in the valley we saw immense herds of llamas, alpacas and sheep, generally herded by native women. At every station where the train stopped there was a regular mob of men and women offering food and home-made articles of clothing, shoes, hats, and shawls for sale. We were often amused to see men, women and children squat down before the multitude and our car windows to seek relief from nature's calls, evidently without the least thought of doing anything immodest or wrong. At Juliaca we changed cars and then traveled 30 miles to Puno on the shore of Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world, where we boarded the splendid steamer

"Inca", after having our passes viseed by the Bolivian consul, and about 11:00 p.m. we sailed from the Puno Mole, bound for Bolivia.

Sun., Mar. 18. We arrived at Guaqui, Bolivia, at 6:30 a.m. after viewing the beautiful sunrise over the snowcapped Andes mountains. During the voyage of 120 miles I made the acquaintance of Capt. Santiago Ymo Tynan, whose mother was a Swedish woman and C. V. Sampson, manager of the Guaqui and La Paz Railway, who both acted in a very gentlemanly manner towards me. Captain Tynan was particularly interested in having me tell him something about Sweden where his mother was born and treated me to the best in the shape of eatables which the steamer afforded.

We landed at Guaqui about 7:30 a.m. and boarded a train waiting for us, and at 8:15 a.m. we left Guaqui for La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. We saw on our left the ruins of an Indian village, and at Tiaguanaco we saw two or three Inca monoliths on our right. At or near Viacha, a Bolivian city, we were interested in seeing from our car windows hundreds of men and women on foot carrying heavy burdens on their heads and backs, consisting of food-stuffs such as fruits and home-made articles to sell on the market. At Alto (13,396 feet above sea level) we looked down upon La Paz, 1,300 feet lower, and found the descent to that city over a very steep roadbed interesting. At the railway station at La Paz we hired an automobile which took us to Hotel Pullman, where seven of us engaged rooms and board for 8 bolivianas a day each. We spent the afternoon taking in the sights of the beautiful and clean city of La Paz, which in 1923 had about 110,000 inhabitants. During the day I made the acquaintance of Mr. Reni Hoffman-Bang, a Dane who had spent a number of years as an engineer in South America. In his pleasant

company I visited the National Museum and other places of interest, including the celebrated market which is supposed to be one of the largest and most interesting markets in the world.

La Paz is situated 12,000 feet above sea level on a tributary of the Amazon River. Fruits and products from the lower valleys are brought to the market on the backs of burros and llamas in great quantities. In the evening I listened with interest to the music on the band stand, and participated in the grand march of thousands of people as the band played for several hours. By counter marching, men marching one way and women the other, acquaintances are frequently made leading to future courtship and marriage. All over Latin America it is customary for men, women and children to march on the plazas which are found in nearly every city or town.

Brother Page was still suffering with difficult breathing caused by the high altitude and spent a good part of each day in bed. The weather was fine and pleasant at La Paz which lies in a deep basin, sheltered all around by high mountains, but heavy clouds rested upon the summits of the main ranges of the Andes in the East. Hence neither the summit of the famous Illimani, nor other mountain tops, could be seen.

Altogether the 18th of March, 1923, was a very interesting day for me. Sailing on a fine modern steamer 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and afterwards entering a fine city in the center of the greatest mountain system of America, was something never to be forgotten.

Mon., Mar. 19. I spent most of the day making arrangements for our railway journey to the coast, and in waiting on the American and Chilean consuls to get our passports viseed. Late in the afternoon, accompanied by Elder Page and a Mr. R. D. Oilar, I took a street car to

Abrajes, a pleasure resort situated in a canyon near La Paz. We took leave of some of our traveling companions with whom we had become closely acquainted at Arequipa. They were a Mr. Westervelt, wife and daughter from South Bend, Indiana; Abraham Smith and wife of Defiance, Ohio; and J. C. Allen, a lawyer, and wife from Seattle, Washington. Mr. Oilar decided to travel with us to Antofagasta. After my day's activity and anxiety I felt nervous and could not rest.

Tues., Mar. 20. We hired a hack to take us to the Bolivian Railway station, and started on our two days' journey from La Paz at 9 o'clock a.m. and found the climbing to the high plateau, 1,300 feet above La Paz, interesting as before. Once on the top we soon reached the town of Viacha and in the clear morning atmosphere we had a good view of Illiamani, the great snow-capped mountain which rises to a height of 21,000 feet, east of La Paz. As we proceeded on our journey over the pampas or plain we saw large herds of llamas and sheep grazing in charge of women herders. Toward noon we reached the little town of Ayoays and a short distance beyond we came to a river, where a bridge had recently been washed out, and here a host of natives were engaged to carry freight and baggage across to the train in waiting on the other side, while the passengers walked across on a temporary foot bridge. It took us two hours or more to make the transfer. The train awaiting us had sleeping cars divided into sections, each to accommodate two passengers, there being an upper and a lower berth in each, reaching crossways through the car. Elder Page and I occupied one of these sections the following night, but found it too small and isolated for day travel as the berths occupied nearly all the space. We passed through a country which reminded us very much of the wilds of Nevada in the United States.

On the journey we became acquainted with a Salvation Army captain who had charge of Salvation Army work in Bolivia. He was Swedish by birth and came to Bolivia when he was 18 years old. He told us that about three hundred of his colleagues were doing a successful reclaiming work in Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay and Brazil, and that they met with considerable opposition from the Catholic clergy, notwithstanding the fact that there was perfect religious liberty in all the South American republics. The Salvation Army, he said, conducted successful schools in different parts of the country and also owned valuable property as headquarters and homes. About 7:00 p. m. we arrived at Oruro, a city of 31,000 inhabitants, situated near the Desaguadero River at an altitude of 12,122 feet. Here we ate supper and remained until 10:00 p.m. when we continued the journey.

Wed., Mar. 21. After having spent another restless night, caused by the high altitude, we found ourselves in the morning traveling through highlands abounding with salt flats and barren stretches of country in which there were only a few inhabitants. During the night we had passed Lake Popo, in which, through the outlet Desagualdero, the waters of Lake Titicaca disappear, as Lake Popo has no visible outlet. At Uyuni, a town of 5,000 inhabitants in an altitude of 12,008 feet, we changed cars, shifting from middle gauge to a narrow gauge track and got better sleepers to ride in. That is to say, the sleeping section had better accommodations, two in each, and the berths, like the Pullman cars in the United States, were made up at night. In the afternoon we crossed the boundary line between Bolivia and Chili and entered the town of Ollague, in Chili. In the immediate vicinity of this town, right on the boundary line between the two re-

publics stands the active volcano Ollague, rising some 2,000 feet above the level of the surrounding pampas. We watched the smoke rising from the top of the crater or snow-capped summit with much interest as we passed by at a considerable distance. Soon after entering Chile, our train commenced to climb the eastern slope of the coast range of the Andes Mountains and, leaving the Borax Lake on our left, we at length reached the summit of the pass at Ascotan (elevation 13,056 feet above sea level). Snow-capped mountains were near by on both sides of the pass. In crossing this last mountain on our inland journey Elder Page became quite ill and it gave him much relief, both physically and mentally, when we found ourselves being carried down grade quite rapidly to a lower altitude.

Thurs., Mar. 22. I awoke about 2 a. m. and found myself breathing very easily and removed some of the covering of my berth, it being too warm. The day before I was shivering with cold with my heavy overcoat on. At 7 o'clock in the morning we arrived at Antofagasta. When we beheld the Pacific Ocean once more I wondered if Balboa when he first discovered it was more glad than we were when we reached it again after our adventures in the high altitude of the interior of South America. I forgot to state that on our journey from Oruro to Antofagasta I made the acquaintance of Svend A. Juel Jørgensen, a native of Copenhagen, Denmark, who acted as Danish consul in Bolivia. It was quite a treat to meet and converse with a countryman of that kind so far away from old Denmark, and the pleasure seemed to be reciprocated. Mr. Jørgensen was going to the coast to meet his wife, arriving from Denmark to join him in Bolivia. At Antofagasta, a modern town of 75,000 inhabitants, we hired an automobile which took us down to the Grace Company's

office near the wharf, where we were enabled to secure passage on the steamer "Santa Teresa" (a sister ship of the "Santa Luisa", in which we traveled from Balboa to Molinda). We walked through the principal street and plaza of the city, and were taken in a row boat about half a mile out into the open roadstead to the "Santa Teresa," which was so crowded with passengers that Bro. Page and I had to take berths in the ship's hospital on the upper deck. There, however, we were quite comfortable, having the same accommodations otherwise as the rest of the first class passengers. Soon anchor was lifted and the "Santa Teresa" steamed down along the Chilian coast on her way toward Valparaiso. Oh, how we enjoyed the invigorating ocean breezes once more, after what we had experienced in the mountains of Peru and Bolivia and how we enjoyed our meals on board an American steamer, after eating food cooked after Spanish usage in the interior!

Fri. Mar. 23. The morning was cloudy and windy, and later in the day the sea became turbulent and in consequence several of the passengers were seasick. I introduced myself to the Hon. Henry B. Fletcher, who, together with seven colleagues was on his way to Santiago, Chile, to represent the United States in the fifth Pan-American Conference at Santiago. He assured me that we should be welcome to attend any sessions of the conference. I also conversed with the Hon. Frank E. Partridge of Vermont, former minister to Venezuela, another delegate to the conference. He recognized the fact that two leading Mormons (Joseph Smith and Brigham Young) were natives of Vermont, and I furthermore drew his attention to the fact that one of his namesakes, the late Edward Partridge, was the first Presiding Bishop of the "Mormon" Church.

Sat., Mar. 24. At 8.30 a.m. anchor was cast off Valparaiso on the open

roadstead. The formal examination of passports and luggage by Chilian officials was performed quickly, and an open row boat took Brother Page, Mr. Oilar and me to the shore. At Hotel Rolfo, Serrano 116, we engaged rooms and board for 12 pesas a day. We took a long street-car ride along the coast to Vina del Mar, a beautiful suburb about six miles distant, and later in the afternoon we ascended in one of the many lifts to higher ground, whence Mr. Oilar and I walked on the top of the hill about 1,000 feet high, rising immediately behind the city of Valparaiso. From this hill a magnificent view is had of the city, open roadstead and the Pacific Ocean. Valparaiso is not only a historic place of importance but a beautiful modern city of about 300,000 inhabitants. It was here that Apostle Parley P. Pratt and Elder Rufus C. Allen landed as "Mormon" missionaries in the year 1851, but after studying the Spanish language for a number of months, they returned to California without opening a mission.

Sun., Mar. 25. I spent most of the day at our room No. 21 on the third story of the Rolfo Hotel, while Elder Page and Mr. Oilar went to the races. Toward evening I took a long street car ride.

Mon., Mar. 26. We took a walk through some of the principal streets of Valparaiso and called on the editor of the "South Pacific Mail" at Calle O'Higgins, 68, with whom we had a long conversation, and I obtained from him some literature on Chile and Valparaiso. I spent the afternoon and evening writing and also took a long walk through the heart of the city and thus witnessed the town lit up with electric lights.

Tues., Mar. 27. We left Valparaiso by rail at 7:40 a. m. for Santiago, the capital of Chile. Following the coast as far as Vina del Mar, we turned inland up a fertile and well cultivated valley. We soon entered another

beautiful valley in which the town of Quillota, with a population of 18,800, is located. This is where Parley P. Pratt and companion resided about a month in the spring of 1852. At Llai-Llai, the junction of the Santiago-Valparaiso Railway with the Trans-Andine Railway, a number of passengers who had crossed the Andes from Buenos Aires, came on board, and our train reached Santiago about noon. We secured lodging and board at Hotel Bristol, and as soon as we had taken possession of our rooms, Elder Page, Mr. Oilar and I took street-car rides, on which we visited Luna Park, the main railway station, and the Avenida de la Elicias, located on the prettiest and straightest thoroughfares of the city.

Santiago, one of the finest cities of South America, has over 500,000 inhabitants. It has regular streets, crossing each other at right angles, and is situated in the great agricultural valley lying between the main range of the Andes and the Coast Range. It has many beautiful plazas of which Plaza de Armas is the main center of the business part of the city. We found our hotel somewhat noisy on account of its proximity to the railroad station and the terminal point of a number of street-car lines.

Wed., Mar. 28. We called on the Grace Line people and arranged for our railway transportation to Buenos Aires, and I also ascended the celebrated hill Serra Santa Lucia which rises in the central part of the city to a considerable height. From its top the view is indeed wonderful.

We participated in a banquet at 12:30 at the American Club at No. 95 Ahumada Avenue, to which all the Americans of Santiago were invited, and at which the American delegation to the great Latin-American convention meeting in Santiago were the guests of honor. The meal served was nothing extraordinary, but the after-dinner speeches were excellent,

especially one delivered by a Dr. Vincent, one of the delegates. We thoroughly enjoyed the occasion, and had the opportunity of meeting with Americans from different parts of the United States and with some who were somewhat permanently located in Chile. Among others the American Minister to Chile was particularly interested in the certificates of health which Dr. Elias S. Wright of Salt Lake City had given me. The minister suggested that I would meet with no obstacles armed with certificates like that in entering the Argentine Republic or any other country. In the afternoon we took a hack to the top of the hill San Cristobal, about 1,000 feet above the city. On this hill there is an observatory and a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, which, lit up with electric lights at night, is seen with brilliant splendor from all parts of the city. Our hack driver had a pair of miserable balky horses and was unable to take us to the top though still insisting on getting his pay. While Mr. Oilar was discussing matters with him, I left my companions and with considerable effort climbed to the summit following no road or path, and on reaching the top, though tired, I was well repaid for my effort as I saw one of the grandest sunsets I have ever seen. I also had a magnificent view of the city of Santiago, the basin in which it is situated, the mountains beyond and the grand and lofty Andes in the background or eastward. By kind invitation I rode down in an automobile with the Brazilian delegation to the Latin-American convention.

In the evening Elder Page and I went to a picture show where a United States film with Spanish text was presented. Nearly all the moving pictures we saw in Latin-America were North - American productions with Spanish text.

Thurs., Mar. 29. Elder Page and I converted some United States money

into Chilian and Argentine currency and were thus equipped to enter the Argentine republic bordering on the Atlantic coast of South America. We also visited the Santiago Art Gallery, where we saw excellent pieces of statuary and masterpieces of painting. In the evening Brother Page and Mr. Oilar and I attended a circus on Avenida de las Delicias, at which the performance was pretty good, some of the numbers being new to us.

Fri., Mar. 30. This morning I witnessed the sun rise behind the lofty Andes on looking out of my bedroom window. This being Good Friday, every business house in Santiago was closed, and theatres were only allowed to run films illustrating the Savior's life, sufferings and death. Brother Page and I walked to the top of the Santa Lucia hill and then took a street car to the city park (Parque Cousino) and back. In the afternoon we attended a film passion play in one of the city theatres and after that attended Roman Catholic services in the Cathedral.

Sat., Mar. 31. Together with Elder Page I visited the principal cemetery at Santiago and was astonished to find so many monumental vaults—numerous beautiful avenues of them, and in some of the family vaults there was room for scores of bodies, the opening being large enough to receive a coffin. Of course these magnificent vaults were owned by the wealthy people; the poorer classes bury their dead in the earth as they do in other countries. At 4 o'clock p. m., accompanied by Elder Page and Mr. Oilar, I left Santiago by rail and traveled via Llai-Llai to Los Andes, the western terminus of the Trans-Andine Railway and a town of 10,000 inhabitants. Here we stopped over night at the Hotel Sud Americano, four of us sleeping in one room. This place is 2,675 feet above the level of the sea. We paid 18 pesos each for supper and bed and a very light breakfast.

Sunday, April 1. We boarded the cars of the narrow gauge Trans-Andine railway and left Los Andes at 7 o'clock a. m. The train pulled up a steep grade in going up the Rio Aconcagua which runs through a narrow canyon with lofty mountains on either side. We passed through many tunnels, but there were only a few small stations with water tanks as we proceeded upwards. Near Portillo, one of the last stations in Chile, there was a pretty mountain lake on our left, near the track, and after passing Caracoles, the last station in Chile, we entered a tunnel nearly two miles long at an altitude of 10,452 feet above sea level.

As we emerged from the tunnel at its east end we found ourselves in the great republic Argentine, and soon entered the little mountain town of Las Cuevas, arriving there about 12.00 noon. This place is near the snow limit of the mighty Andes Range and the lofty mountain called Aconcagua, 23,300 feet high, is in plain view from this station, apparently only a short distance to the northwest. After stopping an hour or so at Los Cuevas, which gave the custom house officers an opportunity to examine our hand baggage and other officials to examine our passports and doctor's certificates, we resumed our journey descending a steep grade down the Cuevas river and the Rio Mendoza. The mountain scenery on both sides of the Andes pass was truly beautiful and grand.

At 8 o'clock p. m. we arrived at Mendoza, a town of 70,000 inhabitants, situated on the Mendoza River, 2,465 feet above sea level. Here we changed cars, and three of us were assigned an apartment in a sleeper in a broad gauge railway on the Southern Pacific, and at 9:30 we resumed the journey from Mendoza, glad indeed to change from the small, uncomfortable cars on the Trans-Andine railway to a fine sleeper. Mendoza is 651 miles from Buenos

Aires and 253 miles from Santiago, Chile.

Mon., April 2. The morning found us traveling over the immense pampas or plains of Argentina. Not since I passed through Siberia in 1912 had I seen anything like it. These extensive plains reach from the eastern base of the Andes to the Atlantic Ocean from the Salado River on the north to the Negro river on the south. The plains seemed as level as the sea and tens of thousands of cattle, sheep and horses were seen from the car window grazing on these pampas. The day was stormy and at times during the day the rain descended in torrents. With the exception of a little rain at Cuzco in Peru this was the first rain storm we had experienced since we left California, the previous January. We were told that storms had prevailed over the pampas for several days and the consequence was that every river was swollen, and for miles and miles the land on both sides of the track was covered with water. The plains were sparsely inhabited and the towns along the railway were small and unimportant, but there were ranches all over, though mostly far apart, and the animals grazing on the pampas seemed innumerable. When night spread its sombre mantle over creation, we were still speeding across the great pampas and about 7:30 p. m. we rolled into the Retiro Station at Buenos Aires. Here we went to Hotel Wilson at 631 Cordoba Street, where we made arrangements to board and sleep for 7 Argentina pesos a day, each. Buenos Aires has about two million inhabitants and is consequently the largest city in South America.

Tues., April 3. Our first move in the morning was to make a bee line for the U. S. Consulate, at No. 341 Lavalle Street, where we received our first mail from home since we left Los Angeles. I learned that considerable sickness had prevailed in

my family since I left home. During the day Elder Page and I called on the steamship company to make arrangements for further travel, but found difficulty in getting transportation on the Munson line because the Pacific Mail Company had issued an order for our transportation from Buenos Aires to New York with the Lamport and Holt Line. The latter, an English company, were at swords points with the Munson Company, an American company, on grounds of competition, and so we were obliged to send a cablegram to San Francisco to the Pacific Mail people, to whom we had paid our fare and asked for the change, as the Munson line had a ship sailing from Buenos Aires on April 12th and the Lamport and Holt line had no ship until the 24th, 12 days later, and we did not wish to stay in Buenos Aires that long.

In the afternoon I called on the Danish consul as a matter of courtesy, and later, on the Danish Club at Calle Boliver No. 611 and finally at the Hotel Scandinavien on Lime Street of Calla Lima. Our first day in Buenos Aires was a busy one, but traveling about so much made us acquainted with the business part of the city.

Wed., April 4. At the office of the U. S. Consul we were glad to receive more mail from home. The news from Utah reported the death of several of my dear friends. I really began to feel lonesome. Nearly all my most intimate friends and missionary companions from the days of my youth seemed to have gone beyond the veil already, and I sometimes wondered how long I was to remain in mortality.

In the afternoon I took a long street car ride, together with Elder Page, to the western outskirts of the city, and early in the evening I visited the docks on the river La Plata, where a large number of vessels hailing from many different lands and nations were anchored.

Thurs., April 5. I moved into a room by myself at the Hotel Wilson, where I could enjoy more privacy and spend a part of my time writing, as we thought we might have to remain another eight days in Buenos Aires. Formerly Mr. Oilar, Brother Page and I had occupied one room together. With Elder Page I visited the fine art museum on the Plaza St. Martin and in the afternoon I visited the National Historical Museum. I found both museums interesting and instructive, especially the latter where all kinds of relics from the colonial and national days of the Argentine Republic were on exhibition.

Fri., April 6. I took a long street car ride to Palermo, the popular park of Buenos Aires. Here were zoological gardens, botanical gardens, beautiful statuary, golf grounds, military reservations, and other attractions. I took a long walk through the forest bordering the great river De la Plata, and as I got overheated from walking I hung my coat over my arm and thereby dropped a little note book which grieved me very much, as it contained much valuable information of which I had no duplicate.

On my return to the city, and calling again at the Munson Steamship Company, I succeeded in securing passage for Elder Page and myself on the steamer "American Legion" which was scheduled to sail from Buenos Aires April 12th. In the afternoon we saw our traveling companion, Mr. Oilar off, on a Royal Mail steamer for Santos, Brazil. He had traveled in our company since our arrival at Juliaco, Peru, on March 13th, and as he could speak a little Spanish, he had helped us on several occasions in making arrangements for hotel rates without being fleeced by those who think that Americans should pay double price for everything.

In the evening I called at the Danish club rooms, 611 Bolivar Street

and ate supper (Danish Smørrebrød) and was introduced to a number of Danes, among others to a Mr. and Mrs. Nielsen (a newly married couple) who had recently arrived in Argentina with a view to making their home there. Mrs. Nielsen turned out to be a daughter of a certain Mrs. Anna Jensen of Copenhagen, Denmark, and a granddaughter of a Mrs. Mariane Christensen whom I baptized in Hjørring, Denmark, on my first mission in 1873. It was a unique meeting and Mrs. Nielsen was perfectly astonished to meet a man in South America who was so intimately acquainted with her mother and grandparents. Many strange things can happen in a person's traveling experiences. Several other callers at the Danish Club became highly interested in my explanations of conditions and status of the Danish population in Utah.

Sat., April 7. With Elder Page I visited the southern suburb of Buenos Aires and the so-called Congress Plaza, one of the popular and pretty spots in the city. We also saw some of the fine stores on the main street, beautifully lit up by electricity.

Sun., April 8. With Elder Page I went by railway to the popular resort, Tigre, situated on the La Plata river, about 12 miles north of Buenos Aires. It is especially noted for its periodical races. I had become quite interested in the Argentine Republic which was so different to all the other South American Republics which I had visited so far. Buenos Aires is very much like the large cities of Europe, the customs and habits having been copied from European conditions. Everything is very expensive in Buenos Aires, as compared with Chile and other countries; the purchasing power of an Argentine peso (worth about 38 cents in U. S. money) is not much more than a Chilean peso (worth about 15 cents in U. S. money).

Mon., April 9. I took a long walk

to the river shore where a promenade reminded me very much of "Langelinie" in Copenhagen, Denmark. I also called on the editor of the Danish newspaper ("Skandinaven"), Mr. Albert Weisholt at Sarmiento Street No. 1128, and afterwards on Johannes Sørensen, secretary of the Danish Young Men's Association, with whom I arranged to deliver a lecture the following Wednesday evening. Later in the day I entered the Catholic cathedral, where the remains of the Archbishop who had just died, were lying in state. Great throngs passed through the edifice to view the remains. I also called on the Danish Legation at 356 Serpentina Street, and Mr. Reidel, who during the absence of the Minister had charge of the consulate, invited me to dinner the following day.

Tues., April 10. I spent most of the day writing in my room and also took a walk through some of the plazas in the city. According to appointment I called on Mr. Reidel at the Danish Legation, who took me by train to his palatial home in a suburb of Buenos Aires, about seven miles from the city center where I spent a most pleasant evening, after partaking of a bounteous meal. Mr. Reidel treated me very kindly and gave me some Argentine literature. Earlier in the day I went by train to the Revadavia Station near which (at Calle Vedacion No. 248) I visited J. Bennike, the veteran editor of "Syd og Nord", the other Danish newspaper published in Buenos Aires. He had spent 35 years in the Argentine Republic and gave me considerable information about the Danes in the southern part of that country.

Wed., April 11. I was invited to take dinner with Mr. Carvel, Danish vice-consul in the Argentina, who was anxious to learn something about Utah and the "Mormons". In the evening I filled my appointment at the Young Men's quarters at Paseo Colon, 1131, and addressed 16 inter-

ested students for over an hour on the Scandinavians in North America, and especially the "Mormons" in Utah. All the students seemed highly pleased with my talk and regretted that time did not permit me to visit the Danish colonies in the southern part of the republic. I afterwards felt sorry that I did not take advantage of this opportunity of going further south to deliver the message that a Mormon Elder always feels anxious, or desirous, to deliver. After the meeting I was kept busy answering all kinds of questions, and, at my request, those present signed their names to a sheet of paper, so that I might be enabled to take greetings from the parties named to their fellow-countrymen in North America.

CHAPTER 76

(1923—continued)

Visit Montevideo in Uruguay and Santos, Sao Paulo and Rio Janeiro in Brazil—A Long Voyage on the Atlantic—Arrival in New York—Return Home.

Thurs., April 12. Elder Page and I boarded the good American ship "American Legion", which at 4:30 p. m., after sticking fast in the mud for about an hour, at last got afloat and steamed away from Buenos Aires. We were soon out in the great estuary of the Rio de la Plata on our way to Uruguay. There had been some rain during the day, but the evening was pleasant. Leaving Buenos Aires, where we had spent ten days quite pleasantly was almost like leaving home, and we watched the "city of good air" gradually disappear as we proceeded on our way. I was assigned to a comfortable room (No. 115) on the middle deck with A Mr. George G. Walden of New York as my room mate.

Fri., April 13. Having traveled 130 miles during the night, we arrived at Montevideo, the capital of the Republic of Uruguay, at about 6 o'clock in the morning and after breakfast Elder Page and I left the ship for a few hours to take in the

sights, on which trip we visited the Catholic cathedral on Plaza Constitution. We traveled by street car several miles to the Prada, a large public park, and thence walked to Paso Molino, where we took another street car and traveled several miles to Cerro, a suburb lying across the bay east of Montevideo. Here I left Elder Page, who returned to the city, while I walked to the top of the hill, where there is a lighthouse, and where I enjoyed a fine unobstructed view of Montevideo and environment.

Montevideo is a fine, well built city with nearly half a million inhabitants, almost one-third of the entire population of Uruguay. The manners, customs and habits of the people in Montevideo are very much the same as those of the inhabitants of Buenos Aires.

The ship having finished taking in cargo, we sailed from Montevideo about 6:30 p. m. just after dark, and as we left, the beautifully illuminated city encircling the bay showed off to good advantage. Among a great number of steamers in the harbor loading and unloading their cargoes, we noticed a large, new United States steamer, the "President Harrison".

Sat., April 14. No land was in sight all day. The ship's log at noon showed the following: Lat. 32 deg. 52 min. S; Long. 51 deg. 47 min. W.; course various; distance from Montevideo, 256 miles; distance to Santos, 514 miles. Length of day 16 hours, 3 minutes. Average speed 15.95.

Sun., April 15. Early in the morning we found our ship sailing near the coast of Brazil with some islands near the main land beyond on our larboard. At 11 o'clock a. m. a sort of religious service was held on board, conducted by a layman who made a sensible little speech. I spent part of the day writing and in the evening conversed with passengers and watched the young people dance. I also had a conversation with the congenial captain of the ship.

Mon., April 16. About daylight the ship cast anchor near the mouth of the channel and about 8 o'clock, the pilot having come on board, we were lying alongside the dock of Santos, a town of about 80,000 inhabitants and one of the principal ports of Brazil. Brother Page and I landed, and took a walk and a street car ride through the heart of the city. Buying a ticket for Sao Paulo (50 miles inland) we left Santos at 10.25 a. m. and arrived at San Paulo at 12:50 p. m., after traveling through a semi-tropical country which was very interesting, and especially so was the climbing, by means of cable from nearly sea level to an elevation of about 3,000 feet to the mountain station of Alto da Serra. Here we were in the midst of dense clouds which rested upon the top of the mountain. There were four sections of cable works, one immediately above another, and the transfer of the train from one cable to another was done remarkably quick. The building of this railway required immense capital, and it was claimed that for such a short affair it is the most expensive railway in the world.

We found Sao Paulo an interesting city with nearly 600,000 inhabitants, situated at an elevation of 2,500 feet above sea level and containing beautiful parks, business streets, and palatial private residences. We took several street car rides, walked through the principal part of the city and had a pleasant visit with the American Consul, Mr. A. T. Haeberle, who gave us some information concerning the southern part of Brazil. Sao Paulo is the capital of the State of that name and the center of one of the very best coffee-raising countries in the world. We spent about four hours sight-seeing in Sao Paulo and then returned to Santos. Here we arrived somewhat tired after a solid day of sight-seeing, having walked long distances. We boarded the steamer and sailed from Santos

about midnight to continue the voyage to Rio Janeiro about 225 statute miles from Santos. The weather was fine, but a little warmer than necessary for comfort and we had to wear lighter clothing.

Tues., April 17. In the morning we could see the shores of Brazil in the distance, though the morning was somewhat cloudy. About 11 a. m. we entered the bay of Rio Janeiro with the famous mountain called Sugar-Loaf on the left, and fortifications on both right and left. We were informed that the voyage would be continued from Rio Janeiro at noon the following day. This meant that we would only have one day to visit the "loveliest city in the world" as some guide books describe the place. The steamer was docked about noon. I lost no time in landing and proceeded at once to the U. S. Consulate at 117 Avenida Rio Branco, where I received letters from home. Having made purchases of maps and guide books, I proceeded at once to the Exposition or Fair which had been open since the previous fall. I visited city and environments, the bay, the ocean, and other points is truly inspiring. To travel to the top of these hastily the main exposition buildings, and also the special exhibits of the United States, Argentina, Italy, Portugal, Japan, England, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Mexico. The Exhibition throughout was not equal to similar World Fairs formerly held in the United States and in other countries; but the city of Rio Janeiro is certainly a beautiful and interesting city with about 140,000 inhabitants. I spent the evening on board the steamer posting myself by studying guide books and maps for outings on the morrow.

Wed., April 18. I arose at daylight and was soon out sight-seeing. I took a street car to Praia Vermelha, where I lingered and walked around the hills until 8 o'clock a. m., when I ascended by the aerial cable, first

to the Hill Morro da Urca (736 feet high) and thence to Sugar Loaf (Pao de Assucar), 1,296 feet high. From the top of either hill the view of the granite piles by cable gives almost the same impression of the world below that a trip by airplane would give one. I thoroughly enjoyed the trip. Elder Page went sight-seeing by himself at Rio Janeiro as the time we had on hand for sight-seeing suggested that every moment must be taken advantage of.

Once more we boarded the ship "American Legion", with the understanding that there would be no further stop between Rio Janeiro and New York. We were soon out on the Atlantic Ocean, and during the afternoon and evening we traveled in a north-easterly direction, and at sundown we were hugging the shore quite closely. We passed an English steamer of the Royal Mail Line and also met several vessels going into Rio Janeiro. I journalized in the evening and balanced up my financial accounts in regard to foreign money, with which we were now through. We were pleased to be on the home stretch, and to be on a vessel where the English language was spoken. The ship, after leaving Rio Janeiro was crowded with passengers, nearly all Americans, returning to the United States from trips abroad. We were now in the tropics once more as Rio Janeiro is situated in Lat. 23 deg. S. and Long. 43 deg. 25 min. W. of Greenwich.

Thurs., April 19. The sea was smooth with a clear blue sky all day. No land in sight, but several steamers seen. Beautiful sunrise and sunset. At noon we were 350 miles from Rio. The goal (New York) was 4,400 miles away. I spent the day reading and conversing with fellow passengers.

Fri., April 20. The weather was getting much warmer, as we neared the Equator. We were about due east of Bahia, Brazil, though far

away from the coast, and no land in sight all day. A picture show was given and a dance arranged on board in the evening, when an amusement committee was also appointed.

Sat., April 21. At daylight land was in sight on our port side, though a long distance off. This is considered the easternmost point of South America by navigators, but by more accurate measurement and observation made by scientific instruments recently, it was discovered that a certain shore point about three miles south of Cape Branco was a few hundred yards farther east than the official Cape Branco, and so an Irishman by the name of Pancrais O'Reiley ran a successful race with another man to claim that particular shore point as his private property. And in order to make his claim good, he built a pier a short distance out into the ocean and also erected a house on the shore in which he still lives, and now has the undisputed distinction of being the easternmost resident of both South and North America. The Brazilian government has recognized Mr. O'Reiley's claim and has given the holding the name of Reiley. Sailing in a northly direction we had come 408 miles since noon the day before with an average speed of 17 knots an hour. The wind had been moderate, blowing from the southeast and the sea rolled gently.

In the afternoon I visited with Captain Thomas W. Sheridan, a distant relative of the late U. S. General Sheridan, and spent an hour with him on the bridge. He was pleased to show me the up-to-date instruments and machinery of the ship. The "American Legion" was built in Camden, New Jersey, as a transport steamer just before the close of the late World War, but was never used by the military, as the war came to an end. It was, instead, taken into the South American trade, being bought by the Munson Line. It is

a steamer of 21,000 tons and has accommodation for 506 passengers. The ship is about 500 feet long.

On this voyage there were 245 first class and 145 third class passengers on board and the ship's crew consisted of 217 persons, including officers, sailors, firemen, stewards and nurses. Its machinery represented 12,000 horse power and oil was burned instead of coal. The ship's capacity for speed was 19 or 20 knots per hour. Most of the officers were Americans and so also were most of the first class passengers. The captain and the other ship's officers were all gentlemen in their behavior, and all the passengers with whom I associated on board seemed to be a superior class of ladies and gentlemen.

This day the heat was oppressive. We reluctantly retired to rest about midnight, but slept better than we expected, our room being on that side of the ship where a refreshing breeze blew all night. It was nevertheless the hottest day I had spent on shipboard since I sailed from California three months previously. About 4 o'clock p. m. the course of the ship was changed from a northerly to a northwesterly direction. During the serving of lunch our table waiter was so overcome with the heat that he fainted and fell to the floor with a tray of victuals, but came to almost immediately. Another member of the ship's personnel also was overcome with the heat while at work.

Sun., April 22. The day was somewhat cloudy and it rained off and on. At 11 o'clock there was religious singing and reading in the Social Hall conducted by the same man who had acted as parson a week before. A gentle southeast wind was blowing and there was also a light northeast swell in the ocean. At 12:35 p. m. we crossed the Equator about 300 miles due east of the mouth of the Amazon River. Some of us had our photos taken when crossing the line.

Mon., April 23. During the past night the heavy swell of the sea caused the ship to rock considerably, and the wind continued to blow briskly all day. At noon we were about due east from French Guiana. We had traveled 401 miles in a northwesterly direction in the past 24 hours and were 2,741 miles from New York. Our average speed was 16.07 knots. A fresh northeast breeze was blowing and there was a "rough beam sea" which caused rocking of the ship and interfered with the deck games somewhat.

Tues., April 24. We enjoyed another pleasant day on board the "American Legion." A fresh wind was blowing continuously and there was considerable swell in the ocean. A moderate northeast wind prevailed. There were games and dancing on the deck nearly all the afternoon and evening. In the evening exercises, the young people on board seemed to lag in their enthusiasm for sport, so my roommate took the lead in singing and other exercises and did very well indeed, introducing life and vim into the situation. Unexpectedly I was called upon to do something, so I sang a verse of "Høit op under Taget" and danced a waltz while I sang the chorus. I also danced a waltz with a Miss Williams and was heartily applauded for my efforts.

Wed., April 25. Another beautiful day with fresh invigorating breeze. Gentle northeast wind blowing and small sea. There were deck sports and dancing as usual in the afternoon and evening, and I showed some of the young people how to dance the popular Danish "Tyroler" Waltz.

Thurs., April 26. The weather was fine and the sea smooth all day. We were still sailing northwest and during the past 24 hours had traveled 422 nautical miles and a total of 3,386 miles since we left Rio Janeiro. We were 1,464 miles from New York

and about due east from Cuba. A light northerly wind was blowing all day. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the geographical line known as the tropic of cancer, and thus passed from the tropics into the north temperate zone, and as if nature responded to this fact the weather suddenly seemed to grow colder and a heavy shower of rain also added to the change of temperature. We had passed through the tropical zone without suffering any inconvenience from the heat except one day (April 21st) and then we did not suffer any to hurt. In the evening a much advertised masquerade party came off. Our companion Mr. Oilar, who was dressed like a Peruvian Indian, got the best prize for his imitation. There were a number of very interesting characters represented and the whole affair turned out to be a great success. Mr. Oilar had left us in Buenos Aires, but came on board the "American Legion" in Rio Janeiro. There was a pleasant sociability, and no drinking of intoxicating liquors was allowed.

Fri., April 27. The weather was getting cooler as we proceeded northward. I spent the time as usual writing, and the usual games and dancing were continued on deck in the afternoon and evening.

Sat., April 28. The day was unusually bright and beautiful. About 9 o'clock a. m. we could see the Bermuda Islands ahead on our port side, and an hour later we were sailing abreast of them about 12 miles away. This group of islands number about 360 and are situated off the coast of the United States about 518 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras and 668 miles from New York. Only a score of these islands are inhabited and only five of them are important. These are: Bermuda (chief island), Somerset, Iron, St. George, and St. David. The population of the islands is about 21,000, of whom about 73

per cent are negroes. The climate is most delightful, and during the winter Hamilton is a mecca for tourists. Bermuda is justly famous for the onions bearing its name. The islands also produce potatoes, arrowroot and lily-bulbs. The distance to New York was now only 615 miles. The wind had been light and variable and the sea rolled in small swells from the north. At the dinner table in the evening prizes were distributed to those who had excelled in the games and presents from the Munson Line people were given to every first class passenger. This was called the Captain's farewell dinner.

Sun., April 29. I awoke in the early morning by being tossed about in my berth and in looking through the port holes I saw that the sea was troubled and the ship rocking as it had never rocked before on this voyage. As the day dawned and proceeded, the gale increased and the ship rolled worse than ever. Quite a number of passengers did not show up for breakfast, so we judged they were sea-sick. I spent part of the day parading on the deck with my overcoat on, for it was cold. The movement of the vessel did not affect me. I spent the evening conversing with passengers and gathering my belongings into three valises. I left home with two valises, but as my collection of literature increased I had to buy another hand bag in Buenos Aires.

Mon., April 30. At 4 o'clock in the morning the ship dropped anchor off Staten Island, where we laid until 10 o'clock a. m. waiting for doctor and emigration agent to get through with their examinations. The day was cold and stormy and we could not keep warm or comfortable even with our overcoats on. At 10:30 a. m. anchor was lifted and we sailed into dock at Hoboken, where we landed about noon. Elder Page and I hired a porter to take us to the railway station at the Barclay St.

Ferry, where we checked our heavy valises and then crossed the Hudson River to New York. Landing at the foot of Barclay Street I walked to the post office on the corner of Broadway and Park Row, where I mailed several letters which I had written from South America for the press. On leaving the post office I forgot my little valise in which I carried valuable documents and started without it across the Brooklyn Bridge, but when half way across I remembered it and hastened back to the post office. Good luck or a kind Providence favored me, for I found my valise which had been picked up by some friendly or honest person and handed to one of the officials who was pleased to hand it to me after I had satisfied him that I was the owner. As a happy man I went by street car to the office of the Eastern States Mission at 273 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn. Here I received mail from home and met several Elders and lady missionaries at the office.

I then proceeded to No. 1552 Fulton Street, where my daughter Eleonore resided with her husband, George B. Reynolds, and their two children, Odyessia and Parley. The meeting was a most happy one and I noticed that my two grand-children had grown big since I last saw them two years before. They were exceedingly bright and affectionate children and were making a splendid record in school. My son-in-law held a responsible position with the Morgenthallia Linetype Company. Eleonore was singing in churches and gave private lessons in vocal music.

It was my intention to travel from New York to Salt Lake City by automobile, following the old Pioneer Trail across the plains, but as the Church authorities did not favor the proposition I concluded to make a bee line for home in a few days. In the meantime I visited with President B. H. Roberts in Brooklyn and spent a

few days in New York sight-seeing. Among other places I visited Bedloe's Island, on which stands the Statue of Liberty. My daughter Eleonore and her two children had not visited the island before, and I had not been there since 1888.

Sun., May 6. I was in Newark, New Jersey, and Brooklyn, New York and preached in the meetings, and my daughter Eleonore sang there in an effective manner.

Mon., May 7. Together with Bro. Page I took leave of my daughter Eleonore and her family and started for home by rail. We arrived at Chicago the next day. After making a short visit to the headquarters of the Northern States Mission at Logan Square, we continued our journey in the evening and arrived at Omaha Nebraska, in the forenoon of May 9th. We invited the Elders and missionary sisters at Omaha to accompany us to Florence (formerly Winter Quarters). Here we held a little meeting in the old Mormon cemetery, and sang "When First the Glorious Light of Truth". Returning to Omaha, Elder Cyrus S. Budge and I spent several hours at the public library culling historical data from Nebraska literature. In the evening we held a missionary meeting at the conference house at which Elder Page spoke on Church history and our recent travels to South America. The midnight hour found us taking leave of our brethren and sisters. Early in the morning of May 10th Brother Page and I left Omaha by rail and traveled westward.

Fri., May 11. We arrived in Salt Lake City early in the morning.

During my absence from home this time I had traveled about 23,000 miles, namely, 14,580 miles by steamer and ferries, 250 miles by automobile, 650 miles by rail, street cars and elevated railways, 12 miles by carriages, 20 miles on horseback, and something like 235 miles on foot. I addressed eight public meetings, in-

cluding one open-air meeting in Sacramento, California, gave one lecture on board the steamer "Colombia", and one in a Danish gathering in Buenos Aires. I had a number of interesting conversations with fellow travelers on Utah and the "Mormons". During my travels I had gained ten pounds in weight and felt much better physically than I did when leaving home more than three and a half months before. We had experienced both hot and cold weather on our travels, crossed the Equator twice and obtained unusual experience while spending a short time in a very high altitude and then leaving Argentina, South America, in the **fall of 1923** and two weeks later arriving in New York in the **spring of the same year**. Besides visiting and doing historical labors in California, New York and Nebraska, we visited the following countries: Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil. Throughout we traveled as first class passengers and the trip cost me \$1240. Had I not economized it would have cost me much more.

CHAPTER 77

(1923—continued)

Travel Over Pioneer Trail—A Trip to Canada—Dedication of the Cardston Temple.

Resuming my activities at the Historian's Office I was busy for several days arranging the documents pertaining to Church history, which I had accumulated on my trip to South America, preparatory to making them a part of Church history. On May 13th I preached in the Scandinavian monthly meeting at the Granite Stake Tabernacle, where I gave an account of my late trip to South America, and on Sunday, May 27th, I preached in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, giving an account of my late travels. My discourse was published in the "Deseret News" of June 7, 1923. It was translated and afterwards published in the "Bikuben" (Danish

Norwegian) of June 12, 1923, "Utah Posten (Swedish) of June 13, 1923, "Utah-Nederlander" (Dutch) of June 21, 1923, and "Beobachter" (German) of June 14, 1923. On the same date Elder Hans J. Christiansen, a life-long friend and fellow-missionary, who had assisted me in the publication of "Bikuben", died at his home in Salt Lake City.

At a meeting held June 1st at the office of John A. Widtsoe in the Church Office Building I was appointed by the First Presidency as a member of the editorial committee to superintend the publication of the "Bikuben", "Utah Posten", Beobachter" and "Utah-Nederlander". I had been appointed on the previous May 24th as a member of that committee to serve together with John A. Widtsoe, Rulon S. Wells, J. M. Sjödahl and Wm. J. De Bry. At this meeting certain policies in regard to these publications had been agreed upon. On June 2nd, at a meeting of the editorial committee held in the office of the Seventies in the Church Building, Adam L. Petersen, who had been appointed business manager of the four foreign papers, and the former editors of the respective papers, were also present and matters of importance were discussed.

On June 5th I spoke in a Danish meeting held in Liberty Park, commemorating the adoption of the Danish Constitution (Grundlov) which made Denmark a limited monarchy June 5, 1849. Ever since that time this date has been considered by Danes of equal importance to the 4th of July in the United States. At this meeting in Liberty Park I brought greetings from the Danes whom I had met in Argentine Republic in South America.

During the remainder of the year I was busy at the Historian's Office, but also filled many special appointments in different parts of Utah including some stake conferences.

On Tuesday, June 26th, Warren

D. Harding, President of the United States, visited Salt Lake City and delivered an address in the Tabernacle. After the meeting I had the privilege of shaking hands with the President and Mrs. Harding and members of the party.

On July 21st, accompanied by my son Harold, I went by rail to Wasatch where we met Bishop Wm. Oriel Stephens of Henefer, with an automobile and several scout boys, who took us across the country in a southeasterly direction about six miles to Wright's Ranch at the junction of Yellow and Cayote creeks, on the boundary line between Utah and Wyoming. We found the place where the Mormon trail enters Utah from the East, crossed Yellow Creek at the old pioneer crossing, ate lunch at the ranch and hiked over the mountains to Cache Cave (or Redden's Cave), distance from Yellow Creek seven miles. By missing the trail on the mountain and encountering a terrific electric storm and rain which drenched us to the skin, we traveled about 12 miles on foot without trail or road. From the cave we traveled through Echo Canyon, locating the different pioneer camping places along the route.

On our arrival at Henefer in rather a bad plight we exchanged our wet clothes for dry ones and spent the night comfortably at Henefer after attending a pioneer dance in that town in the evening.

The following day, which was Sunday, I spent pleasantly with the saints at Henefer, and on the 23rd Bishop Stephens took me and four scout boys in his automobile on a trip over the pioneer trail. On the way we traveled 15 miles over the so-called Pratt's Pass (Hogsback) and up East Canyon Creek to the mouth of Camp Creek (now Emigrant Creek), where we left the automobile and hiked four and a half miles to the top of Big Mountain, where we had the same view of Salt Lake Valley which

President Brigham Young and his companions had enjoyed about the same hour of the same day of the month (namely, July 23, 1847), 76 years previously. On my way up I stumbled at a rocky crossing of the creek and hurt my ankle quite severely, which made it difficult for me to walk the rest of the day. From the top of the ridge we hiked down Big Mountain Creek (also called Mountain Dell Creek) about six miles to the Mountain Dell Farm, now owned by Salt Lake City, where we found a Brother Michelsen in charge, and here soon afterwards the auto which Bishop Stephens had sent round by Parley's Park met us, and we partook of a chicken dinner which Sister Stephens had brought from Henefer, feasting in the beautiful grove near the farm house. After eating we sang: "Come, Come, Ye Saints" and then continued our journey over the so-called Little Mountain and through Emigration Canyon, home. It was one of the first of the many trips which of late years have been made by interested parties over the west end of the Mormon Pioneer Trail of 1847. The next day (July 24th) my family and I participated full-heartedly in the general pioneer celebration at Liberty Park, where about 800 pioneers, who had arrived in Utah before the advent of the Union Pacific railroad in 1869, were treated to a banquet.

On July 28th I traveled to Evanston, Wyoming, where I worked for several hours on a map-drawing project to be used later on my contemplated journey over the pioneer trail. Being joined by John M. Baxter, president of the Woodruff Stake, I continued the journey and traveled to Carter, where we arrived about midnight and were met by an automobile which took us to Lyman, where we spent the night. On the next day, which was Sunday, July 29th, we preached at a Priesthood meeting and at the general meeting

at Lyman. In the evening Pres. Baxter and I addressed a meeting of young people. We had a busy and interesting day.

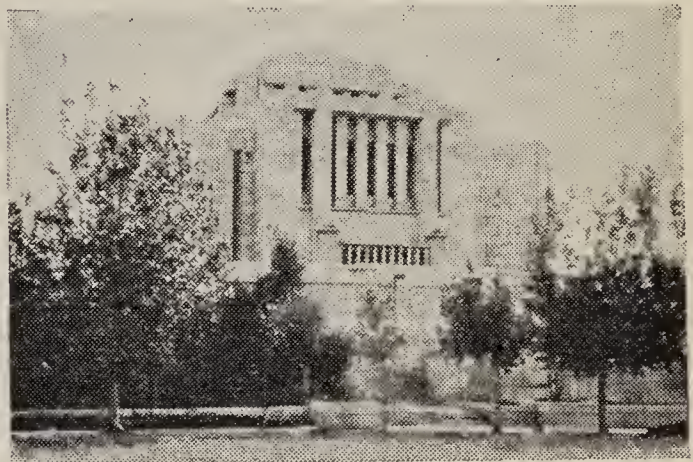
Bishop Stephens of Henefer arrived with his family from Lone Tree to join us in the hike over the pioneer trail in the morning. During the day we visited old Fort Bridger, where we had a long conversation with Mr. Wm. A. Carter, an old settler, about the pioneer route and other matters pertaining to Fort Bridger. On Monday, July 30th, according to appointment, five of us, namely, Pres. John M. Baxter, Bishop Wm. O. Stephens, Loraine Rollins (editor of the "Bridger Valley Enterprise"), Henry Blumel (counselor in the Lyman Ward bishopric) and I left Lyman with two automobiles and traveled via Bridger, Three Mile Creek (Millburn) and Byrne's Crossing on the Muddy to Piedmont, where an old pioneer, John T. Byrne, joined us. We then traveled over a summit and down Spring Hollow to Spring Valley Station on the Union Pacific Railroad and thence followed the railroad track through Pioneer Hollow, where no vehicle had passed for years, there being no road and scarcely a trail in many places. After much difficulty we at last reached Aspin, five miles from Spring Valley Station, where we found further progress in automobile impossible; and so I hiked over the mountain on foot alone while the autos made a detour. I crossed the summit which divides the waters of the Green River slope from those draining into Bear River, this summit being the east rim of the Basin. The automobiles overtook me several miles below Altamont, after I had walked about ten miles, and we then crossed the ridge to Hilliard on Sulphur Creek, where we parted with Bros. Rollins and Blumel who returned to Lyman, and Mr. Byrne, who returned to Piedmont, while Bro. Baxter, Bishop Stephens and I continued the journey to Evan-

ston (about 18 miles from Hilliard), where we stopped overnight. During the day we traveled about 75 miles, following the pioneer trail so that I, with some degree of accuracy, might be able to map the trail and give a description of the same in the light of modern geography and survey—something that I had desired to do for a long time. These short hikings on my part were the beginning of my subsequent travels over the Pioneer Trail from Nauvoo to Salt Lake Valley. I returned home July 31st.

On Thursday, Aug. 23rd, I left Salt Lake City with my wife Emma and daughter Eva and about 90 others, traveling on a special train consisting of four standard Pullman sleepers, one diner, one chair car and one baggage car, and as we traveled other passengers joined us, all bound for Canada to attend the dedication of the Temple at Cardston. Of the general authorities of the Church there were in the company Heber J. Grant, Anthony W. Ivins, Rudger Clawson, George Albert Smith, James E. Talmage, Stephen L. Richards, Melvin J. Ballard, John A. Widtsoe, Richard R. Lyman, Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, Rulon S. Wells, Joseph W. McMurrin and Bishop David A. Smith. We were accompanied also by a number of railroad officials. We made stops at Ogden and Pocatello, and when we reached Idaho Falls our company numbered 165 souls. As a correspondent to the "Deseret News" I sent in my first report from Lima, Montana.

Continuing the journey on August 24th, we traveled via Butte, Helena and Great Falls, crossed the boundary line into Canada, and arrived at Cardston (852 miles from Salt Lake City) on Saturday, the 25th. Ample provisions had been made by the good citizens at Cardston to entertain their visitors, who were soon distributed among the saints. My wife Emma and I were taken to the home of Bro. Arnold W. Jenson and my

daughter Eva to the home of William Sheffield. In the afternoon we visited the Temple which is built upon an eminence in the central part of the town of Cardston. That afternoon we also visited friends and took in sights. Cardston had grown to be quite a nice little city since I last visited the place in 1894, 29 years before.



CANADIAN TEMPLE AT CARDSTON

On Sunday, August 26th, we attended dedicatory services in the Temple; Pres. Grant presiding. The first speaker during the services was Pres. Anthony W. Ivins, followed with a few remarks by Pres. Grant who then offered the dedicatory prayer. The Cardston Tabernacle Choir (which did the singing during the day) sang "The Song of the Redeemed," and short speeches were delivered by several members of the Quorum of Twelve. This was followed by shouts of Hosannah and the Hosannah anthem, ending with the song "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning." The invocation was offered by Pres. Edward J. Wood and the benediction by Pres. Heber C. Allen.

The second session was commenced at 2 o'clock p. m. and several of the Twelve and others spoke. An evening session was also held.

The next day (Aug. 27th) three sessions of the dedicatory services of the Temple were held, and in the evening session I occupied about ten minutes, speaking with considerable

freedom. The dedicatory services were duplicated three times on the 28th and twice on the 29th. I sent telegrams to the "Deseret News" each day.

A number of the Temple visitors from Utah and other states left Cardston for home on August 30th, while others, who remained a little longer, went by automobile via Leavitt and Mountain View to the Watertown Lake, where the good people of Mountain View and Leavitt served lunch in a beautiful pine grove, near a remarkable water fall. Later we attended a fine concert given by the Jones Orchestral Company in the Pavilion. We then boarded a launch and sailed eleven miles to the head of the lake which crosses the boundary line between Canada and the State of Montana. Here we landed at a hotel kept by a Mr. Larsen. Twenty minutes later we started on our return trip. On our sail on the beautiful lake we engaged in singing and conversation. We enjoyed the scenery en route very much, while a happy, sociable spirit prevailed. About 150 people ate lunch in the grove and 60 people made the trip on the launch, among whom was Pres. Grant.

The brethren of the general authorities left Cardston Aug. 31st to return to Utah, while I, with my wife Emma and daughter Eva, remained to visit some of the settlements in Alberta and elsewhere in the interest of Church history. Among the places we visited were Etna, Kimball, Taylor, Woolford, Leavitt, Beazer, Caldwell, Hillspring, Glenwood, Magrath, and Raymond. I spent Sunday, Sept. 9th, at Raymond, and also preached at Sterling and Lethbridge.

Leaving Canada on Sept. 11th, we visited Great Falls, Montana, from which city we hired automobiles to take us to the Black Eagle Falls, the Rainbow Falls, the Giant Spring and the Great Falls, all on the Missouri

River. The drivers and owners of the automobiles tried to swindle us by taking us only to the smaller falls near the city and not to the greater ones from which the city of Great Falls is named, and I had to demand my right to get what we wanted and what we had paid for. A number of Church people had placed themselves under my guidance, and for their sakes, as well as our own, I insisted upon the automobile people keeping their promises, which they finally did. From Great Falls we traveled by rail via Butte, Idaho Falls and Pocatello, and arrived in Salt Lake City Sept. 14th.

On this trip to Canada we traveled about 2,100 miles, namely, 1,740 miles by rail, 300 miles by automobile, 15 miles by team, and 11 miles by boat or steam launch on the Watertown Lake. I spoke in public seven times, including a short address in one of the Temple dedicatory services; both my wife Emma and my daughter Eva enjoyed the trip with me very much, while I had attended to important historical labor connected with three stakes of Zion (Alberta, Taylor and Lethbridge). We also visited all the wards of the Alberta and Taylor stakes.

After my return from Canada I devoted considerable time to the history of the New Zealand Mission. I was one of the speakers at the general conference at an overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall on Oct. 7th, and attended a social together with the general authorities of the Church on Monday, Oct. 8th, in the Bishop's Building. I also made a trip to Sanpete and Sevier counties and other places and visited the Oquirrh Stake, attended a stake conference in Garland, and a Scandinavian Conference in Brigham City. I participated in social gatherings arranged and carried out during Christmas week.

The year 1923 was an extraordinary year to me, in which my trip to South America stands out as one

of the most interesting experiences of my life. It may be considered the only vacation I ever had since I commenced my historical labors for the Church and even that trip was more of a mission than a vacation. During the year I traveled about 30,000 miles, namely, 12,900 miles by rail, (including travel on street cars, elevated and underground railways), 14,580 miles on large steamers, 250 miles on small steamers and ferries, 20 miles on horseback, 40 miles in carriages, 1,900 miles by automobile, and something like 300 miles on foot, mostly when walking for sightseeing. During the year I delivered 95 public addresses, including five funeral sermons, several historical lectures, 12 speeches in Danish and one effort at speaking through the microphone in delivering a radio address. Altogether I felt quite satisfied with my year's labor; my historical activities for the Church had been important and successful.

During my travels in 1923 I spent much of my time, especially when on shipboard, writing letters to the "Deseret News," and they constituted an almost complete diary of my journeyings. Altogether I wrote 38 letters in 1923, which were published in the "Deseret News."

CHAPTER 78

(1924)

**Follow the Pioneer Trail Over the Mountains
—Pioneer Monument Built and Dedicated on
Bear River, Wyoming.**

Under date of Jan. 1, 1924, I journalized as follows: "Here I am at the beginning of another year, prepared to receive from an all-wise Providence whatsoever may be in store for me and my family. I am driving no stakes, laying no plans and having no expectations, so I look for no disappointments. I am, however, prepared to continue serving God and keeping His commandments to the best of my ability the same as in former years. I shall endeavor to keep on board the 'old ship,' no

matter what may happen." About 11:00 a.m. I went to the Historian's Office and engaged in earnest prayer to the Lord, asking him to guide my footsteps. Together with part of my family I spent the evening in the Le Grand Ward Assembly Hall assisting in entertaining the children of Scandinavian parentage.

During the month of January and February I delivered several lectures on Palestine and Church History by invitation or special appointment, and the Lord assisted me in my efforts to tell my hearers something that would be faith-inspiring and educational. On February 1st I had a long conversation with the First Presidency, when I presented a report dated July 12, 1921.

In March I visited Millard County and for the first time in my life I had an opportunity to travel all the way from Salt Lake City to Fillmore by railroad, a branch of the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railroad having recently been built between Delta and Fillmore. During the same month I visited Iron County in the interest of Church History and attended a conference in Cedar City. At a general conference of the Church in April I spoke in an overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall. On July 24th I was orator of the day at the pioneer celebration held at Huntsville. On July 31st I was surprised by receiving as my monthly compensation a check representing a considerable addition to my former allowance. I appreciated this and looked upon it that after all, perhaps, the First Presidency appreciated my activities more than I had supposed.

As the owner of a tract of land (26 acres) bordering on Little Cottonwood Creek I was making some improvements, and attempted to clean a corner of undergrowth near a spring. In doing so I was stung by poison ivy which caused me months of suffering. As a man who

had always enjoyed good health, I worried considerably over it, as it seemed for a short time to be very serious; but I finally recovered.

On August 12th I met with Dr. John A. Widtsoe and J. M. Sjödahl in a private conversation when we discussed affairs connected with the foreign newspapers and foreign meetings. It was contemplated to have changes made in the Scandinavian meetings in Salt Lake City, and Bro. Widtsoe desired Bro. Sjödahl and me to suggest names of officers to take charge of the Scandinavian meetings held in the Assembly Hall and also of separate Danish and Norwegian meetings in Salt Lake City. Our suggestions were subsequently acted upon.

On August 17th I participated in devotional services held in the city cemetery, when a monument erected in honor of the late Pres. Anthon H. Lund was dedicated. About 3,000 people were present. Pres. Heber J. Grant dedicated the monument and I was one of the speakers on the occasion. The monument consisted of a granite obelisk resting on a solid granite base, and cost nearly \$5,000, which amount was raised by donations contributed chiefly by Scandinavian saints. After the services a luncheon was served to 600 people in the Odeon Hall.

In August I made a visit to Logan and southern Idaho in the interest of Church history. On Sunday, Sept. 7th, I accompanied Pres. John M. Baxter and about 100 others to Wright's Ranch on Yellow Creek, about 12 miles from Evanston, traveling in automobiles. There, on a knoll overlooking the meadows near the place where Coyote Creek unites with Yellow Creek, and on the trail of the pioneers of 1847, we held a solemn meeting during which there was a rich outpouring of the spirit of God. This meeting was a preliminary step toward erecting a monument somewhere on the pioneer

trail to commemorate the advent into the west of the pioneers under the leadership of President Brigham Young. The meeting was opened by singing "Come, Come, Ye Saints", and an eloquent prayer was offered by Bishop Percy G. Matthews. I then delivered a short historical sketch on the pioneers and early history of the Latter-day Saints. Pres. John M. Baxter followed me with a few appropriate remarks. We then descended the hill to the meadows and on the exact spot where the pioneers of 1847 are supposed to have crossed Yellow Creek we continued our services by singing "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet".

After stopping overnight in Evanston, Bro. John M. Baxter, Percy G. Matthews and I with others traveled to the site of "old Bear Town" on Yellow Creek, and after locating the exact spot where the pioneers of 1847 led by Pres. Brigham Young camped on the evening of July 10, 1847, we found what is now called Brigham's Tar Springs, about one and a half mile farther south. Next we followed the old pioneer trail down Yellow Creek across Bear River, and thence over the broken uplands to Coyote Creek by way of Pudding Rock (now called the Needles) to Yellow Creek. The distance from Bear River to Yellow Creek is about ten miles. We hiked five miles and were then met by Bro. Snowball with a team, who took us the balance of the way. I returned to Salt Lake City Sept 9th.

The "Round the World Club" held an interesting meeting at the residence of Bro. Thomas P. Page at Riverton Sunday, Sept. 14th. At that time we aimed to hold our meetings quarterly at the different residences of members to discuss matters and things relative to Round the World travel and deliver educational and entertaining lectures.

In September I made a tour to Sanpete and Sevier counties.

According to appointment I ac-

accompanied a large group of Latter-day Saints about eight miles from Evanston with automobiles to Bear River, where a pioneer monument had been erected on the pioneer trail by the saints of the Woodruff Stake of Zion. The monument is built of cobble stones and cement, about nine feet high, surmounted by a bronze beehive. A meeting was commenced at 10:30 a.m. at the monument; hymns were sung, and remarks made. Surviving pioneers, such as had crossed the plains before the railroad was built, were introduced, and all present were asked to drop a card containing his or her name into a box, and this box, made of tin, was placed inside the monument. About 500 people participated in the observance and there were about 120 automobiles. Lunch, which was brought by each family, was partaken of in a grove on the banks of Bear River. In the afternoon the principal meeting was held, at which I delivered a historical address and Bro. Wm. Rex offered the dedicatory prayer. By the assistance of a Bro. Myers, who lived on the Myers Ranch on Bear River, we were enabled to trace the pioneer trail accurately from the point on the hill east of the river to the crossing of the stream.

This was the first monument erected on the Pioneer Trail in honor of the Utah pioneers of 1847. A brass plate was placed on the east side of the monument having the following inscription on it: "Erected by the members of the Woodruff Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in honor of the pioneers, under the leadership of President Brigham Young, who passed this point June 12, 1847."

During the year I spent considerable time in reading from copy the history of the Utah pioneers of 1847 as culled from the journals of Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, Erastus Snow, Wm. Clayton, Thomas Bullock and Howard Egan. I also finish-

ed a manuscript compilation of the History of the Scandinavian Mission with its respective conferences and branches from the beginning up to the present time. It consisted of seventeen large volumes, foolscap size.

At the end of the year I journalized as follows: "Thus another year is gone and I am still in mortality and enjoying health and vigor of mind and body and the prospect of yet living many years on the earth. I have worked diligently during the past year and have practically finished the history of the Scandinavian Mission, segregating the same into histories of branches and conferences. I have also with my two stenographers nearly finished the histories of the American missions by states from the beginning in 1830 to 1840, inclusive. It has been a laborious task and I do not expect to live long enough to finish my contemplated histories of every Church organization, both at home and abroad, for the 19th century, simply because I have not been given the necessary help, but I have done enough already to show the proper authorities what I had intended to do and could have done just as well as not, had I been given more assistance to help the work along. During the year I have traveled about 7,000 miles, namely, 6,500 miles by rail, 400 miles by automobile and 100 miles on foot. I have spoken or preached in public about 130 times including five funeral sermons, 17 sermons in the Danish language and 15 after-dinner speeches."

CHAPTER 79

(1925)

The Danish and Norwegian Saints in Salt Lake City Commence to Hold Separate Danish and Norwegian Meetings—Our Son Leo Called on a Mission to South Africa—Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto, in Canada, Visited.

I commenced my journalizing Jan. 1, 1925, by writing: "I start the new year with the hope that it may prove a blessing to me and to my

family and to the Church to which we belong and to the world generally. I know not what to expect; the dreams of my youth have become realities of life in a different way to what I had expected, and the period of building air-castles has, so far as I am concerned, passed away for ever, though I am still ambitious 'to do things'. I called on relatives and friends as usual exchanging new year's greetings. The new year found my grand-daughter Randine at the hospital becoming convalescent after an operation for appendicitis.

On Sunday, Jan. 8th, I was a speaker in the Tabernacle services in the afternoon. I occupied an hour speaking with considerable freedom on the prophetic calling of Joseph Smith.

Since 1852, when the first company of Scandinavian emigrants arrived in Utah, Scandinavian meetings had been held off and on in Salt Lake City, first in the 2nd Ward. In 1925 it was considered advisable to hold separate Swedish, Danish and Norwegian meetings in Salt Lake City, and so on March 20th Elder Niels J. Hendricksen was chosen as president of the Danish meetings, which were soon commenced in the Third Ward chapel.

On March 25th I attended a meeting of the Round the World Club in the Whitney Hall in the 18th Ward, at which I and all my fellow-officers were released (I having served as president since 1913). New officers were installed and Elbert D. Thomas chosen president. This reorganization was effected through my desire and suggestion, in order to have younger men introduce new life into the club. I felt that I had served long enough.

On March 26th I had a congenial conversation with Pres. Heber J. Grant who seemed to take a deep interest in my affairs at that time and expressed a desire that I might live a long time to be of service to the Church with the historical knowl-

edge which I possessed. He suggested that playing golf would be a healthy exercise for me, but I explained that my near-sightedness naturally disqualified me for that game, as it would be very difficult for me to keep track of the ball in its travels through the air towards the next hole. However, I appreciated the good will of the President.

At a Scandinavian meeting which I attended in the Assembly Hall on Sunday, March 29th, my old friend F. F. Samuelsen was sustained as president of the Scandinavian meetings, succeeding Ole Guldbrandsen.

At a general conference held on April 5th I was one of the speakers at the overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall. On April 12th I attended an interesting birthday party at the home of Bro. F. F. Samuelsen, who celebrated the 60th anniversary of his birth. About fifty guests were present and a splendid lunch with Danish "Smørrebrød" was served. It was what might be called a select Danish party.

In April I made a historical trip to the Curlew Stake and after attending a stake conference on April 19th, I visited most of the settlements in the stake, gathering material for history. Later the same month I visited the Emery Stake and attended conference in Castle Dale April 26th.

About this time my son Leo was recommended for a mission, and soon afterwards he quit his work at the Pantages Theatre to prepare for his mission, and on May 25th I had the privilege of ordaining him an Elder. On June 4th he received his diploma after graduating from the High School. The next day he received his endowments in the Salt Lake Temple.

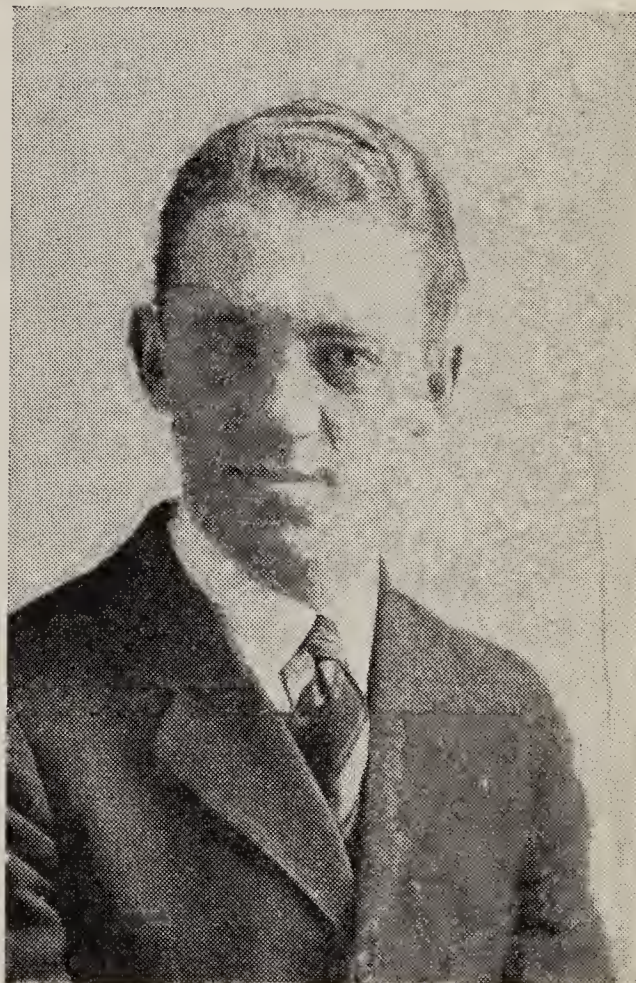
On May 2nd I baptized Sivert K. Lillevik in the baptismal font in the basement of the Tabernacle. Bro. Lillevik's family had been members of the Church for many years, and

his house was a favorite home for Elders who labored in the city of Bergen where he acted as a police officer and rendered efficient protection to the Saints on sundry occasions, especially when they held their conferences. Whenever I visited Bergen during my mission to Scandinavia in 1909-12, I enjoyed the hospitality of the Lillevik family. Soon after his baptism he became ill and died in Salt Lake City.

On Sunday, June 14th, the 75th anniversary of the arrival of Apostle Erastus Snow and his missionary companions in Copenhagen was celebrated, in connection with which I gave a fifteen minute talk in the Salt Lake Tabernacle and also addressed an assembly in Danish in the basement of the Tabernacle on the introduction of the gospel into Scandinavia. In the evening I attended Leo's farewell in the 17th Ward chapel. A good program was rendered and Leo made a nice little speech. On June 16th he was set apart by Apostle George Albert Smith for a mission to South Africa.

On Wednesday, June 17th, Leo started on his mission to South Africa and I, together with my wife Bertha, accompanied him as far as Quebec in Canada. Leaving Salt Lake City, we traveled on the Union Pacific Railroad via Denver and Kansas City to Chicago. We also visited Washington, D. C., and arrived at New York City on the 25th. Leaving Leo and my wife Bertha to take in the sights of New York, I made a hurried trip to Colesville, Broome Co., N. Y., and Harmony (now Oakland), in Susquehanna County, Pa., for the purpose of becoming geographically acquainted with these places, which were so closely associated with early Church history. Returning to New York I spent a short time visiting with my daughter Eleonore. In the meantime Leo had continued his journey to Montreal, Canada, where

my wife Bertha and I joined him on July 2nd. Having been presented with a complimentary pass from Montreal to Quebec, we joined the missionary party of 15 Elders (including Leo) all bound for Europe in charge of Elder Hugh J. Cannon of Salt Lake City. We boarded the steamer "Montclair" and sailed from Montreal at 10 o'clock a. m. Steaming down the St. Lawrence river we arrived at Quebec (175 miles from Montreal). Here we took leave of



ELDER LEO RULON JENSON

our son and said goodbye to the other missionaries. A steam tender took us ashore, landing us at the Quebec wharf. We had considerable trouble to find people who could speak English, as 95 per cent (so we were told) of the inhabitants of Quebec are of French origin.

My wife and I left Quebec about midnight of July 3rd. We arrived at Montreal on the 4th and secured a room at the same boarding house in which we had spent the previous Thursday night. We met several missionaries from Zion in Montreal and spent a pleasant and enjoyable

Sunday meeting with the saints in their Sunday school and meetings, and calling also upon some of the local saints. Between meetings we went sight seeing.

On July 6th we traveled to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada. Here I met other Elders from Utah, called at the government offices, and secured maps and literature which I needed for my historical researches. On July 7th we traveled to Toronto, where we were met by Joseph Quinney, jun., president of the Canadian Mission, who took us to the mission headquarters at 36 Ferndale Avenue, where we were made welcome and comfortable. We then spent two days in Montreal perusing records. Leaving my wife with Sister Quinney at Toronto on Thursday, July 9th, I embarked on the S. S. "Chippewah" and sailed from Toronto. In crossing Lake Ontario, a strong breeze sprung up, but the voyage otherwise was pleasant. After three hours' voyage, we arrived at Niagara-on-the-Lake and then sailed up the Niagara river a few miles and landed in Lewiston, N. Y., having traveled about 30 miles from Toronto. At Lewiston I boarded a tramway and traveled up the gorge to Niagara Falls, where I got a glimpse of the great falls, and then traveled to Buffalo. Continuing the journey, I traveled from Buffalo to Cleveland, Ohio, and thence to Akron, 38 miles distant, where I arrived in the midst of a heavy hailstorm. Thence I traveled by street car nearly all the way to No. 95 Charlotte St., where I received a hearty welcome at the home of Bro. Emil Gameter. During the night a terrific electric storm visited Akron and the rain poured down in torrents.

After my return home from my trip to the East I was busy at the Historian's Office attending to the correspondence which had accumulated during my absence and in un-

packing some of the literature which I had gathered during my journey and which I had sent home in a trunk from Omaha.

On Sunday, August 16th, I left Salt Lake City at 7:15 a.m. and traveled by Denver and Rio Grande train to Mount Pleasant, Sanpete Co., where I attended the afternoon session of a Scandinavian gathering, at which I spoke 15 minutes. Pres. Heber J. Grant and Dr. John A. Widtsoe and George J. Cannon were the other speakers. About 1,500 people were present in the meeting. Lunch was served in an adjoining school house. After the meeting Pres. Grant invited me to ride home with him. We left Mount Pleasant about 5:30 p.m. and traveled by automobile via Moroni and Nephi to Salt Lake City, where we arrived at 10 o'clock p.m. This was the first time in my life that I traveled from Salt Lake City to Sanpete Valley and back on the same day.

On Sunday, Aug. 23rd, I attended a Scandinavian conference at the Opera House in Preston, Idaho. I spoke in both meetings with considerable freedom in Danish, and by special request I preached in the Preston 4th Ward in the evening.

On Sunday, August 30th, I attended a Scandinavian conference in Brigham City, at which I was one of the speakers. In September I had several sittings with Bro. Torlief S. Knaphus, who made a bust of me in clay which was afterwards moulded in bronze.

In the October conference I was one of the speakers at the overflow meeting. After the conference I made a visit to Weber County and later attended to historical work in Indianola, Sanpete Co.

I attended a special meeting in the Presiding Bishop's Building on Oct. 7th, to which the general officers of the Church, presidents of Stakes and Bishops were invited. A short program was rendered and Melvin J.

Ballard, Rulon S. Wells and Ray L. Pratt, who had been called to open up a mission in South America, each spoke a few words. After they were through I remarked, addressing myself to Pres. Grant, that two years ago I had paved the way for these three brethren on my visit to South America and that I then delivered the first address ever given by a "Mormon" Elder in Buenos Aires, and I almost felt like volunteering to go with these three brethren, as a fourth man, now as a missionary to the Argentine Republic.

On December 11th I celebrated the 75th anniversary of my birthday by giving an informal reception at the family home. About sixty invited guests participated, and we spent a very pleasant evening. My friends were lavish in wishing me well and promised me many more years of usefulness in mortality. Refreshments were served and a fine spirit prevailed; we broke up the party at a late hour.

On Sunday, Dec. 14th, I attended a conference of the North Sanpete Stake. Besides speaking at the conference, I gave a lecture on Palestine in the evening in Fountain Green.

On Sunday, Dec. 20th, I attended a quarterly conference of the Deseret Stake at Delta, Millard Co., Utah, together with Bro. Stephen L. Richards. On Friday the 18th I spoke over the radio in the basement of the Vermont Building on Christmas. Four days later I received the following:

"Mesa, Arizona, Dec. 18, 1925.
Mr. Andrew Jenson,

Dear Brother, You may be surprised to hear from me, but I feel that I should at this time say that I, with my sister Laura Foster Phelps and her husband M. C. Phelps, just listened over radio station K.S.L. to your splendid speech about Christmas in the European countries. We could hear every word distinctly, as if you were talking in the next room. The station static was noticeable, but did not interfere with your very interesting

talk. We are about three miles east of Mesa, the Temple City, and are now waiting to hear the program rendered by the Auerbach Company, * * * Phoebe Foster Brimhall."

On Dec. 29th I attended a very pleasant ward reunion in the Manila Ward, Utah.

On Thursday, the 31st, I exchanged new year's greetings with Pres. Grant and many others in the Church building and on the streets. In the evening a number of friends gathered at our home and spent the time conversing, playing rook and exchanging good wishes until the hour of midnight, when the whistles of the city announced the fact that the year 1925, A.D., had finished its course and the year 1926 had been ushered in.

During the year 1925 I traveled about 13,700 miles, including 9,600 miles by rail, 3,400 miles by automobile and 410 miles by steamer. I preached in public 120 times, including five funeral sermons, 20 historical lectures, 16 speeches in Danish, two talks in open-air meetings (in Omaha, Nebraska), two sermons at the general conferences, three sermons in the Tabernacle and 12 after-dinner speeches. During the year I baptized one man, ordained two to the Priesthood and also took part in setting apart stake auxiliary officers, and administered to a number of sick persons. I spent considerable time in the Historian's Office working on the history of the travels of the Utah Pioneers of 1847, and also on the missions on the Pacific Islands.

CHAPTER 80

(1926)

Monument on Father's Grave in Richfield Built and Dedicated—Travel With Photographer Over the Pioneer Trail as Far East as Fort Laramie.

On Jan. 2nd I purchased a property adjoining my 17th Ward home of Mrs. Elizabeth E. Brown for \$2,740, which amount I paid down at once and got the deed. My frontage on 2nd West St. of only two rods

in width had cramped my right of way between my house and that of my neighbor on the south; but after making this purchase I could move the fence a few feet and thus make a proper driveway to the rear of the lot. This purchase certainly made my home more attractive and valuable. After making this purchase I made several improvements in re-roofing some of the buildings, building better fences and making the premises more attractive.

On Sunday, Jan. 31st, being unexpectedly called upon to speak in the Tabernacle, I delivered a short discourse on the Book of Mormon. On Feb. 7th I attended a stake conference in Springville, together with Elder Orson F. Whitney.

On March 10th I addressed about seven hundred students in the B. Y. University assembly hall at Provo on Church history. My lecture was well received and apparently appreciated.

On April 23rd, according to appointment, I dedicated a meeting house at Annabella, Sevier County.

On May 30th, after contributing somewhat liberally toward the erection of a small monument in Richfield in honor of my father, I dedicated the same. A bronze plate was placed on the monument with the following inscription: "Christian Jensen Grönholt, April 30, 1826—Aug. 12, 1898. By his sons, Jens C., Andrew and Joseph J., April 30, 1926." In the evening we held memorial services in the Richfield Ward meeting house, at which I was the principal speaker. The congregation consisted principally of relatives and near friends.

On June 21st, accompanied by my grandson, Marcus A. Olson, and Ralph Tingey (a boy scout), I took a hike to the top of Little Black Mountain. In climbing we passed by the big U on the slope of the mountain, facing the valley, and then hiked part of the way without a trail and finally, with much exer-

tion, reached the top on the south side of a mountain after climbing up a very steep slope. The view from the top was magnificent, the great Salt Lake with its islands glistening in the sunshine, the city and the valley presenting a panorama which more than repaid us for our effort. In returning to the city, we followed a pathway along the ridges or watershed separating City Creek Canyon from the Valley and arrived home about sundown, very tired, having tramped on foot at least 25 miles. Two days later (June 23rd) I took an active part with the Old Folks Central Committee in entertaining the old folks of Salt Lake City at Saltair. Of the participants on that occasion about 2500 people were over 70 years of age. The outing took in the old folks from the Pioneer, Ensign, Liberty, Salt Lake, Granite and Grant stakes, and each stake banquetted its old people. We pronounced the affair a great success.

On July 5th, in company with George E. Anderson, a photographer, I left Salt Lake City in the evening and traveled via Ogden to Henefer, whence, according to arrangements the next day we continued the journey up Echo Canyon. Here we visited the site of an old pioneer camp about a mile up Echo Creek above the junction of that creek and Weber River. We also visited the "Mormon fortification"—so-called—about four miles up the canyon. These fortifications were built by the "Mormon" boys in 1857 to keep out Johnston's army. They consisted of a dam made across the narrow valley to raise the water in Echo Creek so as to compel anyone going through the canyon to travel close to the north wall which rises several hundred feet almost perpendicularly. On the top of these walls the "Mormon" militia had piled up a great quantity of rock which could have been rolled down upon the soldiers, had they attempted to pass.

Being joined by President Wm. Oriel Stephens, we continued our journey via Evanston and over the Rim of the Basin into Spring Valley, where the machinery of our car broke down, and Pres. Stephens returned to Evanston for parts to make repairs. We continued our journey via Fort Bridger to Lyman and thence six miles farther to the pioneer monument erected in 1924 by the saints of the Woodruff Stake on the banks of Black's Fork, about half a mile above the junction of that stream with Smith's Fork (or Millersville). After crossing Black's Fork on the bridge, we camped on a beautiful green spot on the banks of that stream where we pitched our tents and had our first experience of camp life on the journey. We thoroughly enjoyed the occasion and Pres. Stephens, in cooking supper, especially pancakes, proved himself a cook.

The next day early in the morning Dr. Neff and his two boys, who had spent the night at Lyman, joined us and became a part of our company. The six of us then crossed Black's Fork twice and Green River once; thence we journeyed through Green River City, up Bitter Creek, and finally reached Rock Springs, where there was a prosperous ward of the Woodruff Stake. Leaving Rock Springs we followed the railroad to Point of Rocks, thence we followed the Lincoln Highway through a hilly country and struck the railway again at Tipton, where we found the roads very muddy owing to a recent storm. As we traveled on, another storm broke upon us in which the down-pour was so great that the road in every low place became a rushing torrent and the slopes so slippery that we could hardly go up or down without the car slipping. On passing along we saw a score of automobiles stuck in the mud, but with the efficient manipulation of our cars we succeeded in pushing through and

crossed the continental divide at Creston, where the elevation is 7,107 feet. Tired and wet and cold we arrived at Rawlings, where we found shelter for the night in a camp house.

On Thursday, July 8th, we traveled in a northwesterly direction over the hills and then over a flat country which was almost submerged by water, owing to the late storms, but the well constructed road enabled us to make the journey in safety to Mud Gap, whence we proceeded to the Sweetwater and made our noon halt on that stream at Devil's Gate. Here, and at Independence Rock, six miles below, we spent a great part of the day climbing hills, taking pictures and enjoying the scenery. I recognized many points in this neighborhood, having traveled through this country as an emigrant boy sixty years before.

Continuing our journey from Independence Rock, we were exposed to another rain storm, but not until we had crossed the Platte River, on our way to Casper, did the storm let loose upon us with all its fury. It seemed like a regular cloudburst as the rain descended in such volumes that every creek became a river and cascades were formed from the top of overhanging bluffs until the whole country seemed to be covered with a sheet of water. Immense streams crossed the road where there was not a drop of water before, and for fear that our progress might be entirely cut off, if we did not proceed, we traveled on through mud and water, exposed to danger from skidding, until we, wet to the skin and covered with mud, finally arrived at Casper about 6 o'clock p.m. Here I received kind treatment at the home of Elder Leslie R. Jones, president of the Casper branch, with whom I stopped over night, while the other brethren were taken care of in the home of another family of saints.

Casper is a city of 25,000 inhab-

itants, the center of a great oil trade. It is built on the right bank of the North Platte, near the place where the "Mormon" pioneers of 1847 crossed that stream.

The next day (July 9th), in continuing our journey, we traveled on to Glen Rock, a town of about 1,000 inhabitants, which is situated on Deer Creek, where the Latter-day Saints founded a temporary settlement in 1856 but which was vacated during the Johnston Army troubles in 1857. We then followed as nearly as possible the old Pioneer Trail, crossing La Bonte Creek and other streams, and reached Fort Laramie after having crossed the North Fork of the Platte twice. Around Laramie we lingered for some time to take pictures and obtain information concerning the country and the Pioneer Trail. We made our camp for the night in one of the many ruined buildings at Fort Laramie. Leaving the fort about 7 o'clock p.m. on our return journey, we made our night camp under some tall cottonwood trees after crossing the North Platte to Guernsey.

We recommenced our journey at 5 o'clock a.m. the next day and traveled through a rolling country interspersed with farms and oil wells, crossing successively Cottonwood Creek, Bear Creek and Horseshoe Creek, streams so well known to the "Mormon" pioneers. Soon after crossing Elkhorn Creek and Indian Creek we crossed the Platte again to Orin Junction and continued our journey to Douglas. Soon after recrossing the North Platte on to the south side, we crossed La Preele Creek, Box Elder Creek and Deer Creek and other streams on the Oregon and Mormon Trail and arrived again at Casper about 10 o'clock a.m. Here we were introduced to Mr. Stafford, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and other gentlemen, who furnished us with literature and information and took us to the site

of old Fort Casper, where the Utah pioneers of 1847 crossed the North Platte at a place subsequently known as the Upper Platte Ferry, and still later as North Platte Bridge.

Continuing the journey from Casper we skirted the so-called Casper Mountain where the "Mormon" pioneers of 1847 obtained timber for the erection of their ferry boat. We then crossed the Platte River once more and reached Alcove, situated on its left bank, and then ascended to the highland on the west, where we had a good view of the country through which the pioneers of 1847 traveled. Passing on we traveled by way of Red Butte, Poison Springs, Willow Creek and Saleratus Lake, and finally passed Independence Rock and Devil's Gate, made a detour by way of Mud Gap and then traveled up the Sweetwater, following up the pioneer trail as closely as possible, passing Split Rock and the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater, but as a storm was approaching we espied a house on the left of the road where we sought shelter. We found the house occupied by a Mr. Sams, a hermit rancher, who, when he found that we had no women with us, took us in and treated us kindly. We made our beds on the floor of his cabin.

On Sunday, the 11th, as we arose early in the morning, I told Mr. Sams that he had entertained in his cabin four Mormon Elders and two prospective Mormon Elders (Bro. Neff's boys). He said that he had surmised that much as he had noticed that we did not swear nor drink nor smoke; and when we then proposed to sing him a "Mormon" hymn, he was pleased, and so we sang "Come, Come, Ye Saints", after explaining to him the significance of the song and how it came into existence. The song melted him to tears, and after we had offered prayer he pleaded with us to spend the day with him as it was Sunday.

He had become very friendly and we have reason to believe, after what happened, that he will always have a kindly feeling toward the "Mormons". Taking leave of our new friend, we continued our journey to Ronder Postoffice, a camping place on the Sweetwater, near Ice Springs, so well known to the pioneer companies. Soon after leaving Sam's ranch in the morning we crossed the Sweetwater, and pitching our tent on its left bank, we held a little meeting at which Pres. Wm. O. Stephens, Geo. E. Anderson and Dr. Andrew Neff and I made remarks.

We met two cowboys who told us it would be impossible to travel up the Sweetwater with an automobile on account of the destruction of the road by the recent storm, so we were compelled to make a detour over a very broken and mountainous country, crossing the divide which separates the tributaries of the Yellowstone from the waters flowing into the Sweetwater. First we found ourselves at Haley on Beaver Creek and later on the Little Popo Agie, getting within ten miles of Lander. We then crossed the mountains with considerable difficulty, following steep and muddy roads. At length we reached the summit of the mountain and descended via Atlantic City and South Pass City to the west fork of Sweetwater, which stream we crossed and then bent our way to the little village called Pacific Springs. Here we met a gentleman who guided us back two and one-half miles over the trail to the Continental Divide, 7,569 feet above sea level, where two monuments have been erected, one by the aged and well-known Oregon Trail man, Ezra Meeker, and the other in honor of the first white women (Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding) who crossed the South Pass in 1836. We continued the journey from Pacific Springs to Eden, a farming settlement on the Little and Big Sandy. We took a picture of the crossing on

the Big Sandy, well known to the "Mormon" Pioneers and then drove on to Rock Springs where we stopped over night.

The next day (Monday, July 12th) we were joined by John M. Baxter, president of the Woodruff Stake, George A. Neville, Lorain Rollins (editor of a newspaper published in Lyman) and his son Avard. These four brethren had come out to meet us. Elder Neff and his boys started out ahead of us from Rock Springs on their way to Salt Lake City, while Bros. Stephens and Anderson and I, accompanied by the brethren from the Woodruff Stake, traveled to Green River, and thence to Church Buttes, a noted landmark on the pioneer trail, and then traveled on to the crossing of Black's Fork.

Thence we traveled to Fort Bridger, where Pres. Stephens left us to return to his home in Henefer, while Pres. Baxter, John Neilson and wife and Bro. Neville accompanied Bro. George E. Anderson and me to the place where the monument had been erected on the pioneer trail on Bear River. Thence we went to Evanston, where we stopped over night. At 6 o'clock the next morning (July 13th) we left Evanston with Pres. Baxter and drove to Wright's Ranch, where we again struck the Pioneer Trail. We traveled on foot, carrying our heavy camera to the pioneer camping place above Pudding Rock, now called the Needles, where Pres. Brigham Young, stricken with mountain fever, was left with a few wagons on July 12, 1847, while the rest of the Pioneer Company pushed on toward Great Salt Lake Valley. On Yellow Creek one of the Wright boys joined us from the ranch and assisted us in finding the exact spot of the camp mentioned where a historic picture could be taken. After doing so, we returned to Evanston. Pres. John M. Baxter, accompanied by his wife and two grandchildren, and Elder Andrew Funk, and Broth-

er Anderson and I left Evanston traveling via Wasatch to Cache Cave, where we took pictures. At 2 p.m. we took leave of Pres. Baxter and companions and started down Echo Canyon in Bro. Richin's automobile, took several pictures, encountered a genuine Rocky Mountain storm and towards evening arrived at Henefer, where we stopped over night.

On the morning of July 14th, leaving Geo. E. Anderson behind to finish his work, I returned to Salt Lake City.

On July 18th I attended a Scandinavian reunion in Logan, and on July 24th a celebration in Liberty Park, Salt Lake City, where I sang in three different places the old Mormon ditty "When Uncle Sam He First Sent Out His Army to Destroy Us". The next day I delivered a pioneer speech in the 17th Ward, and later similar speeches in other wards.

On Sunday, Aug. 22, accompanied by Pres. John M. Baxter and Sister Mary K. Pye, my secretary, I went to the Wright Ranch, after which we walked five miles over the mountain via Emigration Spring, following the Pioneer Trail all the way to Cache Cave, where we joined the Evanston Sunday School (about 200 persons) on their outing to said cave in memory of the Utah pioneers. Appropriate services were held, during which Pres. Baxter read extracts from Orson Pratt's journal and some of us made short speeches. Among those who participated in this little outing and who had arrived the day before were my wife Emma, my son-in-law Alvin E. Olson, and my grandchildren, Marcus, Earl, Randine and Don Olson and Harold Smith Jenson, my son Harold's boy.

By invitation from Pres. Heber J. Grant on Sept. 17th I went to Nephi, where we participated in a celebration held in honor of the founding of that city, 75 years before. A splendid program was carried out

and speeches were made by Pres. Grant, Elder Orson F. Whitney and myself.

On October 3rd, during the general conference, I addressed an overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall. On Nov. 9th I spoke twice on Church history to the students of the Jordan High School in the adjoining L. D. S. seminary. In the evening of Sunday, Nov. 21st, a special meeting was held in the Assembly Hall in honor of Pres. Heber J. Grant who would be 70 years old the next day. Seven foreign organizations, namely, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, German-Swiss, Dutch, Mexican and Armenian read sentiments of congratulation in the different languages of the countries they represented with translations into English. Pres. Søren Rasmussen read a sentiment in Danish, of which I gave a translation in English. The Assembly Hall was crowded on the occasion and short speeches were made by John A. Widtsoe, J. M. Sjödahl, Rulon S. Wells and Pres. Grant. A fine rocking chair was presented to Pres. Grant who seemed very much pleased with the affair which was originally suggested by Elder Sjödahl.

On Thursday, Dec. 23rd, together with my wife Bertha, I went through the Temple taking endowments for deceased people assigned to us, this being the birthday of the Prophet Joseph, and it had been arranged that the First Presidency and Apostles should take names among the relatives of the seven presidents of the Church, and I was also especially invited to do the same, and so also were the members of the boards of the general auxiliary organizations.

During the year 1926 I traveled about 6,650 miles, namely 3,700 miles by rail, 2,740 miles by automobile, 10 miles by team and 200 miles on foot. I had spoken in public during the year 110 times, including 14 funeral sermons, 15 historical lectures, 24 sermons or addresses in

Danish and ten after-dinner speeches.

In visiting the different stakes of Zion in the interest of Church history in 1926, I attended and spoke at quarterly conferences in ten stakes.

CHAPTER 81

(1927)

Locate Historical Spots in Millard County—
More Pioneer Research—A Trip to Alaska
—History of the Scandinavian Mission Published.

I commenced the year 1927 by taking part of my family to the Tabernacle to enjoy the rendition of Handel's "Messiah". On January 9th I spoke forty minutes in the Tabernacle on the Book of Mormon, followed by a Mr. Shoof from Canada, who spoke on Temperance. The services were broadcast.

On March 17th the subject of publishing a History of the Scandinavian Mission was laid before the First Presidency and the Twelve and was approved. I then gave the manuscript a final revision and prepared it for the press. Already about \$1,300 had been collected from subscribers, mostly through agents, toward its publication. I had been engaged off and on during the previous year collecting material from 17 manuscript volumes, the compilation of which I had directed on the missions in the three Scandinavian countries.

At a session of the general conference of the Church held on April 3rd, I spoke at an overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall.

For some time past in looking over the three volumes of the Biographical Encyclopedia I was reminded of the fact that a great many biographies of men and women which should have been inserted, had been left out of these volumes but through no fault of mine. As there was a small expense attached to the undertaking for printing and binding, quite a number of people who otherwise deserved mention in a work of that kind had turned it down, and would not contribute at all towards the publication, although the literary

work from the beginning had been done gratis at the Historian's Office so far as the individuals were concerned. And as later a number of people who had not understood this came forward and wanted their biographies printed, I conceived the idea of preparing another volume for publication, and on a visit which I made to Summit County in May, 1927, I obtained my first subscriptions to the contemplated Volume 4 of the L.D.S. Biographical Encyclopedia. The first paid subscription was from Bishop Parley P. Richins in Henefer. I had been gathering material for the work for several years, but had not decided to publish another volume until that time.

While making a tour of the south in the interest of Church history I was taken by Edward L. Lyman of Delta to the spot on the Sevier River where Capt. John W. Gunnison and others belonging to his surveying party were killed by Indians Oct. 26, 1853. Here a large gathering of people assembled May 30, 1927 to witness the dedication of a monument erected in honor of the slain heroes. First I addressed the meeting of scouts, and in the afternoon delivered a short speech, as planned, to about 2,000 people who were present.

On Wednesday, July 13th, I attended the dedication of a pioneer monument near Castle Rock in Echo Canyon. After that I rambled considerably in the hills recognizing places with which I had become acquainted when as a young man I had worked on the Union Pacific Railroad in Echo Canyon in 1868 and 1869. I also followed the pioneer trail for some distance and finally took part in the services in connection with the dedication of a pioneer monument erected by the saints of the Summit Stake on the spot where the Pioneer Trail connects with the Lincoln Highway, about two miles east of Castle Rock Railway Station. I gave a short speech and Elder

George F. Richards dedicated the monument.

On the forenoon of July 24th I delivered a pioneer speech to the Scandinavians in the Assembly Hall, preached in the Wells Ward in the evening and after that gave a short talk over the K S L Radio on the pioneers of 1847. The latter speech I gave without any previous preparation.

On August 14th I attended a Scandinavian reunion at Provo.

On Tuesday, Aug. 16th, accompanied by my wife Emma, I left Salt Lake City on a special train, together with about 80 people associated with the Beneficial Life Insurance Company for Alaska, in charge of Lorenzo N. Stohl, manager, and A. B. C. Olsen, secretary, of said company. On the morning of Aug. 17th we found ourselves traveling through Oregon amid beautiful scenery as we sped down the Columbia River. We arrived at Portland at 6 o'clock p.m. and were met at the station by William R. Sloan, president of the Northwestern States Mission, and my wife and I went with him to the mission house at 264 E. 25th St. We spent a pleasant evening with him and his family, and other missionary Elders and sisters. Joining the company again, we continued the journey from Portland at 11 o'clock p.m. On Thursday the 18th we arrived at Seattle, Washington, about 7 a.m. As several of our missionaries were located in Seattle, I started out to find them and spent a short time with them at their lodging, and also perused their branch records. Later in the day we made a tour with the Elders sight-seeing and visiting the famous government locks which connect Lake Washington with the sea. The heat was most oppressive, and in order to cool off we obtained the privilege of spending a few minutes in a cold storage plant, where the thermometer registered 20 degrees below zero.

In the evening we boarded the

Pacific Company's steamship "Queen" and sailed for Alaska. The next morning (Fri. Aug. 19th) we found ourselves sailing northward with Vancouver Island on our left and the mainland of British Columbia on our right. The day was beautiful and the sea calm and we enjoyed the scenery very much as we sailed through the Johnstone Straits, which, in places, were very narrow. I was particularly interested in the timber-covered Vancouver Island on our left, which island was recommended to the Latter-day Saints in 1846 as a possible place of settlement after vacating Nauvoo, Ill.

The next day (Saturday Aug. 20th) we passed Hunter Island on our left and King Island on our right and went through the narrow channel which separates the large Princess Royal Island from the mainland of British Columbia. Everything in sight was covered with a heavy growth of timber, mostly fir, spruce, hemlock and red and yellow cedar. I made the acquaintance of the captain, Victor Engquist, a Swede by birth, and at the table my wife and I occupied seats next to the first officer, Peter S. Sater, a Norwegian by birth. The steamer was a ship of 1672 net tonnage; crew 92, all told, with 127 passengers, of whom 97 belonged to the Beneficial Life contingent. During the evening we crossed the boundary line between the British Columbian waters and those of Alaska.

At 3 a.m. of the 21st the steamer "Queen" reached Ketchikan. Although most of the passengers remained in their berths, a number of us went ashore and visited several parts of the town. The night was not very dark on account of the northern latitude. The population of Ketchikan was about 6,000 and the town considered the metropolis of Alaska by its inhabitants. The totem poles drew our special attention. We resumed our voyage at 4:30 a.m. At this point the clock was moved back one hour, as we changed from Pacific

to Alaska time. As the fog lifted we had a fine morning, and passed through Clarence Straits, arriving at Wrangell at 12:45 p.m. Here, together with others, I climbed a hill about 1,000 feet high, rising immediately behind the town, and thus obtained a fine view of the bay in the immediate neighborhood of Wrangell, which is quite an important business center and is noted for its interesting totem poles. Resuming our voyage at 1:45 p.m. we soon learned that we could not pass through the so-called Wrangell Channel, at the other end of which the town of Petersburg is located. As the government was deepening the channel for the benefit of larger vessels, it was necessary for us to make a detour of nearly 200 miles. After passing Cape Decision, the most southerly point of Kulu Island, we were out in the ocean for a short time, and as the evening was quite windy, the rocking of the vessel made most of the passengers sea-sick, or gave them the fear of getting so; hence they retired early. A concert of sacred music and a lecture had been planned for the evening, but when the time came to render them, there was nobody to sing or talk to.

On Monday the 22nd at 5 o'clock a.m. we arrived at Petersburg and immediately landed, taking in sights of interest. We found the vegetation—flowers, grasses, and garden vegetables—luxuriant. In this town, as well as in Ketchikan and Wrangell, nearly all the streets are paved with heavy planks, and the houses are almost without exception strongly-built wooden structures. We resumed our voyage at 7 o'clock a.m., while exposed to a cold breeze as we sailed north through Frederik Sound and up through the Taku inlet, at the head of which we sailed to within a few hundred feet of the famous Taku Glacier. As we entered the inlet, we began to see small icebergs or pieces of ice which had broken loose from the glacier and were floating toward the sea. These floating chunks

of ice became larger and more numerous as we neared the glacier. Many of them appeared to our eyes as if highly colored, a beautiful skyblue. It is estimated that only one eighth of these iceberg masses shows above the water, while the other seven-eighths are hidden below the surface. Our ship approached as close to the glacier as was considered safe and as the weather was beautiful we enjoyed the sight immensely. It was one of the most interesting sights of our trip. Retracing our way for several miles we doubled a point up another channel toward Juneau, the new capital of Alaska, where we arrived at 6 o'clock p.m. This was the finest city we had seen so far in Alaska. While some of the passengers took an automobile trip to the celebrated Mendenhall Glacier, most of us visited places of interest and listened to an interesting lecture on Alaska by the Rev. A. P. Kashvaroff of the Orthodox Greek Catholic Church, who was the curator of the museum. We crossed the channel to Douglas, a defunct mining town on Douglas Island, which at one time was the center of a very rich mining district, and sailed northward all night.

On Tuesday, Aug. 23rd, early in the morning, we landed at Fort Seward, stopping about an hour. Within a short distance of that place is the town of Haines. As we continued our voyage toward Skagway, we passed Dyea (now deserted) which was an important town during the rush northward to the mines in 1898. We arrived at Skagway at 7 o'clock a.m. Here, together with a few others, I decided to make the railroad journey across the mountains to the headwaters of the Yukon river, and enjoyed a most interesting ride up the canyon, 20 miles, to the summit. During that distance the train climbed 2,500 feet and near the summit we crossed the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. Right on the line we found the "Stars and

Stripes" and the "Union Jack" floating in the breeze side by side. The railroad from Skagway to the summit represents some of the best engineering skill known in the construction of railways in America. At several places across the track we saw traces of the trail made by the gold hunters in 1898. It was here that so much suffering was endured and so many lives were lost. From the summit we traveled 21 miles farther over a bleak and cold upland, interspersed with numerous lakes, and at last arrived at the defunct town of Bennett, situated on the extreme south end of Bennett Lake, which drains into the Yukon River. At one time during the gold rush Bennett had 10,000 inhabitants. Now the place is marked only by a small lumber Church building in ruins and a few other ruined structures. The only inhabitant we found on the site of the town was an Indian or Eskimo traveling with his dogs. After returning to Skagway we again boarded the steamer "Queen" and started out on our return journey toward the south at 6 o'clock p.m. A heavy fog was resting upon the inlet known as the Lynn Canal.

At 5 a.m. on Wednesday, Aug. 24th, the ship anchored in Excursion Inlet, where a stop of four hours was made to take on board canned salmon. Most of the passengers landed and visited the natural park lying immediately back of the cannery buildings, where we picked berries and enjoyed the scenery; it is one of nature's own grand parks.

The next day (Aug. 25th) in the morning, we found ourselves drifting before the wind, waiting for a favorable tide to take us through certain dangerous narrows, where the current was so strong at times that it was unsafe for a ship to pass through. The scenery on the islands among which we coursed was very interesting. Snow-capped or glacier-covered mountains were in evidence everywhere. We arrived at Sitka, the old

capital of Alaska, in the midst of a rainstorm. Sitka has about 1,000 inhabitants, half of these being Indians and the other half whites. Religiously, these people are divided about equally between the Greek Orthodox and the Presbyterian churches with a sprinkling of other denominations. Some of us went into the Greek Church, where a polite priest entertained us by showing us relics and relating historical incidents. This church, which is known as St. Michael's Cathedral, was, at the time of its construction, endowed with many costly pictures and ornaments of gold and silver. Leaving the Church, we took a long walk through the city and its environments, during which we visited the National Park, where there are about 16 very interesting totem poles, and also a Russian Block House, recently restored to its original condition. This was used by the Russians as a protection against the Indians. We also entered the Presbyterian Church in which, on the 5th seat from the front, we found a metal plate with the following inscription upon it: "President Harding occupied this pew on Sunday, July 22, 1923, his last attendance at public worship."

The next day (Aug. 26th) we resumed our voyage at 7:30 a.m., and arrived in Petersburg at 4:30 p.m., where we landed and spent a few hours pleasantly. We continued our voyage about midnight.

On the morning of the 27th the weather was fine and pleasant. The mountains between which we passed were snow-covered above the timberline, half way up, and we enjoyed both the scenery and the voyage very much. At the Bay of Pillars, quite a number of passengers came on board, mostly people who had been employed at the cannery which was now closing its business for the season. At this place, eighty white men, nearly all Scandinavians, had been employed fishing salmon and herring. At the different canneries at

which we touched on our voyage there were many Japs, Chinese, Filipinos and Indians. At Wrangell we remained about two hours, and then continued our southward journey.

The next morning (Sun. Aug. 28th) we stopped at Union Bay, where there was a large cannery, and later at a cannery situated about two miles below Ketchikan. As the ship would stop several hours at this latter place, most of the passengers decided to enjoy the morning hours by walking along the beautiful macadamized road toward the town. As my wife and I walked along we were noticed by a middle-aged lady, who was driving a beautiful automobile, and who invited us to ride with her. This lady was Mrs. Spaeth, wife of A. L. Spaeth, secretary and treasurer of the J. A. R. Heckman Company of Ketchikan, the largest department store in Alaska. The lady took us to the top of a hill, where the family residence was located. From this elevated point we had a magnificent view of the city of Ketchikan and the waters and mountains surrounding it. The lady then took us down to the Ketchikan landing place where the "Queen" had arrived from the cannery below. After dinner we witnessed an Indian funeral. We continued our voyage at 8 o'clock p.m., sailing all night.

The following day (Aug. 29th), while crossing Charlotte Bay, we partook of a splendid dinner, prepared by order of the captain, as a sort of farewell to his passengers. Later in the day we reached the north end of Vancouver Island.

The early morning hour of Tuesday, Aug. 30th, found us sailing through the Georgia Strait. The chief officer, Mr. Sater, took a party of us through the ship. In the afternoon we wound our way through the St. Juan Islands in the Puget Sound, the scenery on both sides being very interesting. At Seattle we met Elder Derricott, president of the Seattle district, and Elder Harris.

We boarded the train at 11:30 p.m., for Portland, and arrived there at 6:15 the next morning. Here we were met at the depot by Pres. Sloan and son, who took my wife, Emma, and me to the mission home, where I spent most of the day writing, gathering data on the Northwestern States Mission history.

On the next day (Sept. 1st) Pres. Sloan and son Donald took us for a long automobile ride on which we visited several suburbs of Portland and from the top of Mount Tabor we enjoyed a most excellent panorama of the city and environments with lofty, snow-covered Mount Hood far away on the eastern horizon. In the evening Pres. Sloan left for Montana and I went out with the Elders to assist them in holding a street meeting at which I spoke about fifteen minutes to a small crowd of listeners. On Friday, Sept. 2nd, we visited part of the business section of Portland and spent some time in the Art Museum and Public Library. On Sat., Sept 3rd, I spent part of the day at the mission office working on the records endeavoring to obtain lacking data for Church history. In the afternoon I met with the missionaries in the hall and addressed them for about an hour, according to their request, giving such advice as I deemed consistent for the occasion. Both the Elders and missionary sisters were young, unmarried people, out on their first mission, and needed all the good counsel they could get in order to make their labors a success.

The next day being Sunday I attended the Sunday School in the Mission chapel in Portland and addressed briefly four of the classes. Afterwards I attended the fast meeting and spoke about twenty minutes from the stand to the assembled saints and strangers. In the evening I preached, according to appointment, to a large and appreciative audience on the Book of Mormon.

The following morning (Sept. 5th) we left Portland, homeward bound

and arrived safely in Salt Lake City the next day.

On Sunday, Sept. 25th, I was unexpectedly called to speak in the Tabernacle and though I was in one sense entirely unprepared I delivered perhaps one of the best discourses I have ever given in public, for which I thanked the Lord. My subject was the "Book of Mormon", or the "Delivery of the Plates to the Prophet Joseph Smith a hundred years ago last Thursday".

At a Scandinavian meeting held in the Assembly Hall on Sunday, Oct. 2nd, which I attended, Elder F. F. Samuelson and his counselors were honorably released and Bishop Isaac P. Thunnell (Swedish) was installed as president with John S. Hansen (Danish) and Christian Johannesen (Norwegian) as counselors.

On Sunday, Oct. 16th, I preached in the Scandinavian meeting held in a rear room of the Provo Tabernacle. On this occasion the presidency of the Utah Stake disorganized the Scandinavian organization in Provo which had held meetings continuously for sixty years or more. Brother Erik C. Henrichsen, nearly 80 years old, was released together with his counselors.

On Dec. 11th I celebrated the 77th anniversary of my birthday by speaking in a Scandinavian meeting, and on Dec. 15th I read proof of the last form of 16 pages of the History of the Scandinavian Mission. There were 37 such forms printed, making a book of nearly 600 pages. On Dec. 28th, in the evening, I invited those who had assisted me in my work of publishing the History of the Scandinavian Mission to a show at the Capital theatre. I then treated them to a dinner at the Keeley parlors on Main Street; eleven sat down with me to the table to dinner, namely, my wives, Emma and Bertha, J. M. Sjö Dahl, Hugo D. E. Peterson and wife, Adam L. Peterson and wife, Alvin E. Olson and wife (Eva), Mary K. Pye and Minnie Broomhead.

The year 1927 was a busy year for me. To publish the history of the Scandinavian Mission, re-publish two volumes of the "Historical Record", prepare "Important Events in Church History", for publication in the "Deseret News" and to keep the current work going at the Historian's Office had kept me busy the whole time, but I had been blessed with remarkable endurance and energy, considering my advanced years. During the year I traveled 12,600 miles, namely, 7,000 miles by railroad and street car, 2,500 miles by automobile, 300 miles by steamer and about 100 miles on foot. I had during the year spoken in public about 100 times, including three sermons delivered in the Tabernacle, one radio talk, six funeral sermons, eight talks in Danish, nine historical lectures and eight after-dinner talks. During the year I visited many of the wards in Cache, Salt Lake, Davis and Juab counties in the interest of Church history, and attended and spoke in the following stake conferences: Weber, Logan, Palmyra, South Sanpete, Gunnison, Summit, Duchesne, and Salt Lake.

CHAPTER 82

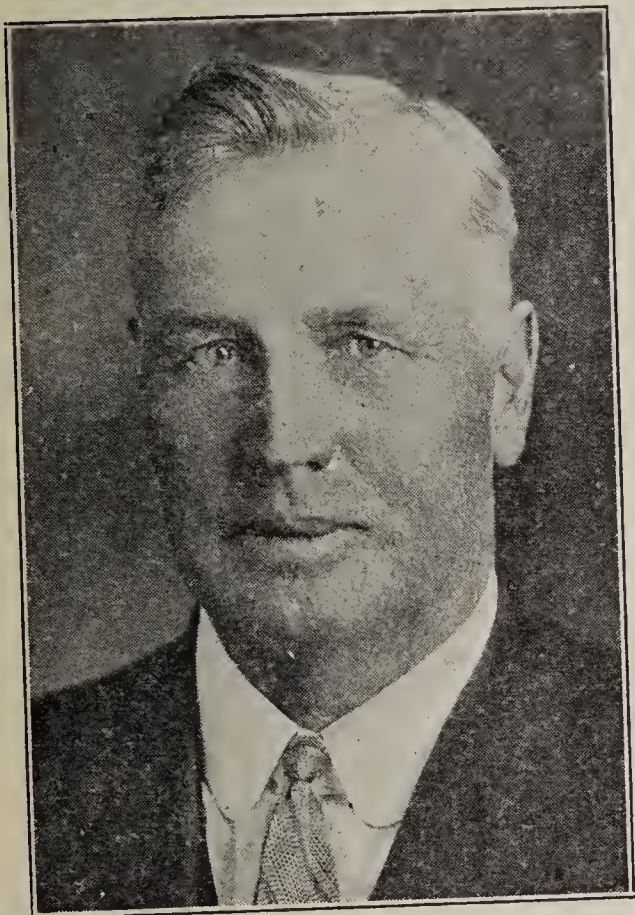
(1928)

With Hyrum J. Jensen on a Trip East to Places of Historical Interest—Trip to New Mexico and Colorado—My Wife Bertha and Daughter Eva Accompany Me to Hawaii—Meet Our Son Leo R. Jensen Returning From a Mission to South Africa—Travels in Hawaii—Death of My Oldest Son Andrew A.—My Last Foot Race—Visit to the "Hole in the Rock."

I commenced journalizing for 1928 by writing the following sentiment: "May the new year bring happiness to mankind. May the morals of humanity improve and may the saints of these the latter days be true to their covenants and show the world an example worthy of imitation". According to appointment, I addressed a Seventies' class in the McKinley Ward and afterwards made remarks in the 17th Ward fast meeting. On Sunday, Jan. 15th, I spoke in the Tabernacle, according to appoint-

ment, my subject being the necessity of new revelation. I occupied about an hour and enjoyed considerable freedom.

On Jan. 31st, in company with Elder Hyrum J. Jensen, who desired me for a companion on a contemplated



ELDER HYRUM J. JENSON

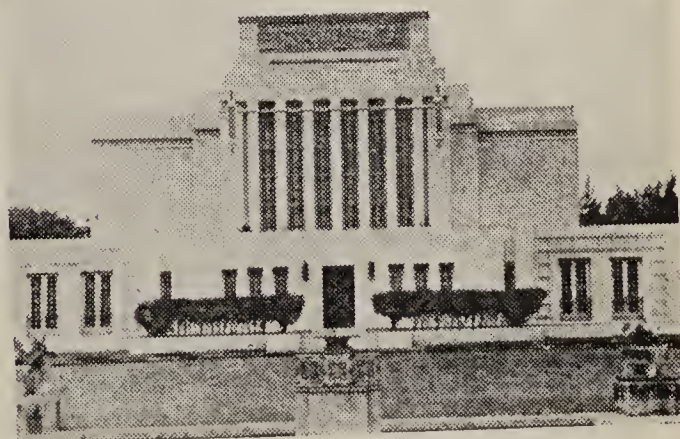
trip to the East, I left Salt Lake City in a standard Pullman car to visit places of historical interest. Without going into details of this interesting trip on which Brother Jensen bore all my traveling expenses, I might state here that we visited more than thirty cities. On our journey we had many interesting experiences in associating with the Elders from Zion, the local saints and a number of friends, with whom we conversed freely about religion and the history of the Latter-day Saints. We returned home Feb. 19th.

Having been appointed to attend the San Juan Stake quarterly conference I left Salt Lake City March 9th and traveled by rail and automobile to Blanding, where I attended conference on March 10th and 11th.

Having been requested by President Clawson to attend conference in the Young Stake, I left Salt Lake City

on March 14th, arrived at Durango March 16th and attended conference in Kirtland, New Mexico, March 17th and 18th.

Accompanied by my wife Bertha and my daughter Eva I left Salt Lake City on Monday April 9th and traveled by rail to San Francisco where we boarded the steamship "Matsonia" April 11th. After an interesting voyage we arrived at Honolulu, Hawaii, April 17th. Here, according to plans, we met our son Leo, who was returning from his mission to South Africa, and in coming home was circumnavigating the globe. He arrived in Honolulu by steamship "Tenyo Maru" April 21st, having filled an honorable and successful mission, in which we rejoiced. While my wife and daughter and Leo made a visit to the volcano on the island of Hawaii, I traveled with President Wm. M. Waddoups and wife to the island of Maui, where we were joined by Bertha, Eva and Leo on April 26th. We made all preparations for a climb to the extinct volcano Haleakala on Maui and went as far up the mountain slope as automobiles could carry us. While dressed suitably for climbing on horseback to the top of the mountain, a heavy rainstorm made the venture impossible. Hence, we returned to Wailuka disappointed; yet had otherwise enjoyed the magnificent scenery on the island of Maui. We attended a conference at Wailuka and then returned to Honolulu. From there we made a trip to Laie on the opposite side



HAWAIIAN TEMPLE AT LAIE

of the island of Oahu and went through the Temple with one of the companies. While eating dinner in Honolulu with President Waddoups and family and a number of missionaries, I remarked jokingly to all present at the dinner table that all the missions of the Church were represented at this particular dinner party, because my son, who had filled a mission to South Africa, represented that mission, and I represented all the other missions of the Church, having visited them. The remark called forth a little mirth, but the statement was true.

We bade farewell to beautiful Hawaii on May 4th, and as passengers on the steamship "Sonoma" sailed for San Francisco. That ship was a second-class boat and gave us a very good experience of being "rocked in the cradle of the deep". My wife and most of the other passengers were seasick, some of them all the time and most of them part of the time. I conducted services on the ship and conversed freely with fellow-passengers. We arrived in San Francisco on May 10th and spent several days in that city associating with the Elders, attending meetings and gathering historical data.

On May 14th we left San Francisco for Los Angeles, and here also we spent a pleasant Sunday in meeting and associating with many of the Elders and local saints, besides gathering data for Church history and taking in the sights and places of interest. Having enjoyed our visit to Hawaii and the coast very much, we (my wife Bertha, my daughter Eva and son Leo) arrived in Salt Lake City May 22nd.

During our absence my oldest son, Andrew A. died in Salt Lake City April 18th. We heard of his death before we left the islands. He was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery. Poor boy, if he had only followed my advice and example in life, his experience in mortality might have been altogether

different. Yet, with all his failings, he had a good and generous heart. He left a wife and four girls, besides two sons and a daughter by his divorced wife. Being born Nov. 24, 1876, he was 51 years 4 months and 27 days old when he died.

On June 14th I attended a Scandinavian conference at Rexburg, Idaho, after which I traveled somewhat extensively in Idaho, Morgan County, in Utah, Woodruff Stake in Wyoming, Millard Stake and Juab Stake in Utah, and many other places. I visited the Timpanogos Cave in American Fork Canyon on July 21st, and on August 2nd I went with my family to the Lagoon at Farmington where a sort of foreigners reunion had been staged, the different nationalities including Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Hollanders, Swiss and Germans. A number of interesting games were indulged in and I lined up in a race with men between 70 and 80 years of age, in which I almost won the race easily, when I suddenly fell to the ground with a strained ligament in the thigh of my left leg. From the effects of this I suffered for several weeks. It served as an admonition to me: "Old man, go slow", and I have never run a foot race since. In consulting a physician I was advised not to be alarmed, as I would survive all right, but that I had passed through an experience which was well known among military men.

On August 9th I attended a Scandinavian conference in Logan, and on Aug. 25th I attended an interesting old folks gathering in Ogden Canyon, on which occasion, I, together with others, spoke briefly. Later in the year I made a visit to Millard Stake.

On August 31st I left Salt Lake City on the D. & R. G. Railroad and traveled to Marysvale, where Brother Joseph Ipsen of the stake presidency and a Brother Allen met me with an automobile and took

me to Antimony, where I stopped over night with President Rowan. The next day, riding with President Rowan, I traveled to Escalante, where we attended the Garfield Stake quarterly conference on Sept. 1st and 2nd. I left Escalante Sept. 3rd, accompanied by President Rowan and wife (Irene), Bishop Claud V. Baker and Sister Ruby Osmond. Brother King took us in his automobile ten miles on our journey, after which we traveled 18 miles by buck board and mules to Boulder over the worst kind of road that I ever traveled in my life. Part of the way was over dangerous dugways and part over the face of barren rocks. We reached Boulder tired and weary and stopped over night with Bishop Baker.

The next day (Sept. 4th) I spent mostly with Sister Annie Hansen, the ward clerk, getting historical items about the Boulder Ward, and then attended a Relief Society meeting and a general meeting, at which President Rowan and I were the speakers. After that we enjoyed an automobile ride through the country visiting most of the ranches and farms in the Boulder settlement. In the evening I lectured to an appreciative audience on Church history.

The following day we left Boulder on our return to Escalante. I rode a mule part of the way and a buckboard on other parts, the same as in going out. We were met by Brother King at the place where he took us two days before, and he brought us back to Escalante.

Thursday, Sept. 6th, together with Bishop Harvey Bailey and Brother Kumen Jones and Edward P. Lyman, I left Escalante in an automobile and traveled 45 miles to Willow Tank, nine miles further out from Escalante than any other auto had ever ventured before. Here we waited three hours for a pack train which had started from Escalante the day before. We had missed

them on the road and when they finally overtook us they reported that two horses had run away from them during the night. Hence Bishop Bailey returned to Escalante by auto, while Brother Jones and I with Brother George W. Spencer as guide and five animals (two horses and three mules) started for the heart of the desert. We traveled ten miles to Sooner, where we made camp for the night. I rode Brother King's gray mule during the day.

On Fri., Sept. 7, after enjoying a good night's rest in the open air, we resumed our journey and traveled about 18 miles to the "Hole in the Rock" on the Colorado River. We descended about a thousand feet toward the river, down a steep incline over which the San Juan pioneers took their wagons in 1879 and 1880 when they settled Bluff. How they ever got their wagons down that steep incline will puzzle all future generations. After jumping from rock to rock and getting about half way down to the river I was afraid to go any further, being doubtful as to my ability to return to the top. And I may frankly acknowledge that it was one of the hardest climbs I have ever made, and when I finally reached the top I was "all in" and scarcely able to mount the mule; but the Lord in answer to my prayer gave me strength and with the exception of nearly famishing for want of a drink of water and getting very tired of riding, we succeeded in getting back to Sooner, our former camp, at about sundown, where we spent another night. It proved to be one of the hardest day's work I had ever done. How thankful we were for the opportunity of resting in our open-air home after the day's exertion. The other two brethren, being younger and more used to horseback riding, stood it much better than I did. My trip reminded me of crossing the plains in 1866 as an emigrant boy. The object in making this trip to the "Hole in the Rock" was to get acquainted with

the San Juan pioneer trail, in order that I might make the experience of these pioneers a part of Church history.

When I first mentioned to Brother Kumen Jones that I desired to make a trip to the "Hole in the Rock" he suggested that it might tax my strength beyond capacity. I looked at him and reminded him of the fact that I had been a cowboy once when I got used to riding horses, and referring to him, I said: "If you can stand it, why can't I?" Brother Jones smiled. Afterwards I learned why. After the day's venture, as I have described it here, I was willing to acknowledge that he, who had spent most of his life in the saddle, riding through deserts, often over very rough places, had endurance and experience that I could not match, and I humbly conceded that when it came to horseback riding he was my superior.

On Sat., Sept. 8th, we resumed our journey from Sooner and after traveling to Coyote Hole we met Bishop Bailey and a Brother Eyre with an automobile from Escalante, and that ended our hardship, as we from that point continued our journey by automobile and arrived at Escalante in the afternoon.

On Sunday, Sept. 7th, I rode with Brother King over the mountains to Widtsoe, where we attended to historical work. We then continued the journey to Antimony, where we attended meeting in the afternoon and I preached an hour. We then rode to Junction where I lectured in the evening to a large congregation of saints from Junction, Kingston, Circleville and Antimony. I stopped over night in Circleville.

On Monday, Sept. 10th, Brother Whitaker took me to Kingston, where I attended to historical labors as I had done in Circleville in the morning. Thence President Rowan took me to Marysvale, where I boarded the train and returned to Salt Lake City. On this trip I accomplished suc-

cessfully one of the hardest itineraries of my life. I was warned beforehand by many friends who insisted that a man of my age ought not to assume hardships of that kind, even when working in the interest of the Church.

During October, November and December I visited the Granite, Pioneer, Utah, Cottonwood, and Emery stakes, and other places in the interest of Church history.

In making this final trip to the different stakes the main object was to get material which would bring the historical thread of the stakes and the different wards constituting the same up to the close of the year 1930, instead of the end of 1900 as previously contemplated.

On Dec. 31st I exchanged New Year's greetings with President Ivins and Nibley and several of the Twelve in the Historian's Office. With a few invited guests I spent the evening as a watch party singing, playing games and conversing and partaking of lunch until midnight. And thus ended the year 1928, during which I had traveled about 25,500 miles, including 16,000 miles by rail, 4,838 miles by steamer, 4,400 miles by automobile, 20 miles by ferry boat, 80 miles on horseback, 20 miles by wagon and about 142 miles on foot. During the year I spoke in public 112 times, including 6 funeral sermons, five speeches in Danish and nine after-dinner speeches, besides giving instructions on record-keeping many times. I ordained some to the Priesthood and administered to several sick persons. It was a busy year, but I felt satisfied with my labors, yet I began to feel the effects of advanced years and could not work as hard or as long as I did in the prime of my manhood.

During the year I spoke in the following stake conferences: Box Elder, San Juan, Young, Morgan, Woodruff, Millard, Garfield, Hyrum, Timpanogos, Cottonwood and North Weber.

CHAPTER 83

(1929)

On a Historical Tour to Southern Utah—Death of Fred F. Samuelson—Prayer Circle Discontinued—Canada Again Visited.

I commenced the year 1929 by continuing the revision of my traveling notes and interweaving them into the histories of the different stakes and wards that I visited. Together with members of my family I visited my son Parley on January 10th and after partaking of a bounteous dinner we listened to a radio, which Mrs. Howe, Parley's mother-in-law, had given to the family as a Christmas present. We listened with interest to music and other features broadcast from San Francisco, Portland, and other places, transmitted through the new KSL plant in Salt Lake City which was opened that day. On Sunday, Jan. 13th, I left Salt Lake City for Parowan, where I arrived the next day, when I participated in the celebration in honor of the founding of Parowan 78 years before (on Jan. 13, 1851). I was the orator of the day, and my historical address was highly appreciated. After the exercises, lunch was served, at which I made a little after-dinner speech. I finished the day's work by meeting with the Bishops of Parowan and Paragoona and the city council of Parowan, discussing matters pertaining to the history of the settlements named. The next day (Jan. 15th) Bro. Wilford Day took me via Summit (where I attended to historical work) and Enoch to Cedar City, where I was made welcome in the home of Pres. Wm. R. Palmer, with whom I had dinner and who then took me to Harmony and Kanarra, where I attended to historical labors and returned to Cedar City and met with the city council of Cedar City and suggested that the city council cooperate with the presidency of the stake to secure a copy of the history of Cedar City.

By this time my son Leo had become quite popular with the boy scouts of the 17th Ward. Being scout-

master he had charge of Troop No. 2. As a presiding officer he wielded considerable influence with the young boys and gave splendid demonstrations of scout work. He showed this at a social of the fathers and sons on Feb. 8th, in the 17th Ward. He also gave several numbers on his musical saw over the radio on the same date.

I had contemplated for some time to donate my private library to the Historian's Office on condition that the Church authorities would set apart the southeast corner of the Historian's Office library for my collection and build partition walls of steel separating it from the rest of the library. With this in view, the steel which had been ordered for that purpose, arrived on Feb. 25th, and as soon as the steel shelves were arranged and the partition built I intended to move my library from my home in the 17th Ward to this enclosure.

By the end of March some of my documents had been deposited in this enclosure. My corner measures 15x16 ft. 6 inches, and there are six rows of shelving divided into 27 sections. It surely is a cozy corner with a window through the east wall of the building giving good light. On April 12th my family and I were invited guests at the home of Frederik F. Samuelson, residing at No. 748 Emerson Avenue. I took a prominent part in the proceedings including singing and speaking, and at my suggestion all the Elders present laid hands on Bro. Samuelson whose health was failing, although he was only 64 years old on that day. I felt somewhat alarmed about his condition and my fears were well grounded as he died May 9th and was buried on Sunday, May 12th. At his funeral I was one of the speakers. The exercises were very impressive, the attendance large and the floral contributions immense. Bro. Samuelson was one of my most intimate friends. He had been a faithful and successful worker in the Church for many years before leaving his native country to

come to Utah. As a member of the city council in Aarhus and as a member of the Danish Rigsdag (Parliament) he obtained for the Latter-day Saints in Denmark many privileges which had not previously been accorded them. After his arrival in Utah he was handicapped considerably for being somewhat advanced in years he did not master the English language to any great degree of perfection, although he could speak it tolerably well. The general opinion was that he died broken-hearted as the quiet life he had been forced to lead in Utah was such a contrast to his public activities in his native country.

On April 28th the prayer circle to which I had belonged since 1883 and which had held regular meetings for a number of years in the Temple under the presidency of Apostle George Albert Smith was discontinued. This circle was organized in 1849 with Apostle Charles C. Rich as president and had had a continued existence ever since under different presidents. For a long time after its discontinuance, those of us who had been members could not easily forget the enjoyable meetings we had experienced, and the friendship, love and good-will which had cemented our hearts together were never forgotten. It was considered at this time that there were too many prayer circles held in the Church, especially in Salt Lake City, as the regular sessions in the Temple there had grown from two to six per day.

On May 15th I addressed the Swedish meeting in the 12th-13th Ward on the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, 100 years before on that day. After a visit to the Wasatch Stake, I made a trip to Southern Utah in the interest of Church history visiting several of the stakes.

On June 16th Pres. Nephi L. Morris, who had presided over the Salt Lake Stake twenty-five years, was released and Wilford A. Beesley chosen as his successor. On July 6th I moved my

cabinet index to the Historian's Office, and on July 10th I brought the last load of the books, or my private library, to the Historian's Office, and was busy for several days arranging the books and boxes of documents on the shelves.

In July and August I visited the Star Valley, Montpelier and Logan stakes in the interest of Church history. On Aug. 11th I attended the annual Scandinavian reunion which this year convened in Pleasant Grove, Utah County.

On August 17th, accompanied by my wife Bertha, I left Salt Lake City for Canada and arrived at Lethbridge August 19th. On this tour I visited nearly all the settlements in the Lethbridge, Taylor and Alberta stakes of Zion, gathering much historical information. On our return south we visited the Big Horn Stake, adding more material to our stock of documents which afterwards were woven into Church history. On Dec. 1st I had the pleasure of baptizing my niece, Anna Louise Adams, in the Pleasant Grove tabernacle font. She, with her husband, had raised a fine family of boys.

During the year I visited the South Davis, Box Elder, Utah, Beaver, Wasatch, Panguitch, Kanab, Mount Ogden, Benson, Bear Lake, Montpelier, Star Valley, Lethbridge, Taylor, Alberta, Big Horn, Salt Lake, Ensign, Liberty, Grant and Granite stakes, and I spoke at quarterly conferences in the South Davis, Utah, Beaver, Wasatch, Kanab, Mount Ogden and Benson stakes.

During the year I traveled about 11,600 miles, of which 5,700 miles were by railroad, 200 miles by street car, 6300 miles by automobile and 10 miles on foot. I delivered 80 public addresses, including 11 in the Danish language, 13 funeral sermons, seven after-dinner talks, three regular lectures and two talks on special occasions. I had during the year baptized two and confirmed two persons and blessed one child.

CHAPTER 84

(1930)

I Present to President Heber J. Grant My Private Library for the Historian's Office—Personating the Prophet Jeremiah I Take Part in the Pageant, "The Message of the Ages"—The First Century of the New Christian Era—Travels in the Deserts in Southwestern Utah and Northern Arizona.

My journal, on Jan. 1, 1930, opens with the following comment: "This is the centennial year of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On April 6th next the Church will celebrate the 100th anniversary of its organization, which I call the first century of the new Christian Era. I look forward with fond anticipation to a realization of my ambition which is to write a history of the Church for that century, and also to put material in shape for a Church Gazetteer or Encyclopedia, giving the most important events in Church history from the beginning (April 6, 1830) to April 6, 1930, with articles arranged alphabetically for publication as a work of reference. This might be published in one volume based on 560 manuscript volumes, which I have dictated to typists and partly made up from printed material published in numerous periodicals, and from the stacks of field notes, gathered in my travels. I have most of the material on hand for such a work, and expect to commence labor on its construction at once, that is, I desire to condense the material I have gathered and already put in shape of the different stakes of Zion with their wards and branches and the missions of the Church with their subdivisions of conferences and branches."

I spent the forenoon in the family circle, then went to the Historian's Office to engage in prayer and to post up my private journal and financial accounts for the past year. I spent the evening with my wives Emma and Bertha and our son Leo, at the home of Bro. Arnt Engh.

During the month of January I visited the Oquirrh, Palmyra and Nebo stakes in the interest of Church his-

tory. Under date of Jan. 31st I wrote the following to Pres. Heber J. Grant:

"Dear Brother: It is with much pleasure that I welcome the time now arrived to carry out my long cherished intention of which you are already informed to formally present my private library to the Church. The collection I have made in the course of fifty years comprises about 2,000 bound volumes and about 3,000 titled pamphlets and about 1,500 manuscript biographies. Some of the books are first or early editions, long since out of print, and some are quite rare, scarcely to be found in other libraries, public or private, especially certain issues of Church literature in the Scandinavian and other foreign languages. Their quality in general as a reference library will appear in the catalogue now being prepared. I appreciate the adequate and generous provision made to preserve this collection as a distinctive entity of the Historian's Office library, and am much pleased with the safe, convenient and beautiful alcove that has been so splendidly constructed to receive it, and in which the works are now deposited. This consideration enhances my satisfaction and pleasure in tendering all of the above as a free gift to the Church, which I now do, and I hope it will be received with equal satisfaction and pleasure by you and the Church Historian.

Your friend and brother in the gospel, ANDREW JENSON."

To the above I received the following reply:

"Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb. 1, 1930. Elder Andrew Jenson, Assistant Historian of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Dear Brother: I am in receipt of your communication of this date, in which you formally tender, as a free gift to the Church, your valuable library, comprising about 2,000 bound volumes, about 3,000 titled pamphlets and about 1,500 manuscript biographies—your accumulation of fifty years of travel, research and historical labor.

In response to the above I take pleasure in accepting for the Church this generous and noble gift, and am pleased to know that you approve the provision made to receive and preserve it as a distinctive entity of the Historian's Office Library.

I invoke the blessing of the Lord upon you, Brother Jenson, for this worthy act and pray that you may



ANDREW JENSON IN HIS MEMORIAL BUILDING LIBRARY

always have satisfaction and comfort in the provision made to recognize and honor you for your faithfulness and diligence and unbounded industry in accumulating this library, and in the disposition you have now made of it.

Sincerely your brother in the gospel,
HEBER J. GRANT."

After the presentation I had a long and interesting conversation with President Grant who seemed much pleased with my gift.

Under date of March 5th I wrote the following: "I spent most of the day in my transferred library at the Historian's Office arranging books on the shelves".

Under the direction of Elder Junius F. Wells, the partition separating my library from the general Historian's Office library was decorated with gold trimmings and the following words painted in gold letters above the door:

THE
ANDREW JENSON
LIBRARY
Presented to the Church
A. D. 1930.

On the south end of the corridor Bro. Wells had placed a life-size photograph of myself, under which he intended to place a map of the world, showing the routes taken on my two circumnavigations of the globe (1895-1897 and 1909-1912) and also my trip to South America in 1923, but as Bro. Wells died April 15, 1930, he did not finish the project.

On Friday, March 7th, I met with a committee at the Bishop's Building to take preliminary steps for a pageant to be presented at the coming April conference. I was one of about twenty others selected to represent Bible and Book of Mormon Prophets in the proposed pageant, the part assigned to me being the Prophet Jeremiah. Soon after that I made a visit for historical purposes to the Millard and Ogden stakes.

On Friday, March 21st, I had a long talk with Presidents Grant and Ivins and others at the office of the First Presidency in regard to the Whitmer home in Fayette, Seneca County, and the Smith farm in Wayne County, New York. The Church leaders had purchased the old Whitmer farm in Fayette believing that the house thereon was the very building in which the Church was organized on April 6, 1830, but I had learned when I visited the place for the first time in 1888 that the old Whitmer log house on the Whitmer farm in which the Church was organized had been taken down many years before 1888, and in regard to the present Smith home, near Palmyra, it was claimed by some to be the farm house in which the Angel Moroni appeared to the boy Prophet during the night of Sept. 21 and 22, 1823, while I contended that the house now standing on the Smith farm was built later than 1823.

Soon after that I visited the Tooele

Stake and Ogden Valley for historical purposes.

At 10:00 a. m. on Sunday, April 6, 1930, the centennial conference of the Church was opened in the Tabernacle, the Church authorities and others occupying seats on the pageant platform, which had been built for the occasion. The building was thronged to capacity and the officials of the Priesthood and a few prominent women occupied the platform besides the Tabernacle choir. Pres. Grant read the message from the First Presidency to the saints throughout the world. Anthony W. Ivins followed with a speech. After that the voting for the Church authorities took place. The afternoon session was addressed by Charles W. Nibley, Rudger Clawson and Orson F. Whitney, the latter reading an original poem. In the evening we gave our first presentation of the pageant the "Message of the Ages", which was a great success. From the beginning the large audience evidently was thrilled with the exhibition. Every participant seemed to know his or her part well. So, after all, according to my earnest desire, I lived to see the end of the first century of the new Christian Era, and this made it possible for me to bring the history of the Church in detail up to 1930, and there I should undoubtedly end my participation in it forever. I realized that it would take the balance of my mortal career, be it long or short, to finish my historical thread of the stakes and missions and I could not expect to live long enough to finish it completely, for there were still many gaps in the stake and mission histories to fill in.

On Monday, April 7th, I attended the two sessions of the general conference. The pageant in the evening was again a great success. The weather during that day and the previous day had been fine indeed.

The following day (April 8th) I again attended the session of the conference.

On April 9th when the conference

was continued I spoke in the morning session about ten minutes. I was enabled to speak with much freedom and my remarks were fully endorsed by Pres. Grant and the saints generally. Our regular presentation of the pageant in the evening was splendidly rendered and the Tabernacle was again crowded. After repeating the pageant so many times we seemed to have attained to quite a high degree of perfection and as the audiences were mostly new every time, enthusiasm and interest was kept up day by day. Everything had been planned from the beginning and the different stakes near and far were given their apportionment of tickets, all free of cost, for certain days. It meant that the Tabernacle was filled to capacity on every occasion, and yet there was no confusion. On Sunday, April 13th, President Grant was the main speaker in the Tabernacle and in the evening at 6:30 p. m. all who were taking part in the pageant met according to appointment in the Assembly Hall, where Pres. Grant eulogized the efforts of the players in the pageant and remarked that the success of it surpassed the fondest expectation of the First Presidency, and the brethren were exceedingly well pleased. It was decided to continue the presentation nightly for at least another two weeks.

While taking part in the pageant every night I was busy during the day time at the Historian's Office, and on April 14th I dictated the closing paragraph of the history of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, it being the first stake history that I brought up to April, 1930. As Bro. T. A. Hooper, who had represented the Prophet Isaiah, was going to California to attend a book convention, my son Leo was trained to take his part during his absence. On Monday, May 5th, I took my part in the great pageant for the last time, this being the last presentation. After the performance, the whole cast, about 1,200 people, posed before the camera and a picture was taken of the entire group. I had enjoyed the 30 evenings

that I spent personating the Prophet Jeremiah, and the spirit of it from the beginning and almost felt sorry when it was over. It was estimated that about 200,000 people, including many non-Mormons, witnessed the pageant. Pres. Grant made a short speech before the picture was taken in which he praised and thanked all who had contributed to make the pageant a success.

On Saturday, May 10th, I left Salt Lake City on an extended tour to the south. I traveled by rail to Thompson's Springs, and thence by stage to Moab. On the next day I visited the old fort built by the Elk Mountain missionaries in 1855, and later attended Sunday School and Priesthood meeting in the chapel. During the day Elder Nephi L. Morris with his son Dick and Dr. H. Z. Lund of Salt Lake City came along, according to pre-arranged plan, with an automobile, and I left Moab with them for Monticello, where we stopped an hour enabling me to attend to some historical labors. We then traveled to Blanding, where we met Bro. Kumen Jones, who had made all necessary arrangements for our contemplated trip to the natural bridges and the Colorado river. My companions put up at a hotel, while I spoke in the evening meeting to a large congregation and then worked on the records until a late hour. I stopped over night with Bishop Hansen D. Bayles.

Mon., May 12. Dressed and equipped for the occasion, I left Blanding on a week's trek on the desert together with Pres. Nephi L. Morris and son and Dr. Lund. We were now accompanied by Kumen Jones and Bro. Wayne H. Redd (president of the San Juan Stake) and traveled in two automobiles; our course took us westward over rough roads and through a wild and broken country to the top of Elk Mountain. We had some trouble in crossing mud holes on the top near the celebrated Bear's Ears, having overtaken Bro. Francis Jones who had been sent ahead with a truck carrying pro-

visions and camp equipment for the trip. From the top of Elk Mountain we descended to the plain below, where we struck the trail or road made by the San Juan pioneers of 1879-80, and followed the same pretty closely during the rest of our journey to the Colorado River.

Having traveled nearly 45 miles to the vicinity of the natural bridge known as the "Edwin Bridge," we looked for Bro. Ara Shumway and an Indian who had been sent ahead with 15 horses and a light buggy the day before. We all got in the truck and continued the journey in a southwesterly direction to a dense grove of cedar, and towards sundown we reached the so-called Clay Hills, 23 miles from the Edwin Bridge. Here we camped for the night, having overtaken the boys with the horses and team. To camp thus in the open without water, except what we had brought with us, reminded me again of crossing the plains in 1866. After climbing adjacent hills and eating supper, we enjoyed a good night's rest, having traveled during the day about 68 miles from Blanding. Our company now consisted of nine men, namely, Kumen Jones, pioneer and guide, Wayne H. Redd, president of the Wayne Stake, Andrew Jenson, Nephi L. Morris and son (Richard) and Dr. Herbert Zachariah Lund, Francis W. Jones (who drove the truck), Ara Shumway (who drove the team) and Mike, a Utah Indian, who took care of the horses. Bro. Kumen Jones and I traveled in a light buggy as far out on the desert as possible. In the caravan there were 15 horses, nine to ride, and four pack animals and two extras.

Tues., May 13. After enjoying a good night's rest in the open air, we resumed our journey about 7:00 o'clock a. m., Bro. Kumen Jones and I again riding in the buggy and the rest on horseback. After traveling three miles over a very rough road we arrived at the foot of the real Clay Hills, which for a distance of at least half a mile were exceedingly steep, and it was

with much difficulty that we managed to get the buggy to the top. Continuing the journey, we crossed the summit and then descended into what is known as Castle Wash (ten miles long), in the upper end of which we found water for ourselves and animals. We then drove on down the wash which we finally left and stopped for noon on a ridge in the shade of cedars. Thence we continued the journey over the desert in a southwesterly direction, part of the time without sign of a track of any description. At different stages of the journey even our guides acknowledged themselves partially lost in the sandy desert. However, toward evening, after traveling about 28 miles during the day, we arrived, tired and exhausted, in a deep gulch where there was water and trees, and where we camped for the night near the camp of some cowboys who took care of cattle on the range. The place where we camped that night was occupied by a beautiful lake in 1880 when the San Juan missionaries passed through, but by the corroding of the rocks between the Colorado River and the lake a cut had been made through the rocky wall which had let the water of the lake out into the Colorado River some eight miles distant.

Wed., May 14. We left our camp on the lake site at 7:15 a. m. and traveled through one of the roughest rock and sand countries I have ever seen, without any track whatsoever, not even cow trails. After traveling about ten miles, we reached the foot of Slick Rock, up which it was impossible to take our buggy. Hence, Bro. Jones and I mounted horses, like the rest of the men, and then continued the journey in a southwesterly direction toward the Colorado River. First we climbed Slick Hill, which in many places was perpendicular for short distances and averaging otherwise 45 degrees. From the top of the hill we had splendid views of the Navajo Mountains to the southwest, the Henry Mountains north and the Escalante

range west, looking down towards the Colorado.

Traveling over the mesa we obtained a fine view of the San Juan River, as it wound its way through box canyons. After crossing many deep washes or gulches, one of which was named "Shoot the Chutes", we finally rode down the Cottonwood Canyon to the Colorado River, after traveling about 29 miles during the day. When we reached the river towards evening, we were all more tired than we were willing to admit. Our night camp was opposite the Hole-in-the-Rock, which I had visited Sept. 7, 1928, in company with Elder Kumen Jones and others. We found a delapidated boat on the east bank of the river near our camp, but it was judged to be unsafe, so, instead of crossing the mighty Colorado, we refreshed and invigorated ourselves by taking a bath in the stream, finding the water colder than could be termed enjoyable. We spent the evening around the camp fire, telling jokes and relating pioneer stories and finally slept at the foot of the perpendicular east wall.

Thurs., May 15. We spent an hour or two in the morning making observations and taking photographs, and finally left our camp ground about eight o'clock a. m., retracing our steps up Cottonwood Canyon. We stopped for noon at a place where there was water and reached Slick Rock again without accident. Here Bro. Kumen Jones and I dismounted and continued the journey in the little buggy, and after traveling in the hot sun, which burned our faces and hands until we looked more like Indians than white men, we finally reached our former camping ground in the lake bed, where we spent another comfortable night.

Fri., May 16. We continued our return trip over the sand and rocks, following the trail made by the San Juan pioneers in 1880 part of the way. After descending into the lower country, at the foot of Clay Hills, where we had left the truck on our way out, we all piled into it and after riding about ten

miles further we made a dry camp in the cedars, near the so-called Cow Ranch. The men with the horses and buggy overtook us at this point and we all camped together.

Sat., May 17. We left our camp grounds at 7:00 o'clock a. m. and after traveling nearly 15 miles we reached the place near the Edwin Bridge, where we had left our automobiles. Here we again mounted our horses and rode down the White River Wash over a most interesting, although somewhat dangerous trail, which in many places was little more than projecting shelves in the perpendicular cliffs. On this nerve-breaking ride we visited three natural bridges, known respectively as the Edwin Bridge, the Caroline Bridge and the Augusta Bridge, the latter being about eight miles from our camp near the Edwin Bridge, where we had left our automobiles. With some difficulty, and not without danger, we climbed to the top of the Augusta Bridge, making use of steps which in many places had been cut in the face of solid rock formation. From the top of this gigantic natural bridge we enjoyed the grand scenery which was within the reach of our vision in all directions. These natural formations assume nearly every imaginable shape and can be classed among the great wonders of creation. Nature had been very lavish with its carving, corroding and washing out of softer material, leaving the harder rock standing in the shape of domes, spires and minarets, pointing toward the azure sky. We were very glad, after eating lunch, to get into our automobiles and travel comfortably back to Blanding, where we arrived about sun-down, thus terminating our six days' experience on the desert. While our companions from Salt Lake City stopped at the hotel, I attended to historical labors and was the guest of Pres. Wayne H. Redd for the night.

Sun., May 18. Bright and early, after bidding goodbye to our friends at Blanding who had rendered us such efficient service on our desert trip,

Bro. Kumen Jones and wife and son Marion, who acted as chauffeur, and I left Blanding for Arizona, followed by Nephi L. Morris and son and Dr. Lund in another automobile. We traveled 25 miles in a southerly direction to Bluff, the pioneer settlement of the San Juan country, but which now was only a small village of ruins with but a few inhabitants left in it, the majority of the people having removed to Blanding. Traveling about 35 miles down the San Juan River, not following the river bed, but climbing hills and crossing gulches, we passed the defunct town of Mexican Hat, crossed the San Juan River, and passed through Monument Valley, which by the way is not a valley at all, but rather elevations rising from the midst of a sandy desert. In Monument Valley we crossed the boundary line into Arizona, and after stopping for dinner in the shade of tall cedars, we finally reached Kayenta, 90 miles from Blanding. This is a government post established for the benefit of the Navajo Indians. Here we met a Mr. Weatherall, who at that time was the possessor of a fine museum housed in a peculiarly-shaped rock building. Mr. Weatherall and his partner Mr. Caldwell managed expeditions to the so-called Rainbow Bridge and other interesting places in the vicinity of Kayenta. Continuing our journey, we traveled 85 miles further, part of the way over mountains and partly over the desert to Tuba, Arizona, where we put up at the hotel.

Mon., May 19. Bro. Nephi L. Morris and Dr. Lund left Tuba City early in the morning while the Joneses and I spent a couple of hours visiting with the officials of the Indian agency and also made a trip to Moen Coppy, three miles distant, where the Latter-day Saint pioneers of Arizona affiliated with the Moquis Indians, and where the late John W. Young built a woollen factory and where nearly all the Moquis Indians from the Oriba village were now permanently located, being cared for by the U. S. government.

Tuba City was founded by Latter-day Saints, but is now used as an Indian agency with a school and a hospital for the Navajo Indians.

Leaving Tuba City at 9:00 a. m. we traveled down the Moen Coppy Wash, crossing mountain ridges and valleys until we reached the Colorado River, which we crossed on the new bridge, finished in 1929. From the bridge we continued the journey to Kanab, in Kane County, Utah, where we arrived toward sundown. While the Joneses stopped at the hotel, I was the guest of Pres. Heber J. Meeks, who, together with the stake clerk, assisted me with my historical labors in the evening.

Tues., May 20. Continuing the journey from Kanab, we traveled over the table lands to Mount Carmel in Long Valley, whence we traveled on the newly-built Zion Park and Mount Carmel road to Zion Canyon, which we entered through a magnificent tunnel, a mile long, that opens into Zion Canyon. The construction of this tunnel and the well built road represents an outlay of one and a half million dollars. Passing through Zion Canyon we reached Springdale, where the Joneses left me, and I became the guest of Bishop Daniel Crawford, who assisted me with my historical labors and who then took me back into Zion Canyon to show me the Union Pacific camp and lodges and the many grand and natural wonders in the park. He finally took me by automobile to Rockville, where I met Claude Hirschi, the president of the newly organized Zion Park Stake, whose guest I became while visiting the different wards of his stake. After stopping long enough in Rockville to obtain the historical data needed, we drove on to Virgin City, where we repeated the process and then drove on, via La Virkin, to Hurricane, where I stopped with Pres. Hirschi over night.

Wed., May 21. I spent the forenoon getting data of the two Hurricane wards and then proceeded to La Virkin and Toquerville, where, assisted by

the respective Bishops and ward clerks, I obtained historical data, after which Bishop Spillsbury took me to Leeds in the St. George Stake, where I became the guest of Bishop Ira Edward McMullin and spent the evening at his house attending to historical labors.

Thurs., May 22. Bishop McMullin took me to Washington, where I gathered data and then drove on to St. George, where I was made welcome in the home of President Joseph K. Nicholes, who had acted as my secretary for about two years while I had charge of the Scandinavian Mission. We spent the afternoon and evening at the stake office at St. George, assisted by the stake clerk, Bro. George E. Miles.

Fri., May 23. I spent a very busy day in St. George, meeting Bishops and the stake clerk and assisted by Elder Jones, gathered the historical data needed for the different settlements and wards in the St. George Stake of Zion, working until quite late in the evening.

Sat., May 24. I spent the forenoon in St. George, finishing my clerical work, and visiting the Dixie College, the Temple and other buildings of interest in this lovely city, which has a history different to that of any other town of Utah. About 2:00 p. m. Pres. Nicholes, accompanied by most of his family, left St. George to take me to Littlefield, in Arizona. We stopped a short time in Santa Clara, where I obtained historical data, and we then crossed the mountains west of Santa Clara. Emerging on to the desert, we found that the state of Arizona had recently built a most excellent highway across the so-called Arizona Strip, or the extreme northwest corner of Arizona, where the remnant of old Beaver Dam and the newer settlement of Littlefield are situated. Here Pres. Nicholes introduced me to Bishop J. Harold Reber in whose hospitable home I received a warm welcome, and I spent the evening with the Bishop and his ward clerk making

notes for the purpose of completing the history of that interesting little settlement which I had visited for the first time in 1892.

Sun., May 25. Bro. Joseph Frehner, the ward clerk, took me to Mesquite in Clark County, Nevada, where I was received by Bishop Howard Pulsipher, who, together with the ward clerk, assisted me in my labors and then took me to Bunkerville, where I collected historical material and then was one of the speakers in the ward conference. After that Pres. Willard L. Jones, whom I met as I passed through Mesquite, took me in an automobile to Overton, the headquarters of the Moapa Stake of Zion. Here I was taken care of in Pres. Jones's hospitable home.

Mon., May 26. I spent a busy day in the stake office at Overton, ably assisted by the stake clerk, Milton S. Earl, and some of the Bishops and clerks and others, who rendered me aid in my efforts to get data to complete the history of the Moapa Stake. In the evening Bro. Earl took me to St. Thomas, situated near the junction of Muddy Creek with the Rio Virgen and about seven miles southeast of Overton. We returned to Overton to spend the night.

Tues., May 27. Having finished my historical labors in the Moapa Stake of Zion, I left Overton with Bro. Earl who took me to Moapa, a railroad station on the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Route. Here I boarded an east-bound train and traveled to Salt Lake City. During this trip I obtained historical information in five stakes of Zion and returned home satisfied with the tour and the labors accomplished. It was for me a hard trip throughout, which taxed my physical strength almost to its capacity, especially during the six days' trek through the desert in San Juan County.

On June 19th I participated in an excursion to Provo Canyon, the occasion being an outing of the Timpanogos, Alpine and Lehi stakes, at which I gave a brief historical lecture.

CHAPTER 85

(1930—continued)

Mormon Caravan Pilgrimage to Independence Rock Following the Pioneer Trail—Solemn Meeting at Rock Creek—Extensive Travels to Gather Material for Bringing the History of the Church With Its Stakes and Missions to the Close of 1930.

On July 2, 1930, in company with George Albert Smith, Oscar Kirkham, B. H. Roberts, John D. Giles and others, I left Salt Lake City for Independence Rock, Wyoming, riding with my son Parley in his splendid automobile. I went as a representative of the Historian's Office. At the mouth of Emigration Canyon we stopped a short time, while Bro. Roberts made some remarks. On reaching Mountain Dell I spoke to the company, giving historical information regarding the pioneer trail. We repeated such explanations at Gogorza, Coalville, Echo Canyon and other places. At Fort Bridger many saints and friends from the surrounding L. D. S. settlements met with us, and we had an interesting outdoor meeting in a grove, at which George Albert Smith, Oscar Kirkham, B. H. Roberts, Geo. S. Brimhall and I were the principal speakers. We were prepared to camp under the open canopy of heaven, but spent a rather uncomfortable night on account of the cold wind. Continuing the journey the next day, July 3rd, we traveled via Lyman, Green River City, Rock Springs, and Rawlins to Independence Rock, where we made a regular Utah encampment on the flat, on the northeast side of the rock. Before retiring for the night, we listened to a short program given at the foot of Independence Rock. After the warm windy day, the evening and night were quite cold at this place. We spent July 4th at Independence Rock attending several meetings, at one of which B. H. Roberts, Sister Ruth M. Fox, Mr. Jackson and I and a few others were introduced as pioneers to the large assembly of about 3,000 people. Howard R. Driggs, president of the Oregon Trail Association, and Governor Emerson of Wyoming were the principal speakers.

In the afternoon we went to Devil's Gate, seven miles distant, where we participated in dedicating two monuments recently erected by the people of Wyoming. We, the Utah people, located the site of the old Devil's Gate fort, where the belated handcart people of 1856 cached their goods for the winter, not being able to take them on to the Valley until the following spring.

On Saturday morning, July 5th, we started on our return journey, following the old pioneer trail as much as possible up the Sweetwater. As I carried both the camp journal and maps with me I was in demand for pointing out to the company the different camping places along the route and by deviating from the trail in some places we went through the Sweetwater Valley over poor roads and steep mountain slopes successfully. We claimed to be the first automobile company that ever went through all the way on the trail since the days of the pioneers. Several small autos had passed up the Sweetwater but we were the first to bring large machines through.

After reaching and crossing the Continental Divide, we continued our trek on the Pioneer Trail, crossing Dry Sandy and Little Sandy as far as Eden at the Big Sandy Crossing. Here we left the Pioneer Trail and traveled to Rock Springs, where we stopped over night in an automobile camp. On Sunday, July 6th, Bro. Robert B. T. Taylor (with whom I rode home from Independence Rock) and I left Rock Springs early in the morning and traveled to Lyman, where we attended the Lyman Stake conference together with Elder George Albert Smith, and where I spoke both in the forenoon and afternoon meeting and also attended to historical labors. Leaving Bro. Smith to finish the conference, Bro. Taylor and I started for Salt Lake City, where we arrived about midnight. After returning to Utah I made trips to several stakes of Zion.

On Sept. 13th I visited Pleasant

Grove, by invitation, and participated in a celebration honoring the 80th anniversary of the founding of that town. We were taken in automobiles to ten different places historically associated with the founding of the settlement in 1850 and following years. In a pioneer cabin which was being erected, luncheon was served to all the pioneers present, and in the evening at a meeting held in the Auditorium I made a short speech.

On October 16th I left Salt Lake City by D. and R. G. Western Railway on a prolonged trip to Colorado, Arizona and Old Mexico in the interest of Church history. The next day we arrived at Pueblo, Colorado. After some searching I found the L. D. S. missionaries laboring in Pueblo and in company with Elder Huish F. Yates I spent some time in the public library seeking for historical data connected with the sick detachment of the Mormon Battalion, which spent the winter of 1846-47 at Pueblo. A special meeting was called in the evening by the president of the Pueblo Branch for me to address the saints and their friends at the L. D. S. chapel, but while addressing the congregation I became subject to a sick spell and was obliged to stop in the middle of my address. After spending three hours in bed I thought myself strong enough to continue the journey according to my itinerary, and so the brethren took me to the railway station, and put me on board a train for La Jara, Conejos, Colorado.

In the morning of Oct. 18th I arrived at Alamosa and changed trains for La Jara. Here I was met by a representative of the San Luis Stake who took me to the home of Pres. James P. Jensen at Sanford, where I was well received and soon felt better physically so that I was enabled to attend to my historical labors. On Sunday (Oct. 19th) I was strong enough to address a meeting, but as the lights went out, leaving the house and the whole town in darkness, I could not fill the appointment. Early in the

morning of Oct. 20th I was placed on board a narrow gauge train at La Jara and started for Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. I only had an opportunity to take a glance at the old Spanish town and then travel on to Lamy, where I spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening writing. At 11:00 p. m. I left Lamy by train and traveled in a Pullman sleeper to El Paso, Texas, where I arrived in the morning of Oct. 21st. Here I was met by a Brother Brown and taken to the home of Bishop Arwell L. Pierce.

On Wednesday, Oct. 22nd, Elder Treniel Pauley, counselor to Bishop Pierce, took me across the Rio Grande to the city of Juarez, where I boarded the train for Colonia Dublan. I traveled all day making a distance of only 150 miles in a Mexican train on which first class was very much inferior to what we could call third class on American railways. It was a slow, tedious ride, but I reached Colonia Dublan safely and was made welcome by Bishop Anson V. Call, who assisted me in my historical labors until evening, when one of the brethren took me by automobile to Colonia Juarez, where I was kindly received by Ralph B. Keeler, president of the Juarez Stake, and the former stake president, Joseph C. Bentley.

Having spent what time I could spare at Juarez, I left that city about noon on Oct. 23rd and traveled with Pres. Keeler over a rough mountain road via Colonia Pacheco, and Colonia Garcia to Colonia Chuichupa. Chuichupa is located in a beautiful valley on the top of the Sierra Madres, and while the roads were rough I enjoyed the ride immensely through a dense and most extensive forest. From the time we commenced to climb the mountains near Colonia Juarez and until we reached the valley in which Chuichupa is located it was, with the exception of a few openings here and there, an immense forest, through which the road winds between tall pines and cedar trees. We were somewhat tired

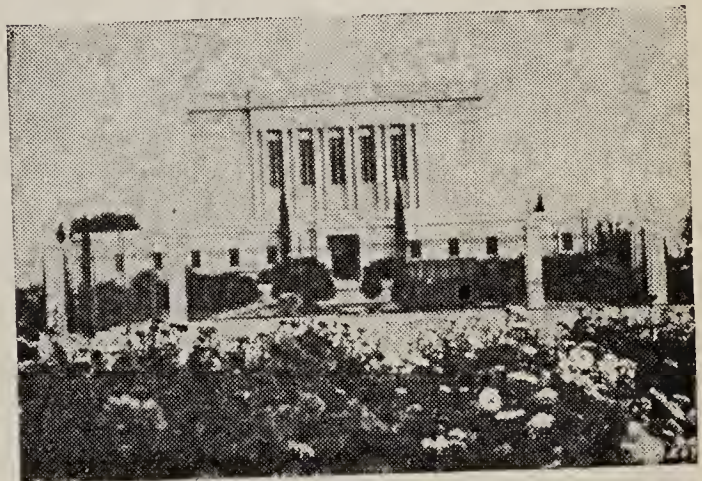
when we reached our destination and put up for the night with Bishop Jerome J. Judd, whose unfinished house gave us a splendid opportunity of inhaling fresh air during the night, so much so that I caught a cold which stuck to me tenaciously for several days until I arrived in warmer climate at the Mesa country of Arizona. We spent the evening at the home of Bishop Judd perusing records.

On Friday, Oct. 24th, we left Chui-chupa, retracing the road of the previous day, and on the way we stopped at Colonia Garcia and Colonia Pacheco attending to historical work, and finally, toward midnight, we arrived at Colonia Juarez, having been compelled to stop several hours on a dugway descending the steep mountain because the lights of the automobile went out, and Pres. Keeler was only able, after laboring hard to repair certain parts of his automobile, to obtain sufficient light to continue the journey. We were thankful indeed that we arrived at Colonia Juarez without further trouble.

I spent the forenoon of Oct. 25th at Colonia Juarez finishing my historical labors, after which I was taken to Colonia Dublan where I worked a few hours on the records, and then boarded a train which took me away from Colonia Dublan in the afternoon. After another tedious journey of about two hundred miles we reached El Paso about midnight, where I was met by some of the brethren who made me comfortable for the night.

On Sunday, Oct. 26th, I met Pres. Harry L. Payne of the St. Joseph Stake and others, and spent the day at El Paso, where I addressed the Sunday school and a Priesthood meeting. In the afternoon I took part in the dedication of the ground upon which a new, modern meeting house was to be erected by the saints at El Paso. A Sister Stevens, whose hospitality I had enjoyed while at El Paso, took me to the railroad station on the morning of Oct. 27th, where I boarded a Santa Fe railroad train and

traveled to Bowie Station in Arizona. Here I changed cars and then traveled to Safford, where I was met by the stake clerk (Ray Killian) and later by President Harry L. Payne who had also returned from his visit to El Paso. Bro. Killian took me to the stake office at Thatcher, three miles from Safford, where we worked on the records. During the evening I was asked to address a meeting of the Priesthood in Thatcher. I spent all day of Oct. 28th continuing my historical labors, and on Oct. 29th I left Safford and traveled to Globe, where I attended to historical labors, and on Thursday morning, Oct. 30th, I left Globe by bus and traveled via Miami and over the mountains to Mesa. Here I met with some difficulty in connecting up with the brethren, but after spending part of the day in the Mesa Temple, I was taken by automobile to Phoenix, the capital of Arizona, where I met Pres. Price and family, and at



ARIZONA TEMPLE AT MESA

once busied myself with the documents. On Saturday, Nov. 1st, I left Phoenix as a passenger on a Santa Fe railway train and traveled to Winslow on the Little Colorado River early in the morning of Nov. 2nd. Learning here that a conference of the Snowflake Stake was being held in Snowflake that day I changed my itinerary and traveled with one of the brethren by automobile to Snowflake, where I attended the closing sessions of a stake conference. Thence I returned by automobile to Joseph City, where, and also at Woodruff, Taylor,

Snowflake and other places, I attended to historical labors. On Nov. 5th a Bro. Owen took me by automobile to Holbrook, where I boarded the stage for St. Johns. Traveling by way of the Petrified Forest and via Hunt and Concho I arrived at St. Johns in the middle of the afternoon and there met Pres. Levi S. Udall. Assisted by him I arranged an itinerary to visit most of the settlements in the St. Johns Stake. First we visited Concho and Vernon and afterwards the so-called mountain settlements (Eager, Nutriosa, Alpine and Luna Valley), in all of which places I obtained historical information, which later enabled me to bring the histories of these settlements and the many others which I had visited on the trip, up to the close of the year 1930.

On our return trip from Eager to St. Johns I visited the Lyman Dam, situated on the Little Colorado River, about 11 miles above St. Johns, and on our arrival at St. Johns late in the afternoon of Nov. 7th I met Oscar Kirkham and sisters Ruth, M. Fox and Ann Nebeker with whom I attended the stake conference at St. Johns on Saturday and Sunday Nov. 8th and 9th. After this conference I visited Ramah, and on Nov. 10th I was taken by automobile to Gallup in New Mexico, where I boarded the fast train and traveled via Albuquerque, Lamy, and Santa Fe to Pueblo, where I spent most of Nov. 12th. From Pueblo I returned to Salt Lake City by rail.

On Thursday, Dec. 11th, this being the 80th anniversary of my birthday, a family dinner was arranged at Keeley's, No. 268 Main Street, where members of my family and near relatives were entertained and feasted. There were my wives Emma and Bertha, my oldest living son, Parley P. Jenson, my daughters Eleonore and Eva, the latter with her husband Alvin E. Olson and their children (Marcus, Earl, Randine, Don A. and Verda), my son Harold and wife Martha and their children (Smith, Edna,

Mark and Robert), Thora Jenson, widow of my late son Andrew A. and her two daughters (Minerva and Eleonore) and my youngest son Leo. I made a short speech and my children presented me with a fine signet ring.

From the dinner party we all proceeded to the Presiding Bishop's Building, where an elaborate and interesting program was carried out, about 300 people being present by invitation. A program was rendered, my son Parley P. acting as master of ceremonies. After an address of welcome to our guests, Elder Joseph F. Smith, jun., spoke appreciatively of the long years of service I had rendered to the Church in the accumulation of Church history and of my extensive travels in connection with this research. He, however, thought that I should not attempt any more extensive travels.

Elder George A. Smith, representing the First Presidency, expressed their regret at being unable to be present. Pres. Grant was in California. Bro. Smith spoke of his own long association with the Jenson family and expressed his appreciation of all its members. He said he had enjoyed the many trips he and I had together when appointed to attend conferences, and on many other occasions.

My old friend, Søren Rasmussen, spoke feelingly of our long years of association, both as missionaries in our native land and as friends and fellow-laborers of the Church in our adopted country; he expressed the hope that these associations might be continued.

Pres. Nephi L. Morris spoke of our recent trip to the "Hole-in-the-Rock" on the Colorado River and other points of interest. He told an amusing story of my having complained of being cold when sleeping out of doors near Tuba City when, instead of getting within the blankets I had slept on the top of them, covered only with a sheet. He insisted that on that trip I had been as good a traveler as any of the party, notwithstanding my advanced years, and expressed ap-

preciation of the historical information he had gained on that occasion.

My son Harold made a short speech expressive of respect and affection.

Nicholas G. Smith, Bishop of the 17th Ward, spoke of his boyhood days when my son Parley was his best chum. His feelings for Parley had not changed, but he wished that their association in Church affairs might be as close in the future as they were in their younger days. He spoke in the most complimentary manner of the activities of the Jenson family in the 17th Ward; he believed that there had never been a session of the Sunday school during his experience in that ward in which the Jenson family had not been represented.

Sister Susa Young Gates, one of the most appreciative of my friends, spoke of my work as a historian in a complimentary manner. She urged my children to become better acquainted with the scope of their father's work, so that they might realize what it meant to them and to the Church.

Elder James W. Paxman, former president of the Juab Stake, spoke of his acquaintance with the Howell family while on a mission to England, and that he had confirmed my wife Emma, after she had been baptized by her cousin, Elder Joseph S. H. Bodell; Bro. Paxman has ever since been a dear friend to the family. Bro. Robert B. T. Taylor told some of his humorous Scandinavian stories with an assumed Scandinavian accent and received an encore. My daughter Eleonore sang two solo numbers, and also sang to accompany my son Leo, who played on a saw. My daughter Eva accompanied Eleonore on the piano. The Norwegian male chorus sang three numbers. My daughter-in-law, Martha Smith Jenson, sang a solo "The Holy City," and Earl and Randine Olson, two of Eva's children, played a piano duet. The benediction was offered by Patriach Hyrum G. Smith. My son Parley as master of ceremonies and toast-master displayed tact and ability. Just before the

close of the program, Elder Joseph F. Smith, jun., presented me, in behalf of the Historian's Office staff, with a fine leather brief case. The staff of the Historian's Office at that time were, Joseph F. Smith, jun., Andrew Jenson, B. H. Roberts, A. W. Lund (president of British Mission), Hugo D. E. Peterson, Charles D. Goasland, Orion Snow, Robert S. Campbell, Leroy C. Snow, Alvin F. Smith, Janne M. Sjödahl, John Powell, Mary K. Pye, Alice M. Rich, Minnie Broomhead and Ruby McKinley Egbert.

The rostrum of the hall was decorated with a profusion of flowers sent by friends. At the close of the program refreshments were served by fourteen young ladies. Some of my grandchildren assisted in serving refreshments. Among the guests not already mentioned on the program the following may be named: Elders James E. Talmage, Daniel Spencer and wife, Asahel H. Woodruff and wife, and Samuel Martin (ex-president of the South African Mission) and wife.

Following are a few extracts from some of the letters and telegrams I received. Oluf J. Anderson of Castle Dale, Utah, wrote:

"Dearest Brother and Friend: With your family and myriads of appreciative friends I join in good wishes to you on this your 80th birthday and I pray our Heavenly Father to bless you in body and spirit that you may continue your usefulness in the Church for many years to come. I shall always remember the pleasant three and a half years I enjoyed in your company in blessed Denmark, where our united labors were crowned with marked success, and should I not have the pleasure of meeting you again in this life I shall surely meet you where tears and troubles have no home."

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Anderson of Cincinnati, Ohio, sent the following telegram:

"Historian Andrew Jenson: Heartiest congratulations on your 80th birthday. Your whole life has been dedicated to the service of humanity and what you have accomplished will

be a standing monument to you through all ages of time and even beyond its boundaries. God bless you with many more years of health and happiness."

Judge George Christensen of Price, Utah, wrote as follows:

"I regret very much my inability to be present on your 80th birthday anniversary and to join with your family and friends without number who will do honor to you on this occasion by reason of your long and useful life in our midst and for your distinguished services not only in the great Church in which you hold a high office, but also to the great state of which we are citizens. Permit me, however, to join with the throng in congratulating you on having reached the 80th milestone in your long and eventful life, and to wish you joy and happiness upon your natal day. I express the hope and prayer that you may yet be spared many days to spread joy and cheer and edification and yourself enjoy many happy returns of the day."

Elder C. V. Hansen of Provo wrote:

"Hearty congratulations on your 80th birthday. May you live a number of years and carry on the work in which you have been engaged so long. Your activities and life have been an inspiration to me ever since you confirmed me a member of the Church over 51 years ago, when I was a little boy, 9 years old, on the island of Hveen, Sweden."

Senator Wm. H. King wrote from Washington, D. C., the following:

"I take this opportunity of extending you my congratulations upon your reaching another milestone in your useful and important life, and I sincerely hope that you will have many more birthdays and that the future will bring to you increased happiness and prosperity. In many lands you have been a valiant defender of the truth and a powerful advocate of the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I am sure that your numerous friends, not the least of whom I count myself, will join in sincere felicitations and in expressions of fraternal affection and earnest wishes that your life may be spared many years to continue the important work which has engaged your attention so long."

Note: Upon the same letter Senator

Reed Smoot joined Senator King in congratulations.

Elder Carl M. Nielsen of Salt Lake City sent the following telegram:

"Permit me to express my profound respect for the great services you have rendered to us, the Scandinavian people of our Church. You have resurrected from oblivion in your history the great services rendered to the cause of truth by faithful Elders who have long since passed away and had almost been forgotten. I wish you many happy returns of the day."

Elder John Peterson of Brooklyn, New York, wrote:

"Permit us to extend to you congratulations and wish you many happy returns of the day. While you have outlived the usual allotment of years to man—three score and ten—you have not outlived your days and years of usefulness. You are young in spirit, clear in mind and sound in judgment, and with your wealth of unbounded experience your life should and will be of great use to your friends, family and to the Church."

George B. Reynolds, my son-in-law, sent the following from Brooklyn, New York, in behalf of himself and family:

"We congratulate you that in the race of life you have passed the 80th milestone with a firm step and vigorous intellect and that each mile stone marks the record of something worth well doing well done. May the same success be with you for many future milestones."

Elder Peter C. Rasmussen, a missionary companion, wrote:

"You have my greatest admiration and esteem for the great work you have done in the vineyard of our Heavenly Father."

Prof. John C. Swenson of Provo wrote:

"I congratulate you on your birthday and express my appreciation for the wonderful service you have rendered to the Church and to the state during your long labors as a historian. I very well remember as a boy your life in Pleasant Grove. You were an inspiration to me at that time, although you, of course, did not know

it. You have been consistent and efficient in your work and are deserving of great credit. I wish you many happy returns of your birthday and hope you may live long to continue your work."

Elder James Z. Stewart, former president of the Mexican Mission, wrote from Logan, Utah:

"My dear brother and friend, Andrew Jenson: I wish to congratulate you upon reaching your 80th mile-post and upon the most excellent work which the Lord has enabled you to do as Church historian, for you never could have done what you have if the Lord had not blessed you with a gift and ability in that line of work, and I believe you recognize that truth as well as I do. I think you have done a wonderful work and I have often thought that the Lord raised you up and called you to that labor and I trust that the Lord will extend your life for many more years of usefulness."

Elder C. W. Sorensen of Mount Pleasant wrote:

"We congratulate you upon arriving at this advanced milestone on life's highway comparatively sound in body in mind and in spirit. Your life challenges the threadbare traditional idea that the age of man is three score years and ten. Millions annually prove that it has never been a minimum. Your life proves that it is not now the maximum age; there is but one scripture that I know of touching that point and with it a qualification that if a man lives wisely he may exceed that age limit without any stipulated time limit. Your age and condition physically, mentally and spiritually is a proof that your life has been righteous, industrious and useful. Nature's God endowed you with talents, the use of which has led you on and on, day and night, unceasingly, regardless of time or toil or cost. The call has taken you to many lands and climes encircling the globe more than once. Historians, poets and scientists are too often unappreciated while they live, but their works live after them, touching lives unnumbered and enriching the world for all time."

Among the presents were the following books which were highly appreciated:

"Life of Brigham Young" by Susa

Young Gates, "Through Memory's Halls" by Orson F. Whitney, and "Chinese Political Thought" by Dr. Elbert D. Thomas.

During the year 1930 I traveled about 14,800 miles, namely, 8,200 by rail, 6,460 by automobile, 56 by buggy, 66 on horesback, and 18 hiking on foot. I delivered 85 public addresses, including ten conference talks, four funeral sermons, six lectures on Church history, three after-dinner speeches and five speeches in the Danish language. I visited during the year 58 stakes of Zion in the interest of Church history.

During the year I spoke at quarterly conferences in the following stakes: East Jordan, West Jordan, Bear River, South Sevier, Moroni, North Weber, Box Elder, Lyman, Twin Falls and Uintah. Besides preaching, I gave instructions in regard to record-keeping in all the places where I met with groups to obtain historical data. The main object in view in visiting so many stakes in that year was to obtain such historical data as would enable me to bring the historical thread of all the stakes and the settlements within them up to the close of 1930.

CHAPTER 86

(1931)

Demise of My Brother Jens Christian—Visit to Independence Rock, Wyoming—Encyclopedic Church History Published in the "Deseret News."

When, at the beginning of the year 1931, I examined my notes, I found it impossible to get statistical reports or other historical summaries as to the status of the Church for April 6, 1930. Hence it was considered best to add nine months to the compilation and use the statistical and other reports dated Dec. 31, 1930. Consequently I was very busy at the commencement of the year collecting additional data to make the census of the Church accurate at the end of the calendar year 1930. This change was endorsed by the Church authorities, and on Jan. 8th I was called into the

office of Rudger Clawson, president of the Twelve Apostles, who told me that I had been given the privilege to attend any of the stake conferences that I wished, or found necessary, to take care of my historical labors, to give out appointments to meet bishops and other Church officers as might be needed to complete my work on the stake histories. This led me during the year 1931 to visit thirty-five stakes. While visiting these stakes in order to obtain historical data, bringing the historical thread up to Dec. 31, 1930, I attended and spoke in 19 stake conferences. Among my visits during the year I may mention too that I visited the new stake of Nevada with all its wards—settlements which I had never before visited.

On March 15th my brother Jens Christian died in Pleasant Grove. Being born Jan. 21, 1849, he was 82 years old when he passed away. When the Jensen family emigrated to America in 1866, he was left in Denmark until I sent him means that enabled him to emigrate to Utah in 1869. He resided in Richfield, Sevier Co., Utah, for several years after his marriage, and the rest of the time at Pleasant Grove, Utah Co. He left a large family.

On June 19th I left Salt Lake City on a visit to Independence Rock in Wyoming, riding in Hyrum J. Jensen's automobile, in which, besides Bro. Jensen and myself, were his son Hyrum Angus Jensen and Alvin John James, his son-in-law. The whole party was in charge of Apostle George Albert Smith and the caravan consisted of 17 automobiles and about 60 people. We traveled first to the monument at the mouth of Emigration Canyon, where, on request, I made a few remarks about the Mormon Trail. Similar explanations were given at other points of the road. Arriving at Evanston, Wyoming, about noon, we ate lunch in the Evanston City Park, where the saints of Evanston treated the party to ice cream and cake. After the lunch I displayed a map of Wyo-

ming drawn on a large scale showing the details of the pioneer trail through that state and made comments thereon. We then made a detour to Yellow Creek and to the place where Pres. Brigham Young was taken down with mountain fever in 1847 and where the pioneer trail crosses the present boundary line between Wyoming and Utah. After returning to Evanston, we made another detour, going another 13 miles south-east to and beyond the crossing of Bear River, viewing the monument recently erected by the saints of the Woodruff Stake. We also visited the "Tar Springs," mentioned so often by pioneers of bygone years.

After returning once more to Evanston we followed the Lincoln Highway to Fort Bridger, where we held a camp meeting in the evening, which was attended by several hundred people from Lyman and other settlements of the saints in the Lyman Stake of Zion. I was one of the speakers and a number of musical selections were also rendered. Everything passed off very pleasantly and apparently gave satisfaction to all.

On Saturday, June 20th, we continued the journey from Fort Bridger about 8 o'clock a. m., passed through Lyman, visited another monument erected in honor of the pioneers, on Black's Fork, crossed that stream, and passed Church Buttes, where a tablet had been placed the previous year in honor of the pioneers. Traveling on the Lincoln Highway, via Green River City, Rock Springs and the Continental Divide, we stopped at Rawlings. Here we took the Casper road via Muddy Gap and Devil's Gate to Independence Rock, where we camped for the night. In the evening another interesting camp meeting was held on the north side of Independence Rock, at which nearly all the members of the caravan, most of whom being descendants of pioneers, spoke, and many related interesting incidents. A fine spirit prevailed. By request I gave some statistics concern-

ing pioneer travel. On the journey towards the Rock I stopped behind for a short time at Tom Sun's ranch and obtained some valuable information in regard to the exact location of the old Mormon fort at Devil's Gate and the location of Capt. Martin's Cove which is on what is now Mr. Tom Sun's ranch.

On Sunday, June 21st, after a good night's rest in a tent, I arose early, climbed Independence Rock, made observations and matured plans for the day. Quite a number of people, among them some prominent citizens of Wyoming, arrived from Casper and other places. Pres. Heber J. Grant and others arrived from Salt Lake City about 10:00 o'clock, and a fine program was carried out in connection with the placing and unveiling of the tablet which had been cast in bronze and brought by the caravan from Salt Lake City. Clarence Gardner, president of the Star Valley Stake, represented the governor of Wyoming, and Mr. Ewing represented the governor of Utah. Speeches were made by Dr. Howard R. Driggs and prominent Wyoming officials, and I gave a short historical address and read from the pioneer camp journal what happened to the original pioneer company with Pres. Brigham Young on June 21, 1847, just 84 years previously. Pres. Heber J. Grant was the principal speaker and gave quite a lengthy and interesting address. Several musical numbers were rendered and photographs taken.

After the meeting we commenced our return journey. After traveling six miles we made a halt at Tom Sun's Ranch at Devil's Gate. We then made a detour, traveling about three miles to an opening in the mountains which we identified as the celebrated "Martin's Cove", where Capt. Edward Martin's handcart company sought shelter from the blizzards of winter in November, 1856. We put up a marker on the spot, returned to Tom Sun's Ranch, and then traveled up the Sweetwater to the crossing on the Lander's Highway, whence we pro-

ceeded over the hills and mountains over very bad roads until we reached Rock Creek, where we camped for the night.

On Monday, June 22nd, we arose quite early and gathered around a rock pile where we had placed a temporary monument last year, on the spot where fifteen handcart pioneers were buried in 1856. We sang "When first the glorious light of truth," a song composed by the late William Clayton, after which Elder George Albert Smith offered an appropriate prayer. We then sang the handcart song and "Hard times come again no more." The exercises were most impressive, and at times there was scarcely a dry eye in the assembly. The singing of the hymns and the prayer touched the most tender heart strings of all present.

About 10:00 a. m. we resumed our journey and traveled to the Basco Ranch on the Sweetwater. From this point we followed the Pioneer Trail to South Pass, where two monuments had been erected on the Oregon Trail and where we saw how water for irrigation purposes had been diverted from the Sweetwater across the Continental Divide onto the meadows at Pacific Springs. The South Pass, which divides the waters falling into the Sweetwater from those falling into the tributaries of Green River, is about 8,500 feet above sea level. After stopping for lunch at Pacific Springs, three miles from the South Pass, we journeyed along, crossing Dry Sandy, Little Sandy, passing Farson, a new irrigation project, to Rawlins and then onward via Green River City, Church Buttes, Lyman, etc., to Fort Bridger, where we stopped over night.

On Tuesday, June 23rd, we resumed our journey to Salt Lake City, where we arrived about ten o'clock a. m. just in time for me to participate in the old folks gathering at Liberty Park, and I did what I could to entertain the old folks over seventy years of age, who had gathered in the park to the number of about four thousand.

Speeches and musical numbers were rendered and dinner was served by the Relief Societies of the different wards.

During the trip to Independence Rock we traveled by automobile about 950 miles without accident worth mentioning, everybody being well pleased with the experience. It gave me an opportunity to travel over a part of the old pioneer trail for the first time since I followed it as an emigrant boy in 1866.

At my first visit to Nauvoo in 1888 I became acquainted with Mr. Lewis C. Bidamon, the second husband of Emma Smith, wife of the Prophet Joseph. Knowing that the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon was deposited in the cornerstone of the Nauvoo House from which it was removed years later, when it was decided not to build the Nauvoo House as originally intended, and knowing also that Mr. Bidamon had become the possessor of it and had already distributed portions of it to visitors (among whom was the late Pres. Joseph F. Smith, to whom Mr. Bidamon gave the last full page remnant), I questioned Mr. Bidamon for more information. He then told me that he still had small pieces left of the manuscript, and that if I wanted them he would give them to me, which he did. I took good care of them as private property relics until Aug. 5, 1931, when I turned them over to Joseph F. Smith, jun., to be kept at the Historian's Office.

Before the close of the year I could inform the proper Church officials that my contemplated Church Encyclopedia was nearing completion, and would be ready for the press after being subjected to a final reading. I recommended that a committee consisting of two or three competent literary men be appointed either by the First Presidency or the Church Historian to undertake the final revision.

I may here explain that I commenced to arrange material for a work of this kind over fifty years ago and during that long period I had had the

work more or less in mind, planning to bring the articles down to Dec. 31, 1930. I estimated that the work would cover from 1,000 to 1,200 pages of large octavo size and that the printing, without binding, would cost about \$3,000, or a little less than \$50 for each sheet of 16 pages.

On the bids already received from printers, that of the Deseret News Company was a trifle less than that of any other firm. Such a Church Encyclopedia in the field, used side by side with Church Chronology and the three volumes of L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia already published, would, as works of reference, so I explained to the Church leaders, contribute very much towards answering all questions of importance pertaining to the history of the Church, as the Encyclopedia to be published would contain articles on every stake, ward and mission, and also most of the conferences or districts in the Church, besides sketches of the temples and such organizations as Zion's Camp, the Mormon Battalion, and the Utah Pioneers of 1847.

The final decision by the Church authorities was to the effect that the Deseret News Company was permitted to publish the Encyclopedia as daily installments in the "Deseret News" with the understanding that the work subsequently should be published in book form.

- During the year I had been active almost beyond the limits of wisdom or good judgment. Being anxious to complete my task of writing a detailed history of the Church covering the first century of its existence, I had during the year visited 40 stakes of Zion in the interest of Church history, spending nearly every Sunday away from home. In doing this I had traveled during the year about 9,000 miles, namely, 6,000 miles by rail, 2,900 miles by automobile, 50 miles by airplane and 50 miles on foot. I had spoken in public 80 times, which included 12 pioneer speeches, five sermons in Danish, two funeral sermons and four af-

ter-dinner speeches. My health had been tolerably good, although I had suffered some from trouble, incident, I suppose, mostly to advanced age.

CHAPTER 87

(1932)

A Severe Spell of Sickness—Andrew Jenson Memorial Hall Built and Dedicated.

In the beginning of 1932 I was busy writing an article for the "Deseret News" containing brief histories of Church publications and also in adding the finishing touches to the contemplated Encyclopedic Church History. I was giving attention as well to the history of missions.

On visiting the Poplar Grove Ward on March 6th, where I preached that day, I took the lead in having four of my great-grand-children (grand-children of my late son Andrew A. Jenson) blessed. They were Beverly Kooyman, Janet Marie Kooyman and Andrew Richard Kooyman, children of my grand-daughter Minerva and George Kooyman; Morland Jean Munson, daughter of my grand-daughter Thora Eleonore and Morland Jean Munson. I was mouth in blessing Janet Marie, Andrew Richard and Morland Jean.

On March 29th, assisted by Sister Mary K. Pye, I listed 726 volumes of manuscript history which had been written by my dictation and supervision, namely, 518 volumes under the title, Journal History, covering the years 1830-1900, 133 volumes of stake histories, 178 volumes of mission histories and 30 volumes of miscellaneous compilations.

About this time I called a meeting of my children Parley, Harold, Eva and Leo and also my wives, Emma and Bertha, with whom I deliberated freely on matters pertaining to the building of a Memorial Hall and also in regard to what I had done for my children and what I intended to do in the future. We practically agreed upon forming a corporation for educational, historical and other purposes and electing five trustees to

take care of the corporation after my departure to the Great Beyond.

On April 1, 1932, in a letter to Presidents Heber J. Grant and Anthony W. Ivins, I wrote the following:

"Herewith I submit to you a list of the manuscript volumes of Church history which have come into existence through the efforts of your humble servant and his assistants. The contemplated Church Encyclopedia which is so nearly completed that publication of the same could be commenced at any time is partly based upon the contents of the 726 manuscript volumes listed. It represents many years of patient labor and will, if printed, be the first work of reference of its kind ever published by the Church. To people who are interested in Church history—and all saints ought to be—the Church Encyclopedia, if studied in connection with Church Chronology and other works, would answer nearly all important questions that might be asked about the Latter-day Saints."

As soon as I had agreed with my family upon erecting a two-story brick building for the housing of materials that I had collected in different parts of the world to form a basis for a private museum, we commenced ordering materials which were brought upon the ground and during the month of April the masons who had commenced their work on April 1st, nearly finished their job. I built with the best material obtainable, solid and substantial, so that the building might stand for a thousand years. On May 10th the Elias Morris Company placed a sign in raised letters over the main entrance to my new building with the inscription, "Andrew Jenson Memorial Hall."

During the April conference I met with a number of stake presidents, according to appointment, in order to read to them, or their representatives, parts of the histories that I had written of the different stakes, in order to correct possible errors. Thus I met with Pres. Heber J. Meeks of the Kanab Stake, George

W. Green of the Lethbridge Stake presidency, Pres. Thomas E. King of the Garfield Stake, Pres. Jesse W. Richins of the Twin Falls Stake, Pres. Heber S. Allen of the Taylor Stake, Pres. Samuel F. Smith of the Snowflake Stake, Stake Clerk A. W. Clark of the Teton Stake and Pres. Harry L. Paine of the St. Joseph Stake.

duration. After the terrible ordeal, however, I was enabled to sleep and was somewhat restored to a normal condition. Half a dozen doctors and nurses were present. After the examination the doctors concluded that an operation was necessary for my restoration to health.

Friday, June 3rd, was my third day at the hospital and the only day



ANDREW JENSON'S MEMORIAL HALL

On May 31st I was taken to the L.D.S. hospital to be given an X-ray examination, having suffered for some time with urinal trouble. I spent June 1st at the hospital, remaining in bed and only partaking of milk food as a preparation for the coming examination. My wife Bertha spent part of the time with me in the afternoon and Bishop Nicholas G. Smith called unexpectedly and administered to me. A number of others called, although it was not generally known that I was sick and at the hospital. On June 2nd, in the morning, I was removed to a special room and there exposed to an X-ray examination and some probing which caused me the most excruciating pain and suffering. At different stages I was taxed, as I thought, to the limit of human en-

when I was allowed regular meals. In the afternoon my son Harold and his wife Martha came up with their automobile and took me home.

On Saturday, June 4th, I spent most of the day at the Historian's Office looking over my mail and dictating to my daughter Eva (who came up for the purpose) the outlines of a new "last will and testament." In the afternoon I had a long talk with Pres. Heber J. Grant and Anthony W. Ivins, who gave me good advice and encouraged me, suggesting that I should not submit to an operation without giving the matter serious thought.

While spending Sunday, June 5th, at home, Pres. Grant called on me and brought me some water free from lime, from his own home, which had been obtained from a spring at

Nibley Park, which he believed to be good for what ailed me. Since Sunday, June 29th, I had taken certain vegetable tablets for the relief of my ailments, and had already found that they did me good. One of the sons of the late Charles W. Penrose had drawn my attention to these tablets, telling me that his father had been kept alive for ten years by using them and so I concluded to try them also.

I had been requested to speak at a young people's convention, and although I was far from being well, I delivered a speech at one of the meetings of said convention on June 11th. On June 12th I attended the unveiling of an astronomical marker on the southeast corner of the Temple Block in honor of Apostle Orson Pratt who established a base meridian there in 1847. I was so weak physically that I had to force my way to the platform to get a seat in order to escape fainting.

In June the carpenters were busy working on my new building and on June 14th they hung the front door, which enabled me to close the house against intruders. At this time also my carpenter, Niels C. Kjölby, assisted by my grandson Marcus, made some major improvements in rebuilding the cottage in the rear of my lot.

On June 22nd I took part in the annual outing of the old folks at Liberty Park, and in the absence of Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon I made a short speech. Pres. Heber J. Grant, Mayor Marcus and others delivered short speeches, praising the old pioneers for their integrity and the great work they had accomplished in founding the state of Utah. A well-prepared program was carried out.

On Sunday, June 26th, I was asked by the Mill Creek Ward Priesthood to deliver a historical speech on Ensign Peak, but in reaching the top with difficulty the wind blew so fiercely that it was impossible to carry out the program on the top and

so we descended to the west side of the State Capitol, where I delivered my address to about 60 people. In climbing to the top of Ensign Peak from the place where we left the automobile, I showed signs of fatigue, my late sickness having deprived me to a considerable extent of my physical strength.

On July 16th I went to Henefer to attend services connected with the unveiling of a monument in honor of the Utah pioneers. Here I delivered a historical lecture, explaining some of the events which led to the migration of the Latter-day Saints to the Rocky Mountains. About 1,500 people were in attendance. After the ceremonies, my wife Bertha and I rode with Pres. John M. Baxter via Evanston to Almy, where we lodged with Bro. Baxter at his ranch, according to pre-arranged plan. In this cooler climate we found relief at once from the heat prevailing in the lower valley, and we then spent several days at the ranch, during which I assisted Bro. Baxter in revising for publication 117 pages of typewritten manuscript. Later I assisted him in proof-reading and publishing the book which consisted of 236 pages. We returned to Salt Lake City July 21st.

On our arrival home, we found that my daughter Eleonore with her husband Geo. B. Reynolds and their two children had arrived in the city the previous Tuesday. They spent their time with us and the Reynolds family.

On Sunday, July 14th, I attended a Scandinavian reunion in Manti, at which Pres. Heber J. Grant was present and spoke twice. I occupied 15 minutes in the forenoon meeting, and returned home, riding with Pres. Grant in his fine automobile.

On Thursday, Aug. 18th, which was the 47th anniversary of my daughter Eleonore's birthday, we arranged a party in her honor in the "Andrew Jenson Memorial Hall," it being the first gathering of any kind

given in the new building. About fifty people, including immediate relatives and a few others, were invited, and the evening was spent pleasantly with an impromptu program, consisting of short speeches and vocal and instrumental music. We had moved our piano into the new hall and Eleonore gave several enjoyable solo numbers. I acted as master of ceremonies. On August 23rd George B. Reynolds with his wife Eleonore (my daughter) and their children (Odyessia and Parley) left the city by automobile, returning to their home in New York via Yellowstone Park.

On Thursday, Sept. 8th, I accompanied my son Leo and my grandson Earl on a trip to the shore of the Great Salt Lake. We had intended to take our automobile over the dry part of the lake to Antelope Island, but we got stuck in the sand and mud on the shore and spent most of the day trying to get out. We returned home towards evening, tired and thirsty as we had not taken a sufficient supply of water with us, and the day was very hot.

On Sept. 14th, in the evening, I lectured on the Utah pioneers in a meeting of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers held in my new hall. It was the first lecture given in the building. About fifty persons were present. In giving my talk I used a large map showing the pioneer trail of 1847. The next day I lectured in the Scandinavian meeting in the Third Ward on the introduction of the restored gospel into Scandinavia. It was the 82nd anniversary of the organization of the Copenhagen Branch which was created Sept. 15, 1850 — the first branch of Latter-day Saints organized in Scandinavia.

During the month of September Bro. Niels C. Kjölby made four tables with showcases for the Memorial Hall, and also made other improvements. On Sept. 9th 72 chairs, which I had ordered from the East for my Memorial Hall, arrived and were put in place in the lecture room. On

September 30th the Gas Company installed a Pennsylvania Furnace in the basement of my new Memorial Building.

The next day (Oct. 1st) I commenced to draw the outline of a large map of the United States on the north wall of the lecture room in the Memorial Building. When finished, it covered the entire wall. While I outlined the principal points, my grandson Marcus attended to the more minute details, locating important places with their names on the map.

On December 1st the committee appointed to pass upon my contemplated Church Encyclopedia decided that my work was very satisfactory, but that on account of the financial depression it was deemed advisable to defer the publication of the work for the time being. This decision was reached by the First Presidency and Twelve on the day mentioned. I had expected this decision for some time, but I was glad to be informed that the work and the manner of its arrangement were satisfactory as it practically represented the work of a lifetime. Soon afterwards it was decided to make a good clean copy of the prepared Church Encyclopedia, besides the one intended for the use of the printer.

On Dec. 10th, according to arrangement, my new hall was opened to the public. From 3:00 to 7:00 p.m., notwithstanding the cold weather, a number of visitors were shown through the building. They all seemed highly impressed with the relics, the lecture room, containing "grandfather's clock" and the large wall map, and the arrangements of the pictures on the walls, and other features. The building with its furnishings, not counting the relics, represented an outlay of about six thousand dollars. Some people criticized me because of the outlay, thinking that the means spent for the erection of the building could have been put to better use.

On Sunday, Dec. 11th, the 82nd anniversary of my birthday, my Memorial Hall was dedicated. The weather was extremely cold, the weather man saying that Utah had not experienced so cold a spell since 1899. Some of our settlements located in high altitudes faced a temperature 40 degrees below zero. Notwithstanding the cold weather, about 200 invited guests assembled at the Memorial Hall at 3:30 p.m. The following program was carried out, Bro. Alfred M. Durham of the 17th Ward bishopric conducting: The stake Relief Society choir sang, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." Prayer was offered by John B. Matheson of the Salt Lake Stake presidency. The choir sang "Galilee," which was followed by a speech by Andrew Jenson. Barbara Evans Apgood with Eva Jenson Olson at the organ sang "My Grandfather's Clock." Speech by Stake President Wilford A. Beesley. Sister Kate C. Snow, president of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, read the following:

"Andrew Jenson stands as an example and a beacon light to the youth and the middle aged of today. In him we see what can be accomplished, if we have a fixed purpose, tenacity to accomplish and follow lines of worthy endeavor. People who live as Bro. Jenson has lived never die. He will live in this beautiful building and its relics and books; but long after this building has crumbled, he will live in the valuable books he has written, and the histories he has compiled. Future generations will profoundly thank him and call him blessed. For to them he has left records of their ancestors—records of the men and women who conquered the West, and of the pioneer experiences and achievements. He has not only enjoyed and investigated, but he has written, and his writings will last forever. He stands before us today a wonderfully preserved man. We can feel his personality, partake of his splendid influence, and be inspired by his earnestness of purpose. We honor him for what he is, but as time goes on, more and more, we will marvel at his foresight, his devotion to a splendid cause, and his powers of execution.

Bro. Jenson, the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers congratulate you on this your 82nd birthday, they thank you for the services you have rendered in the upbuilding of the West, and we pray that you may have health and strength to accomplish the worthy things you have planned."

Bro. and Sister Stuart McMaster sang, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord." Bishop Nicholas G. Smith and Elder John M. Knight spoke briefly. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Nephi L. Morris. The choir sang, "Come, Come Ye Saints." Benediction by Elder Charles D. Goaslind.

It may be added that all the speakers were most profuse in their praise of my life's labor and said many things that are generally reserved for a man's funeral ceremonies. A lovely spirit prevailed and everybody seemed to enjoy the occasion in full measure. Refreshments were served after the meeting, and the visitors were taken through the different rooms to view the relics, and most of them wrote their names in a register which had been provided for the occasion. Quite a number of visitors brought flowers, and my wives and children gave me presents together with their good wishes.

On Dec. 18th I lectured in the evening on Church history to an appreciative audience in my new Memorial Hall. This was the first regular lecture delivered in what we call the lecture room, which can comfortably seat one hundred people.

The year 1932 was a year of depression, failure and disappointment in the United States. Many of us, who through economy had invested small sums from savings, had the experience of losing it out and out, or had it frozen up without giving any return or dividend, or otherwise vanished through mismanagement or direct swindling. Selfishness and dishonesty seemed to run a race with each other and many of the Latter-day Saints were caught in the meshes

and some of them had forgotten their vows and covenants. The year 1932 will never be forgotten by me. I had suffered a severe sickness, but by putting my trust in God and confidence in his Priesthood, I am still alive. I refused to submit to a gland operation in spite of the diagnosis made at the hospital, and my friends jokingly remarked: "You have cheated both the doctors and the undertakers!"

Of two things which I accomplished during the year I am somewhat proud. One of them is the completion of a Church Encyclopedia of the Latter-day Saints including articles on numerous phases of Church history, including historical sketches of every stake, ward, mission, conference and organization in the Church. The other is the erection of a substantial Memorial Building, with shelving, showcases, maps and pictures.

During the year I traveled less miles than in many previous years. By actual count my itineraries represented about 3,000 miles, including 1,800 by railroad, 100 by automobile and 10 by teams. I spoke in public 60 times, including five funeral sermons, six historical lectures, five stake conference addresses, eight Scandinavian talks, two fast-meeting testimonies, and six after-dinner speeches.

CHAPTER 88

(1933)

Visit to Las Vegas and the Boulder Dam and California—Mount Nebo Climbed—On the Pioneer Trail.

On January 1, 1933, I delivered a lecture in the Scandinavian meeting in the Assembly Hall on the introduction of the restored gospel into the Scandinavian countries, referring especially to an event which took place Jan. 1, 1851, just 82 years before, when the late Christian Christiansen was ordained an Elder in the Church by Apostle Erastus Snow, the first ordination to that office in Scandinavia. One of his sons (Ezra Christ-

iansen) was present in the meeting and made a short speech.

The weather in Salt Lake Valley being exceedingly cold, I concluded to make a trip to California, seeking for a milder climate for a few weeks. Hence, accompanied by my wife Bertha I left Salt Lake City Jan. 5th, for Los Angeles. We traveled to Las Vegas, where I made a detour by automobile to Boulder City, and thence to the Hoover Dam site in Black Canyon on the Colorado River. The wonderful work which was being done there baffles any description from my pen; it certainly is one of the most gigantic engineering projects of modern times.

After returning to Las Vegas I spent part of the night with Bishop Bryan L. Bunker, gathering historical data from the ward records. Continuing the journey the next day (Jan. 6th) we traveled to Los Angeles, where we were welcomed by friends, and rented an apartment in which we spent a month, engaged in historical labors, visiting among the saints, attending meetings, and taking in the sights occasionally. We certainly enjoyed the difference between the weather in Utah and California, for we left Salt Lake City covered with deep snow, but found everything clothed in green and flowers blooming in California.

During our visit in southern California we attended a conference in San Bernardino, where President Heber J. Grant and Apostle Geo. F. Richards were among the attendants. I was particularly interested in San Bernardino, where a stake of Zion existed in early days, and where the membership of the Church at the present time is increasing. I also attended the quarterly conferences of the Hollywood and Los Angeles stakes and by invitation lectured and preached in a number of the wards.

On Feb. 9th we traveled by rail to San Francisco, where we communicated with W. Aird Macdonald, president of the San Francisco Stake, who

had already made appointments for me to meet with the Bishops in that stake, and I commenced with Bishop Chas. W. Nalder at 1681 Hayes Street. I crossed the Bay by ferry to Oakland and during my stay, which lasted several days, we visited all the wards and branches of the San Francisco Stake and the northern part of the California mission and spent altogether a pleasant time with the presiding officers and the saints generally.

In the evening of Feb. 13th we left San Francisco for Portland, Oregon, where we arrived, after an interesting tour over the snow-covered mountains, on the 14th. At the railway station at Portland we were met by Wm. R. Sloan, president of the Northwestern States Mission, who took us to the mission headquarters at 264 East 25th Street, where we were made welcome. While in Portland we made our home in the mission house, where we attended to historical labors, and we also responded to a number of invitations to visit at the homes of several of the local saints. After paying a short visit to Seattle, Washington, where we gathered material for Church history, we returned to Portland. Here we spent Sunday, Feb. 19th, attending Sunday school and meetings, and I delivered a lecture to a large audience in the mission chapel in the evening. We arrived home safe and well Feb. 22nd.

After my return from the coast I spent considerable time reading proof on the first 64 pages of the forthcoming Volume 4 of the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia. After publishing seven sheets, of 16 pages each, we found it necessary to postpone further publication until a later day, owing to the depression and lack of finances.

During this year I paid some attention to my family genealogy and made several trips into distant parts of the state of Utah, visiting relatives in order to obtain desired genealogi-

cal data. Here I may state that father, before his demise, had been a diligent temple worker and had attended to such work as could be done for our deceased relatives, but since his passing away new sources of information had been opened. Many of our relatives had died, and there was more work to be done by proxy for them in the Temple.

On May 27th my younger brother Joseph, who had been sick for some time, died in Richfield. His funeral took place May 31st, on which occasion part of my family were in attendance besides myself. Joseph was born in Denmark Jan. 9, 1862, and consequently was over 71 years old when he died.

On June 2nd two of my grandsons, namely, Earl (Eva's boy) and Smith (Harold's boy), graduated from the West High School. In both families there is considerable talent and we rejoiced (like other parents) in the prospects for our posterity.

On June 21st I took an active part in entertaining the old folks of Salt Lake City in Liberty Park.

On July 15th I joined with a company of hikers, from Nephi, Juab County, in climbing to the top of Mount Nebo. My former missionary companion, Elder Aaron P. Christiansen, provided me with a fine mule, on which I rode from the government camp on Salt Creek to the top of Mount Nebo, which has an altitude of about 12,000 feet above sea level. Of the excursionists who made the climb that day were thirty who rode animals, while many others went all the way on foot. Accompanied by Elder Christiansen and a Brother Whitehead, I left the ranger station at 8 o'clock a. m. and reached the top of the mountain at 12 o'clock noon. Here we enjoyed a most magnificent view of Juab, Sanpete and Utah valleys. In climbing we encountered a number of small glaciers. It took us three hours to get down to camp, and when I dismounted I was unable to stand on my feet for a few min-

utes, but otherwise I did not experience any bad effects from the ride.

On July 23rd I delivered a pioneer speech to a good-sized audience in the Greek Church on 2nd West St., Salt Lake City, and on the following day I attended the dedication of a pioneer monument at Harper, six miles north of Brigham City. This monument was built on the site of the so-called Call's Fort. It was the finest Pioneer monument so far erected in Utah with the exception of the Pioneer monument erected in Salt Lake City in 1897. After the services, at which I was one of the speakers, our Salt Lake City party retraced our steps to Ogden, and thence we wended our way up Weber Canyon to Henefer, and thence further over Hogsback up East Canyon Creek and up Dutch Hollow to the top of Big Mountain, where I participated in the dedication of a monument in honor of the Utah pioneers. The monument was dedicated by Brother John H. Taylor. The meeting was attended by about 200 people, most of whom hiked up the mountain from Salt Lake City. We returned to the city by way of Parley's Canyon.

On July 29th I attended an interesting barbeque in Little Cottonwood Canyon, where the missionaries who had labored in New Zealand were specially invited. About fifty people ate with relish the food which had been cooked in Maori style. An impromptu program was carried out and I was among those who delivered after-dinner speeches.

On August 6th I preached in the Tabernacle, my sermon being published in the "Deseret News" the following Saturday. After that I made a visit to Sanpete Valley where I delivered lectures. About this time the Western Loan and Building Company in which I was financially interested failed, which caused considerable consternation among the people who had entrusted money in it. The institution was founded many years

before by my friend, the late Peter W. Madsen.

On Sept. 7th I lectured to about forty people in my Memorial Hall on the history of Zion's Camp.

On Oct. 11th I left Salt Lake City by D. & R. G. train to visit the World's Fair in Chicago, in company with my wife Bertha. En route we attended to historical labors in Denver, Colorado; Independence, Missouri; Chicago, Illinois (where we visited the Fair), and thence we made a trip to New York, returning to Chicago, accompanied by my daughter Eleonore. We then spent another week at the Fair and returned home Nov. 1st.

On Nov. 24th I lectured on Denmark in the Lion House to a group of lady missionaries who had been students at the University of Utah.

On Dec. 25th I spent part of the day with the Old Folks who were being entertained at the Orpheum Theater, on which occasion I made a speech before the curtain, explaining to the new manager, Mr. Stetson, the kind of old folks and pioneers he was entertaining. The play, entitled "Little Women", was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The year 1933 with its sombre and trying features might consistently be called a year of depression and disappointment, and even real want in many places in a land of plenty, with no good prospects. I was thankful, however, that my health was about normal again, but my wife Emma continued sick and had become a permanent invalid.

During the year I traveled about 25,100 miles, namely, 11,900 by rail, 2,600 by automobile, 30 by water (steam ferry), 15 on horseback (climbing Mt. Nebo), 530 by street car and elevated railroads and 25 on foot sightseeing. I had during the year talked in public about 100 times, including 27 regular sermons, 2 testimonies in fast meeting, ten speeches in Danish, ten Sunday School talks, 11 lectures in the

Memorial Hall, six pioneer speeches, eight lectures on Church history, two Priesthood meeting addresses, nine funeral sermons, one lecture at the Fair at Chicago, one Primary meeting talk, two talks to Daughters of Utah Pioneers, one Relief Society talk and six after-dinner speeches. I spoke at quarterly conferences in the Salt Lake, Gunnison, Weber, Oneida, Utah, and Granite stakes.

CHAPTER 89

(1934)

Assist in Labeling Important Records—Revise the History of the Utah Pioneers of 1847 for the "Salt Lake Tribune"—Extensive Writings for the "Deseret News"—Locate Historical Places in Iowa and Nebraska—Travel With Airplane From Omaha to Salt Lake City.

My grandson, Marcus A. Olson, who had undergone several examinations both physically and mentally for fitness to enlist in the U. S. Navy, was accepted as qualified, and so he left Salt Lake City on January 6th for San Diego, California, traveling with eleven other young men (who were also enlisting). After further examinations he was assigned to train on the battleship "Portland".

On May 2nd Frank I. Kooyman who had presided over the Netherlands Mission for four years, was added to the force of clerks at the Historian's Office and was assigned to my department. He has subsequently proved to be a valuable asset to our force.

On Feb. 12th I attended the funeral of my old friend and fellow-missionary Oluf J. Anderson, in Castle Dale, Emery Co., Utah. He died Feb. 8th.

In February I was busy at the Historian's Office outlining a history of the British Mission and later also of the Swiss and German Mission. On Wednesday, March 14th, I attended the funeral of Elder Jacob H. Jensen, in the Holladay Ward, who died the previous Sunday (March 11th). For several years he had been the dean, or senior of all the Elders from Zion who had performed missionary labors

in Scandinavia. With his death I became the dean or the Elder at the head of the list of living missionaries from Zion who had labored in Scandinavia.

At this time I assisted in labeling and indexing the written records which recently had been shipped to the Historian's Office from foreign missions and numbering and naming them in such a way that they could be referred to easily for important data.

With the intention of making my premises in the 17th Ward more attractive for the future, I planted a number of trees on the unoccupied part, which in due course of time should grow up and do service for shade and supplying the family with fruit, most of them being young trees intended for fruit bearing.

On Sunday, April 1st, I delivered a lecture on the different missions of the Church to a class of missionaries in the seminary hall in the 17th Ward. Subsequently I delivered a number of illustrated lectures, some of them in the Memorial Hall and others, by special request or appointment, in different localities. As my books in my private library accumulated, I had considerable carpenter work done in my new building in order to take care of the growing library that I was building up at home, aside from the library which I had donated to the Historian's Office.

To assist me in my lecturing I purchased a projecting machine, whereby I was enabled to throw upon the screen almost any picture in my possession pertaining to my missions in different parts of the world as well as pictures of the Pioneer Trail.

In April I commenced to write for the "Salt Lake Tribune" a day by day history of the Utah Pioneers of 1847. For several years the "Tribune" had been very friendly in its attitude to the Church, as compared with what was the case years ago, and it was agreed that we would furnish the paper with some original

information about the pioneers. The "Tribune" made the most of it, gave it liberal publicity and throughout appreciated what was done.

After completing the story in July, I agreed to furnish material for the "Deseret News", the Church organ, which naturally should show interest in the history of the saints more than any other periodical in the state. This led to a voluminous contribution on my part about the activities of the pioneers after their arrival in Great Salt Lake Valley and the founding of the settlements in Utah up to and including the year 1850. This was published under the caption "The Building of Utah and her Neighbors", and finally resulted in the publication in the "Deseret News" of the "Encyclopedic History of the Church" which was still running in 1938.

On May 17th I attended the services in the Tabernacle at Logan celebrating the 50th anniversary of the erection of the Logan Temple. The celebration was attended by President Heber J. Grant and many others of the general authorities of the Church. At that time Elder Hugo D. E. Peterson, who had been employed at the Historian's Office for some time, was called to preside over the Swedish Mission.

On June 10th I participated in a Scandinavian Conference held in Logan, and on the 20th of the same month I attended the annual Old Folks gathering at Liberty Park. On Friday, June 29th, I gave a talk on Church History to the members of the Exchange Club at the Hotel Utah. The members of this club were about equally divided between "Mormons" and "non-Mormons". I spoke thirty minutes and my efforts seemed to be appreciated.

Having been invited by the United Air Lines Company to take a trip by airplane over the route which, as an emigrant boy I had traveled on foot in 1866, I left Salt Lake City on Monday evening, July 16th, at

10:30 p. m. on a Union Pacific train for Omaha, Nebraska. After spending a somewhat uncomfortable night I arrived at Cheyenne, Wyoming, about mid-day. Here I waited four hours, which I spent at the municipal library, getting notes in the interest of Church history, and at 5 p. m. I continued the journey, again traveling all night. I arrived at Omaha at 7:30 a. m., where I was met at the station by Elders Philander Hatch and Benjamin R. Rex, L. D. S. missionaries laboring in Omaha and Council Bluffs, and taken by them to their headquarters at 5960 North 30th Street, Omaha. After breakfast we returned to the business center of Omaha, where I spent the forenoon with the United Air Line officials, and the newspaper men, to whom I gave information about Winter Quarters and other matters relating to Latter-day Saint history connected with Omaha and vicinity.

In the afternoon Elders Hatch and Rex took me by auto to Bellevue, where we, by the assistance of a Mr. Kaysor, located the exact spot where Peter Sarpy's Ferry was situated in 1846 and where the first ferry boat built by the exiled saints crossed the Missouri River. Brother Hatch and I walked up the river a mile and a half to the mouth of the so-called Mormon Hollow. We then retraced our steps northward through Omaha, and by interviews with Harry Knight at Irvington and Robert F. Bair at De Bolt, and others, we partly succeeded in finding the spot where Cutler's Park, so closely associated with Church history of 1846, was situated. The next day (July 19th) I traveled to Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, where I was received by Adison E. Sheldon, the historian of Nebraska, and I was soon busy at his office perusing documents and copying historical data, after which I had dinner with Judge Payne, one of the seven judges of the Nebraska State Supreme Court, who had corresponded with me. In the afternoon

Dr. Sheldon took me out for a long automobile ride over the so-called Steam Wagon Trail, over which I traveled as an emigrant in 1866. The next day (July 20th) I traveled with Dr. Sheldon to Nebraska City, where we were joined by one of the editors of the local paper and a Dr. Abbott, in charge of the institute for the blind, and the four of us then traveled six or seven miles north to the site of old Wyoming, where I commenced my journey across the plains in 1866. I knew the place as soon as I saw it and conveyed what I knew of the location to my traveling companions, who had either never heard of the place or had forgotten what they once knew about it. As a partial excuse for this I may explain that a small railroad siding, also called Wyoming, was established in the immediate vicinity a few years ago. I was deeply impressed with my day's experience and seemed able to bring some of my boyhood happenings back to a vivid recollection. We returned to Lincoln about noon, whence I returned to Omaha and joined the missionaries at their headquarters. The following day I spent in Omaha, adding to my field notes that which I had taken the three previous days. I also visited with local saints.

On July 22nd I preached in the Omaha branch chapel and visited Florence, where, according to appointment, we held a special memorial service in remembrance of the 600 Latter-day Saints who are sleeping in unknown graves in the old Winter Quarters cemetery at Florence. We sang appropriate hymns and I gave a talk on the exiles from Nauvoo and on the Utah Pioneers. Representatives from the Omaha papers attended the meetings and the "World Herald" and the "Bee News" published good reports of the proceedings. After that meeting, Elder Knight took me three miles inland to the supposed site of Cutler's Park.

In the evening I spoke at the general meeting of the Omaha Branch in

the chapel, as previously arranged. The weather was exceedingly hot and I, being used to the cool breezes of the mountains, suffered severely. On the following day (July 23rd), accompanied by Elder Rex, I called on the Air Line officials, the newspaper offices and the County Court House, where, with the assistance of Deputy County Surveyor, Guy Palmer Dorsey, I obtained definite information in regard to the exact location of Cutler's Park. We also called at the office of "Den Danske Pioneer", a Danish newspaper published in Omaha, where I was tendered a hearty welcome. During the day I gave a fifteen minute talk over the radio by special request of the United Air Line officials. While sojourning in Omaha I slept in the missionary room in the basement of the branch chapel, where the atmosphere was quite cool and pleasant.

On Sunday, July 24th, Elder Rex took me by automobile to the Omaha airport located on the Missouri River lowlands where at 6 o'clock a.m. I commenced my journey by airplane to Salt Lake City, one thousand miles distant. I thoroughly enjoyed the trip and was able to recognize the pioneer route over which I traveled as an emigrant boy in 1866, the course of the Platte River, in many cases, serving as my principal guide. En route we landed at Lincoln, Grand Island, North Platte and Cheyenne, changing planes and crew at the latter place. Flying at a low altitude through Nebraska it was thrilling to observe the "checker board fields" and town surveys visible on the earth below, to watch the passing of the railroad trains and later to look down on lofty mountain tops, as we passed over them. We arrived at the Salt Lake Airport about 12 o'clock noon. Allowing one hour for the difference in time, I was just seven hours on the trip, which I could not help contrasting with the journey of the original pioneers who spent 111 days travel-

ing the same distance and with my own trip across the plains in 1866 which took us 62 days. On the arrival at the Salt Lake Airport I was hailed by members of my family, newspaper men and others.

After resting a few hours at home, I made a trip to Ogden by train to speak over the radio in the Ogden Stadium, where a great multitude of people were holding a final meeting in honor of the Utah pioneers.

Being determined to visit Saltair at least once during the season I made a trip to that resort on August 4th, but in order to reach water deep enough for a swim we had to go on a truck on a temporary railroad track, 3000 feet out to reach the water. I never saw the water at the lake so low before and some fears were entertained about the possibility of the lake drying up entirely. On August 28th Joseph F. Smith, jun., and Samuel O. Bennion, (the new manager of the "Deseret News") called on me and desired me to write again for the "Deseret News". I assured them that I would take the matter under consideration and the next day I promised to write a history of Zion's Camp for publication in the "News".

On Sunday, Sept. 16th, I had a long conversation with Anthony W. Ivins, who had for several years, or since the death of Charles W. Penrose, been my "friend at court" at the office of the First Presidency. I had frequently sought his counsel and advice when I was troubled about conditions over which I had no control. I had gained his confidence and he had gained mine. On the day mentioned I conversed with him for the last time as he died suddenly and unexpectedly at his home Sept. 24th. Little did I think during my conversation with him that it would be the last time I should see him alive. I felt more than ever that most of my best friends and associates in the Priesthood had gone to the Great Beyond, and that I was

left almost alone as a member of the "old guard". I don't seem to be through yet.

On Oct. 13th I delivered a speech at the dedication of a monument erected in honor of the late Orin Porter Rockwell near the Point of the Mountain south of Salt Lake City. On October 25th, by invitation, I met with a committee on foreign languages and meetings in the Seventies Office at the Church Administration Building and took part in the deliberations. I had just been appointed to act as a member of said committee which then consisted of John A. Widtsoe (chairman), Rulon S. Wells, Bishop John Wells, Nephi L. Morris, Serge S. Ballif, J. M. Sjödahl and myself.

My articles on Zion's Camp, which were being published in serial form in the "Deseret News", were translated into the Danish-Norwegian, the Swedish, the German, and the Dutch languages. I translated the articles for "Bikuben", the Danish-Norwegian paper, which afterwards published them in book form.

On November 12th I had an interview with President Heber J. Grant in regard to the foreign language newspapers and meetings. I desired to know his views in regard to stopping or continuing these publications. He was in favor of stopping them, as he believed that the good accomplished by them in the missionary fields of the Church did not justify the paying of postage on papers sent to foreign lands, to say nothing of the cost of publishing, the papers not being self-supporting.

I spent considerable time in the latter part of the year in translating my History of Zion's Camp into Danish. It had been more than twenty years since I had translated from English to Danish, and I found myself out of practice, but succeeded beyond my expectation. My articles on Zion's Camp were being published in weekly installments in the Church Section of the "Deseret News" and

since the beginning of September I had furnished articles on early Utah history daily for the same paper, covering the years 1847, 1848, 1849 and 1850.

On Dec. 11th I celebrated the 84th anniversary of my birthday with a few invited friends. On Dec. 16th, accompanied by John Farr and others, I made a final effort to locate the different forts erected in the early days in Ogden, including the Farr Fort, the Mound Fort, Bingham's Fort, the Goodyear Fort and Brown's Fort. We were especially pleased with our visit to what we firmly believe was the exact location of Goodyear's Fort on the Weber River bottom, at the foot of 28th Street, Ogden.

In spite of all my resolutions to the contrary, I worked as hard and unceasingly in 1934 as I had done in previous years. Besides attending to my general duties at the Historian's Office, directing the labors of six clerks, I furnished, as stated before, articles for publication in the "Tribune" and the "Deseret News". During the year I traveled, almost exclusively in the interest of Church history, about 4,850 miles, namely, 2,800 by rail, 1,055 by automobile and 1,000 by airplane. I spoke in public 90 times, including 17 regular sermons, 25 lectures on Church history in English and ten in Danish, nine Sunday School talks, seven funeral sermons, ten illustrated lectures, and six after-dinner speeches.

CHAPTER 90

(1935)

The Building of a Pioneer Wagon—Visit to Call's Landing in Nevada—Appointed to Take Pioneer Wagon to Denmark as a Gift From the State of Utah to Denmark—Letters of Introduction.

The year 1935 opened somewhat promising for me and my family and we faced the new year with a degree of hopefulness and expectation in regard to what might be in store for us and for mankind generally. I rejoiced in my improved health and felt that the year would bring me

nearer to the goal of my ambition by putting finishing touches to my life's labor.

On Jan. 3rd I went to Provo by rail and spent the best part of the day there in company with Mayor Abraham O. Smoot, the 3rd, and others, visiting historic places in that city and vicinity with success. We succeeded in locating the exact site of the old Fort Utah, built in 1849, and also a second Fort Utah commenced in 1850, besides places associated with Indian wars and pioneer activities in the early days. We rode in the mayor's fine automobile, driven by John E. Harris, chief of police of Provo, and we had with us Sister Grace L. Smith Cheever, a daughter of the late George A. Smith. During the day we were assisted by Walter Cox, an early pioneer of Provo, and Prof. J. M. Jensen, author of a brief history of Provo.

In a meeting held Jan. 29th, during Leadership Week at the Brigham Young University at Provo, I delivered a lecture which I had prepared on the early history of Utah.

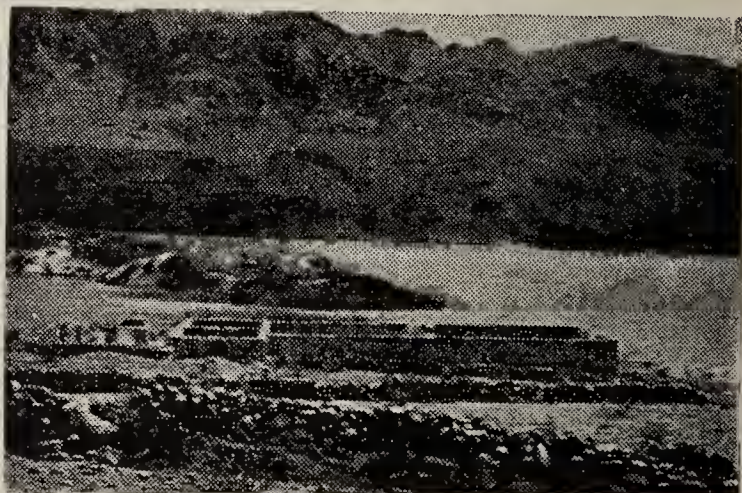
On Jan. 24th I met with the officers of the Central Company of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in my room in the Historian's Office to consult about a request which had come to Governor Henry H. Blood of Utah from the secretary of the Rebild National Park, Denmark, in regard to sending a pioneer wagon from Utah to Denmark. Governor Blood had referred the matter to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, who in turn now referred it to me. We concluded to take the proposition under advisement and report our findings at a meeting to be appointed later.

At a subsequent meeting of the officers of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, it was agreed that an attempt should be made to find a pioneer wagon that could be sent to Denmark, and I at once became interested in the matter and expressed my willingness to render assistance in any

way possible. Thus, on Sunday, Feb. 3rd, I went to Manti where I spent most of the day, together with Pres. Lewis R. Anderson, visiting the farm of Howard Cox, who had a large prairie schooner for sale, brought to Utah in 1857 by Johnston's army, but we found that a prairie schooner, as a wagon of that kind was generally called, was too large and heavy for our purpose. I wanted a wagon typical of the pioneer wagons which brought emigrants across the plains to Salt Lake Valley in the years 1847-1869. Afterwards I visited Nephi, Juab County, in search of such a wagon, but was again unsuccessful. In the meantime I was advised by the Church committee on foreign newspapers to present the matter to the Scandinavians by calling a meeting of the people of that nationality. On the 17th I went to Kaysville and Layton in search of a pioneer wagon, but found none that we thought suitable. The next day we examined a pioneer wagon in Salt Lake City, but the owner said that the wagon he owned would be placed in the State Capitol.

On Friday, Feb. 22nd, riding in Preston Nibley's automobile, together with Preston Nibley, wife and child and Leroi C. Snow, I left Salt Lake City for Call's Landing on the Colorado River. On the road we stopped at different points to take photographs and as we traveled along we photographed places of interest in Provo, Cedar City, St. George and other places and arrived in Moapa Valley at 10 o'clock p.m. Here I parted company with Elders Nibley and Snow and lodged for the night with Willard L. Jones, president of Moapa Stake, at Overton. On the morning of Feb. 23rd I joined a company from Salt Lake City, and a third automobile, belonging to Pres. Jones, joined us at Overton. With these vehicles eleven of us started for Call's Landing, namely, Pres. Jones, wife, daughter and sister-in-law, Israel Bennion, a

Patriarch in the Tooele Stake, who was one of the early settlers in the Moapa Valley, Glynn S. Bennion, Frank I. Kooyman, Earl E. Olson (my grandson), John W. Perkins (our guide) and I. We traveled by way of Glendale, then over a mesa, following the old Spanish Trail in a southwesterly direction until we were within ten miles of Las Vegas. We then left the main road and traveled in a southeasterly direction over rough roads and finally entered the so-called Las Vegas Wash. Thence we passed over another summit or watershed, and found ourselves on the so-called west branch of the Callville Wash and traveled through a romantic canyon until we reached the junction of the east and west branches of the wash. By following the wash three miles further we reached the Colorado River, where we turned abruptly to the right, and after traveling a short distance we arrived at the ruins of Call's Land-



CALL'S LANDING IN NEVADA

ing, generally called Callsville, about a hundred miles by a roundabout road from Overton. The landing is about 15 miles by river northeast of Black Canyon or Boulder Dam and about 30 miles west of Rioville at the junction of the Rio Virgen and Colorado rivers. In order to reach the ruins, we had to cross a small inlet of water formed from the back-waters of the river as the Boulder Dam, then nearly finished, was fast filling up the Boulder Lake (now Mead Lake), which soon after our

visit buried Call's Landing about 500 feet under water.

Having reached the ruins, our party partook of a lunch furnished by Pres. Jones of Overton, after which we measured the ruins, took photographs and explored the vicinity. Pres. Jones and I returned to Overton while the other members of the party proceeded to the Boulder Dam. I spent the forenoon of Sunday, Feb. 24th, making notes of what we had seen the previous days, after which I attended the Overton Ward Sunday School, where I addressed the school and afterwards several of the classes. Part of the afternoon was spent in visiting the site of a contemplated museum on elevated ground immediately south of Overton, in which articles or relics, exhumed from the so-called "Lost City," would be placed. The Lost City (Indian ruins) is scattered for some miles down the Muddy River and up the Rio Virgen. As the lower end of the Moapa Valley would in a short time be covered with the Boulder Dam Lake, archaeologists were busy gathering relics from the ruins of dwellings in the Lost City to be placed in a museum building which was already in course of construction.

We then proceeded to St. Thomas, which would be inundated shortly, as the government had purchased and paid for all the buildings and improvements in that town. Nearly all the houses had already been moved to higher ground farther north, but the old meeting house and Relief Society hall, which had been used for many years by the saints of St. Thomas, was still standing. Bro. Perkins, our guide, possessed a fine collection of Indian relics, photographs and documents which he prized very highly.

From St. Thomas we returned to Overton, whence I traveled in an automobile to Las Vegas, where I attended meeting and preached in the fine newly erected L.D.S. meeting

house. The next morning I returned to Salt Lake City.

On Feb. 28th I commenced preparing my Encyclopedia (History of the Church) for publication in serial form in the "Deseret News", having the day before consulted with Samuel O. Bennion, the manager of the "News", in relation to furnishing more material for said paper. The agreement was that if the "News" was permitted to publish the articles in serial form, they would later be published in book form.

On April 12th I bought from Ephraim Jensen the remnants of an old library at 253 East 2nd South St. Besides 2170 volumes of books there were about 150 framed pictures and quite a number of unframed ones. I had the material hauled to my Memorial Hall after which I spent several days sorting books and hanging pictures.

In the meantime I continued to hunt for a pioneer wagon to send to Denmark. On Sunday, March 10th, I went to Logan and visited several old settlers in Cache Valley looking for a pioneer wagon. Later, in company with John W. Pickett and George M. Pickett, I traveled to Newton for the same purpose. Finally we went to Providence, where in the yard of Jacob Rinderknecht we found some fragments of pioneer wagons which we thought could be used in the building of a wagon of the kind we wanted. After consulting with the Cache County Daughters of Utah Pioneers, we contracted with George M. Pickett, a mechanic of Providence, to build a wagon mostly from new material. Bro. Pickett went to work at once with means furnished by the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, the Sons and Daughters of Utah Pioneers, and by the Church. We then endeavored to find an elderly person who crossed the plains in the first Scandinavian pioneer company to accompany the wagon from Utah to Denmark. Some means were placed to the account of Sister Jensen of

the Cache County chapter of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, through whom payments were to be made to Mr. Pickett. In an effort to secure one of the early emigrants I visited Dorcas Christiansen of Salt Lake City, who was one of the five persons known to be survivors of the so-called Forsgren Company of emigrants which crossed the plains in 1852-1853. I suggested that she would be the proper person to make a trip to Denmark to attend the celebration of the 4th of July in the Rebild National Park, but she was considered physically unable to make the journey.

Accompanied by Sister Cornelia S. Lund, Henry Smith of the "Deseret News" staff, and G. Grant Sainsbury, a photographer, I went by automobile to Logan, where I addressed the Daughters of Utah Pioneers of Cache County in the Stake House, immediately north of the Tabernacle. We then went to Providence, accompanied by Sisters Darley and Jensen, to examine the pioneer wagon which at that date was nearing completion.

On April 17th I received the following letter of appointment from the Governor of Utah:

"Salt Lake City, Utah,
April 16, 1935.

To whom it may concern: This certifies that I have today appointed Andrew Jenson, of Salt Lake City, as a representative of the State of Utah and as my personal representative to convey to Denmark a covered wagon typical of the wagons used by Danish emigrants who in the year 1853 crossed the plains of western United States of America from Keokuk, Iowa, on the Mississippi River, to Salt Lake City, Utah; and to present said covered wagon to the officials of Rebild Park, near Aalborg, Denmark, as a Memorial from the Danish people residing within the State of Utah, to become a permanent reminder of the memorable journey of those sturdy pioneers who have become an integral part of the citizenry of the State of Utah. The said Andrew Jenson was himself an emigrant to this western land, having arrived in Salt Lake City in the year 1866. He has been an im-

portant factor in the upbuilding of this state and is known far and wide as a historian, author and a contributor to magazines and newspapers. Through it all he has retained his love of his native land while exhibiting highest loyalty as a citizen of his adopted country.

The said ANDREW JENSON carries not only these credentials from the State of Utah, but also is representing the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, who, as an organization, have provided the covered wagon and arranged to finance the project of delivering it to Denmark.

(Signed) HENRY H. BLOOD,
Governor.

Attest:

M. H. WELLING,
Secretary of State."

On Saturday, April 27th, I took a prominent part in the festivities arranged at Logan in connection with the pioneer wagon which had been completed by Geo. W. Pickett of Providence. The next day I left Logan for Salt Lake City, accompanied by Elizabeth W. Jensen, Emily J. Darley, John W. Pickett, Agnes Montrose (secretary of the Cache County Daughters of Utah Pioneers), Ephraim Jensen and a chauffeur. We traveled first to Wellsville, where we stopped to exhibit the wagon. The Sunday School was in session, and after the administration of the sacrament the time was given to us to address the children. After the meeting we continued the journey to Brigham City, where we again exhibited the wagon to a large and appreciative audience. I was greeted by many friends of Scandinavian origin who wished me Godspeed on my trip to Denmark and sent greetings to their countrymen across the water.

Continuing the journey to Ogden, where a small group of people greeted us, we passed on to Salt Lake City, arriving there about 5 p. m. Here we placed the pioneer wagon on the Temple Block, just inside of the south gate, and for several days after that I was busy with matters pertaining to the wagon and on different occasions I addressed groups of

visitors who came to the Temple Block to see the wagon. On May 1st I had a long conversation with Pres. Heber J. Grant about my contemplated short mission to Denmark. He congratulated me upon my appointment by the Governor, and assured me of his full-hearted approval of my going and expressed his perfect satisfaction with what I, as a diligent worker for the Church, had done throughout my life. He remarked that he had always liked workers and busy men, to which class he himself might be said to belong. The following day I again called on President Grant who gave me the following blessing:

A BLESSING UPON THE HEAD OF
ELDER ANDREW JENSON BY
PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT.

Dear Brother Andrew Jenson: At your request and as a servant of the Lord, I have pleasure in laying my hands upon your head and blessing you, and I earnestly and sincerely pray to the Lord that he will strengthen you in body and in mind, and that he will fit and qualify you for this mission that has come to you to go to your native land, to meet with people who will celebrate the very wonderful pioneer journeys across the plains from the Missouri River to this Valley.

I rejoice in the knowledge you possess regarding the travels from the Missouri River to the Salt Lake Valley—perhaps as great, if not greater, than any other man in the Church who is now alive. I bless you with every desire of your heart in righteousness in connection with this trip and the duties and responsibilities of the same.

I bless you that you may have wisdom to take care of yourself and to guard your health, so that you can go in peace and return in safety, rejoicing in this privilege of visiting your native land and again bearing your testimony of the restoration to the earth of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ and of the divine mission of Jesus our Redeemer, and of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

I bless you, dear Brother Jenson, for your untiring labors as a historian in the Church, working early and late, and with energy and a firm determination in your heart to accomplish all that it is possible for

you to accomplish for the good of the people in preserving the history of the people and of individuals who have been prominent in the Church.

I pray that in your advanced years you may be blessed with freedom of thought and of utterance and of expression, and that every desire of your heart in righteousness in connection with this mission that you are about to take to your native land may be granted unto you.

I do this in humility and in the authority of the holy Priesthood of the living God which I as his servant hold, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, even so, Amen.

(Approved HEBER J. GRANT.)

I spent most of the day on the Temple Block near the pioneer wagon and addressed three tourist companies on pioneer emigration. The three following days I rendered aid on the Temple Block and spent Monday, May 6th, superintending the shipment of the pioneer wagon from the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company's yard to the D.&R.G. depot from which it was shipped direct to New York.

On the evening of May 9th I delivered an illustrated lecture in my Memorial Hall and those present sent greetings with me to Denmark, each one signing his or her name to a prepared document.

On May 10th my wife Bertha and daughter Eva, who were to accompany me to Denmark, received blessings from Pres. David O. McKay. My wife Emma was taken to the home of her cousin Libbie Densley in Riverton, where arrangements had been made for her to stay during our absence.

When I sailed from Hoboken, New Jersey, May 22, 1935, I carried with me the following letters and documents:

“Washington, D. C.,
May 18, 1935.

Honorable Ruth Byran Owen,
United States Minister to Denmark,
American Legation,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

My dear Mrs. Owen:

This will serve to introduce Mr. Andrew Jenson, Historian of the Mormon Church and a very good

friend of mine. I shall appreciate any courtesies you may see fit to extend to Mr. Jenson.

Cordially,
GEO. H. DERN,
Secretary of War.
(Former Governor of Utah.)"

"Washington, D. C.,
May 19, 1935.

Hon. Ruth Bryan Owen,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister
Plenipotentiary,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

My dear Minister:

I am giving my friend, Hon. Andrew Jenson, of Salt Lake City, Utah, a letter of introduction to you.

Mr. Jenson was born, as I recall, in Denmark, and as a boy went to Utah, where he gave of his time and of his ability in building up that commonwealth. Within the State of Utah there are thousands and tens of thousands of splendid patriotic American citizens who were born in Denmark and in Norway and Sweden, and their descendants constitute a most important element of the citizenship of that state. Many of them were among the early pioneers of Utah, and they endured all of the hardships and vicissitudes incident to the settlement of Utah and other sections in the intermountain region. Many of them traveled thousands of miles in wagons and hand-carts before they reached their destination. Their relatives and friends in Denmark have learned something of the hardships and trials to which they were subjected and some of these Danish pioneers and their descendants in Utah have conceived the idea of sending to Denmark a wagon and equipment similar to such as were employed by the pioneers when they crossed the plains. They understand that from a number of the states, and perhaps from other countries, there have been sent to Denmark mementoes or gifts having a sentimental value as evidences of their affection for their mother country. Mr. Jenson has been commissioned by the Governor of the State of Utah to visit Denmark with the wagon and equipment referred to and to present it to the Danish Government or to such Museum or organization as may be authorized to receive the same.

I shall appreciate any courtesies that you may extend Mr. Jenson and shall be glad if you can aid him in carrying out the mission which he has been commissioned to perform.

I present to you, my dear Minister,

my compliments and assurances of my high regard.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
WM. H. KING,
(Senator from Utah.)"

"Police Department,
Salt Lake City, Utah,
May 3, 1935.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Andrew Jenson of Salt Lake City, State of Utah, has lived here practically all his life. He has not suffered arrest or imprisonment. Further, he is in all respects competent and of sound mind and body, and is not, and never has been a vagrant and that nothing to his discredit is known to the undersigned, or of record in this department. Mr. Jenson is the Historian of the L.D.S. Church and is going to make a trip to Europe for a period of time. He is a very fine gentleman, and beloved by all. Any courtesies extended to him will be greatly appreciated.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) W. L. PAYNE,
Chief of Police."

ANDREW JENSON

(His signature)

Rt. thumb print.

The Chamber of Commerce
and Commercial Club of
Salt Lake City,
Center of Scenic America,
May 8, 1935.

Mr. Andrew Jenson,
Church Historian,
47 E. South Temple,
City.

Dear Mr. Jenson:

We learn with genuine regret that you are leaving our city this week which will preclude your attending luncheon as the guest of our Board of Governors next Monday.

It was unfortunate indeed that the program of last Monday's meeting was so crowded it was felt that it would be manifestly unfair to invite you and not afford you the opportunity to speak to our membership.

We, of course, now have a more personal and sympathetic interest in the covered wagon which you are to accompany to Denmark because of our contribution toward making that trip possible, and we should like to have had you narrate some of your experiences before being obliged to leave the city.

The citizens of Salt Lake City highly appraise and deeply appreciate the contribution you have made, not only as a citizen, but as a his-

torian, and you must certainly find happy reflections in the thought that your works will live long after we have all crossed the last frontier.

There is no meeting during the week, and any attempt to call a special meeting would most likely prove futile because of the demands made on our members by other civic duties; otherwise we should be happy to make a special occasion of bidding you farewell. In the absence of such a meeting, will you not carry with you the best wishes and warmest hope that your trip may be highly enjoyable and most profitable.

With every good wish, we are very cordially yours,

S. J. Stephenson,
Assistant Secretary."

(Note. The Chamber of Commerce had contributed \$200 toward purchase of wagon.—A.J.)

"University of Utah,
Department of Western History,
Salt Lake City,
May 9, 1935.

To whom it may concern:

I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Andrew Jenson of Salt Lake City, Utah. Mr. Jenson is one of our leading historians in western America, and is interested in the religious, economic and social problems of the world. His trip abroad is for the purpose of obtaining an understanding of European conditions.

I commend him to the officials of universities and colleges, and will appreciate anything that might be done for him. Any courtesies will be deeply gratifying to the University of Utah.

Sincerely,
LEVI EDGAR YOUNG."

"Deseret News Publishing Co.,
Salt Lake City, Utah,
Established 1850,

May 11, 1935.

To whom it may concern:

The bearer, Mr. Andrew Jenson, Assistant Historian of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is the authorized correspondent of the "Deseret News" during his European tour. Any courtesy shown him will facilitate the publicity he is prepared to handle, and will be greatly appreciated by us.

MARK E. PETERSEN,
Managing Editor,
The Deseret News."

"United States Senate,
Committee on Foreign
Relations,
Washington, D. C.,
May 17, 1935.

To whom it may concern:

My friends and constituents, Mr. Andrew Jenson, his wife, Mrs. Jenson, and their daughter, Mrs. Eva Jenson Olson, Mr. Jenson being one of the Historians of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, are on a good will trip to Denmark, where Mr. Jenson will present to the Danish Nation a Covered Wagon, in honor of the first Danish immigrants to cross the plains.

Any courtesies that may be extended to this splendid group of citizens will be deeply appreciated.

Sincerely yours,
ELBERT D. THOMAS,
U. S. Senator from Utah."

"United States Senate,
Washington, D. C.,
Committee on Mines
and Mining,
May 17, 1935.

Honorable Louis McHenry Howe,
Secretary to the President,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Secretary Howe:

I am asking Mr. Andrew Jenson and party to present this letter to you, as they are desirous of attending and visiting the White House while they are making their short sojourn in this city. These people are dear friends of mine, and any courtesy which you can extend them will be greatly appreciated by them and by me.

With best wishes, I am,
Sincerely yours,
ELBERT D. THOMAS,
U. S. Senator from Utah."

Pacific National Life
Assurance Company,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
May 17, 1935.

Mr. Andrew Jenson,
Care George B. Reynolds,
385 Montgomery,
Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Brother Jenson:

The Sons and Daughters of the Pioneers met last night and discussed, with other things, that no provisions were made prior to your departure for paying the freight on the wagon from here to New York. By joint action of the Committee appropriations have been made from their meager funds to pay this bill. I have personally attended to the

matter today and enclose herewith the receipted bill of lading. We are sending the receipted bill with this letter by air mail that you may present same at the depot and be relieved of the additional outlay of funds from your own pocket. We are requesting the local office to wire New York of the payment of the freight, so that no question can be raised relative to the matter. The receipt will tell its own story.

We all rejoice in the great honor which has come to you and hope the trip may be one of the crowning pleasures of your useful and remarkable life.

With kindest regards to your wife and daughter as well as to you, I remain,

Cordially yours,
NEPHI L. MORRIS,
President of the Sons of
Utah Pioneers."

"United States Senate,
Washington, D. C.
Committee on Finance,
May 19, 1935.

To whom it may concern:

The bearer of this letter is Hon. Andrew Jenson, of Salt Lake City.

Mr. Jenson was born, as I recall, in Denmark and went to Utah many years ago. He is a man of character and high standing and any courtesies extended to him will be appreciated by me. He leaves for Europe within a few days and has been commissioned by the Governor of the State of Utah to present to the Danish Government or the Rebild National Park Board, a wagon and its equipment such as were used by the pioneers who laid the foundations of the State of Utah, many of whom were born in Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

As stated, I shall appreciate any courtesies extended to Mr. Jenson.

WILLIAM H. KING,
Senator from Utah."

CHAPTER 91

(1935—continued)

Leave Home For Denmark—Reception in Chicago, Ill.—Crossing the Atlantic—Arrival in Copenhagen, Denmark—A Hurried Trip to Germany, Belgium, England and Switzerland.

The following is a day by day account of the trip to Europe culled from my private journal:

Sat., May 11, 1935. I took leave of co-laborers and others and with wife and daughter made ready for the trip to Denmark. We were met at the

Rio Grande Western R. R. station by quite a number of friends, and started on our eastern journey at 10:45 p. m., riding in Pullman sleepers.

Sun., May 12. Having slept comfortably during the night, we found our train climbing toward the top of the mountains along the Colorado river and its tributaries and about noon we entered the west portal of the Moffat Tunnel. It took us just 15 minutes to pass through the six-mile long tunnel. In Denver we were met at the station by two of Pres. Dayne's sons who took us to the mission headquarters at 538 East 7th Avenue, and then on an extended ride through some of the residence and business districts of Denver. At 5 p. m. we continued our journey from Denver.

Mon., May 13. In the morning our Burlington Route train was crossing the Missouri River at Plattsmouth, and we enjoyed during the day a pleasant ride through Iowa and Illinois, and arrived in Chicago at 7:15 p. m. Here we were met by Mrs. Hilda Holmes and other representatives of the Rebild Park National Club, and also two Elders from the Northern States Mission Office who took us to Kimball Street, No. 2535 N., where we spent the night.

Tues., May 14. I called on the British Consul and also the Danish Consul-General, R. Baumann at No. 38 East Bellevue Place, attending to business and passport matters and in the afternoon Pres. George S. Romney of the Northern States Mission took us (Bertha and Eva and me) on a 50-mile automobile ride to the University part of Chicago, where there is a flourishing branch of the Church. We enjoyed the ride over the extensive University campus, the visit to the Rockefeller cathedral and the Fair grounds, from which the buildings were fast being removed.

In the evening a banquet was arranged in our honor in the Dania Hall at 1651 North Kedzie Avenue. Here a most excellent meal, strictly Danish in character, was served, and speeches

made by Anton Kvist, Morten Westergard, Waldemar Michaelsen, Chr. Hansen, Harold A. Holmes, myself and Bertha and Eva. Most of the speeches were delivered in Danish and considerable praise was showered on me because of the interest I had always taken in affairs pertaining to the



PIONEER WAGON BEFORE IT LEFT
UTAH FOR DENMARK

Danish people both in America and the homeland. Bertha and Eva spoke well and won applause. Strong drinks were served most freely, and regrets expressed because their special guests would not drink with them in the usual way. Yet the whole affair was a most pleasant and enjoyable one, long to be remembered, and the very best of feelings prevailed. Our refusal to drink strong drinks with them did not prevent us from joining in their proposed toasts. A greeting to Denmark was written by Mrs. Holmes, signed by most of those present, and given to me to take over the water. Godspeed for me and companions was expressed freely at the farewell shaking of hands at the close of the party, which broke up at a late hour.

Wed., May 15. We enjoyed our railroad ride through Indiana, Ohio, and part of Pennsylvania, pleased with the beautiful country covered with its rich green spring vegetation. We crossed the path of Zion's Camp which in 1834 made their famous march through this part of the country. At Pittsburgh, Pa., we were met at the station by

Mrs. Pearl Ewald (formerly Pearl Olson, of Utah, my son-in-law Alvin E. Olson's sister) and her husband, who took us by automobile to their home in a suburb of Pittsburgh, called Lebanon, in whose rather palatial residence we spent a most comfortable night, being received with much kindness.

Thurs., May 16. We spent the day in Pittsburgh; in the afternoon Robert Ewald took us out for a 50-mile automobile ride, on which we visited the business parts of that city, crossed the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and visited a historical museum and a number of steel plants, the principal stores and parks. In the evening we resumed our journey on a Pennsylvania Line train and traveled over the mountains and via Altoona and Harrisburg towards Washington, D. C.

Fri., May 17. At Washington, D. C., we secured rooms in a tourist hotel at 323 First Street and then called at the office of Senators Wm. H. King and Elbert D. Thomas in the Senate Building, after which we visited the office of the Danish Minister, Otto Vadsted. He, however, was absent in New York, but we had a pleasant interview with his representative, Hjalmer Collin, and made arrangements to see the Minister in New York. We also ascended to the top of the Washington Monument, and visited the newly erected L. D. S. chapel at the corner of 16th St. and Columbia Boulevard, where we met Elder Edward P. Kimball, who had charge of the new chapel recently erected by the Church, and who showed us through the beautiful building. It is strictly an up-to-date edifice, I think one of the finest L. D. S. houses of worship in the world. While my wife and daughter made a trip to Mt. Vernon and Arlington, I visited the War Department where I had a pleasant conversation with Hon. Geo. H. Dern, Secretary of War, and former governor of Utah. I also called at the Capitol where the librarian of the Senate library showed me some

old documents from Colonial days containing signatures of Geo. Washington and other prominent officials. In the afternoon our little company left Washington for New York.

Sat., May 18. At the Pennsylvania station at New York we were met by my son-in-law, Geo. B. Reynolds and wife (my daughter Eleonore) and also by Elder Don B. Colton, president of the Eastern States Mission, and Bro. Jones, secretary of the mission. While Bertha and Eva went with my daughter Eleonore to their home at 358 Montgomery Street, Brooklyn, Bro. Jones and I went by automobile to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York, where I had a visit with Danish Minister Otto Vasted, who had put himself out, as to time, to meet me. I found him a pleasant gentleman and interesting conversationalist, and I believe he enjoyed the information I gave him concerning the pioneer wagon, and the Scandinavians in Utah. After the interview Bro. Jones took me to my daughter's residence where we met my grandchildren, Odyessia and Parley, and spent the night with the family.

Sun., May 19. Accompanied by my daughter Eleonore and my granddaughter Odyessia, our traveling party went by underground railroad to No. 316-20 West 57th Street, New York, where the saints of the Manhattan branch had their meeting hall. Here we attended the Sunday school, which I addressed, and afterwards I took charge of the gospel doctrine class, and also addressed the Elders' class. We met Pres. Fred J. Taylor of the recently organized New York Stake, and other leading men, and were greeted with warmth of feeling by the local saints generally. We returned to the Reynolds home on Montgomery Street, after visiting the Botanical Park in Brooklyn.

In the evening we attended the service in the L. D. S. chapel in Gates Avenue, No. 273, where I addressed a good-sized audience, met many of the local saints whom I had not seen before, and enjoyed the occasion. Most

of the membership of the ward (formerly a branch of the Eastern States Mission) are of German and Scandinavian extraction. I may add that my daughter Eva, representing the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, gave a short speech and Eleonore sang: "Come, come ye Saints". In the Manhattan Branch Sunday school Eleonore, assisted by Odyessia, sang "Galilee" and Bertha gave a short speech.

Mon., May 20. Geo. B. Reynolds, my son-in-law, accompanied me to Hoboken, New Jersey (foot of 14th St.) where the fine steamer "Frederik VIII" was lying. We went aboard, saw our state rooms, learned that the pioneer wagon had already arrived at the dock in good condition, and otherwise found everything satisfactory. During the day we called at the office of "Nordlyset," a Danish newspaper, the office of which was at No. 130 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.

Tues., May 21. We went to the headquarters of the Eastern States Mission, where we met Pres. Don. B. Colton, who had returned from Pittsburgh. There we also met Mr. C. H. W. Hasselriis, secretary of the "Danish Luncheon Club", who took us (Bertha, Eva and me) by automobile to "The Planters", 124 Greenwich Street, New York City, where about one hundred people, representative or prominent Danish gentlemen, had been specially invited to a banquet arranged in my honor, presided over by Halvor Jacobsen, former general agent of the Scandinavian-American Steamship Company. He introduced me in a most cordial manner and spoke highly of the Danes in the Bee-Hive State and the part they had taken in pioneer labors in Utah and surrounding states. My speech, which followed, was well received and seemed to reach the hearts of all present. It included a true account of the emigration of the first Danes who went to America in an organized capacity (the Forsgren Company). Among other speakers were Consul-

General C. Beck, Vice-Consul J. R. Dahl, and others, and among those present was Captain Petersen, commander of the S. S. "Frederik VIII," and many prominent Danish-Americans. Representatives of the "New York Times" and the "New York Herald Tribune" were present with photographers, who took several pictures intended to be used with articles to be published in their papers. No end of compliments were expressed to me for my speech and I had to promise to give a synopsis of the same for the Danish newspapers in the United States. My daughter also made a short speech in behalf of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

Wed., May 22. Accompanied by Geo. B. Reynolds and my wife and daughters we went by subway to 23rd Street, New York, where we crossed over the Hudson River to the foot of 14th St., where the Scandinavian-American steamship "Frederik VIII" was moored. We at once took possession of our staterooms, previously secured, and I was happily surprised by Helze Petersen, the general agent of the Scandinavian-American Steamship Line, who refunded to me the money I had paid for my passage from New York to Denmark and gave me instead a complimentary ticket going and returning and also gave Bertha and Eva reduced rates.

While the wharf was thronged with thousands of people who had come down to see their friends off, the fine ship "Frederik VIII" left its moorings about noon and departed for Europe. We who left displayed both Danish and American flags as we said goodbye from the ship, while a band played both Danish and American music. It was truly an impressive scene, long to be remembered. Passing down the Hudson River and leaving New York behind, and casting a farewell glance at the "Statue of Liberty," we soon found ourselves on the broad face of the Atlantic Ocean. Our party of six was given a table adjoining the captain's table, together with a Danish-

American lady from New Jersey. Our party consisted of Andrew Jenson, Bertha H. Jenson, Eva J. Olson, Anna M. Jacobsen, Ruth Jacobsen and Jensine C. Wallick, all of Salt Lake City.

Thurs., May 23. The weather continued beautiful. We enjoyed our meals and made the acquaintance of fellow passengers.

Fri., May 24. The weather was cloudy and considerable rain fell. We became acquainted with more of the passengers, and in the afternoon Capt. J. J. Petersen invited me, together with my wife and daughter, to take refreshments with him in his cabin on the upper deck. He showed us through the chart room and had his chief mate explain to us the use of nautical instruments of modern construction on the bridge. We also witnessed some games on board, and there was a picture show in the evening in the 1st Class dining room.

Sat., May 25. We spent most of the day on deck reading and conversing with fellow-passengers. The weather was rather cold.

Sun., May 26. Having been requested to give a lecture, I arranged an outline of the same. Although the weather was very fine, there was considerable swell in the ocean. In the evening I delivered my lecture on the pioneer wagon and the first emigration of Danes to America in the large Tourist dining hall, and about 200 people listened very attentively, many at the close expressing their appreciation. The ship was rolling considerably, and at times while speaking I had all I could do to retain my position standing on my feet. A large map of the United States which I had secured in Washington and which I was taking to Denmark, together with the wagon, helped me much to make my explanations clear.

Mon., May 27. The waves of the ocean striking the ship sideways caused the steamer to roll considerably. The ship's log at noon showed progress in 24 hours of 396 miles. In the evening a masquerade ball was

given in the large Tourist Class dining hall.

Tues., May 28. We spent the time conversing with fellow-passengers among whom we had made many friends. In the evening the captain received a telegram by radio from Robert C. F. Lund of Aalborg, asking if "Andrew Jenson with wife and daughter were on board; if they had Indian costumes along, and if they had friends to meet them in Copenhagen. The captain called me up to answer, and I said "Yes" to the first and last questions, but "no" to the second.

Wed., May 29. We spent the day writing letters and journalizing, and I had a long conversation with Capt. Petersen. From 4 to 5 o'clock I delivered a lecture in Danish to about 100 people who had not understood my speech on Sunday in English. I was highly complimented for my effort at the close of the lecture. I will here record that the steamship "Frederik VIII" is a vessel of 18,000 tons (displacement) and can carry 1209 passengers in its three classes. On the present voyage there were 873 people on board. Of the 596 passengers 66 traveled 1st Class (cabin), 261 2nd Class (tourist) and 219 3rd Class (steerage). The ship's crew numbered 276, including officers, sailors, stewards and stewardesses. The captain, J. J. Petersen, was a most congenial and pleasant gentleman, and so were the 1st officer (H. Kjølhed) and the purser (A. Henriksen). Among the passengers I made the acquaintance of Dr. John Holst, Danish vice-consul at Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Inga de Maldonado, wife of the Spanish ambassador to San Domingo; Mr. Peter Aagaard, a prominent railroad man; Mr. Harold von Mickwitz, a noted pianist; Andrew Hansen, a "Ridder of Dannebrog," and Rudolph Olsen, general passenger agent for the Scandinavian-American Steamship Line in Utah, California, Arizona and Nevada.

Thurs., May 30. In the morning the Hebrides Islands were in sight on our right and in the afternoon we passed

the lighthouse on the Portland Sherries, with Scotland on the right and the Orkney Islands on the left, after which we found ourselves tossed about in the North Sea by a heavy under-swell which caused many of the passengers to get sick and thereby was spoiled the captain's dinner in the evening, for which considerable preparation had been made.

Fri., May 31. At 10 o'clock a. m. the coast of Norway was in sight as we looked northeast. Two hours later a pilot came on board and at 3 o'clock p. m. we entered the "fjord" leading up to Christiansand, where the ship "stood by" about half a mile from the wharf to take passengers on board and otherwise attend to business. About 4 p. m. the voyage was continued over a smooth sea toward Oslo (Christiania). We witnessed a most glorious sunset as we were sailing eastward with Risør on the north and Skagen, Denmark, on the south—though the latter place was too far away to be seen.

As we sailed along the coast of old Norway, passengers were busy with their cameras and kodaks, taking pictures of interesting points, and some of the Norwegian passengers were enthusiastic when they beheld the land of their birth and the Norwegian flag unfolded to the breeze on the vessels which came out to meet us and from several points on shore.

Sat., June 1. Our ship arrived at Oslo at 3:00 o'clock and just after sunrise, and while my wife and I were enjoying our sleep, a knock was heard on our cabin door, and on opening it we beheld the smiling face of Elder Milton H. Knudsen, the president of the Norwegian Mission. We were soon introduced to his wife and two grown-up daughters (Merl and Eudora) and also to Elders Ramm Hansen, jun., and Olaf Vogeler. In charge of these new friends we (wife, daughter, Mrs. Wallick and I) were soon taken to the headquarters of the Norwegian Mission, on the 4th story of

Vergelandsvej No. 7, which is close to the Royal Garden.

We also visited the old Church property at Osterhausgade 27, where the meetings of the saints were still held, but as that particular part of Oslo was fast filling up with a less desirable element, the old premises, which were first secured by the Church in 1871, were now offered for sale. In Oslo, Sister Anna M. Jacobsen and daughter, who had been our companions since our departure from New York, left us to visit with a son, who was filling a mission in Norway.

Having spent a few pleasant hours in Oslo, the rest of the "Utah Bunch" continued the voyage from Oslo at noon, and we soon found ourselves in the historic Cattegat, with the shores of Sweden on our left and later the shores of Denmark in the distance on our right.

Sun., June 2. We passed Kronborg and the island of Hveen early in the morning and the ship came to anchor in the "Road" off Copenhagen. The ship docked in "Frihavnen" (Free harbor), where thousands of people were waiting at the wharf to receive their friends from America. The display of

flags (Danish and American) in the hands of the incoming passengers and the greetings of friends on board the ship and the friends on the wharf presented a scene long to be remembered. As soon as a connection was made with the shore, people anxious to meet their friends came on board, among whom were Alma L. Petersen, president of the Danish Mission, and also the Hon. Peder Hedeboel, mayor of the city of Copenhagen, and C. Møller-Holst, a representative of the Rebild Park National Board, who all greeted me and my companions with speeches of welcome, and a number of newspaper men took several portraits of us. It was a perfect surprise to us and in making a speech in response I was nearly overcome with emotion. The speeches were, however, appropriate for the occasion and showed friendship and appreciation for what had been done in connection with the making and sending over of the pioneer wagon. After passing through the Custom House, our little group, at last, was free to enter the city and was taken to "Johanne Andersens Pensionat" at No. 14 Heligolandsgade.

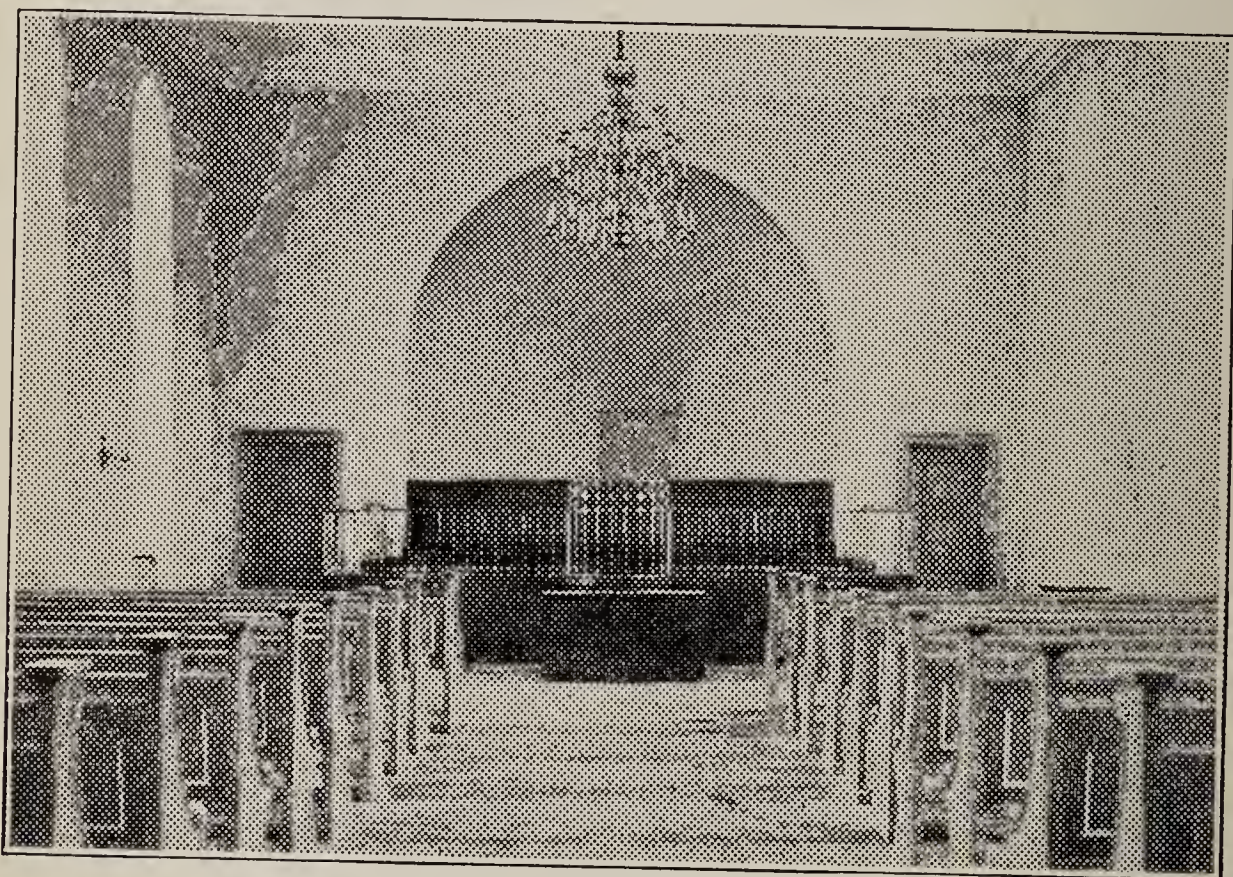
Toward evening we made our way



DANISH MISSION HEADQUARTERS AT PRIORVEJ 12, COPENHAGEN F.

by street car to the L. D. S. Mission house and chapel at Priorvej No. 12, where we met the family of Pres. Petersen and some of the missionaries laboring in the Danish Mission. In the evening we attended the general meeting in the L. D. S. chapel, at which I was the main speaker. My wife and daughter also spoke and several musical numbers were rendered. After the meeting I was greeted warmly by a number of saints who knew me from my former missions and who were all glad to see me, and I, in turn, was

havnen" where the ship "Frederik VIII" was still moored and made arrangements for our return trip with this same ship to sail on July 19th next for New York. On the invitation of C. Møller-Holst, we visited "Søndermarken", one of the parks of Copenhagen, and the celebrated Carlsberg breweries near by. After being taken through the very extensive business quarters of that institution we were treated to all we wanted of drinks produced. Most of those invited, together with ourselves, were Danish-Ameri-



INTERIOR OF L. D. S. CHAPEL IN COPENHAGEN

glad to see them. It brought to mind the many happy days I had spent in Copenhagen on my former missions. I was also pleased to have the opportunity to speak for the first time in the new chapel erected by the Church in Copenhagen.

Mon., June 3. I spent most of the day endeavoring to locate travelers bureaus and consulates in Copenhagen. We decided to make our stopping place at Heligolandsgade 14 our headquarters. I took my wife and daughter out to acquaint them with "Strøget", the main thoroughfare of the city, and in the evening we went to "Tivoli", but a heavy rain minimized our pleasure.

Tues., June 4. I made a trip to "Fri-

cans who were visiting relatives in Denmark. Some of them partook freely of the beverages offered, while I with wife and daughter only drank soda water. Speeches were made and toasts drank. My speech took well, and my companions and I were throughout shown special attention and honors. We finished the day's work by visiting the old L. D. S. mission headquarters in Korsgade No. 11, which is now used by a manufacturing firm. This place was sold by the Church when the present premises were purchased at Priorvej No. 12.

Wed., June 5. I called on a British passport official and on a representative of the German Embassy to secure

visees for our passports, and made an appointment to meet the American Minister to Denmark, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, on the morrow. This day being a holiday in Denmark, all museums and other attractions were closed. I took a long walk with wife and daughter to Ørsted Park, the Botanical Garden, "Kongens Have", and other places. In the evening we met Elder Francis Salzner, who was returning home after having acted as president of the Swiss and German Mission about four years. Pres. Salzner gave us important information concerning travels on the European continent at the present time.

Thurs., June 6. We called on Minister Ruth Bryan Owen at her office on Amaliegade No. 12, and on her invitation, we visited her again at the U. S. Legation headquarters at No. 20 Kastelsvej, and took lunch with her. She is a very affable lady with intelligent speech and pleasant countenance. After returning to our temporary home at Heligolandsgade No. 14, we packed up for starting on a journey on the morrow towards England, through Germany.

Fri., June 7. We left Copenhagen on a fast train, and, traveling southward through southern Sjælland, our train was carried across Masnedsund by ferry to the island of Falster and thence by rail to Gjedser; thence we sailed on the steamer "Danmark" across the Baltic Sea to Warnemünde, in Germany. On this short voyage we were visited by German officials, who not only examined our baggage but also counted our money in the interest of Germany's finances, to guard against the possibility of travelers carrying more money out of Germany than they brought in. From Warnemünde we traveled by fast train via Lübeck to Hamburg, where we were disappointed in not meeting Elders, who through Elder Salzner should have been notified to look out for us at the station. Through a police officer who could speak English, we found the Hotel Heimstrasse at 14 Nedelswed Strasse,

where we put up in comfortable rooms for the night.

Sat., June 8. We took a long walk through the heart of the city and admired the beautiful parks and the famous Alster Lake. Hamburg now has about one and a half million inhabitants. It was from Hamburg that I sailed for America on the ship "Kenilworth" in May, 1866. We left Hamburg about noon and traveling via Bremen, Osnabruck, Münster, the famous Ruhr district, we crossed the Rhine, arriving at Köln (Cologne) in the evening. Here we changed cars and traveled to Aachen, on the border between Germany and Belgium, where our money was again counted or reported, and our baggage examined by custom house officers.

Continuing our journey through Belgium, we arrived at Brussels after midnight. We took a streetcar through the heart of the city to the Midi station, which we found locked for the night and considering it too late to engage rooms for the few hours remaining of the night (as our train would leave for Calais in the morning) we were left homeless on the street, but a kind-hearted police officer led us to a warm room at the police headquarters, where we spent the time until the Midi station opened its doors in the early morning.

Sun., June 9. We felt the ill effects of having had next to no sleep during the night, and with considerable effort we secured some stale cakes to take with us on the train. We left Brussels at 8:10 a. m. and traveled through part of Belgium; we soon reached the boundary line between Belgium and France and came in contact with the custom-house officers of the latter country, but had no difficulty with them. When we reached Calais, we found that there was no boat crossing the English Channel that day, so we continued the journey southward along the coast to Boulogne, where we were immediately hurried into a steamer, taken across the channel and landed in an hour and a half at Folkestone, Eng-

land, where we arrived at 5:00 o'clock p. m. After another examination of baggage, this time by English custom-house officers and passport officials, we were soon on our way to London in an overcrowded train. We arrived at Victoria Station, London, at 7:00 o'clock p. m. and a taxicab took us to the offices of the European and British missions, where we met President Joseph F. Merrill of the European Mission, Bro. Lindsey, president of the London District, and Elder John Rowell. The latter took us to No. 44 Torrington Square, where two rooms had already been secured for us. Being tired, wearied and hungry, we were indeed happy to find ourselves located in comfortable quarters in a country where we could speak the language of the people. My daughter Eva was quite sick and had to be hurried to bed at once, the excitement and hard travels and difficulties of the day having been too much for her. We shall never forget the experience we had in Belgium through not being able to speak or understand the French language. I will here remark that the English police officers in London were very kind and obliging to us.

Mon., June 10. I spent the day conversing with Pres. Merrill and planning with him for our future movements, and also in reading newspapers from Utah. Eva was still sick.

Wed., June 12. My wife and I, accompanied by Elder Rowell, visited Madam Tussaud's celebrated exhibition of wax figures, on Baker Street, after which we went to Clapham Common, where my wives Emma and Bertha were baptized 50 years ago. We also visited Charing Cross, the Mall, the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square and other points of interest along the Thames.

Thurs., June 13. My daughter was able to get out and while she and my wife, with Bro. Rowell as guide, took long bus rides to see points of interest, I visited the British Museum and viewed the immense collections

until I was very tired. In the evening my wife and daughter and I, with Bro. Rowell, went by "tube" and bus out into the suburb called "Winchmore Hill", where we visited Geo. W. Lewcock and family and spent a pleasant evening with them. We brought greetings to the family from "Mamie" Asper, special friends in Salt Lake City, to these relatives in London. We took dinner with the family. Mr. Lewcock took us back to our lodgings in Torrington Square late in the evening. My wife took sick by being exposed to the impure air while going through the "tube", but Eva was once more normally well.

Fri., June 14. With Bro. Rowell as guide, we took a long walk through the central part of London, on which we visited the Piccadilly Circus, the Mall, St. James' Park, Buckingham Palace (the residence of the king), the London Museum, and other places of interest, and in the evening, by invitation, we took dinner with President and Sister Joseph F. Merrill, and spent a pleasant evening with them in their flat at No. 5 Gordon Square.

Sat., June 15. While my wife and daughter wrote letters, I spent the forenoon at the office of the "Millennial Star" revising an article which I had written for that periodical. At 2:00 o'clock p. m. we left Victoria Station, London, and traveled 52 miles to Brighton, where we were met by Miss "Bess" Davey, who took us to her comfortable home at No. 23 Glendale Road, after we had visited the Brighton cemetery, where her father and mother, two brothers and one sister and other relatives were buried. "Bess" is an unmarried lady about 44 years old and made us very welcome in her home. My two wives were close friends with the Davey family for many years and have kept up correspondence with them ever since they left England fifty years ago. We conversed with "Bess" till midnight.

Sun., June 16. About 9.00 o'clock my wife and daughter and "Bess" and I left Brighton and traveled by bus

along the shore of the English channel, via Shoreham, to Steyning, 12 miles from Brighton, where we attended Church of England services in the old Steyning Church. After the services we were introduced to the vicar or parish priest, who entered into a long and friendly conversation with us, and showed us the records of the parish for several hundred years back. He learned with satisfaction that my wife was born in Steyning and was christened there, that her father as a wood carver had carved some of the ornaments still used in the Church, and that he was buried in the Steyning cemetery, where his widow and his two daughters (my wives) had erected a monument over his grave soon after his death. The vicar's name was Ernest W. Cox, and he was an intelligent and pleasant gentleman, about 50 years old. The vicar, on being informed that we were "Mormons", remarked that we were the first Mormons he had ever met and added that if all Mormons were like us, they were all right. After copying some of the inscriptions on the tombstones in the Steyning cemetery, we visited the former home of the Howell family and then returned to Brighton by bus. There we were busy for some time on the "Front" of Brighton, facing the seashore. We spent another comfortable night in the home of "Bess" whose aunt, a Mrs. Tyler, also visited her that evening, for the purpose of meeting us. Just as we arrived in Steyning in the morning and as I stepped down from the omnibus, I stumbled and fell, bruising my right leg just above the ankle. We hurried to a drug store, where we had the leg carefully bandaged after which I could walk without pain, and I apprehended no further difficulty from the wound from which the blood had flowed freely.

Mon., June 17. Taking an affectionate leave of "Bess", our little company left Brighton about 9:30 a. m. and returned to London, whence we went to our former temporary residence at 44 Torrington Square. Later we went

to the "Zoo" in Regent Park, where we spent the afternoon.

Tues., June 18. At 2:00 p. m. we left London and traveled about 70 miles to Dover, where we boarded a steamer which took us over the English Channel to Calais, France, where we arrived about 3:30 p. m. The wind was blowing hard and the vessel rocked enough to make our footing on deck rather insecure. At 6:00 o'clock p. m. we left Calais by rail and traveled, via Boulogne-sur-Mer and Amiens to Paris, which we entered at Gare du Nord (station) about 11:00 o'clock p. m. We were met at the station by Pres. Daniel J. Lang and wife, who conducted us by taxi to the Grand Hotel de Versailles, No. 60 Boulevard Montparnasse. This hotel is partly owned by Mr. Louis W. Wehrle, an American, who for a number of years has taken care of our Elders visiting Paris on special and reasonable terms. At the hotel we met Elder Arthur Gaeth, president of the Czechoslovak Mission, together with a number of other Elders who were returning home from missions. Mr. Wehrle had visited Salt Lake City several years ago, and had there met several of the general authorities of the Church. Ever since then he has been a good friend to our people, and has rendered some of the brethren who have visited Paris many favors.

Wed., June 19. According to appointment, Sister Lang called for us at the Hotel de Versailles and took us by underground railway to the center of Paris, where we visited the famous church, Notre Dame, and afterwards spent several hours in the Louvre enjoying the splendid paintings and sculpture work, and then took a long walk to the Arch of Triumph. Mr. Wehrle, our hotel host, then took us on a long automobile ride through the park called Bois de Boulogne and thence to the American cemetery and the Garden of the Trocadero. While my wife and daughter accompanied by a Bro. Williams went to the top of the Eiffel Tower, Mr. Wehrle and I viewed

other places of interest, and then all of us visited Napoleon's tomb.

In the American cemetery 1541 American soldiers are buried, of whom 11 are from Utah. A beautiful chapel is built on the hill in the rear part of the cemetery; the location commands a good view of a part of the city of Paris. Joseph Braby, an American, has charge of the cemetery. He informed us that of the 130,000 American soldiers who lost their lives while fighting for democracy in France, two-thirds were shipped back to their homes in the United States; the others are resting in six American graveyards in France, one in England and one in Belgium. All the graves are kept up by the U. S. government, or by the American Monument Commission of which General John J. Pershing is chairman.

Thurs., June 20. Mr. Wehrle took us in his automobile to the Gare du Nord (North Station) and saw us safely on board the train which left Paris at 8:00 o'clock a. m. for Liege in Belgium, where a convention of mission presidents was to be held. At Liege, at 118 Rue de Campine, we were introduced to the presidents of the respective missions and their wives, and a few others of the missionaries laboring in the French Mission. The first meeting of the convention commenced at 9:00 o'clock a. m., under the presidency of Apostle Joseph F. Merrill, president of the European Mission. Among those present were the following:

Joseph F. Merrill and wife; Arthur Gaeth, president of the Czechoslovak Mission, and wife; Badwagan Piranian, president of the Palestine-Syrian Mission, and wife; Daniel J. Lang, president of the French Mission, and wife; Milton H. Knudsen, president of the Norwegian Mission, and wife; T. Edgar Lyon, president of the Netherlands Mission, and wife; Hugo D. E. Peterson, president of the Swedish Mission, and wife; Alma L. Petersen, president of the Danish Mission, and wife; Roy A. Welker, president of the

German-Austrian Mission, and wife; Joseph J. Cannon, president of the British Mission, and wife; Philemon M. Kelly, president of the Swiss and German Mission, and wife; Octave F. Ursenbach, president of the Belgian District, and wife; Mae Bean, secretary of the convention; Andrew Jenson, visiting Historian, and wife and daughter.

The first meeting was mostly occupied by Apostle Merrill and President Lang, who outlined the contemplated proceedings of the convention, after which I was called to speak. Responding, I explained why I was present and outlined the finishing touches that I desired to add to the history of the Church for the first hundred years of its existence, and also spoke as a member of the committee on foreign languages in regard to newspapers published in Utah in foreign languages in their relation to the periodicals published in the several missionary fields.

Fri., June 21. Pres. Gaeth and wife gave lengthy reports of their missionary labors. After that the Relief Society sisters gave a dinner. After attending a part of the afternoon meeting, two Elders laboring in Belgium conducted me with wife and daughter to the railway station at Liege, from which we traveled to Köln (Cologne) in Germany. Here we changed cars and then traveled to Koblenz, where we put up for the night at a hotel.

Sat., June 22. We boarded a river steamer, and took a trip up the Rhine, viewing the beautiful landscape and the numerous historic castles which (some of them in ruins) adorned the banks of the Rhine in this section of country. We arrived at Bingen about noon, and at once boarded the train which took us to Mainz, where we boarded a fast train which took us to Basel in Switzerland, where our hearts were gladdened by meeting several Elders from Zion, among whom were Elders Reed Broadbent and Don Huber of Salt Lake City, and Ralph Kelly (son of President

Kelly) whom we engaged to accompany us to Interlaken the following day. The mission home in Basel is a fine building located in one of the finest residence districts in Basel (Leim-strasse 49) and the kind reception accorded us was highly appreciated.

Sun., June 23. We left Basel in the morning with Elder Ralph Kelly as guide and traveled via Bern and Thun to Interlaken, where we spent most of the day taking in the interesting sights and looking at the snowcapped Alps in the distance. We again spent a comfortable night in the mission home.

Mon., June 24. Bro. Kelly saw us safely on board an express train bound for Berlin, taking a shorter route than the one we had planned and paid for. We were met at the station by Roy Babbel, secretary of the mission (of Twin Falls, Idaho), and other Elders. The mission home in Berlin (Hændel-strasse N. W. 87) has to its comfort a flat consisting of nine fine rooms, all nicely furnished, in which the affairs of the German-Austrian Mission are transacted.

Tues., June 25. We bade goodbye to our friends in Berlin and left by rail on our way back to Copenhagen. We at once made our way to our former temporary home at Heligolandsgade No. 14, and there took lodgings anew. But, oh, how tired we were. As soon as we had taken possession of our rooms, my wife collapsed through sheer exhaustion, and I came near doing the same.

While crossing the Baltic I endeavored to converse with a supposed German gentleman in my imperfect German, when he proceeded to tell me in German what he knew of interest in Denmark and especially began to tell me about an elderly gentleman who had just arrived in Denmark with a pioneer wagon to be placed in a park. I listened for some time until, by accident, I overheard him speaking Danish to some fellow-passengers. Then I could keep back my laughter no longer, but blurted out in plain Danish that I was the man who had brought the

pioneer wagon to Denmark. Then followed a warm greeting between us in Danish, "Landsmand" meeting "Landsmand" on common grounds. Friendship was at once established, and it was completed by him introducing his wife to me and I introducing my wife and daughter to him and his wife. Going a step further, our two little groups were photographed together. He left the train at Roskilde. I don't believe I ever felt more thankful than I did on this occasion to get back to my native land, after traveling for some time in countries where neither English nor Danish are "coin". My little knowledge of German, however, stood me well in hand in Germany and Switzerland, but in France and Belgium we were all helpless without guides. However, all is well that ends well. We had some trouble in Germany with our tickets and money matters, but the worry turned out to be worse than the reality.

Wed., June 26. I was sick most of the day and rested in our rooms. I, however, managed to get over to Kongens Nytorv, where I attended to necessary business matters. My wife was better and was able to sort some of our traveling articles. Pres. Petersen from the mission office and a photographer called at our lodging to get photographs to be used at the coming celebration at Rebild Park.

Thurs., June 27. I took my wife and daughter to "Glyptotheket" (an art gallery) and the Thorvaldsen Museum.

CHAPTER 92

(1935—continued)

Arrival in Aalborg—Festivities in the Rebild Park—Presentation of the Pioneer Wagon—A Trip to Sweden and Norway—Audience With King Christian X of Denmark—Return Home.

Fri., June 28. Accompanied by my wife and daughter I visited Sister Hansine Frank, at Alderstrøst on Nørrebro. She was our faithful housekeeper when I presided over the Danish-Norwegian Mission in 1909-1912. We found her happy and comfortable and still a faithful member of the Church. In the evening two Elders

from the mission office called at our lodging place and assisted us to the harbor (Kvæsthusbroen), where we boarded the steamer "Aalborghus". The evening was windy and the sea troubled.

Sat., June 29. We arrived in Aalborg in the morning and were met by Herr Robert C. F. Lund, bank director, and C. Møller-Holst, who bade us welcome and after being interviewed by newspaper-men and photographers, we were taken to the Beck Hotel, at No. 10 Bispensgade and lodged there for a week at the expense of the Rebild Park Committee. Later in the day we were taken by automobile about 15 miles to Rebild Park, where we became the guests of Dr. Max Henius at his summer resort "Ørnereden" in the Park and were shown through the beautiful resort, the existence of which is mainly due to the untiring efforts of Dr. Henius. We saw the pioneer wagon which I had brought from Utah, and the oxen which had been secured to haul it through the Park; we also visited the so-called Lincoln Cabin in which the pioneer wagon was to be placed as the center of attraction. We returned to Aalborg by automobile through Rold "Skov", the largest forest in Denmark. Through arrangement I spoke through the newspaper radio about 15 minutes.

Sun., June 30. About 7:00 a. m. I left Aalborg, with my wife and daughter, and traveled by rail to Hørby station, where we visited my cousin Trine Jensen and then hired an auto which took us about three miles to my birth-place near Try, where we visited relatives in Rosendal. After returning to Hørby we went by railroad to Sæby where we visited familiar places, among them the houses in which our family lived previous to our leaving for America in 1866. Returning to Aalborg in the evening, we crossed the Limfjord on the new bridge recently erected. The pontoon bridge which I saw dedicated in 1865 had been removed.

Mon., July 1. I was taken by auto-

mobile to Rebild Park a second time, while my wife and daughter were taken sight-seeing by some of the Elders. At Rebild I witnessed the oxen haul the pioneer wagon through the Park while several photographs were taken. Returning to Aalborg I visited the Dan-American Archives at Sohnesholm, east of Aalborg, where Svend Waendelin is accumulating a splendid collection of books and periodicals pertaining to Danish-Americans. Here my wife and daughter joined me, together with some of the missionaries and again several photographs were taken. Among those we saw during the day was Herr Halvor Jacobsen, whom we met in New York on our way out. Later in the day I visited with the Danish-American Club in the Odd-Fellows Building in Aalborg.

Tues., July 2. I consulted with Mr. Robert C. F. Lund about the part I was to take in the celebration on the 4th and spent the balance of the day writing. My wife and daughter went to Nørre Sundby to visit Mrs. Wallick, our fellow-passenger on "Frederik VIII". Among others things, I wrote a short letter to the King, asking for an audience with him.

Wed., July 3. We rehearsed for the celebration with Mr. Harold J. Rud, the press secretary at the State Radios. He declared my prepared speeches and also a short one to be given by my daughter Eva in behalf of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, to be good and satisfactory. During the day we also met a number of missionaries at the L. D. S. chapel in Aalborg; they were flocking in from all parts of Denmark to attend the celebration in Rebild Park on the morrow.

Thurs., July 4. The morning was stormy and continued thus all day. This cut down the attendance at the celebration from an expected 40,000 to about 15,000 people. We spent most of the forenoon at the place of meeting in a general rehearsal, which, notwithstanding the rain, came off successfully. We also had another trial with the oxen which behaved well. At

noon, together with many others, we were invited guests at Dr. Max Henius' remarkable home "Ørnereden". Here we met the Minister, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, whose acquaintance we had previously made in Copenhagen, also Prime Minister Stauning, and other dignitaries who were expected to take part in the celebration.

About 2:00 o'clock we proceeded to "Gryden", a popular name given to the place where a tribunal and seats had been erected for broadcasting. Here the ceremonies were commenced at 2:45 p. m. From 3:00 o'clock to 3:30 p. m. connection was established with America, at which Robert C. F. Lund, Prime Minister Stauning, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, Dr. P. Munch, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I were the speakers. After a two minute speech I formally delivered the Pioneer Wagon as a gift from Utah to Denmark. When the radio was switched to Denmark alone, I gave my main speech in Danish.

The royal family of Denmark was represented by the King's sister (Dagmar) who, together with her husband, "Master of the Hounds" Jørgen Castenskjold, occupied front seats on the tribunal. A picturesque feature of the

occasion was the arrival of the pioneer wagon, drawn by two oxen. The driver of the oxen and the men and women accompanying the wagon were dressed in pioneer costumes, and presented an impressive spectacle, which drew forth enthusiastic applause from the assembly. It was a grand affair, notwithstanding the rain which fell almost the entire day.

After the ceremonies we returned to Aalborg and almost immediately after our arrival at the hotel I received at 5:00 o'clock p. m. (about two hours after I had delivered my address in English to America), a cablegram from my son Leo telling me that he had just listened to the account of the Rebild celebration sent to America by radio.

In the evening I was guest of honor at a feast given at "Kilden" at which I sat next to "Statsminister" Stauning; my daughter Eva was paired off with Svend Waendelin and my wife with Mr. Larsen, editor of the "Aalborg Amtstidende". The festivities were kept up until a late hour, and a number of speeches were made. The menu included the best of food and all kinds of drinks. Our trio were perhaps the only ones who did not partake of alcoholic drinks, but our abstinence in



PIONEER WAGON IN REBILD PARK

this regard did not seemingly give offense to anyone. This was certainly a remarkable day in the history of our lives—a day never to be forgotten. About 50 people attended the feast in the evening. The newspapers gave elaborate accounts of the whole affair. Those who were feted at the banquet were mostly those who had taken part in the program at the Rebild Park celebration during the day.

Fri., July 5. In the evening we attended a grand banquet on "Skovbakken", where I was one of the speakers. I was sitting next to Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, who also spoke, together with others. The affair was given under the direction of the Aalborg Danish-American Club and it took four hours to serve the dinner and carry out the program. My speech about the experiences of the Danish Pioneers of America took well and was liberally applauded. Among the 350 participants in the feast were the dignitaries of Aalborg, Copenhagen and other places. The best cordiality and pleasant sociability endured to the end. We retired before the party broke up, after having associated freely and jovially with many of the guests.

Sat., July 6. We took the train to Skjörping, accompanied by C. Møller-Holst, and were thence taken to Rebild Park, where we unpacked the relics which we had brought with us from Utah, relabeled some of them and saw the pioneer wagon placed centrally in the Lincoln cabin. We also paid Dr. Max Henius a farewell visit. His health was failing on account of the excitement of the few last days at the Park.

After that visit, Mr. Christian Christensen took us in his automobile back to Skjörping, after which we returned to Aalborg. There, my wife and daughter visited the Danish-American Archives to give Mr. Waendelin instruction in regard to labeling the relics placed by us at Rebild Park, while I spent the time at the hotel writing. In the evening we were invited to dinner at the home of a family of saints

(Jørgensen) with whom I was acquainted from my former missions. We spent a pleasant evening with them.

Sun., July 7. We went to the Aalborg Branch L. D. S. chapel, where we attended Sunday school and spoke (my wife and daughter through interpreters). In the evening Pres. Alma L. Petersen and I were the main speakers, and the spirit of the Lord prevailed in both meetings. Between the two meetings my wife and daughter and I visited Mr. Robert C. F. Lund and wife at their palatial home in an Aalborg suburb. Together with the Elders we went to the Aalborg cemetery and laid a wreath of flowers on the grave of Bro. Kieler, who was killed for the gospel's sake in 1877.

Immediately after the evening meeting we boarded the steamship "Aalborgshus" and sailed for Copenhagen. We enjoyed the sailing down the "fjord."

Mon., July 8. We arrived in Copenhagen in the morning and immediately changed our American money for Swedish money, bought our tickets for the Northland and boarded a steamer at Havnegade and sailed for Malmö, Sweden, where we arrived about an hour and a half later. In the afternoon we boarded a fast train and traveled to Stockholm, where we were met at the station by Pres. Hugo D. E. Peterson and wife and taken to the Park Hotel.

Tues., July 9. Pres. Peterson came to the hotel and took us to the mission headquarters at Svartensgatan 3. After that we repaired to the railroad station and left Stockholm for the north. We traveled via Uppsala, Krölba, and Anga, to Boden, where we arrived on Wednesday. From Anga to Boden we traveled in a cramped-up sleeper.

Wed., July 10. We continued our journey from Boden at 9:17 a. m. and two hours later we crossed the Arctic Circle. Traveling on, we passed through Gällivare and Kiruna and arrived at Abisko at 4 o'clock p. m.

where we crossed the mountains to Norway, and arrived at Narvik at 5:30 p. m. Here we spent about two hours, taking in the sights and then returned as far as Abisko where we put up for the night at Turisthotellet. We here learned that if we desired to see the midnight sun we would have to climb to the top of an adjacent mountain, as it was too late in the summer to see it from the altitude of the hotel. And so I, with my wife and daughter, started to ascend the mountain, but our strength gave out before we reached the real top; however, we were satisfied with the view we obtained. We were troubled very much with mosquitoes as we climbed.

Thurs., July 11. We returned from the mountain about 2 o'clock a. m., having witnessed no sundown or sunrise that night. We retired to bed tired and weary. After breakfasting at the hotel we left Abisko about noon on our return south. We traveled on the same route as we did going north the day before, saw plenty of snow-covered mountains and quite a number of Laplanders and enjoyed the scenery abounding with numerous lakes and endless forests.

Fri., July 12. We arrived at Stockholm in the morning and were met by Pres. Peterson and wife who took us to the mission home. Here we met Axel B. C. Ohlson of Salt Lake City and other Elders, as well as some local saints and an hour or more was passed pleasantly in an interesting little meeting: piano music by Bro. Ohlson, some singing and a short historic lecture by myself.

Sat., July 13. Pres. Hugo D. E. Peterson and wife and I with wife and daughter took a trip to Saltsjöbaden, a fine popular resort about thirty miles from Stockholm. On our return, we visited with the Elders and then boarded a south-bound train for Malmö. We traveled all night.

Sun., July 14. In Malmö we learned that the airplane in which we had planned to travel from Malmö to Copenhagen had been entirely filled

up with passengers before we could secure tickets, and the steam ferry left while we were negotiating for tickets. So we had to spend most of the day at Malmö. But as we succeeded in finding the L. D. S. meeting hall at Norregatan 27, and met Elder John A. Cederquist, president of the Malmö district, we managed to spend the day pleasantly. At 4:40 p. m. we boarded an airplane and were taken in ten minutes over the waters of Öresund to the island of Amager, near Copenhagen (16 miles from Malmö). At the Danish airport we were met by President Alma L. Petersen of the Danish Mission and taken to the L. D. S. meeting hall at Priorvej 12, where we attended the meeting. I occupied most of the time. After the meeting I became almost exhausted by shaking hands with the local saints and conversing with them. I had conveyed the idea when speaking and bearing my testimony that this, perhaps, would be the last time I would ever preach in Copenhagen, where I had spent so many pleasant years of my life as a missionary; the saints all flocked around me to say good-bye. Greatly fatigued we returned to our lodging. I discovered on this occasion that I could not stand the strain and effort that I could in my more youthful days, notwithstanding the many compliments I received in regard to my physical condition as a man advanced in years.

Mon., July 15. According to previous arrangements I proceeded, accompanied by Pres. Alma L. Petersen, to the Christiansborg Castle in Copenhagen to be introduced to King Christian X, Minister Ruth Bryan Owen having made the necessary arrangements for an audience. We found ourselves among a number of dignitaries who also had made application for an audience with the king. Though I had been notified to appear unattended, Pres. Petersen obtained permission from a high official to accompany me to the king. We were

ushered into the king's presence without any complicated ceremonies, and as we entered and bowed before His Majesty, he arose from his seat and greeted us with a firm grasp of the hand and natural cordiality, which made us feel perfectly at home in his presence at once.



KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK

We had been informed that although the king could speak perfect English, he would no doubt prefer us to speak in Danish, so the conversation was carried on in Danish, and the king complimented me for speaking good Danish considering that I had spent so many years in America. He seemed pleased when I told him that I was present on the open square at the Amalienborg Castle in May, 1912, when he was proclaimed to the public as the King of Denmark, succeeding Frederik VIII. He also told me that he had listened with interest to my speech over the radio on the 4th of

July, when I delivered the pioneer wagon to the Danish State through the Rebild National Park Board. He listened attentively to my brief account of the first emigration of Danes to the United States in 1852-1853. When I, in answer to his question, explained that I had always held the land of my birth in dear remembrance and was on this occasion enjoying my visit here immensely, he answered with a satisfied smile.

When I mentioned that I liked Danish "Smørrebrød," he added "og maaske en lille Snaps at gaa med det", I had occasion to say that I did not use strong drinks. In my own way I gave him "Hilsen" from the Danish people in Utah who felt proud to know that the king of "little Denmark" was a personage of noble and attractive stature—tall and dignified and yet, as I now found him, "a democratic, plain and pleasant gentleman." Before the audience, which lasted about fifteen minutes, was ended, he again grasped our hands and shook them as heartily and firmly as though he had been an intimate friend of long standing, wishing us a safe return to America. I was deeply impressed with the king's cordiality; he exhibited a natural smile and pleased countenance through the entire interview. "Mormon" Elders could not greet each other with more warmth of feeling than the King of Denmark exhibited when he shook hands and spoke freely to two "Mormon" Elders on the 15th of July, 1935, in the Christiansborg Castle.

Thurs., July 16. We spent the forenoon at our lodging, writing letters and sorting newspaper clippings, and in the evening we went by train to Klampenborg, from whence we visited "Bakken," "Ulvedalene," the open-air theatre, going partly on foot through the beech-woods and partly by the old-styled "drosky". This visit to these places, which are also called "Dyrehaven," brought to my mind and memory the many visits I had made with Elders and local saints to those lovely spots on my former mis-

sions to Scandinavia. Now, I suppose, I was saying goodbye to them the last time.

Wed., July 17. We took dinner with Pres. Petersen and family at the mission office. After that we went by street car to Sundbyvester on the island of Amager and visited a family Sørensen, of which the wife (formerly Oda Nielsen) was a member of the Church.

Thurs., July 18. In the afternoon I took a long walk with Bertha and Eva, on which we visited "Vor Frelzers Kirke" on Christianshavn (my daughter climbing to the top of the tower). We also visited Langelinie, Grøningen, Kastellet and St. Paulsgade No. 14, where the Latter-day Saints had their mission headquarters for many years. During the afternoon we attended a film play in which the speech was in English and the printed text in Danish. This day marked the 47th anniversary of my marriage to my wife Bertha.

Fri., July 19. Bidding goodbye to our friends at our temporary Copenhagen home at Heligolandsgade, No. 14, we hired a taxi which took us to "Frihavnen" where we at once went on board the steamer "Frederik VIII." Here we found quite a number of Elders, local saints and friends who had come to bid us goodbye. We sailed about 11 o'clock, amid the playing of bands and the waving of flags, handkerchiefs and hats on the part of friends on board and on shore. While waiting on the ship, previous to sailing, reporters from "Berlingske Tidende," "Dagens Nyheder" and "Extrabladet", with photographers, came on board to take photographs and make notes of my departure for America. We enjoyed the sailing along the beautiful shore of Sjælland and soon passed out of "Øresund" with Kronborg on our left and Helsingborg (Sweden) on our right, and night found us in the broader waters of the sea known as Cattegat.

Sat., July 20. We arrived at Oslo (Christiania), Norway, where we call-

ed at the office of the Norwegian Mission, which we found closed (Pres. Knudsen and all the missionaries being away on an excursion to the North Cape to see the midnight sun). I, with wife and daughter and with Sister Wallick and Stella Ruth Nielsen, then visited the Castle. The latter was going to Utah to marry a Bro. Peterson (who lately filled a mission to Denmark). We sailed from Oslo at 5 o'clock p. m. and watched the fine scenery as we proceeded down the fjord. The approaching night found us sailing toward the southwest on the sea known as Skagerak. Before retiring I had a long conversation with a Lutheran Priest, Pastor Dorf, who exhibited the old animosity that from the beginning has prevailed toward our people on the part of the Lutheran clergy.

Sun., July 21. The morning found us on the face of the much-dreaded North Sea, but the wind blowing gently, the sea was not rough until toward evening. At 11 o'clock Pastor Dorf conducted Lutheran Church service on board.

Mon., July 22. We passed the Orkney Islands on our left instead of going through the channel which separates the Orkney Islands from Scotland, as we did en route from New York to Denmark two months ago. The weather was cold and our overcoats were still in demand.

Tues., July 23. The underswell of the Atlantic Ocean caused our noble vessel to rock and pitch considerably and my wife had to spend most of the day in bed, as did others of the passengers.

Wed., July 24. The weather continued cold and windy and the underswell made things uncomfortable on board. In the evening I delivered a lecture in English in the Tourist Class dining saloon, to an appreciative congregation. The subject of my lecture was the 24th of July, and I had an opportunity to explain what the Latter-day Saints had done to redeem the great American Desert. This was

undoubtedly the first time such a speech had been given on board a Scandinavian-American Line steamer.

Thur., July 25. The weather was better, though a little foggy part of the day. We spent some time playing "Rook" and conversing with fellow passengers.

Fri., July 26. The weather was cold and foggy and a heavy swell of the sea made the passengers feel shaky. My wife spent most of the day in her berth suffering with sea-sickness.

Sat., July 27. The weather continued foggy and cold. During the day I had a long conversation with Valdemar Willumsen, a Christian Scientist. My wife continued sick and felt considerably depressed in spirit. Being unable to eat she had become very weak.

Sun., July 28. The day dawned bright and beautiful, the sun shone brightly, the sea was quiet and the weather fine. Everybody showed up at meals and good cheer prevailed on board. I spent part of the day conversing with fellow-passengers. A film play was presented in the evening in the First Class dining saloon. I received a radio telegram from Chicago.

Mon., July 29. The weather continued good, though somewhat cloudy with occasional showers of rain. Everybody on board was cheerful at the prospect of reaching New York on the morrow. In the evening my wife and daughter and I were invited to the upper deck where we spent an interesting half hour with Captain Petersen. The captain, in his gentlemanly way, explained matters pertaining to navigation. In parting with him, I expressed a sincere "God bless you" in his behalf, which he seemed to appreciate. A farewell dinner was served in the cabin dining hall in the evening, at which Mr. Dorf (a Lutheran Priest and a Norwegian by nationality) and I made short speeches. I gave an account of pioneer life in the far West and was liberally applauded. Later in the evening I participated in the dance staged in the tourist quar-

ters, at which I danced a Tyroler Waltz with Mrs. Dorf.

Tues., July 30. The day dawned bright and beautiful. Early in the morning the shore of Long Island was visible on our right; later a pilot was taken on board, and after passing Sandy Hook, we stopped off Staten Island to face doctors and have passports looked into; we finally went into dock at Hoboken. We landed and found my daughter Eleonore and her son Parley waiting for us. Glad indeed to be back in America once more, we spent a most comfortable night at the home of my daughter Eleonore. My wife especially enjoyed to be on terra firma once more. Through continued sea-sickness, her weight had been reduced considerably.

After spending a few days in New York and vicinity, and after making a hurried visit to Albany in search of historical information, I, with wife and daughter, left New York by rail Aug. 6th for the West.

Our party was met at the Burlington Station at Chicago, Ill., on Thursday, Aug. 8th, by Mrs. Hilda Holmes, (secretary of the Danish-American Association) and her husband and taken to the Dania Hall where we met a fine group of Danish people to whom I gave a report of our successful visit to Denmark and the delivery of the pioneer wagon.

As the idea of sending the wagon to Denmark originated with the Danish-Americans in Chicago, it was proper and right that the success of the trip should be reported there. My speech was delivered both in Danish and English and seemed to give great satisfaction. After the meeting, lunch was served in another hall where I conversed freely with a number of people who were greatly interested in what had been done. Late in the evening Andrew Benson took us to the Burlington station which we left about midnight for the West.

We arrived in Salt Lake City Aug. 14th, having been absent on this trip three months. We were met at the

Denver and Rio Grande Depot by a number of friends and officials of several organizations from whom we received hearty greetings of welcome. Later in the day I was interviewed by representatives of the local newspapers.

During my absence on this trip to Europe I traveled about 26,000 miles namely, 13,185 by railroad, 8,522 by steamers, 1,510 by automobile, 16 miles by airplane, 2,650 by street cars, etc., one mile by vehicle pulled by horses and 102 miles on foot. I spoke 27 times in public, including 3 talks by radio, 12 in public meetings, 10 after-dinner speeches or talks at banquets, and 3 lectures on board ships. In all the experiences of my life I never was in the newspaper lime-light so much before. I had the opportunity of associating with some of the most prominent people of Denmark and to receive their praise and favorable comments. How different the situation 25 years earlier, when I presided over the Scandinavian Mission and was subject to severe attacks on the part of the Lutheran clergy and others and was scorned by newspaper men repeatedly because of my preaching the principles of the restored gospel. I now felt the responsibility resting upon me in representing the State of Utah as well as the Church, but the Lord gave me both physical and mental strength to carry out the details of my special mission, and it gave universal satisfaction, both at home and abroad. My wife Bertha and daughter Eva rendered me aid in many ways and shared with me the honors of the occasion.

CHAPTER 93

(1935—continued)

Welcome Home Features—Meeting of the Commercial Club—I Report My Mission in the Tabernacle Services and in the Priesthood Meeting at the October Conference—The Marriage of My Son and Miss Dorothy Beard—Birthday Party.

On Sunday, Aug. 18th, a "Welcome Home" meeting was held in the Assembly Hall, attended by some 400 people assembled to do me honor.

Several speeches were made appropriate for the occasion and I gave an account of my trip abroad. In the evening I was the main speaker in the 17th Ward chapel.

At a meeting of the Foreign Language Committee held at the Seventies Office Aug. 20th it was recommended that the publication of "Bikuben," "Utah Posten," "Beobachter" and "Utah-Nederlander" be suspended and that more encouragement be given to the mission papers, namely "Skandinaviens Stjerne" in Denmark, "Nordstjernen" in Sweden, "Der Stern" in Switzerland and Germany, and "De Ster" in Holland.

On Wednesday, Aug. 21st, I was the guest of honor at a "Welcome Home" luncheon at the Commercial Club in Salt Lake City. Speeches were made by Gov. Henry H. Blood, Mayor Louis Marcus, Apostle George Albert Smith and William E. Ryberg, president of the club. I gave a short report of my travels and the performance of my task in Denmark. All the speakers were most liberal in their effusions of praise and allusions to my life's labor. I was almost overcome with the fine things which were said about me and those who accompanied me on my trip. I do not expect that more eulogy will be said about me at my funeral than was said at this memorable meeting.

On August 25th I preached in the Tabernacle to a large audience and with a free flow of speech. In the evening I went by rail to Kaysville where I delivered a lecture to a large audience of young people.

For some time after my return home from my trip to Europe I was busy responding to invitations to speak in different wards and deliver lectures concerning my recent trip abroad.

In the evening of Oct. 5th I spoke at the general Priesthood meeting in the Tabernacle, where I gave a concise account of my European tour and particularly gave details of how I delivered the pioneer wagon to Den-

mark as a gift from Utah. I took occasion to mention the gracious manner in which I was received by the dignitaries of Denmark, including King Christian X, the Prime Minister (Mr. Stauning) and the Minister of Foreign Affairs (Mr. Munk), Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen (the American Minister to Denmark) and the people generally, and how liberal and friendly the press of Denmark referred to my mission of love and good will.

On October 11th my son Leo Rulon Jenson and Dorothy Louise Beard were married in the Salt Lake Temple, Apostle David O. McKay officiating in the ceremony. Dorothy went through the Temple for the first time, receiving her endowments. Leo had received his blessings before starting on his mission to South Africa. In the evening a grand reception was given in the Belvedere lounge, attended by some 400 people including Gov. Henry H. Blood and wife, Apostle Charles A. Callis and wife, and numerous relatives and friends of the two families. The whole affair was a glorious success and everybody present seemed to enjoy it to the fullest extent. The bride and bridegroom disappeared through a rear door in order to avoid the usual pranks of their young associates practiced on such occasions, and about midnight they appeared in Sister Asenath Smith's automobile at the Union bus station at the Temple Square Hotel building on the corner of West Temple and South Temple streets, and at 1 o'clock a.m. (on Sat. 12th) they left for the East on a Union Pacific bus. The plan was that Leo should buy a new automobile at Detroit, Mich., and return home with it, traveling via places noted in Church history. They were gone on this trip about ten days.

In October I resumed publication of the Biographical Encyclopedia by printing form No. 5 of volume 4. I had now decided to print what sketches we had on hand and then

wait for new opportunities to finish the work.

I had a "Combustioneer Stoker" installed in my home in October which added considerably to our domestic comfort.

On Nov. 4th I sold a 26-acre piece of property on Little Cottonwood Creek to a Bro. Bowthorpe. This property which I had owned for several years was intended for a sort of summer residence, but it had been a burden on my hands for some time and I was glad to get rid of it.

On Nov. 18th I received a letter from the Danish Minister, Hon. Otto Vadsted of Washington, D. C., dated Nov. 11, 1935, in which he congratulated me on my successful visit to Denmark to deliver the pioneer wagon. He and his associates in the Legation at Washington had enjoyed hearing my presentation speech which carried well over the air.

I celebrated the 85th anniversary of my birthday on Dec. 11th by taking an automobile ride in the morning to the foot of Ensign Peak, going as far as the machine could consistently climb, and from that point we climbed to the top of the peak so as to enjoy once more the magnificent view looking east, south and west. A fine monument in the form of an obelisk had been erected there in honor of the pioneers who first ascended the peak July 26, 1847. As I entered the Historian's Office my office force met me with kind greetings and good wishes and presented me with a large bouquet of yellow pom pom chrysanthemums and a card containing the names of all the employees, including the Church Historian, Joseph Fielding Smith, and A. Wm. Lund, assistant Church Historian. During the day, I received a number of calls from friends who came to congratulate me. In the evening an elaborate dinner was served in my daughter Eva's apartment to which the members of the First Presidency and of the quorum of the Twelve and their respective wives

and a few other select friends were invited.

The following account of this dinner party is from the pen of Mrs. Mary K. Pye, my secretary:

The long table, occupying the two parlors of Mrs. Olson's apartment, was beautifully decorated with white cellophane Christmas trees, and a glittering star hung from the arch over the center of the table. The place cards were miniature Christmas trees and Santa Claus in ice cream was served with the birthday cake for dessert. A bounteous repast, including roast turkey and trimmings, was served by Mrs. Bertha H. Jenson, assisted by the wives of Parley P. and Leo R. Jenson and some of Bro. Jenson's granddaughters, directed by Mrs. Olson. During the dinner musical numbers were rendered by Mrs. Barbara Evans Apgood, Mrs. Bess Smith Rex, Mrs. Eva J. Olson and her son Earl and daughter Randine. Parley P. Jenson acted as toastmaster and, at the close of the repast, remarks were made by several of the distinguished guests after Bro. Jenson had made an address of welcome, in which he expressed his regret that our honored head, Pres. Heber J. Grant, was unable to be present, and read a message from him. Kindly greetings were also read from Pres. J. Reuben Clark and Apostles George Albert Smith, Melvin J. Ballard, John A. Widtsoe (who was in California), Joseph F. Merrill, who was in England, and Alonzo A. Hinckley, who was sick. Bro. Andrew Jenson then related briefly the story of his parents' conversion and of their desire to migrate to Utah. This had also been the goal of his boyish ambition, and when he learned that his older brother and he were to be left behind until means for their migration could be obtained, he could not reconcile himself to any such proposition, and so started out to earn money to pay his own traveling expenses. This he succeeded in doing, and sailed with his parents for America. This, he said, was one of the most important actions of his early life, for he arrived here young enough to drink deeply of the spirit of America and to adapt himself to the manners and customs of his adopted country. Had he remained longer in Denmark, or until his powers of assimilation had become less absorbent, he would probably never have become anything more than a com-

mon farm hand. But he came to America just at the time that his mind was in a receptive condition and his admiration for the early missionaries to his native land had filled him with ambition to follow in their footsteps and to educate himself in order to be like them.

Bro. Jenson then introduced his oldest living son, Parley P. Jenson, to act as toastmaster of the evening, who related that when he was filling a mission to Denmark he had seen a picture in the National Art Gallery, in Copenhagen, which, under the inspired brush of Christian Dalsgaard, an eminent artist, depicted a "Mormon" Elder delivering his message of the restored gospel to a humble peasant family. This picture, Bro. Parley said, reminded him of his father's missionary experiences in Denmark as it depicted one of the main phases of his father's life. To his father everything was subordinate to the Church.

Parley, in introducing Pres. David O. McKay said that he was not so well acquainted with Pres. McKay as he was with his wife, that he and she used to go to school together in the 17th Ward. He remembered her as the prettiest girl in the ward, and also that he loved to tease her, and at times, was, he believed, so impolite as to take away her candy and behave generally as a boy—realizing his strength and imagining himself important, usually does act—more of the bully than of the gentleman, perhaps. Parley said he had always felt a great admiration for Pres. McKay and knew him to be a man of splendid education and achievements.

Pres. McKay said he became acquainted with the Jenson family in 1896-1897, when he and his brother, Thomas E., were attending the University of Utah and lived in the 17th Ward. At that time he and his brother boarded themselves, having supplies sent to them from Huntsville, where their parents resided, and they also owned a cow, which they put in Bro. Jenson's barn. He remembered running about in overalls to tend that cow, and also remembered that one day he was speaking to Bro. Jenson of his Scotch descent, and that Bro. Jenson remarked that "a Scotchman was nothing more than an improved Danishman." He said he did not fail to note the accent on the word "Improved." He said he had always admired Bro. Jenson's devotion to duty and to the Church; that he was a man who loved his

work and made personal interests subservient to it and lost sight of himself in his work. Pres. McKay then quoted the following verses from Edgar A. Guest's poem "True Nobility":

"Who does his task from day to day
And meets whatever comes his way,
Believing God has willed it so,
Has found real greatness here below.

Who guards his post no matter where,
Believing God must need him there,
Although but lowly toil it be,
Has risen to nobility.

For great and low there's but one test,
'Tis that each man shall do his best.
Who works with all the strength he can,
Shall never die in debt to man."

God bless you, Bro. Jenson.

At this point, Sister Bessie Smith Rex sang the song entitled, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Sister Barbara Evans Apgood had previously sung "Many Happy Returns of the Day" quite effectively.

Parley then introduced Pres. Rudger Clawson as a man who does great things unobtrusively. Pres. Clawson said he and Mrs. Clawson were happy to be present to do Bro. Jenson honor; he was a man for whom he had great admiration. Bro. Jenson never forgets that he is a Danishman, he said, and that reminded him of a story of three men, an Englishman, a Scotchman and a Scandinavian, who were asked if they could not belong to the nationality of their nativity, what they would rather be. The Englishman said if he could not be an Englishman, he would rather be a Scotchman than anything else; the Scotchman said he would rather be an Englishman if he could not be a Scotchman. But the Scandinavian expressed no choice, but said if he were not a Scandinavian, he would be **ashamed** of himself. At least, it can be said, that Bro. Jenson has never been ashamed of the land of his birth. Continuing, Pres. Clawson said: "Bro. Jenson revels in history. Through his industry he has compiled facts in connection with Church history which are extremely valuable. His work reflects honor to him in this life and will in

the life to come, for the Lord has enjoined upon his people to keep records, so that, in a way, Bro. Jenson has been the Lord's clerk. Bro. Joseph Fielding Smith and Bro. A. Wm. Lund are also the Lord's clerks. Bro. Jenson has been devoted to the work, he stands well with the Lord and His protection will be over him. God bless him."

Parley next introduced Senator Reed Smoot as a man whose fame had spread throughout the entire world. He has received great honor, but is unspoiled, and above all he has never lost his truly brotherly love for his brethren in the Church. Parley remarked that he felt himself deeply indebted to the Senator for his kindness. He then related that at the time of his marriage he was attending law school in Washington, D. C. His intended wife, Julia Howe, and her mother came to Washington where the marriage was to take place. Just before the final arrangements were concluded, Parley met the Senator who asked where the marriage would be solemnized. "At the hotel, where we are staying, I suppose," replied Parley. To this the Senator would not agree, and so he arranged a delightful reception at his beautiful home, to which a number of Utah people residing or visiting in Washington were invited. "So we see," said Parley, in conclusion, "that Senator Smoot is a big man who could stoop to help a little one."

Senator Smoot said he and his wife were happy to be present to do Bro. Jenson honor on this occasion. He acknowledged that he had been blessed of the Lord in a great measure while away from home. His desire had been to serve his country to the best of his ability for he loved his country, but above all he loved the principles of the gospel and his brethren in the Priesthood. He said he had a great admiration for the Scandinavian people and was proud to know that he had Nordic blood in his veins, his mother being a Norwegian by birth. One of his great regrets was that he had not been able to take his mother back to visit her native land during her life. Senator Smoot added: "Bro. Jenson, you have made your mark in the world, you have been specially qualified for the work you have been called to do. You will never die, your name will live when ours may be forgotten. May your last days be your happiest."

Sister Barbara Evans Apgood then

sang a song entitled "Bless This House," after which Parley introduced Apostle Geo. F. Richards as a man who typifies the servant who meekly follows in his Master's footsteps.

President Richards said he had hardly expected that the call for speakers would reach him on this occasion, but could say truthfully that he and his wife felt honored to be numbered among Bro. Jenson's friends. Some remarks had been made in regard to the lands of the north, but there were good men and women in all parts of the world, and he never asked where people came from. We are all God's children, no matter where we are born, or where we live. Pres. Richards expressed the belief that Bro. Jenson was raised up to be a recorder and historian. "No one can accuse Bro. Jenson of being lazy," he said; "he has been true and faithful, and if he has a fault, it is that he has been overzealous. He has been willing to endure all things and to sacrifice all things for the gospel's sake, and for the sake of the cause, and the work he has been called to perform. He is a man who is orthodox in his views, never radical or unbelieving. God bless him and his family."

Mrs. Eva Jenson Olson and her son Earl and daughter Randine then played a trio on the piano entitled "Moonlight on the Hudson."

Parley then introduced Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, the Church Historian and Bro. Jenson's chief, and stated that the family of Pres. Joseph F. Smith had resided just across the street, west of the Jenson home as far back as he could remember. He and Joseph Fielding, David and Hyrum M. Smith had associated as neighbors and school boys in their youth. Joseph had always been more sedate than the rest and not so much given to wrestling and sports.

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith said that as Parley had stated, his father's family and Bro. Jenson's family had been closely associated as neighbors for many years. He could remember as a mere boy seeing Bro. Jenson pulling a little cart on which were type sets and other matters connected with his printing and publishing business. Bro. Smith endorsed the remarks of others in regard to his being an indefatigable worker and could not bear to see time wasted. But once, he said, he lost a whole day, which nearly broke his heart. Bro. Jenson was circumnavi-

gating the globe and while in the vicinity of the 180th degree of longitude, he asked the captain of the ship for permission to deliver a lecture the following Sunday. The captain readily consented; but the next morning, as no arrangements had seemingly been made for a religious service, he went to the captain to enquire. "You promised that I might hold meeting on the saloon deck to-day," he said. "No," said the captain, "I said next Sunday, and this is not Sunday, it is Monday, we have lost a day in crossing the line." So, of course, added Bro. Smith, Bro. Jenson had no peace of mind until he made another journey around the world in an opposite direction. This he did later, and thus got his lost day back again. Bro. Jenson is a faithful and earnest worker and in this may set an example to many of us.

Elder Stephen L. Richards was then introduced, as a man with a grasp of the things of today and an outlook on the things of tomorrow.

Elder Richards said he and his wife were glad to be present and he endorsed all the good things that had been said. If he were an envious man, he said, he could envy Bro. Jenson for his wonderful memory and powers of concentrated efforts. On one occasion he had visited a conference of the Millard Stake in his company and came in contact with a number of very fine Scandinavian people. He was very much interested in the story told upon that occasion of the opening of the Scandinavian Mission, and was impressed by the earnestness and sincerity of the Scandinavian saints. "I came to admire and honor those men," he said, "and considered them as being above all other human beings, and it took years and years for me to outgrow the impression" (laughter). Bro. Richards closed with the remark that the value of such work as Bro. Jenson had done was inestimable.

Parley then introduced Bro. Charles A. Callis by saying: "I met Elder Callis at a memorial service and was deeply impressed by the spirit of love and kindness which emanated from him. I remarked that there was a man who loved mankind. Pres. Callis is a crusader, like the Apostle Paul."

Pres. Callis remarked that he was overwhelmed by the introduction accorded him and felt like one of the Elders in Florida who was called to speak on the subject of pre-exist-

ence and remarked that he was so nervous that he hardly knew if he was existing himself at that moment. Pres. Callis remarked that Bro. Jenson's life had been a blessing to the Church and to the saints generally. Every member was indebted to him for his historical labors which included not only a record of events, but also kept in memory personal incidents connected with deeds of self-sacrifice and heroism that only for his faithful labors would pass out of memory. Twenty-five years from now he would like to know that a monument had been erected on Ensign Peak in memory of his historical visit there on his 85th birthday anniversary. "May God bless you, Bro. Jenson," he added, "and may you live for many years to bless the saints by your unceasing labors and example."

Elder Wilford A. Beesley, president of the Salt Lake Stake, remarked that when Andrew Jenson came to this country he did not know his destiny, nor the great work he was to accomplish. "And it is interesting to know that he had the privilege recently of returning to his native land as a special good-will envoy and was honored and feted by the nobility of the land, even being given the opportunity to present his message to His Majesty, King Christian X. Bro. Jenson is, perhaps, the most traveled man in the Church, and his name is constantly before us as writer of instructive articles, or receiving notice for deeds performed. The Lord has greatly blessed Bro. Jenson with health and mental vigor. He is a stalwart in the Salt Lake Stake and eminently capable of giving wise counsel, for he has visited every ward and every branch in the Church. I pray the Lord may continue to bless him and may he live as long as he desires."

Bro. A. Wm. Lund offered the blessing on the food. The list of those present were as follows: Pres. David O. McKay and wife, Pres. Rudger Clawson and wife, Senator Reed Smoot and wife, Apostle Geo. F. Richards and wife, Apostle Joseph Fielding Smith and wife, Apostle Stephen L. Richards and wife, Apostle Richard R. Lyman and wife, Apostle Charles A. Callis and daughter, Pres. Samuel O. Bennion and wife, Bishop John Wells and wife, A. William Lund and wife, Pres. Nephi L. Morris, Pres. Wilford A. Beesley and wife, Edgar Beard and wife, Arnt Engh and wife, Parley P. Jenson and

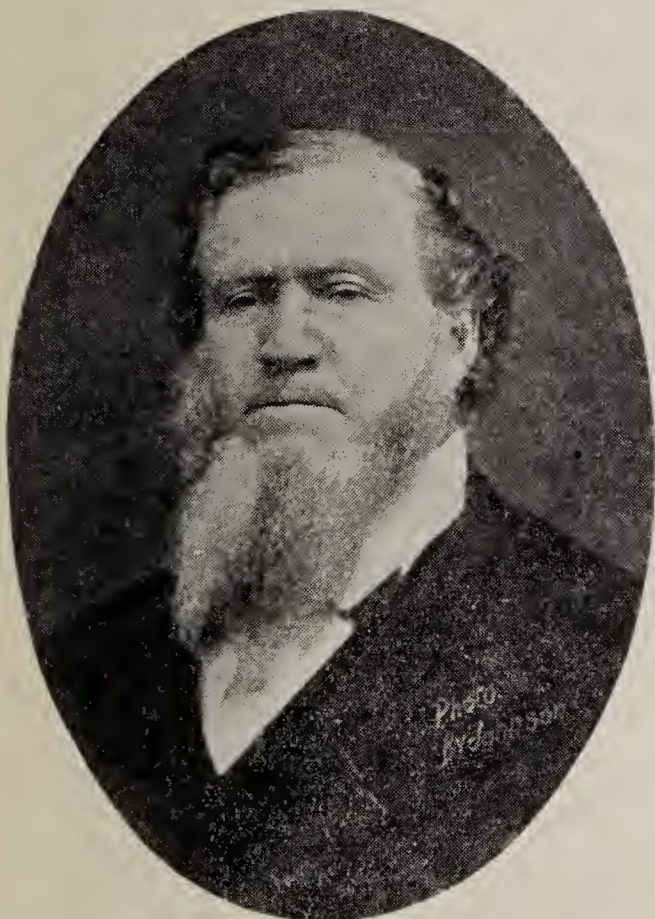
wife, Irvin Apgood and wife, Harold H. Jenson, Mrs. Bess Smith Rex, Leo R. Jenson and wife, Alvin E. Olson and wife, Mary K. Pye, Jack Mohan, Emma H. Jenson, Bertha H. Jenson and the following grandchildren: Smith, Mark and Robert Jenson and Earl E., Randine, Don and Verda Olson.

On the evening of Dec. 20th I attended a social function at the Lion House, the occasion being a sort of family reunion of former residents of Ephraim and Sanpete counties, at which I made the speech of the evening.

Under date of Dec. 31st I wrote the following: "Goodbye to the year 1935. It has been an eventful year for me and my family. My short mission to Denmark, Leo's marriage, and my Encyclopedic History, published in the 'Deseret News', are among the features of my activity and experiences of the year. The publicity that I have been given during the year has exceeded anything that has ever come to me in my life's experience so far, and the Lord be praised for the success that has crowned my efforts and for the good health, physically, and the mental powers, spiritually, which have sustained me during the year. When I was 70 years old I prayed to the Lord for a prolongation of my life, and, like King Hezekiah of old, I have had fifteen years added; and perhaps the end is not yet, as I am still in the midst of activity, endeavoring to put finishing touches to my historical labors. The general authorities of the Church and many others now seem to think that my activities in the historical field will prove beneficial to the Church in the future."

During the year I have traveled about 31,150 miles, including 15,745 by railroad, 2,650 by street car, elevated railroads and subways; 8,532 by steamships, 3,960 by automobiles, and 20 by airplane. I have talked in public about 105 times. This includes 43 gospel sermons, 11 historical lectures, 4 funeral sermons and 21 after-dinner speeches. I have

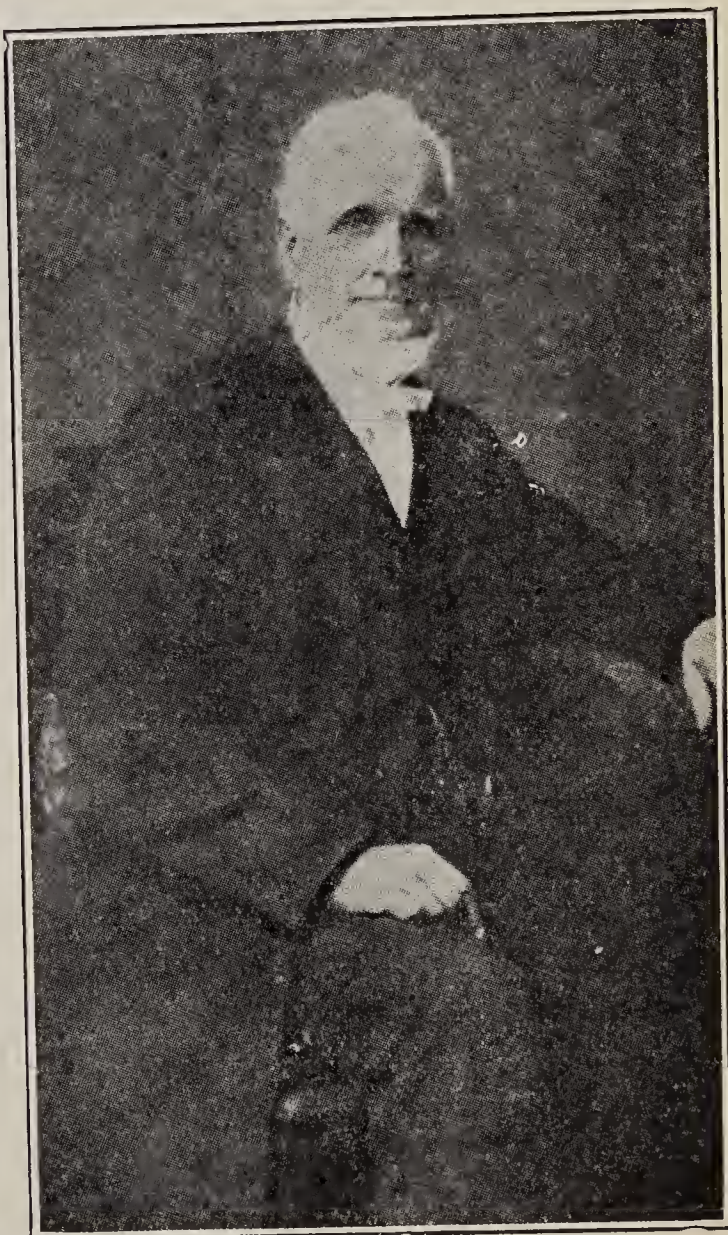
spoken over the radio three times in Denmark, delivered 9 illustrated lectures, spoken on the Temple block 5 times to tourists, delivered one Tabernacle sermon, and one address in the general Priesthood meeting at the October conference. During the year I attended stake conferences in the Timpanogos, Salt Lake, South Davis, and Deseret stakes.



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG (See p. 100)

I feel impressed to add the word "Finis" to my autobiography with the year 1935, and if my life is spared to continue my activities a little longer, perhaps one of my children, or some of my younger co-laborers, may be impressed to add a closing chapter to my story. Meantime I shall perhaps be busy with filling in the many "gaps" or "missing links" that are still left in my manuscript histories prior to the close of the year 1930. I am ready for the call to the "Great Beyond" at any time, for I am not afraid to die. But I believe my life is being prolonged for a purpose known to God, whom I have endeavored to serve all the days of my life. As long as I dwell in mortality I hope that my actions will be consistent with my firm belief in true

Christianity, as it has been restored to earth through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith. I have testified boldly of his divine mission in many lands and climes, and in my writings I have continually had in mind that a tree must be judged by the fruit it bears. I have filled missions through the calls of Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith and Heber J. Grant, and have been honorably released each time. And as long as my physical strength and mental powers are preserved unto me, I shall continue to serve God and keep his command-



PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR (See Page 103)

ments, at home as well as abroad, to the best of my ability. My testimony is and always has been to the effect that it pays to be good. To walk in the paths of righteousness means to be happy.

I have frequently referred to the



MATHEW NOALL AND HIS WIFE "LIBBIE"
as photographed in Hawaii in 1895 (See page 234)



AN ARABIAN FAMILY (See page 323)

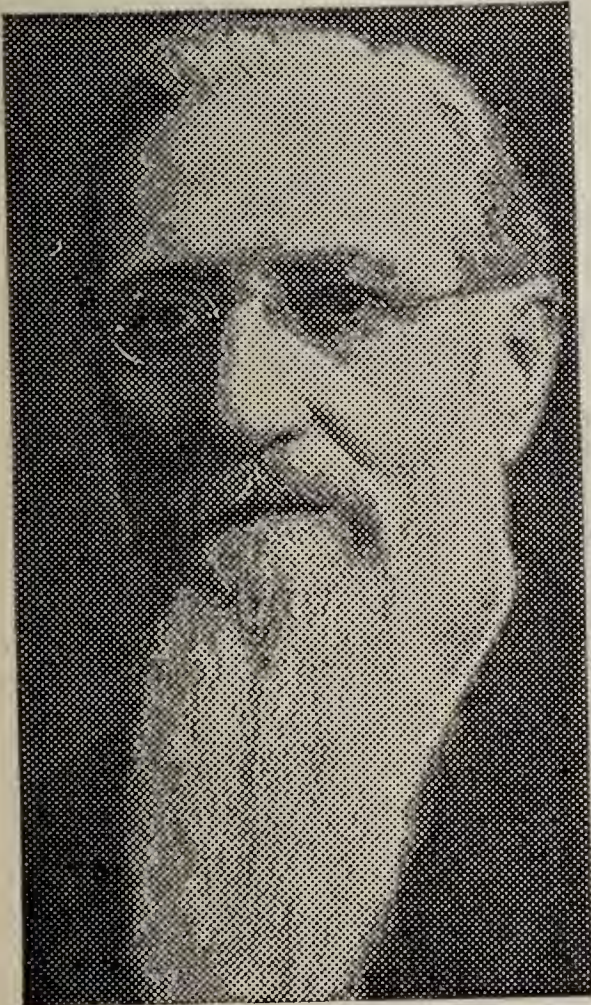
words of Joshua of old who said "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord". I hope I can say that also in behalf of my descendants. I hope and

trust that my posterity will be true to the faith which has been delivered to the Saints, and cherish the principles that lead to happiness and prosperity

in this life and salvation and exaltation in the life to come. As I am nearing the end of life's journey, I often think of what the Great Master said in addressing his disciples shortly before his crucifixion: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

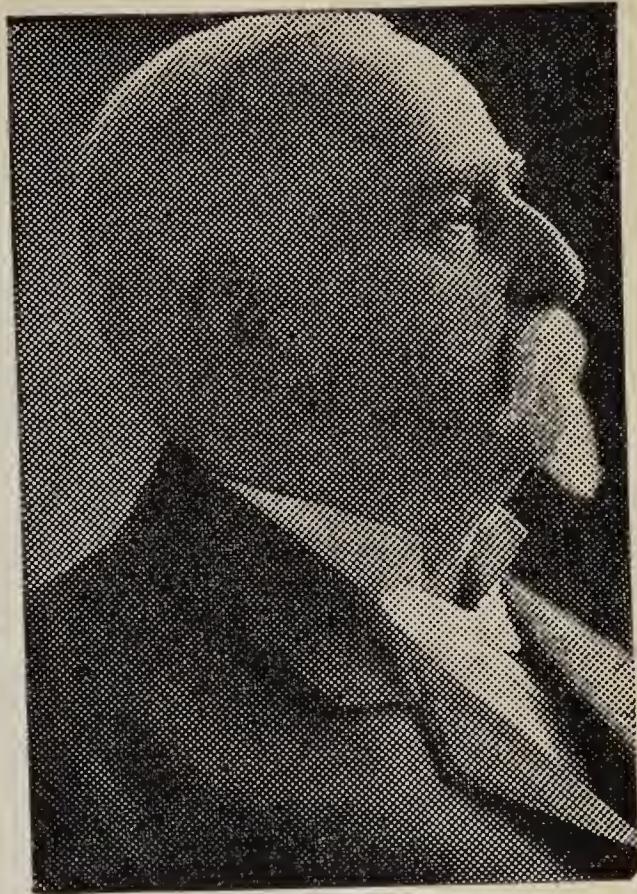
Speaking as a man mature in years, I would say to the rising generation: The works that we old-time mission-

in Palestine, but later the command was: "Go ye into ALL THE WORLD,



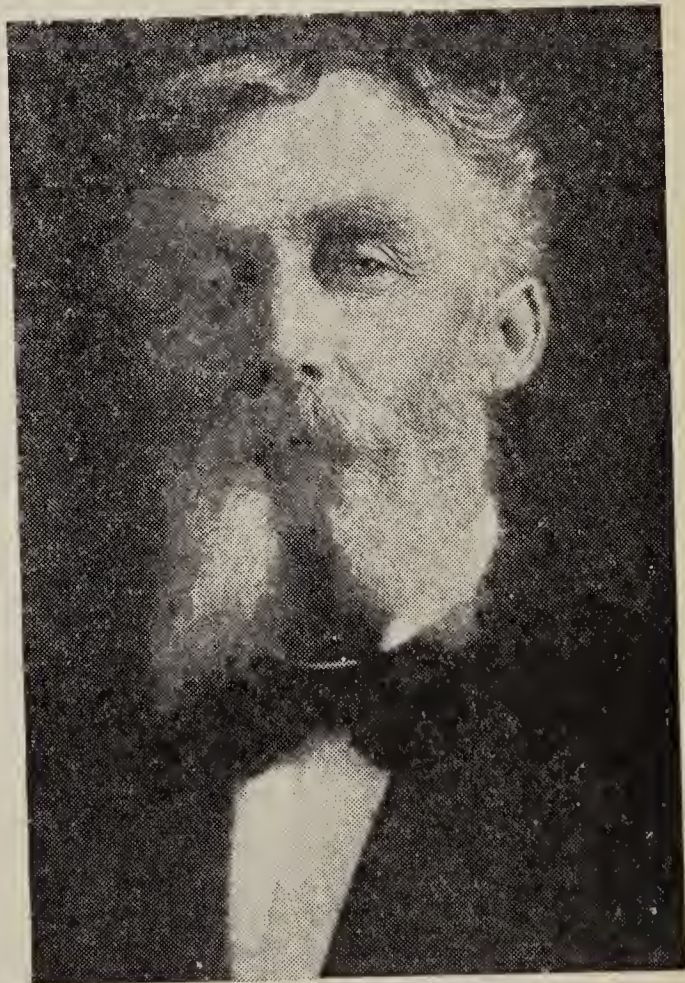
PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
(See page 404)

aries have done in our weakness, you shall do also, but you shall do greater works than these, because we pass on to our reward. The Savior's words, above paraphrased, undoubtedly applied to the missionary work. It cannot be maintained successfully that any of his disciples has ever surpassed the Master in the works that are usually called miracles, such as raising the dead and opening the eyes of the blind, etc. Only in the scope of the ministry could they perform a larger labor. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel", He declared, and even His followers at the outset were told to preach locally,



A. MILTON MUSSER
Assistant Church Historian (See page 406)

and preach the gospel to EVERY CREATURE."



HANS JACOB CHRISTIANSEN
close associate of Andrew Jenson
(See page 418)

You of the younger generation are left with the radio and other means wherewith you can deliver your mes-

sage to all the world without going from door to door or be satisfied to address the few who would come out to hear, as was our experience. You can

I pray and hope for your success. May your efforts when you—carrying the olive branch of peace—face a war-stricken world, hasten the ushering in



ANDREW JENSON'S FIRST HOME IN SALT LAKE CITY—BUILT IN 1882 (See page 130)

connect yourselves with the modern facilities within reach, and address the whole world, so to speak, at once. We have opened missions and established branches in many countries, but the greater part of the globe remains for you to proselyte. The millions of China and India, as well as the multitudes of Russia and Africa must yet be reached.

of the long-expected Millennium, when the divinely appointed King of kings and Lord of lords shall rule the world in righteousness. Then and not until then will war and the rumors of war cease, and peace and goodwill to men, in stead of gross darkness, cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep.

ADDENDA

By Harold H. Jenson, Historian of the Sons of Utah Pioneers

As a tribute to my father, Andrew Jenson, this humble scribe will attempt to write a finale to his autobiography. It has been a pleasure to me to read his manuscript. Although this writer has differed in some instances with him and argued against the use of so many dates and names, no one could have written this volume in the way Historian Jenson wanted it done but himself. Dates, names and figures have been paramount in his life, and therefore may consistently occupy an important place in his autobiography.

Back of all this detailed life's history is a story that reads much like a Horatio Alger book, showing the struggle of a young peasant boy—from Denmark, who would perhaps never have had an opportunity to progress to any great extent, had not the restored gospel of Jesus Christ opened the way for him. This writer visited his father's birthplace, an ordinary dwelling in a country district, where some of his cousins to-day still live in similar homes. The autobiography tells in detail what happened to "this Danish lad" who came with his father

and mother, to the new world. But the struggle of the fifteen year old youngster, who sold maps and colored pictures from door to door to raise funds to emigrate to America, cannot be told in words. The six weeks voyage across the ocean in a sailing vessel, and his two months travel across the plains with an ox train in 1866, his working as a cowboy and railroad grader, at first unable to speak the English language, and his desire to get an education, point to one word, **determination**. His struggle for success and recognition is well recorded, but the heart aches and the long nights of worry over disappointments can never be told.

Only one criticism can be made of father's determination, and that is his over-ambition to accomplish what he thought was for the best good of all. Those who are best acquainted with him know that his activities are not based on selfish motives. He never made money on his books, and anyone who has had anything to do with printing and publishing will realize the hard task he has had to raise the necessary funds to pay for printing and binding. His solicitations sometimes may have been misconstrued by some, but his books will live on to benefit future generations and be appreciated by those who as subscribers contributed a little towards making the publication of them possible. When one realizes what historians generally charge to write histories and biographies, the money paid to Historian Jenson was so small that in several cases it only paid for cuts, while thousands of dollars were spent for printing and binding.

This writer has always said that "words soon die, but writing, if well done and preserved, will, like monuments of stone, live on forever". So will father's books live on, a lasting memory. His "Church Chronology" has been of invaluable aid to every student of Church history. Newspapers and all classes in Latter-day Saint communities use that little vol-

ume for reference. Many have traced their Priesthood back to the beginning from its pages.

Andrew Jenson's L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia has brought into the limelight of publicity thousands of people whose life's history would not have been known or recorded by their own families or relatives. Hundreds of obituaries have been taken from these books. Volume 4 was printed by Historian Jenson to please those whose life's histories were sent in too late to become a part of the three volumes previously published. And in order to make it complete, historical sketches of general authorities, presidents of stakes and missions, and bishops in the Church up to 1930, were included.

Historian Jenson has written over 400 letters for publication in the "Deseret News"; they constitute in themselves valuable historical contributions. His complete work of writing manuscript histories of every mission, stake, ward and settlement of the L. D. S. Church up to 1930 will never die, and in some cases is all that is left of the records, for in many instances the original documents have been lost or destroyed.

Historian Jenson in his trips around the world in the interest of Church history shipped to the Historian's Office thousands of old handwritten records that are now on file on steel shelving, but which otherwise would never have been preserved. It is claimed that the publication of the "Trek of the Pioneers of 1847 across the plains" published in the "Salt Lake Tribune" gained thousands of subscribers for that paper. The "Deseret News" has also gained a good following by publishing in its columns the "Encyclopedic History of the Church" in installments each evening for several years. Copies of these articles have been preserved in scrapbooks.

Every man has a hobby and is entitled to his views. Andrew Jenson's Memorial Hall houses a collection of relics and souvenirs gathered on his extensive journeys. These travels in-

clude two trips around the world, and voyages from Alaska on the north to the South Sea Islands on the south. Thirteen times he has crossed the Atlantic and four times the Pacific Ocean. He is a millionaire in miles of travel. He made a trip afoot at the age of 75 down the Bright Angel Trail in Arizona and climbed Mount Timpanogos a little later. In fact, walking, he says, has helped to keep him young. Every day now, at nearly 88 years of age, he walks to and from work at the Historian's Office, and on Sundays often travels to fill some appointment, or visit some distant place, for he maintains that "a change is as good as a rest". After his office work he frequently spends hours in his home library indexing books, letters and sundry documents; for he files everything of importance in numerous scrap books. He has kept a personal diary journal since he was 13 years old.

Now, as to the secret of his longevity, he claims that this is due to his close observance of the Word of Wisdom. He can perhaps outwalk any man of his age and can dance the old fashioned waltz like a youth.

"To know Andrew Jenson is to like him", said one of the Church authorities, who also claimed that Elder Jenson had contributed more to Church history than any other man now alive pertaining to the community to which he belongs, and his memory for dates and figures is phenomenal.

Eccentric he may be in the art of questioning, at times, but this is his means of finding out things. His knowledge of genealogy and names is remarkable, for off hand he recalls the names of grandfathers and great-grandfathers in meeting with those of the present generation.

If father should retire from work, like some men do, he would die. This journalist believes that unless something unforeseen happens, Andrew Jenson will live to be a centenarian. His mother died at 97 and he comes of long-lived parentage. His frugality and simple habits have made

him somewhat independent in temporal affairs, and he has asked financial favors of no one and prepared for old age. He believes children as soon as they reach the age of maturity should make an effort to earn their living, and this son does not begrudge his father what he now enjoys, for real saving has enabled him to accomplish his life's ambition where many have thrown their chances away.

Therefore this pen justly joins with others in giving the flowers before and not after death. Andrew Jenson will never be forgotten and his children and grandchildren would do well to follow in his footsteps. His friends, numbered by thousands, will never forget the white-haired man with the kindly smile who at the age of 88 years is as active as many not half his age. His many friends and admirers wish and pray that his physical and mental powers will enable him to reach the one hundred years mark in mortality.

To show the efficiency of a life complete in every detail, father has already erected his own monument. This was done in order that no one be asked to contribute to such a cause and also that he might show his love for his adopted country, the United States of America, and still record his love for his native land. The wording on the monument reads as follows: "Andrew Jenson, historian, missionary, and extensive traveler; born Dec. 11, 1850, in Torslev, Hjørring Amt, Denmark, emigrated to Utah in 1866. His loyalty to his adopted country, America, did not diminish his love for his native Denmark." The monument is also unique in that it shows a globe on top of a slab of Utah granite, indicating his travels as a "globe trotter". The two-colored markings on this orb not only show the skill of the carver, but will perpetuate in stone the trek of this veteran natural Historian and his life's travels, mainly in the interest of Church history. His writings, like this monument, will be durable and lasting.

A TRIBUTE

The following is from the pen of Mrs. Mary F. Kelly Pye, secretary to Bro. Jenson since 1917:

"Poets are born, not made", is an old adage, and perhaps the same may be said of historians. Andrew Jenson is a natural historian and from his boyhood took greater delight in studying the lives of great men than in reading of the "trolls" and mythical demons and fairies described in the legends of his native country.

He came to America when only 15 years of age, having at the time but little knowledge of the English language, but he read with avidity the historical articles published in the "Millennial Star" and other Church periodicals. Of these, the most fascinating to him were the chapters from the Life of the Prophet Joseph Smith, printed serially in the "Millennial Star", and he regretted that this thrilling story was not published in Danish, so that others of his nationality might enjoy it. This led to his first literary effort, which was his translation of the Life of Joseph Smith into Danish and the publishing of the same in parts of 16 pages each. In order to get subscribers for the work he appointed agents in different localities who attended to the delivery of the parts until the book was completed and published in full, when, if desired, he exchanged the loose number for a bound volume. As he traveled over the country on this business he made many friends and laid a foundation for his next literary venture. As he visited the settlements, he gathered material for their written history, including the date of the arrival of the pioneer colonists and in many cases their names. Much of this he incorporated in his next work, called "Morgenstjernen", another Danish publication. After four years, by the advise of his friends, he discontinued the Danish periodical and continued it in the English language under the title of "Historical Record".

In order to write many of the historical articles of his magazine it was

necessary to consult Church records, which he was permitted to do by the courtesy of Apostle Franklin D. Richards, Church Historian, upon the recommendation of Apostle Erastus Snow, the founder of the Scandinavian Mission, who was always a staunch friend to Bro. Jenson.

In April, 1898, Elder Jenson was sustained as an Assistant Church Historian and shortly afterwards he began work upon a compilation known as the "Journal History of the Church", which is a loose-leaf manuscript history covering the record of the Church from the date of its organization to the present time. Bro. Jenson's part of this compilation covers the period from the beginning of the Church down to the close of the centennial year of the Church and comprises about 400 volumes. He also compiled a history of every stake, and of most of the wards and branches of the Church comprised in them, down to the end of 1930, in about 150 volumes. He also compiled in chronological form a history of all the missions of the Church and of many of their conferences and branches; this compilation comprises about 250 volumes. There are also about fifty volumes of miscellaneous matter, such as the history of Zion's Camp, Mormon Battalion, Church Emigration, Handcart Companies, "Ship Brooklyn" and the Original Pioneer Company.

The *modus operandi* adopted by Bro. Jenson has been to glean important data from original sources, historical notes, minutes of meetings, correspondence, private journals, and his own field notes, all of which he arranged in chronological order in four major divisions, namely, Journal History, Stake Histories, Mission Histories and Miscellaneous Matter. Much of this information was gained from records perused by Bro. Jenson during his extensive travels, or from books sent back by him to the Historian's Office for safe keeping. Many items also were clipped from the "Deseret News", "Millennial Star", and other

Church publications, great care being taken to note on each clipping the name of the paper from which it was obtained and, in the case of books, the name, volume and page number. To each item a piece of paper was usually attached upon which Bro. Jenson or one of the head researchers wrote an introductory paragraph which was copied by the stenographers before affixing the clippings. All the work was carefully proof-read and passed upon by Bro. Jenson before being bound in loose-leaf covers. These covers permit the introduction at any time of more material as it is obtained, and additions are still being made from journals, correspondence, manuscripts, and other sources.

Since Bro. Jenson has been associated with the Historian's Office, he has published the "Church Chronology", the "Scandinavian Jubilee Album", four volumes of the L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia and a History of the Scandinavian Mission, besides writing hundreds of letters for the "Deseret News" and other periodicals, mostly on historical subjects.

Bro. Jenson has a remarkable memory and often will answer as many as ten letters in one morning, each pertaining to some item of Church History, without once referring to any book or source for dates or information. He is an indefatigable worker and expects everyone of his co-laborers to be the same.

From the information on file in the Historian's Office in regard to the settlements of Utah, a unique history has been compiled, unequalled in any state of the Union. The commencement of many of the towns and cities in the United States was accomplished by squatters who independently located in certain sections; but colonization under the leadership of Brigham Young was an organized undertaking. Suitable sites having been selected upon which colonists (brought from the various branches of the Church in the United States, or by emigration from abroad) might be located. Ex-

perienced leaders were frequently called from the stand in the Tabernacle or by special notification, to take charge of groups of colonists and, provided with agricultural implements, seeds and other necessities, were sent to these localities to establish settlements. This early history and much of their subsequent experiences has been preserved and recorded by Bro. Jenson.

Following are the names of the co-workers of Elder Andrew Jenson: Franklin D. Richards, Anthon H. Lund and Joseph Fielding Smith, Church Historians; John Jaques, Charles W. Penrose, Orson F. Whitney, A. Milton Musser, Brigham H. Roberts, A. Wm. Lund and Junius F. Wells, Assistant Church Historians; and the following clerks, researchers and stenographers: Martin S. Lindsey, Larinda Pratt Weihe, Edwin F. Parry, Parley P. Jenson, George R. Smith, C. C. A. Christensen, John Powell, George C. Smith, Helen M. Whitney, Ethel Reynolds, Eva Jenson (Olson), Bertha Emery, Harold H. Jenson, Fred Christensen, Edith Dean, Tamar (or Tare) Gunson, Paula Halversen, Emil Christensen, Geo. Cannon Lund, Alvin E. Olson, Robert Campbell, Idell Ingram (Nordström), Amanda Loland, H. Cornelius Lund, Mary F. K. Pye, Andrew K. Smith, Janet Y. Easton, Ruby McKinley (Egbert), Dorothy Pye, Orion W. Snow, John H. Miles, Janne M. Sjö-dahl, LeRoi C. Snow, Minnie Broomhead, Alvin F. Smith, Chas. D. Goaslind, Hugo D. E. Peterson, Alice M. Rich, P. Joseph Jensen, Glynn S. Bennion, Frank I. Kooyman, Earl E. Olson, John V. Bluth, Carl Goering and Minnie I. Margetts.

Although in his 88th year, Brother Jenson's head is covered with a thick crop of snow-white hair and he reads without glasses. He attributes his strength and energy now to the fact that from his youth up he has tried to live the laws of health as a "Mormon Boy" should. Altogether he may be described as a "remarkable man".

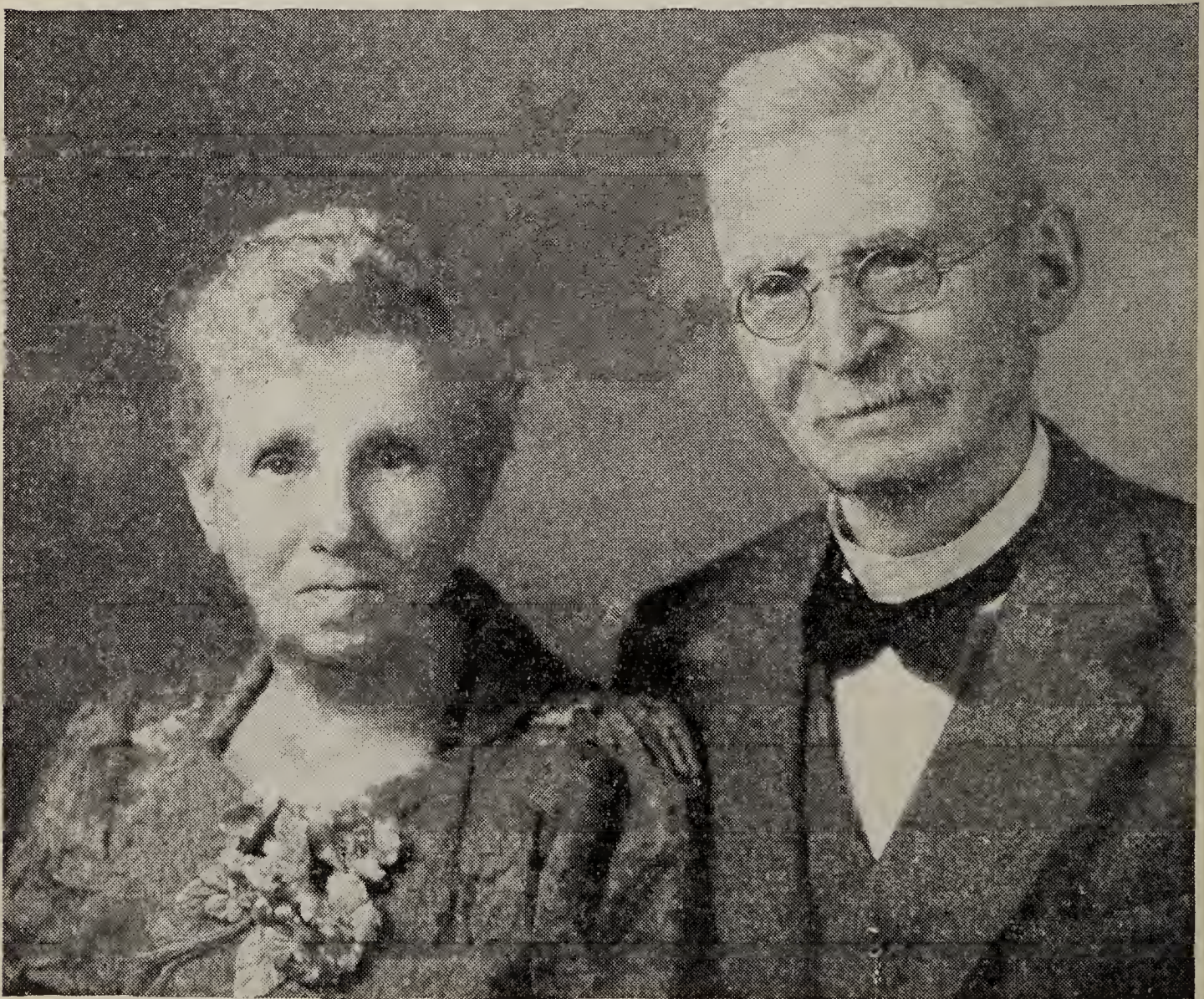
Salt Lake City, Nov. 1, 1938.



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT CONVERSING WITH ANDREW JENSON



ANDREW JENSON AND HIS WIFE EMMA H. JENSON IN DENMARK IN 1909
(See page 459) Mrs. Jenson died April 12, 1937, in Salt Lake City, Utah.



ANDREW JENSON AND HIS WIFE BERTHA H. JENSON ON THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THEIR WEDDING DAY, JULY 18, 1938.

FAMILY GROUP

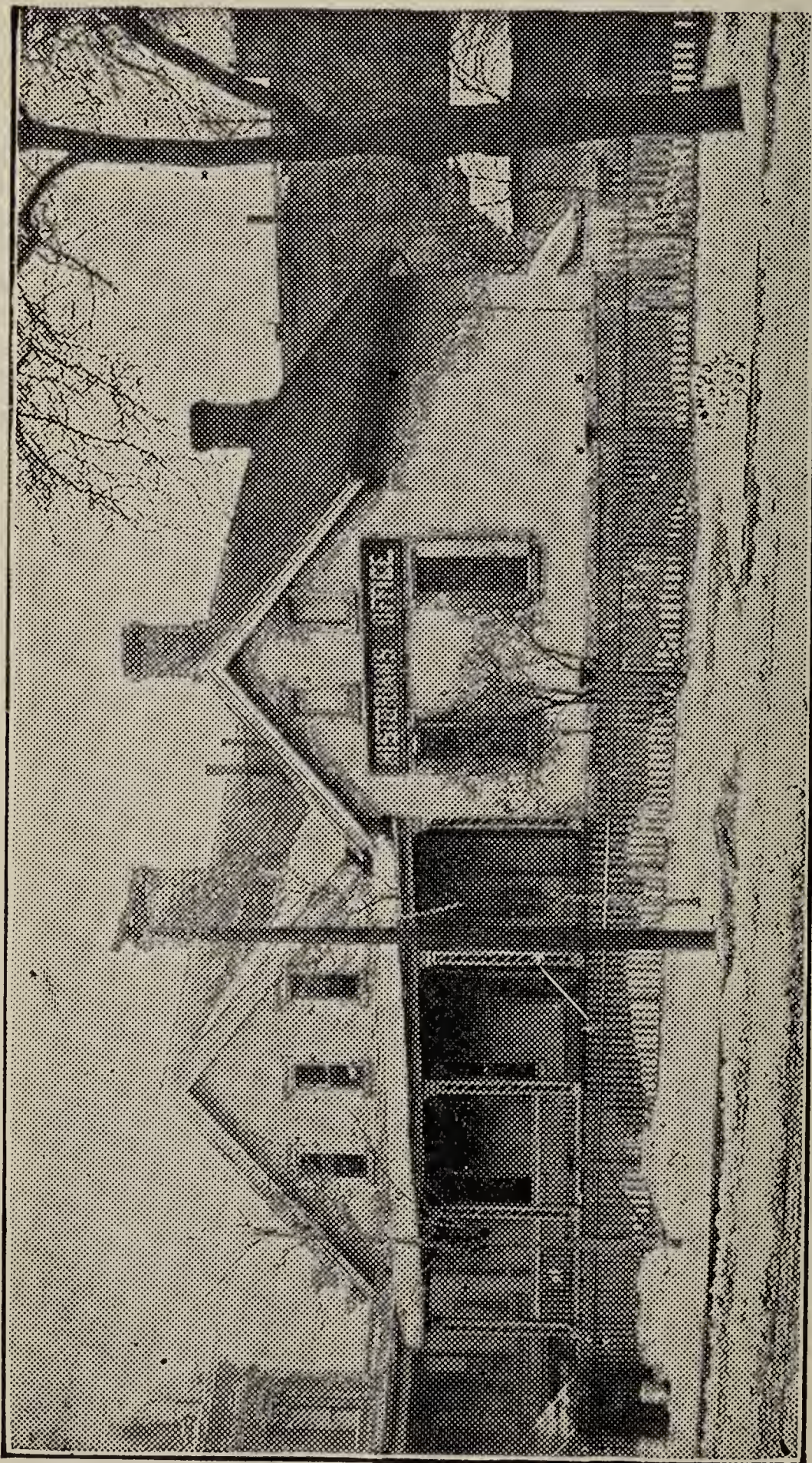
1st Row from left to right: Janet M. Rodberg, Robert Jenson, Mark B. Jenson and Richard Andrew Rodberg, Beverly O. Rodberg, Verda Olson, Don A. Olson.

2nd Row: Eleonore Jenson Monson and Jean Monson, Eleonore Jenson Reynolds, Emma H. Jenson, Andrew Jenson, Bertha H. Jenson, Eva Jenson Olson.

3rd Row: George B. Reynolds, Martha Smith Jenson, Harold H. Jenson, Odyessia Reynolds, Leo Rulon Jenson, Randine Olson, Alvin E. Olson.

4th Row: Edna Emma Jenson, Harold Smith Jenson, Marcus Andrew Olson, Parley George Reynolds, Earl E. Olson, Minerva O. Rodberg.





THE OLD HISTORIAN'S OFFICE, BUILT IN 1854

and used by the Church Historians and their assistants until 1917, when the Office was moved across the street to the L. D. S. Church Office Building (No. 47 East South Temple Street).

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